"I hope that I shall meet Lady Rolfe," she said, "just for the pleasure of cutting her!"

She drove at once to The Limes, and was met with the kindest of Rolfenger welcomes.

She enjoyed herself; she laughed and talked the told may an adding of

welcomes.
"I should have gone to meet you, coming," said Mrs. Haye.
But Lady Chevenix thought that
under the circumstances it was just
as well she had not come.
They went to the drawing-room
together. Francis Haye was more
of an invalidation.

together. Francis Haye was more of an invalid than usual that day, and his daughter, hearing that he was asleep, would not have him disturbed.

"Let us have a long talk, mamma," she said. "I have so much to tell

you!"
They sat down to exchange confidences, and Mrs. Haye almost trembled with delight as she looked

at her daughter.

"How well you look, Violet!" she
said. "What a superb dress, and
how it becomes you! Are you very

happy, my dear?"

"As happy as other people, I suppose, mamma. I am very rich—and that must mean that I am very happy. It will take me a whole to show you my dresses and Will you stand up, Violet? I feel

quite sure that you have grown, or is it the new style of dress that suits Violet stood up.

Violet stood up.

"I have grown, mamma," she answered. "You know I am only just twenty; I may grow taller still."

"You are quite tall enough to be graceful, my dear,". said Mrs. Haye; and her eyes lingered proudly on the lovely face with its dainty bloom, so young, so fresh, and fair, and on the graceful figure that was shown to such advantage by the costly dress that swept the ground. "You have improved very ground. "You have improved very much, Violet," she added.

In that she was right; Violet had a grave and refinement that gave her an additional charm.

They talked long and not unhappily. Presently Violet produced

taked long and not dis-happily. Presently Violet produced her presents. Mrs. Haye went into a rapture about a dress of Genoa velvet and some superb Mechlin lace. After that Violet began to

lace. After that Violet began to inquire about her old friends.

Mrs. Haye had many little facts to relate about all of them.

"Mamma," said Lady Chevenix, with a slight flush on her face, "what do they say in Lilford about my marriage and me?"

"What can they say, my dear?

Every one envies you, every one talks about your wonderful marriage."

Violet took up the rich tassels of her dress and payed with them. She never raised her eyes to her moth-

never raised her eyes to her mother's face.
"But do they—I mean, have they gaid that I did wrong?"
"Wrong," cried Mrs. Haye. "Why should they? Which of them would not have done the same thing? Which of them would not be pleased to do the same thing?"

Lady Chevenix looked relieved.

"I was afraid they would say I had acted unfairly," she said, slowly. "Mamma, how are the Lonsdales?

How is Felix?

change of fortune, violet," she said;
"it is almost as wonderful as your
own; I can nardly understand it.
The Lonsdales seem to have all the
business of the town now and of
the county, too. They have—I can change of fortune, Violet," she said; not tell how many clerks; they give

"We shall visit there, I suppose," remarked Lady C events, "I am very placed to hear all this, mamma; If any family ever did deserve good fortune, they did. They are recognized by the county now, I

Yes, quite. Lady Rolfe has taken I hear of nothing but the Lonsdales. There was silence again for some

and then Violet said, slowly: "And F. lix, mamma—have you see him since my marriage?" m since my marriaga?"No, not once, my dear," was Mrs.
cye's reply. "I need hardly say

Haye's reply. "I need hard that he has never been here." "Do they say-do you know if he ought much of it? Did he make a thought great trouble of it, mamma?" she

"I cannot say," replied the cautious mother; "I have never heard the subject mentioned."

Chevenix was cilent again. Lady Chevenix was filled again.
After a little while she said quickly:
"I should like to ask you one question more: Does Felix—has he found anyone else to care about yet?"
I have not heard so. Violet, my

"I have not hear's so, violet, my dear, you have every blessing the world can give; do not think about him. And if you will take my advice, you will not talk about him; Sir Owen might not like it." "I shall be careful, mamma; I shall

not speak of him. But I wanted to hear about him just once." She said no more then, but as sho sat in the familiar room she thought a great deal of him. It was imposto help it. The quick eyes noted how completely every trace of him had been removed. The pictures that he had given her, the books,

all gone erything she thought to herself.

