

FASHION NOTES.

Feathers are much used on lace bonnets. Beaded Spanish lace pelerines are very stylish.

Most of the new thin costumes have puffed sleeves. The rage for steel ornaments and ombre fabrics increases.

The Watteau is again a favourite style for illuminated frocks.

Toile religieuse will continue in high favor for artistic summer toiles.

The "Princess Beatrice" is a slipper of beaded satin, dainty and delicate.

Polka dotted neckerchiefs trimmed with Breton lace are worn with morning or travelling costumes.

The graceful little bags of tinted silk to be suspended from the belt or girder are now called gipsiers.

New sash ribbons are in damier or checker-board designs, having ombre blocks of two distinct colors.

There is an immense demand for large plaided gingham, seersuckers, and flower-bordered lawns.

Queen Charlotte collars are particularly favored by young ladies who affect the antique style of dress.

Shirred shoulder capes of Surah, French foulard, grenadine or muslin are very becoming to slender figures.

Double-faced cambrics showing one side black and the other side grey are much used for lining gowns.

Tussore, a standard fabric in Indian silks, is very fashionable for walking costumes, and is trimmed with either bayadere or plaided Surah.

Evening dresses for young misses are made princess style, laced up the back, and are worn high in the neck with a Stuart collar and short sleeves.

Fans match the costume, and are made of the same material as the dress. Very often this idea is carried out with regard to the shoes or sandals.

A novel ornament to be worn suspended from a porte bonnet bracelet, or from a bar of gold as a lace pin, is a small gold shoe with a child's head peeping out of it.

Crape is no longer sacred to mourning. A new gown is called the "serious," and is of crape made up over cloth, the sleeves alone being left unlined. The square opening at the throat is filled in with crepe lines.

Goods of the crepe and satine species make thin lawns and organdies less popular than they would otherwise be. All of the latter have borders. With wash dresses are worn many pretty conceits in ribbons and laces.

It is thought that alpaca are likely to become fashionable again, as the Yorkshire manufacturers appealed to the Princess of Wales the other day to help them sell their goods and she obligingly sent for patterns.

Plain surah, nun's veiling, Indian muslin, delaine, silk batiste and other such materials, made up with shirring effects, make fresh and elegant toilets when trimmed with cream lace or with the same material as the dresses.

The latest artistic absurdity is a black parasol having one colored division, on which is painted a palette with a picture of a dog's head. Parasol handles in the form of sword hilts or champagne corks are in not much better taste.

All kinds of bonnets are worn, from the pancake to the sugar loaf. Some have straw brims, with soft, silk crowns, others are composed of a simple disk of soft straw fastened on the top of the head by a multitude of pins and a large arrow.

A new material are the gauzes and tulle worn with jet beads, both dull and lustrous. These are used both for the trimming of dresses and for small mantles, jackets and short capes; the jackets are very long and look like cuirasses and coats of mail.

Lace is now made in all colors pink and pale blue, and valencennes lace are seen for the trimming of printed muslins, and twine lace is in preparation, very fine, but twine nevertheless, and in its natural color. It is designed for trimming of linen dresses.

The jersey is still worn. It is now made of beads, and is out something like a child's apron without sleeves. The neck piece is of beaded fringe, and the same trimming is on the lower part of the basque. In the back are two whalebones covered with silk for the lacing of the waist.

Black toilets in light fabrics, either upon a black or a colored foundation, are very fashionable. Such dresses are of black chintilly, blonde or Spanish lace, or else of black striped grenadine, trimmed with plaited flounces alternating with lace ones, trimmed with silver passementeries.

A stylish and exceedingly effective border for the foot of the skirt of a Matinee is formed of three fringed out plaited ruchings of ombre silk, the darkest shade being close to the bottom of the dress. This thing is very elegant when shading from pale geranium pink to deep crimson.

EPPE'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist any tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—Civil Service Gazette. Sold only in packets labeled—JAMES EPPE & CO. Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England. Also makers of EPPE'S CHOCOLATE ESSENCE for afternoon use.