Presently her father awoke. He was delighted beyond measure to see her looking so well and so her beginning. cy need not have banished ev-

She enjoyed herself; she laughed and talked, she told gay anecdotes of her triumphs in Paris; but as she quitted the house she carefully avoided going near the bare lilac bushes or lingering for a moment at the garden gate. As she drove home she said to herself:

said to herself:
"I do not think I shall go to The
Limes very often. After all, the pain
is as great as the pleasure."
But she did not own what the pain

CHAPTER XXIX.

was.

During the next few days Lady Chevenix was occupied in arranging all the beautiful ornaments, pictures, and statues she had brought with her and statues she had brought with her from abroad. She had her own apart-ments to arrange; she had to super-intend the putting away of the su-perb garments that she had pur-chased in Paris, of all the things she had brought with her from her home. Among the treasures of her girlhood was a small rosewood writing-desk. On it she had written all her loveletters; in it she kept every love-letter she had received, and she re-membered now that she had not destroyed them before her mar-riage, and that she ought to have done so. She was alone in in the sumptuous room that was her boudoir—a, room hung with blue silk and lace, which had a rich blue silk and lace, which had a rich carpet and magnificent furniture of ebony and blue satin; costly pic-tures lined the walls, rare flowers stood in beautiful jardinieres. The apartment was perfect in its way, and the golden-haired girl who stood in it looked like a fitting occupant.

stood in it looked like a litting occupant.

She took out a little key and opened the deak. How well she remembered the perfunc of violets—the faint sweet perfume that she had always liked so much. There laid the great bundle of letters tied with blue ribbon—letters on which a life of love and passion had been wasted; there, too, lay the porwasted; there, too, lay the por-trait that Felix had given her when he came home from college—a por-trait that had seemed to her one of the finest works of art. She would not open the letters; it of the linest works of art. She would not open the letters; it would be folly to irritate old wounds. She would burn them; she ought to have burned them before her marriage, but her mind had been in such a whirl then she had she went to the fire-place and the street of the pright flame. she went to the fire-place and stirred the fire into a bright flame. She had not thought what she was about to do would pain her—it had seemed an easy thing to burn old letters; but, when she placed the first bundle in the midst of the flames, it seemed to her that she was burning a living thing. Alas for the love wasted in them, the passion, the pathos! It seemed to her that she was torturing Fellx again; the hiss of the flames was like a reproachful voice. Still it must be done. One after another she threw them all in, until the last one was destroyed. By that time the color had died from her face, and her hands trembled.

Then she came to the portrait;

hands trembled.

Then she came to the portrait; of course she must destroy it. And what was that folded so carefully in the tissue-paper near it? A spray of lilas, withered and dead! She There was a brief silence before the question was answered, and then Mrs. Haye told her wonderful story.

"You have never heard of such a "You have never heard of such as tory."

"You have never heard some, frank young face—how she had loved it once! How those eyes had watched her—how those lips had kissed and worshipped her! It must go! She looked at it intently for a few minutes, and then she he it over the flames; but she cou grand dinner-parties; and, what seems to me stranger still, they are frequently invited to Bramber Towers."

The stranger still, they are frequently invited to Bramber Towers."

The stranger still, they are frequently invited to Bramber Towers."

The stranger still to ver the frames, but sale could not see the frequently invited to Bramber Towers.

of sight. White and trembling with tion, her hands trembling, her heart beating, she looked up suddenly as her husband entered the room. "What are you doing, Violet?"
he cried. "Are you ill? You look
as if you had seen a ghost."
"I have seen one," she replied,
slowly.

"I have seen car, slowly.

"What have you been burning?

The grate is full of burned paper."

She looked at him with wistful eyes. Their expression did not

eyes. Their expression did not please him.
"I have been burning all the old letters I found in my writing desk," she replied.
Perhaps she had ar idea that he would say something kind to her; but he laughed cor, impleons women are! Are you to to keep that shabby little wisk here? It spoils the room," said.

that shabby little was here? It spoils the room," said,
"I thought it quind a grand piece of furniture once," she replied.
"Did you? Your ideas have altered on many subjects, no doubt, I came to ask you to ride out with me."
Her head ached with repressed emotion, but she dared not refuse. She had learned one lesson already, and that was that she must keep her lusshand in a good humor ifp ossible. Now that the novelty and restraint of her presence were wearing off a little, he was beginning to indulge in fits of temper that startled her. She must keep him in a good humor. She dressed and went out with him.

cut with him.
"Why do you always select the
O'dstone Road?" she asked him.
"Because I like O'dstone far better
that Lilford. Most of my property
lies in O'dstone. I intend to go to
O'dstone Church when I go to church
at all, and I shall patronize O'dstone gen-raily." out with him.

Presently her father awoke. He was delighted beyond measure to see her looking so well and so beautiful.

Later on Sir Owen came, and they spent a pleasant hour together. But there was a dreamy look on the lovely face, a softened light in the clear eyes; she could not help all her old friends went. She would thinking of the past bright, girlish that had been see simply han, how his locked and whether he had that had been as simply has now he looked and whether he had not as the earl's agent now, and lets that has grown in lavor among pendingly lewer prices.

altered. She wordered what he would think of her in her new randeur, and felt curious as to where and how they would meet. Then she remembered their terrible parting, and said to herself that she must not think of him.

herself that she must not think of him.

She never saw him. She went several times to Lilford. More than once she drove past Vale House, but she never saw him. Then Garswood filled with guests, and her time was no longer her own. Shes ought, to have been perfectly happy. She was mistress of the most magnificent home in the country; she had every luxury that money could purchase; she was feted, admired, flattered; she received unwonted homage. The local papers were full of descriptions of the gayeties and amusements going on at Garswood, and gave a list of the fashionable visitors gathered there; and every now and then came some reference to the great beauty of Lady Chevenix. The ladies of the neighborhood, reading this, looked at each other in wonder, as though they would have said. "Can this be the girl we knew as Violet Haye?"

For Lady Chevenix held up her head with the highest among them. She never ignored the past—she spoke of it without hesitation; she talked of her home. The Limes, of her parents, of all her Tillord friends, with only the exception of the Lonsdales, whom she appeared to have quite forgotten. But though to them; and when she read the brilliant account of all the festivities, she knew that Felix would read the same, that he would the same, that he would

read the brilliant account of all the festivities, she knew that Felix would read the same, that he would hear them talked about. One thing she did wonder at, and that was why he had never contrived to see her. She had imagined that he would make some effort, but he had made none. Christmas came and went. The snowdrops and the crocuses came, the blue violets peeped out, and the desire of her heart was given to Lady Chevenix. She went to London and made her debut at Court.

She went to London and made her debut at Court.

Then it seemed to her that she had reached the climax of all happiness and grandeur. Fir Owen possessed a handsome mansion in Belgravia, and the season they spent in town was one long seene of uninterrupted gayety and excitement. Young. surpassingly beautiful, graceful, Lady Chevenix soon won a place for herself in the highest and most exclusive circles; she was idolized; her wealth, her diamonds, her superb mansion, her grand parties, were subject of public comment. But after a time she found that although she was liked and flattered, her husband was simply detested. No one seemed to care for him; his manners were so coarse that when she contrasted him with other men of his own rank and position she was ashamed of him. She read intense dislike and aversion to him in the faces of the people whom she liked best and of whom she most approved. Thoughtless, laughing young men, said to her:

"Come without your husband, or we shall not enloy ourselves."

proved. Thoughtless, laughing young men, said to her:

"Come without your husband, or we shall not enjoy ourselves."

When she particularly pressed any lady to come to see her for some special purpose, the answer always was:

"Well, tell me when you will be quite alone and I will come."

She found that Sir Owen and herself were seldom invited twice to the same place, and it dawned upon her very slowly that she should never be what she aspired to be a queen of society, because she had a drawback in the shape of her own husband. She was slow in reaching that conclusion, but it was a correct one, and she studied him to find out if she could how it was that he made himself so odious, so disliked.

She could not deny that his face was dark and almost sinister-look-

She could not deny that his face of the room, or he was so suller that to look at him was like look ing at a great black cloud. That was Sir Owen in his sober moments; but, as the novel restraint of his young wife's presence wore off, he fell more frequently into his old and fatal habit of drinking.

At first ne carefully concealed it from her, for in his coarse fashion from her, for in his coarse fashion he loved her. A woman of more noble soul perhaps would have made a better man of him—would have helped him to overcome his bad habits and acquire good ones. The woman who had married him, not for love, but simply for his money, had but one thought-tit was; to keep him in a good temper while keep him in a good temper while it was feasible, and when it was not to keep out of his way.