THE HOCHELAGA COUNCIL'S ACTION MAINTAINED. Judgment was rendered by Mr. Justice Mackay in the case of Smart vs. the Corporation of the Village of Hochelaga.

This was a petition for a writ of mandamus to force the Corporation of that village to grant Mr. Smart a license to sell liquor. The petitioner alleged that he had a license last year; that this year he had complied with all the necessary conditions, and had furnished all the necessary certificates, and therefore the Corporation had no right to refuse to grant him a license, and that they now did so without cause.

His Honor said that the law had experienced no change since 1874, when a similar petition was rejected. It was then held that the then License Commissioners were not bound to consider the certificate of 25 electors towards a license for keeping a saloon, but might refuse to grant it. In the present case he considered the Corporation also had the discretion to refuse the certificate if they saw fit. The petition would therefore be rejected with costs.

For all purposes of a family medicine HAYARD'S YELLOW OIL will be found invaluable. Immediate relief will follow its use. It relieves pain, cures chilblains, frostbites, scalds, burns, corns, rheumatism, neuralgia, &c., &c. For internal use, it is none the less wonderful. One or two doses frequently cures sore throat. It will cure croup in a few minutes. A few bottles has often cured asthma. Colic has been cured in fifteen minutes by a teaspoonful dose. It cures with the utmost rapidity. It is really a wonderful medicine. 40-2

A dinner-horn—a pint of claret.

It is astonishing what a number of our young people of the present day may be seen going around with prematurely grey hair. This comes of the wear and tear of fast living and the anxiety engendered by competition; Luby's Parisian Hair Restorer restores grey hair to its original color. Sold by all chemists. Price 50 cents. 26

An honest medicine is the noblest work of man, and there is no remedy that is more justly and meritoriously in curing the ills that flesh is heir to than Burdock Blood Bitters, the Great Blood Purifier, and System Restorer. It cures Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Scrophulous, Kidney Complaint, and all troubles arising from impure blood, constipated bowels or disordered secretions, and the best Nervine and Tonic in the world. 40-2

THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1881.

The True Witness has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation, and if the testimony of a large number of our subscribers is not too flattering it may also claim a stride in general improvement.

This is the age of general improvement and the True Witness will advance with it. Newspapers are starting up around us on all sides with more or less pretensions to public favor, some of them die in their tender infancy, some of them die of disease of the heart after a few years, while others, though the fewest in number, grow stronger as they advance in years and root themselves all the more firmly in public esteem, which is fact their life.

However, we may criticize Darwin's theory as applied to the species there is no doubt it holds good in newspaper enterprises, it is the fittest which survives. The True Witness has survived a generation of men all but two years, and it is now what we may term an established fact.

But we want to extend its usefulness and its circulation still further, and we want its friends to assist us if they believe this journal to be worth \$1.50 a year, and we think they do. We would like to impress upon their memories that the True Witness is without exception the cheapest paper of its class on this continent.

It was formerly two dollars per annum in the country and two dollars and a half in the city, but the present proprietors having taken charge of it in the hardest of times, and knowing that to many poor people a reduction of twenty or twenty-five per cent would mean something and would not only enable the old subscribers to retain it but new ones to enroll themselves under the reduction, they have no reason to regret it. For what they lost one way they gained in another, and they assisted the introduction into Catholic families throughout Canada and the United States of a Catholic paper which would defend their religion and their rights.

The True Witness is too cheap to offer premiums or "chromos" as an inducement to subscribers, even if they believed in their efficacy. It goes simply on its merits as a journal, and it is for the people to judge whether they are right or wrong.

But as we have stated we want our circulation doubled in 1881, and all we can do to encourage our agents and the public generally is to promise them that, if our efforts are seconded by our friends, this paper will be still larger, enlarged and improved during the coming year.

On receipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will be entitled to receive the True Witness for one year. Any one sending us the names of 5 new subscribers, at one time, with the cash, (\$1.50 each) will receive one copy free and \$1.00 cash; or 10 new names, with the cash, one copy free and \$2.50.

Our readers will oblige by informing their friends of the above very liberal inducements to subscribe for the True Witness; also by sending the name of a reliable person who will act as agent in their locality for the publishers, and sample copies will be sent on application.

We want active intelligent agents throughout Canada and the Northern and Western States of the Union, who can, by serving our interests, serve their own as well and add materially to their income without interfering with their legitimate business.

The True Witness will be mailed to clergyman, school teachers and postmasters at \$1.00 per annum in advance. Parties getting up clubs are not obliged to confine themselves to any particular locality, but can work up their quota from different towns or districts; nor is it necessary to send all the names at once. They will fulfil all the conditions by forwarding the names and amounts until the club is completed. We have observed that our paper is, if possible, more popular with the ladies than with the other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, therefore, to use the gentle but irresistible pressure of which they are mistresses in our behalf on their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, though for the matter of that we will take subscriptions from themselves and their sisters and cousins as well. Rate for clubs of five or more, \$1.00 per annum in advance.

In conclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and so cheerfully to our call for accounts due, and request those of them who have not, to follow their example at once.

"POST" PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO. 741 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

The proprietor of Burdock Blood Bitters challenges the world to produce the record of a medicine that has achieved a more wonderful success, or better credentials in so short a period of time as has this great Blood Purifier and System Restorer. Its cures are the marvels of the age. Sample Bottles 10 Cents. 40-2

G. T. R. MEETING.

LONDON, June 28.—A special meeting of the Grand Trunk shareholders was held today, Sir Henry Tyler presiding. It was unanimously decided that the Act passed during the last session of the Dominion Parliament relating to the Company was satisfactory. The shareholders also unanimously approved of the bargain made with the Toronto, Grey & Bruce Railway Company for the leasing and running of that road. Sir Henry Tyler made a highly satisfactory statement regarding the financial condition of the G. T. R., showing that the Company would begin the new half year with £23,000 to the good.

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CHARLIE STUART AND HIS SISTER.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

PART II. CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

As she thinks this, innocently enough, despite all her worldly wisdom, there is a tap at the door, and Lucy, the maid, comes smilingly in, holding an exquisite bouquet, all pink and white roses, in her hand.

"Mr. Charles' compliments, Miss, and he's waiting for you at the foot of the stairs, when you're ready, Miss, for the ball-room."

She starts and colours with pleasure. "Thank you Lucy!" she says taking the bouquet. "Tell Mr. Stuart I will be down in a moment."

The girl leaves the room.

With a smile on her face it is just as well "Mr. Charles" does not see, she stands looking at her roses; then she buries her face, almost as bright, in their dewy sweetness.

"Dear, thoughtful Charlie!" she whispers gratefully. "What would ever have become of me but for him?"

She selects one or two bits of scarlet blossom and green spray, and artistically twists them in the rich waves of her hair. She takes one last glance at her own pretty image in the mirror, sees that fan, lace-neckerchief and adornment generally, are in their places, and trips away and goes down.

In elegant evening costume, looking unutterably handsome and well-dressed, Mr. Charles Stuart stands at the foot of the grand staircase, waiting. He looks at her as she stands in the full glare of the gasaliers.

"White muslin, gold and coral, pink roses, and no chignon. My dear Miss Darrell, taking you as a whole, I think I have seen lovelier looking young women in my life."

He draws her hand through his arm, with this enthusiastic remark, and Edith finds herself in a blaze of light and a crowd of brilliantly dressed people. Three long drawing-rooms are thrown open, then; beyond is the ball-room, with its waxed floors and invisible musicians. Flowers, gaslight, jewels, handsome women, and gallant men are everywhere; the hand is crashing out a pulse-tingling waltz, and still Edith hears and sees, and moves in a dream.