The season was over, and Sir Owen and Lady Chevenix were expected at Garswood. By that time Sir Owen, Garswood. By that time Sir Owen, to use his own expression, was himself again; the novelty and restraint of his new life had worn off, all his natural characteristics were in full play, and there were times when his young wife wished herself dead. She was not often driven to such despair; but occasionally he was terrible. As a whole she enjoyed her life. She had money and everything that she had money and everything that she wished for; she enjoyed her magnificent home, with all its attendant luxuries; she was by universal consent queen of the county.

For some time there was ill-will between herself and Lady Rolfe. She did not wish to ask either that lady or her daughter Lavinia to Garswood, but after a few words from or her daughter Lavinia to Gars-wood, but after a few words from her husband she was compelled to give way. She had the good sense to make the best of it, and Lady Rolfe became a frequent visitor at

Garswood During all this time Violet had never once seen Felix. She had heard of him continually—he vers rising raphim continually—he world. She heard old Colonel Riddell speak of him one evening when she, with Sir Owen, went over to a formal and stately dinner party at Lady Rolfe's.

Mark my words," said the colonel, the world is, or very soon will be, young Felix Lonedale, the lawyer's so I have watched him with interest. He will be a leader yet. He get, as the earl's agent now, and

Lord Arlington has implicit confidence in him. I prophesy that with the earl's interest he will be returned as member for the borough, and that once in Parliament we shall hear of him.

THE STEERS HELDER THESE

shall hear of him.

One or two others agreed with the colonel. The face of Lady Chevenix grew crimson when she heard her husband give a 1 tile insuiting, sneer-she saw with dread ing laugh. She saw with dread that he had drunk too much wine.
"I have beaten him once," said Sir Owen, "and I will beat him again; if he goes in for one interest, I will go in for the other."

For his wife's sake no one answered him; and Lady Rolfe gave the signal for the ladies to withdraw.

"I shall never go out to signal for the ladies to withdraw.
"I shall never go out to
dine again if I have to meet that
man," said the old colonel, who was
an aristocrat de pur sang. "Such
men ought all to be shot. What
could that lovely woman have been
thinking of to marry him?"— for the
colonel was far above the scandal
and gossip of the neighborhood; none
of it was brought to him.
So there were times in her bril-

So there were times in her brilliant, luxurious life when Lady Chevenix was weary of it all, and longed to see the face of a true friend. She had called on Eve Lester, but Eye had dealiged to see her Eve had declined to see her, and "Aunt Jane" had been rampant on

Lady Chevenix sat in the best parlor at Outlands, looking very lovely, dressed in sheeny silk and marvelous lace, when the elder lady came in to than ever.
"My niece declines to see you, Lady.

"My niece declines to see you. La Chevenix," she said, "and I think s is quito right. You jilted our be friend, and naturally enough, take his side. Do not call again Eve does not care to know you."

(To be Continued.)

A CURE FOR INSOMMIA.

Well Known St. John Merchant Tells How He Was Freed From This Terrible Trouble.

One of the best known men in St. John, N. B., is Mr. G. G. Kierstead, grocer and general dealer, 641 Main street. Mr. Kierstead has an interesting story to tell of failing health, insomnia, and finally renewed strength, which cannot fail to interstrength, which cannot fail to interest others. He says;—'A few years ago I (was all run down and failing in health, no doubt due to overwor and shattered nerves. I was unable to sleep at night and found no rest in bed. My life seemed a burden to me and I found no pleasure in anything. I sought medical aid and the physicians who attended me were unable to give me any relief. The doctors differed in their opinion as to my allment. Finding that I was my ailment. Finding that I was growing worse, and almost crazed through loss of sleep, I concluded to growing worse, and almost crazed through loss of sleep. I concluded to give up business and go to the country for a rest, Just when I was at my very worst and had almost no desire to live, my wife urged me to try Dr. Williams Pink Pills. I had lost fatth in all medicines, but to please my wile I decided to give the pills a trial. I have had reason to be thankful that I did so. Almost from the outset the pills helped me alad I (was able to find sleep. I continued their us until I felt perfectly well again. I could sleep as I did in my childhood; I grew healthy and strong and have never known one hour's trouble from that source since I have no hesitation in saying that I belief Dr. Williams Pink Pills savel my life, and will always say a great word for them to any who are that I belief Dr. Williams Pink Pills savel my life, and will always say a good word for them to any who are troubled with sleeplessness." Dr. Williams Pink Pills work cures

like Mr. Kierstead's, after doctors She could not deny that his face was dark and almost sinister-looking, that his manner and carriage were awkward, that he had an unpleasant voice; the outward appearance of the man was, however, the best part of him. No one could have called him a gentleman; he was selfish and brutal, and so gentistical that in company no person ever had a chance of speaking but himself. He had two moods in but himself. He had two moods how was "either familiar and boasted until every man present felt a great desire to put him out of the room, or he was so sullen that to look at him was like look-that to look at lime that the man common medicines fail like Mr. Klerstead's, after dand common medicines fail like Mr. Klerstead's, after dand common medicines fail like look-that was like and common medicines fail like was they actually make new, rich blook, and so strengthen all the organs of the body and brace up the look of the way they created they actually make new, rich blood, and so strengthen all the organs of the body and th post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

WHEAT GROWING.

The Kind of Wheat to Grow in Western Canada. Department of Agriculture,

Commissioner's Branch, Western Canada wheat has an enviable reputation in foreign countries, says Mr. G. H. Clark, Chief of the Seed Division, Ottawa. It is in demand for American milling centres, as well as those of England and Scotland, because it is rich in gluten of exceedingly good quality. The crop of Western Canada, ten years hence, will reach, it is estimated, 500 millions of bushels. In yiew of the rapidly increasing production, it is important that its present good reputation be maintained or improved in order that it may continue to grow in favor in foreign countries, where it finust aind a market.

But the high standard of excellence has already been appreciably lowered through the introduction of wheat of interior milling quality. Through carelessness these mixtures are allowed to yearly increase, while in other districts inferior varieties have been grown that depreciate the total crop. the Seed Division, Ottawa. It is in

total crop.

The advantage of growing only unmixed wheat may be judged from the difference in price between "No. 1 Hard" and the next two grades, as this difference is most commonly due to the prevalence of soft, starchy, grains in the lower grades. "No. W hard" invariably has a high percen-tage of translucent grains indicating a high percentage of a good quality of gluten, as it is the quality quite as much as the quantity of the gluten that lends value to the

superior wheat.

Red Fife is the standard variety, the hadiest wheat grown in west-ern Canada. It will survive late spring trought that are sufficiently severe to kill out most other varie-ties. Its milling qualities are not excelled.
Preston wheat is a hearded var-

farmers in districts where Red Fife has frequently been injured by early frost. It is from two to five days earlier than the Red Fife. If the weather be unfavorable at the time when ripening takes place, it may ripen even ten days earlier than the latter variety same Canadian mile. ripen even ten days earlier than the latter variety. Some Canadian mil-lers claim to have made careful mil-ling tests of Preston wheat and openly condemn it as much inferior to the Red Fife. Results of tests to the Red Fife. Results of tests carried on under the direction of Dr. Saunders, who originated the variety, indicate that it is only slightly inferior to the Red Fife.

The comparative productiveness of varieties differs with localities and conditions of soil and climate. Again

conditions of soil and climate. Again there may be quite as much difference between two strains of seed of ence between two strains of seed of the same variety as between two distinct sorts, so far as their cap-acity to give a large yield of grain is concerned. Whatever varieties are selected, they should be grown sep-arately and each kept reasonably pure. On account of careless prac-tices, in the matter of seed selection, mixtures of undesirable sorts have increased in the standard wheat of the west. These impurues consist chiefly of earlier maturing varieties that shell more readily than the Red Fife, thus having a larger proportion of seed from them to come as "volunteer wheat" in the next suc-

ceeding crop.

It is of much importance to the It is of much importance to the country, as well as to individual wheat growers, that these conditions be overcome. It is clear that even farmers who are careless about keeping their seed pure are willing to bay fancy prices for ten, twenty or fifty bushel lots of good pure seed of wheat, oats and barley. But the supply of high class seed is limited. With a view further to encourage the production and more general use of seeds of the best quality, an announcement was made in the spring of 1903, inviting farmers, who had been giving some special attention to the growing of seed grain, to unite and form an association of seed growers. Rules governing the assection of seed growers. Rules governing the assection of seed growers.