"Come," Charlie says. His arm is around her waist, and they whirl away among the waltzers. Edith waltzes well, so does Charlie. She feels as though she were floating on air, not on earth. Then it is over, and she is being introduced to people, to respectful young gentlemen. Charlie resigns her to one of these latter, and she glides through a mazurka. That too ends, and as it grows rather warm, her partner leads her away to a cool music-room, whence proceed melodious sounds. It is Trixy at the piano, informing a select audience in shrill soprano, and in the character of the "Queen of the May," that "She had been wild and wayward, but she was not wayward now." Edith's partner finds her a seat and volunteers to go for an ice. As she sits fanning herself, she sees Charlie approaching with a young man of about his own age, taller than he is—fairer, with a look altogether somehow of a different nationality. He has large blue eyes, very fair hair, and the blondest of complexions. Instinctively she knows who it is.

"Ah, Edith," Charlie says, "here you are. I have been searching for you. Miss Darrell, allow me to present to you Sir Victor Catheron."

CHAPTER IV.

"UNDER THE GASBET."

Two dark, solemn eyes look up into Sir Victor Catheron's face. Both bow. Both murmur the pianissimo imbecility requisite on such occasions, and Edith Darrell is acquainted with a baronet.

With a baronet! Only yesterday, as it were, she was darning hose, and ironing linen at home, going about the dismal house slipshod and slatternly. Now she is in the midst of a brilliant ball, diamonds sparkling around her, and an English baronet of fabulous wealth and ancestry asking her for the favor of the next waltz! Something ridiculous and absurd about it all, struck her, she felt an idiotic desire to laugh aloud. It was all unreal, all a dream. She would awake presently, to hear her step-mother's shrill call to come and help in the kitchen, and the howls of the juvenile Darrells down the passage. A familiar voice rouses her.

"You'll not forget, I hope, Edith," Charlie is saying, "that next redox is mine. At present I am going to meander through the lancers with Mrs. Featherbrain."

He takes her tablets, coolly writes his name, smiles, shows his white teeth, says "Au revoir," and is gone. She and the baronet are alone.

What shall she say to him? She feels a whimsical sort of trepidation as she flutters her fan. As yet the small talk of society is sacred to this young lady from Sandypoint. Sir Victor leans lightly against the arm of her chair, and looks down upon her as she sits with flushed cheeks, half smiling lips, and long black lashes drooping. He is thinking what a wonderful bright and charming face it is—for a brunette.

For Sir Victor Catheron does not fancy brunettes. He has his ideal, and sees in her the future Lady Catheron. In far-off Cheshire there is a certain Lady Gwendoline; she is an earl's daughter, the owner of two soft blue eyes, a complexion of pink and snow, a soft, trained voice and feathery halo of amber hair. Lady Gwendoline is his ideal of a fair, sweet womanhood, turning coldly from all the rest of the world to hold out her arms to one happy possessor. The vision of Lady Gwendoline as he saw her last, the morning sunshine searching the fair English face and finding no flaw in it, rises for a second before him—why, he does not know. Then a triumphant burst of music crashes out, and he is looking down once more upon Edith Darrell, in her white dress and coral ornaments, her dark hair and pink roses.

"You seem quite like an old acquaintance, Miss Darrell," he says, in his slow, pleasant, English-accented voice; "our mutual friend, the prince has told me about his adventure in the snow, and your heroism."

"The prince?" she repeats, interrogatively, and Sir Victor laughs.

"Ah! you don't know. They call him the prince here, unless it be that his name is Charles Edward Stuart, and that he is the prince of good fellows. You have no idea how delighted I am that he—that the whole family are going across with us in May. You accompany them, I understand, Miss Darrell?"

"As companion and interpreter on the continent," Miss Darrell answers, looking up at him very steadily. "Yes."

"And you will like the continent, I know," Sir Victor goes on. "You will like Paris of course. All Americans go to Paris. You will meet scores of your countrymen in every continental city."

"I am not sure that that is an advantage," responds the young lady coolly. "About my liking it there can be no question. It has been the dream of my life—a dream I thought as likely to be realized a month ago, as that I should take a trip to the moon. For you, Sir Victor, I suppose every nook and corner of Europe is as familiar to you as your own native Cheshire?"

"The brown brilliant eyes look up at him frankly. She is at her ease at last, and Sir Victor thinks again, what beautiful eyes brown eyes are. For a dark young person she is really the most attractive young person he has ever met."