of 1903, inviting farmers, who had been giving some special attention to the growing of seed grain, to unite and form an association of seed growers. Rules govering the association and standards of perfection for pedigreed seed will be controlled by an advisory board composed of representative men from the various branch associations. There are now thirty-five seed growers who are members of the Western Canada Association. Their work is supervised and inspected by a superintendent Records are kept of the amount and pedigree of seed produced by them. According to the rules of the association, each member is required to the first accordance of the Russo-Japanese clation, each member for the association who had been growing of the greatest possible moment. I know several very plain—yes, ugly—women who are quite as fussy over the operation as many beauties. I think of one now who is the plainest of bodies. Nothing but that good, old-fashioned word, homely, can describe her. And yet that same homely little woman wil pout and simper and make googoo eyes and thinks herself quite fascinating and irresistible. And when it comes to being photographed! Why, there are more preparations made than there have been for the Russo-Japanese war. She had some photographs made a

According to the rules of the association, each member is required to give definite guarantee as to the purity, vitality and freedom from seeds of noxious weeds, with all lots of seed sold by him. The association certificate will show the pedigree of the seed—the number of consecutive years during which hand selection had been followed.

Farmers of Western Canada, who have farms that are free from noxious weeds and otherwise suited to growing good seed of wheat, oats, rye, barley and other grain, are invited to become members of the association and make seed growing as special industry in their farm operations. They may commence by sowations with ations. They may commence by sow-ing a plot in the coming spring with the best obtainable seed. There will the best obtained seed. There will be a ready market for all the seed that can be produced by members, at prices that will pay handsomely for the extra trouble in producing it. There is now an annual demand the TOO brights of seed wheat. 75,000 bushels of seed wheat

Oldest Family in the World. Of the four hundred barons in the British House of Lords about a dozen date back to 1400, the earliest being 1264. The oldest family in the British Isles is the Mar family, in Scotland, 1093. The Campbells, of Argyll, began in 1190. Talleyrand dates gyil, began in 1190. Talleyrand dates from 1199, and Bismarck from 1270. The Grosvenor family, the Duke of Westminster, 1066; the Austrian house of Hapsburg gces back to 952, and the house of Bourbon to 864. The descendants of Mohammed, born 570, are all registered carefully and au-thoritatively in a hook kent in thoritatively in a book kept in Mecca by a clief of the family. Little or no doubt exists of the absolute authenticity of the long line of Mohammed's descendants. In China there are many old families, also among the Jews. But in point of pedigrees the Mikado of Japan has a unique record. His place has been filled by members of his family for more than twenty-five hundred years. The present Mikado is the 122nd in the line. The first one was contemporary with Nebuchadnezzar, 666 years before Christ.

AN AID TO MOTHERS.

In thousands of cases it has been In thousands of cases it has been proved that Baby's Own Tablets is the very best thing for children suffering from colic, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fevers, colds and teething troubles. The Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug, and may be given with equal safety to the tender, new born babe, or the well grown child, Mrs. Joel Anderson, Shanley, Ont., is one of the mothers who have proved one of the mothers who have proved the value of this medicine and says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets with the very best results. They are easy to give little ones, and I have never known them to fail to benefit." Every mother should keep the Tablets in the house. In an emergency, they may save a previous little life. Sold by all druggists or mailed at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Co.

A LITTLE POLITICAL ECONOMY.

(N. Y. Journal of Commerce.) There is one elementary principle at the bottom of all these questions which is so simple that it ought to be within the range of the understanding of a majority of workingmen where a common school education prevails, and yet it is constantly ignored. Whatever capital is to get, and whatever labor is to get, must come out of the sum of the promust come out of the sum of the production of these factors working upon the natural resources of the country. There is no other source for it to come from, and it is for the advantage of all to make the volume of production as great as possible. * * * There is no benefit in high wages when prices are correspondingly high, for they will secure no more for the satisfaction of the wants of men than lower wages with correspondingly lewer prices.

GETTING HER PHOTO TAKEN.

I sat in the ante-room of a great I sat in the ante-room of a great photographer's studio not long since. A mother and daughter, the former gorgeous, smug, assertive, the latter slender, overdressed, vain, came in with a great swish of silk and odor of orris, to see the proofs of the girl's photos, taken a day or so before.

The smiling attendants brought them forward and displayed them. "Isn't that grand?" suddenly bellowed the dowager. "So simple and sweet!"

The daughter exhibited her dimples self-consciously, and bridled with pride at her beauty. "I like this one rather better," she announced; "it is more dispensed."

better," she announced; "it is more distinguished and rather more like me, don't you think?"

don't you think?"