"Cheshire?" he repeats with a smile, "how well you know my birthplace. No, not my birthplace exactly, for I was born in London. I'm a cockney, Miss Darrell. Before you all go abroad, you are to come and spend a week or two down in my sunny Cheshire; both my aunt and I insist upon it. You don't know how many kindnesses—how many pleasant days and nights we owe to our friends the Stuarts. It shall be our endeavor when we reach England to repay them in kind. May I ask, Miss Darrell, if you have met my aunt?"

"No," Edith replies, fluttering a little again. "I have not even seen lady Helena as yet."

"Then allow me the pleasure of making you acquainted. I think you will like her. I am very sure she will like you."

The colour deepens on Edith's dark cheek; she arises and takes his proffered arm. How gracefully deferential and courteous he is. It is all custom, no doubt and means nothing but it is wonderfully pleasant and flattering. For the moment it seems as though he were conscious of no other young lady in the scheme of creation than Miss Darrell—a flirting way a few young men cultivate.

They walk slowly down along the brilliant rooms, and many eyes turn and look after them. Every one knows the extremely blonde young baronet—the dark damsel on his arm is as yet a stranger to most of them. "Deuced pretty girl, you know," is the unanimous verdict of masculine New York; "who is she?" "Who is that young lady in the doudy white muslin and old-fashioned corset?" asks feminine New York, and both stare as they receive the same whispered reply: "A poor relation—cousin, or something of the sort, going to Europe with them as companion to Beatrice."

Edith sees the looks, and the color deepens to carnation in her face. Her brown eyes gleam, she lifts her head with haughty grace, and flashes back almost defiance at these insolent stares. She feels what it is they are saying of her, and Sir Victor's highbred courtesy and deference go to the very depths of her heart by contrast. She likes him; he interests her already; there is something in his face she can hardly tell what—a sort of soft, benevolent shadow that underlies all his smiling society manner. In repose and solitude, the prevailing expression of that face will be melancholy, and yet why? Surely at three-and-twenty life can have shown nothing but her sunshine and roses to this curled darling of fortune.

A stout, elderly lady, in gray moire and chastity lace, sits on a sort of throne of honor beside Mrs. Stuart, and a foreign gentleman, from Washington, all ribbons and orders. To this stout, elderly lady, as Lady Helena Poywys, his aunt, Sir Victor presents Miss Darrell.

The kindly eyes of the English lady turn upon the dark, handsome face of the American girl; the pleasant voice says a few pleasant words. Miss Darrell bows gracefully, lingers a few moments is presented to the ribbon and starred foreigner, and learns he is Russian Ambassador at Washington. Then the music of their dance strikes up, both smilingly make their adieux, and hasten to the ball-room.

Up and down the long waxed room, in and out with gorgeous young New York, in all the hues of the rainbow, the air heavy with perfume, the matches Gounod waltz music crashing over him, on the arm of a baronet—worth, how much did Trixy say? thirty or forty thousand a year?—around her slim white muslin waist. Edith is in her dream still—she does not want to wake—Trixy whirls by, flushed and breathless, and nods laughingly as she disappears. Charlie, looking calm and languid even in the dance, lifts past, clasping gay little Mrs. Featherbrain, and gives her a pat on the cheek. And Edith's thought is—"If this could only go on forever!" But the golden moments of life fly—the leaden ones only lag—we all know that to our cost. The waltz ends.

"A most delicious waltz," says Sir Victor gayly. "I thought dancing bored me—I find I like it. How well you waltz, Miss Darrell, like a Parisienne—but all American young ladies are like Frenchwomen. Take this seat, and let me fetch you a water iced."

He leads her to a chair and departs. As she sits there, half-smiling and fluttering her fan, looking very lovely, Charlie saunters up with his late partner. "If your royal highness will permit," cries Mrs. Featherbrain, laughing and pointing. "I will take a seat. How cool and comfortable you look, Miss Darrell. May I ask what you have done with Sir Victor?"

"Sir Victor left me here, and told me he would go for a water iced. If I look cool, it is more than I feel—the thermometer of this room must stand at a hundred in the shade."

"A water iced," repeats Mrs. Featherbrain with a sigh; "just what I have been longing for this past half hour. Charlie, I heard you say something about bringing me one, some time ago, didn't you? But I know of old what your promises were worth. You know that shade, Miss Darrell—never more true than in this instance.—Put not your trust in princes."

Miss Darrell's dark, disdainful eyes look full at the frivolous matron. Mrs. Featherbrain and Mr. Stuart have been devoted to each other all the evening.

"I know the shade," she answers coolly, "but I confess I don't see the application."

"What! don't you know Charlie's sobriquet of Prince Charles? Why he has been Prince ever since he was five years old, partly on account of his absurd name, partly because of his absurd grand seigneur airs. I think it fits—don't you?"

"And if I were Prince?" Charlie interposes, before Miss Darrell can answer, "my first royal act would be to order Featherbrain to the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat, and make his charming rascal Queen Consort, as she has long, alas! been queen of my affections!"

He lays his white-kidled hand on the region of his heart, and bows profoundly. Mrs. Featherbrain's shrill, rather siffly laugh, rings out—she hits him a blow with her perfumed fan.

"You precocious little boy!" she says, "as if children of your age knew what their affections meant! Miss Darrell, you'll not credit it, I'm sure, but this juvenile cousin of yours—Charlie, you told me Miss Darrell was your cousin—was my first love—actually my first love—actually my first!"

"And she killed me in cold blood for Featherbrain. Since then I have been a blighted being—biding, like the Spartan chap in the story, the fox that brays on my vitals, and going through life with the hollow mockery on my lips."

Again Mrs. Featherbrain's foolish little laugh peals out. She leans back, almost against him, looks up, and half-whispers something very daring in French.

Edith turns away disgusted, gleams of disdainful scorn in her shining hazle eyes.

What a little painted, giggling idiot the woman is—what fools most young men are? What business have married women flirting, and how much more sensible and agreeable Englishmen are than Americans.

"Miss Darrell looks sick of our frivolity," Mrs. Featherbrain gaily exclaims; "the wickedness of New York and the fealty of mankind are now to her as yet. You saved Charlie's life, didn't you, my love? Trixy told me all about it, and remained all night with him in the snow, at the risk of your own life. Quite a romance, upon my word. Now why not end it, like a romance of the kind, in a love match and a marriage?"

"Her eyes glitter maliciously and jealously, even while she laughs. Is it in the shallow pretty-painted, spiteful woman, to care for any human being, she has cared for Charlie Stuart."

"Mrs. Featherbrain!" Edith exclaims, in haughty surprise, half rising.

"My dear, don't be angry—you might do worse, though how it would be difficult to say. I suggested it, because it is the usual ending of such things in novels, and on the stage—that is all."

"And as if I could fall in love with any one now," Mr. Stuart murmurs, plaintively. "Such a suggestion from you, Laura, is adding insult to injury."

"Here comes our baronet," Mrs. Featherbrain exclaims, "bearing a water iced in his own aristocratic hand. Rather handsome, isn't he?—only I detest very fair men. What a pity, for the piece of mind of our New York girls, he should be engaged in England."

"Ah! but he isn't engaged—I happen to know," said Charlie; "so you see what comes of marrying in haste, Mrs. Featherbrain. If you had only waited another year now, instead of throwing me over for old Featherbrain, it might have been for a baronet—for of course there isn't a girl in New York could stand the ghost of a chance beside you."

"A most delicate compliment," Edith says, her scornful lip curling; "one hardly knows what to admire most—the refined tact of Mr. Stuart's flatteries, or the matronly dignity with which Mrs. Featherbrain repels them."

She turns her white shoulder deliberately upon them both, and welcomes Sir Victor with her brightest smile.

"And for a rustic lassie, fresh from the fields and the daisies, it isn't so bad," is Mrs. Featherbrain's cool criticism.