I listened in amazed amusement as the two calmly discussed the girl's attractions and scanned the counterfeit presentments to see if the very most had been made of the girl's charms. After they had ordered and departed I said to the attendant, an exceedingly pretty women hears! but the way. The pretty woman herself, by the way: "Do you live through many such experiences?"

ences?"
"Oh, yes," she laughed. "You know,
do you not, that nowhere on earth does
the vanity of woman display itself so
badly as at the photographers?"

The desire to be photographed is in itself born of vanity. One is not satisfied with the mirror; one longs to see oneself permanently established upon paper. But the affair itself assumes to a woman almost the sacredness of a rite. It is approached with profound study, much reflection, and, I doubt not, some prayer. It is not alone the pretty wo

there have been for the Russo-Japanese war. She had some photographs made a few months ago. They looked precisely like her. That was doubtless the reason why they were not satisfactory. She thought that the photographer did not give her time enough, did not study the high lights and the low lights and the bright lights enough; that he did not study her lines, her contour, her features, the way her hair grew and her head was poised. You could never imagine the rubbish she talked. Now, the only thing that ailed that woman was that she wanted to be pretty in the picture, and no power on earth could make ture, and no power on earth could make

One extreme detail of feminine vanity is shown in those photographs where the subject exhibits the teeth in a "We-use-Sozodont" smile. No woman, ugly or pretty, looks well with her mouth ajar in a photograph. But you could not persuade a woman with a fine set of teeth not to grin in a photograph; no, not if you were to talk until you were black in the face. She has got something good, and proposes to show it.

Time was when you went to a photographer's with a decent frock and leaned against a rustic gate or a marble pillar or on one arm on a table, and the deed was done. It was a simple enough operation, over with in five minutes, and the picture was universally voted a great success. But nowadays we have photographic "studies" and "portrait studies," and we must live up to our blue china. So it comes that to prepare for a visit to a fashionable photographer is like getting ready for a European trip. You must take a maid and a cab and your best evening frock and satin slippers and nearl necklace and picture hat and and au-kept in a far rocklace and picture hat and a few yards of gauze and some artifici-flowers and the Lord knows what not.

You get into your togs in the dressing-room and then a deft little lady comes in with an entire making-up layout and reddens your lips and cheeks and blackens your eyelashes and rubs smudges under your eyes so they will look large and souiful, and powders your hair and nose and then stands off and look at you and says. "My but and looks at you and says: "My, but you do look stunning!" And you glance you do look stunning!" And you glance at yourself in the mirror and try to per-suade yourself that that awful vision is truly beautiful, and presently go forth to be posed and studied and talked over as if you were a bale of goods.

If you are proud of your figure—and most women—fat, thin, buxom or scrawney, are—you are presently persuaded to lay aside your bodice and the photographer's assistant—the deft young woman before mentioned—twists a yard of tulle around your shoulders, sticks a cluster of artificial flowers in your hair was table you to look to heaven and and tells you to look to heaven and they will get something uncommon. I have known this trick sprung on

ots of women who were vain lots of women who were vain of their charms. The result was that when the pictures came home there were rumblings along the domestic horizon. "Why on earth didn't you take off all your clothes?" growled a husband of my acquaintance when he quite recently beheld a "study" of his wife in one yard follow one pomy and one sweet smile. held a "study" of his wife in one yard of gauze one poppy and one sweet smile. A man always feels like a fool when he sits for his photograph. A woman is in her element. A man will make a superluman effort to appear unconscious, and succeed in looking like an awkward booby. A woman will throw herself into any easy pose a photographer may suggest and look as if her life were spent lolling on a diran or sitting like a queen in a big carved caair. Why is this?

is this? Because a man is too busy to pose in

Because a man is too busy to pose in his everyday life. He is hustling to get money. He can't go mooning round striking attitudes. So posing does not come naturally to him.

But a woman. Her whole life is a series of poses. It is as natural for her to attitudinize as it is to eat. So when the photographer says: "Chin a little lower, head higher. Turn the face to the left; look up—about here. Now! Look pleasant, please," she obey with such wit and comprehension that the result is that marvellous combination, "perfectly grand! So simple and sweet!"—Fair. Sessions Tupper, in Chiengo Cronicle. Caronicle.