"And I hope, despite Sir Victor's aristocratic attentions, Miss Darrell, you'll not forget you're engaged to me for the redoxa," Charlie finds a chance to murmur, sotto voce, in her ear, as he and his flirt moves on.

"You see the poor child's jealous, Charlie," is the Featherbrain's last remark—"a victim to the green-eyed monster in his most virulent form. You really should be careful, my dear boy, how you use the charms a beneficent Providence has showered upon you. As you are strong, be merciful, and all that sort of thing."

The hours go on. Edith eats her water iced, and talks very animatedly to her baronet. Balls (he has had a surfeit of them, poor fellow!) mostly bore him—to night he is really interested. The Americans are an interesting people, he thinks that must be why. Then the redoxa begins, and Charlie returns and carries her off. With him she is coldly silent, her eyes are averted, her words are few. He smiles to himself, and asks her this pleasant question:

"If she doesn't think Laura Featherbrain the prettiest and best-dressed lady in the room?"

"I think Mrs. Featherbrain is well named," Miss Darrell answers, her dark eyes flashing. "I understand Mr. Featherbrain is lying sick at home. You introduced me to her—while I live in this house, Mr. Stuart, you will be kind enough to introduce me to no more—Mrs. Featherbrains."

She brings out the obnoxious name with stinging scorn, and a look toward the lady bearing it sharper than daggers. There is a curious smile in Charlie's eyes—his lips are grave.

"Are you angry, Edith? Do you know—of course you do, though that it becomes you to be angry? My charming cousin, I never knew until to-night how really handsome you were."

She disengaged herself with sudden abruptness from his grasp.

"I am tired of dancing," she says. "I detest redoxas. And he kind enough to keep your odious point-blank compliments for the prettiest and best-dressed lady in the room. I don't appreciate them."

Is it jealousy? Charlie wonders, complacently. He sits down beside her, and tries to coax her into good humour, but she is not to be coaxed. In ten minutes another partner comes up and claims her, and she goes "The pretty dark girl in white, is greatly admired and has no lack of partners. For Mr. Stuart, pulls his mustache, and looks placid and handsome. He isn't devoted to dancing; as a rule he objects to it on principle, as so much physical exertion for very little result; he has only fatigued himself tonight as a matter of abstract duty. He stands and watches Edith dance—this country girl has the little, willowy grace of a Bayadere, and she is laughing now, and looking very bright and animated. It dawns upon him, that she is by all odds the prettiest girl in the house, and that slowly but surely, for the hundred-and-fiftieth time in his life, he is falling in love."

"But I might have known it," Mr. Stuart thinks gravely; "brown beauties did always play the dickens with me. I thought that at five-and-twenty I had outgrown all that sort of rubbish, and here I am on the brink of the pit again. Falling in love at the present involves matrimony in the future, and matrimony has been the horror of my life since I was four years old. And then the governor wouldn't hear tell of it. I'm to be handed over to the first daughter of a hundred earls' across in England, who is willing to exchange a tarnished British coronet for a Yankee million or two of dollars."

"It is Trixy who is dancing with the baronet now—Trixy who descends to supper on the baronet's arm. She dances with him once again after supper; then he returns to Edith. So the hours go on, and the April morning is growing gray. Once, Edith finds herself seated beside general Lady Helena, who talks to her in a motherly way, that takes all her heart captive at once. Sir Victor leans over his aunt's chair, listening with a smile, and not saying much himself. His aunt's eyes follow him everywhere, her voice takes a deeper tenderness when she speaks to him. It is easy to see she loves him with more than a mother's love."

A little after and it is all over. Carriage after carriage rolls away—Sir Victor and Lady Helena shake hands with this pretty, well-bred Miss Darrell, and go to. She sees Charlie linger to the last moment by fascinating Mrs. Featherbrain, whispering the usual inanities in her pretty pink ear. He leads her to her carriage, when it stops the way, and he and the millionaire's wife vanish in the outer darkness.

"Now half to the setting moon is gone, And half to the rising day, Low on the sand, and low on the stone, The last wheel echoes away."

Edith turns away disgusted, gleams of disdainful scorn in her shining