

# Diamond Cut Diamond

OR,  
THE ROUT OF THE ENEMY.

## CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

"To begin with, I had the good fortune to follow M<sup>rs</sup>. de Brestour and her female attendant from Euston station to Hollow-wood, ten miles north of London—here they alighted, and proceeded on foot about a couple of miles, and entered a desolate house by the wayside, where I distinctly saw at the window the face of Leon de Brestour; they remained there for about half-an-hour—after which they returned to Euston."

"And after?"

"I am sorry to say that, at Euston, the crowd was so great, that I lost sight of them."

Mr. Dane frowned slightly. To himself he said—"Then you might as well have stopped at home." But aloud he remarked—

"You have done very well, Trichet. It is quite what I guessed. By the way, you have not, I suppose, found out where the lady lives?"

"No, sir. You nephew has certainly not been to see her. At the same time I am convinced that there is some communication between them—the evidence of the book-seller shows. I have followed him like a dog, sir, like a shadow—in fact, it was under the impression that Geoffrey was going to meet the Miss Hallidays at Faulkner's rooms last Saturday that I came to such trouble, for I made bold to join the party unasked. But Geoffrey was not there."

"Mr. Dane shot a swift glance at him beneath his heavy brows. This was news to him; because Mrs. Dane, in her timidity, had certainly given him to understand the contrary. He made a mental note against that lady.

"Why not, I wonder?" he remarked indifferently.

Albert smiled meaningly. His smile, beamed beneath his thick-up nose, had a truly ghastly effect.

"Well, Mr. Dane," he said, with an affection of reluctance and hesitation, "you see there are wheels within wheels in this world—and there are delicate little matters in the private lives of most men that it is somewhat ungenerous to pry into."

"Explain yourself, Trichet," said Mr. Dane, coolly, "I am not fond of riddles."

"Certainly, I will explain. It is probable that Faulkner was not willing to ask so powerful a rival as your nephew to meet the lady whose affections he is anxious to gain."

"What!" Mr. Dane fairly jumped. "A rival. What do you mean, Trichet? Do you mean to tell me that Miles Faulkner has dared—?"

"Exactly, sir. I am sorry to say he has dared."

As Albert admitted this, he appeared to be profoundly concerned; he looked at his feet with a melancholy air, and sighed deeply.

"What is to aspire to the hand of Miss Ange Halliday, who is the chief, whose horror at this fresh complication almost threw him off his guard. Then, recovering himself quickly, he added, with a shrug of his shoulders, "Ah! but I see—my good friend, you have pandered to the gigantic friend is paying his attentions to her."

"Oh, no, sir," interrupted Trichet quickly. "I am in a position to contradict that suspicion entirely. It is the object of my fondest hopes to make Miss Dulcie a wife."

"Indeed, Trichet?"

"Mr. Dane, I love that girl with all my heart—I worship her—I adore the ground that she treads upon!" And Albert sidled down to one knee by the side of his chair.

"Mr. Halliday's room is on the floor above," remarked Mr. Dane, drily. "What has this got to do with me, if you please?"

"Everything, Mr. Dane—everything!" cried Trichet, with enthusiasm. "Because, as every man in this great house knows, nothing can go on in it without your sanction. Allow me, I entreat you, to plead my cause."

Matthew Dane, like all autocrats, was not insensible to flattery; he liked his power to be acknowledged; he smiled a little grimly, and intimated by a sign that he would graciously consent to hear the lover's story.

"Mr. Faulkner, when out of your presence, sir, makes no secret of which sister he prefers; but his jealousy is so great, that because I unwittingly placed myself between his sisters, he was unable to distinguish my friendliness to the elder from my love towards the younger, consequently he lost his head, and with a burst of the most frightful passion, laid loose a huge and violent bull-dog, whom he kept chained in a back yard to frighten away thieves, and set him upon me. I was most horribly mauled by the brute, and only escaped with difficulty with my life."

"But this is shameful!" cried the old man. "This must be looked into—it is a case for the police."

"No, Mr. Dane. No! I have forgiven him. Mr. Faulkner has tendered his apologies, and for the sake of the lady, whose name I honor, I have consented to overlook the affront, and to bury the past in silence. We cannot drag in a lady's name, you see, sir!"

"I understand, Trichet. Let me tell you, you have behaved very well in this unfortunate matter."

"Thank you, Mr. Dane, thank you," replied the young man modestly. "I have, I hope, striven to show forbearance and good feeling. I may look to you, sir, may I not, to keep this little untoward episode a secret?"

"Now permit me to lay before you my hopes concerning Miss Dulcie."

"My good fellow, I am not her father."

"No, Mr. Dane, but you are capable of influencing her father, and I want to ask for your good offices on my behalf."

Mr. Dane sat silently stroking his chin in the palm of his hand for some moments. He seemed to be somewhat puzzled by his clerk. Once he darted a keen, shaft-like glance at him, as though a sudden suspicion had crossed his mind; but from the candid face turned enquiringly towards him, no natural and lover-like anxiety as to the answer to his request.

"To tell you the truth," said his chief at length, "I am not quite sure that Mr. Halliday would consider you a

sufficiently good match even for his younger daughter. Stop! don't interrupt me. Our salary is £200 a year. You have, I believe, no other source of income—your prospects—"

"My prospects are very good," said Trichet promptly, looking very straight at him across the writing-table.

Then Mr. Dane, with a slight start, something like a mild electric shock, looked back at him, and in that mutual look the master, for the first time, perceived the man in lieu of the puppet.

"I am delighted to hear it," was his mild response, in a thoroughly congratulatory voice. "May I ask—?"

"Certainly, Mr. Dane, you may ask, and I will tell you. Every poor man's prospects, Mr. Dane, as you will be the first to own, depend upon the work that he is capable of doing. If his work is simple, his prospects are generally unambitious; if his work be difficult and complicated, his prospects should be of a fair remuneration for the labor and the delicate nature of the work which he can perform."

"Enough of this!" cried old Dane, springing to his feet. "You have been paid, and over-paid, for the work you have done. I understand you, Trichet; you want to extort something out of me. Have I not made you my clerk—?"

"A fine position, truly, for a descendant of the old Trichets!" said the young man, with scorn.

"And the money, Trichet?"

"Mr. Dane, do not insult me. Do you think I can go on doing your dirty work—spraying and sneaking and hanging about after people for the work of a miserable cheque or two, which barely suffices to pay my expenses? My dear Mr. Dane, do be reasonable. He paused a moment. The old man was kind with rage. Albert looked at him—and as he looked, he smiled slowly. "Won't you sit down again?" he asked blandly.

And Mr. Dane sat down. In that smile he had read a whole volume of argument. Trichet's smile told him, "I am a valuable ally, but I might be a dangerous enemy. I have done your dirty work for years, got strange information for you in underhand ways, cheapened bargains for you, personated foreign agents—done little strokes of sharp practice for you, which you could not possibly have dared to do for yourself, or trusted anybody else to do. In this way I have materially assisted the House of Dane and Trichet to ride through periods of storm and panic, in which other mercantile houses have floundered in their too scrupulous integrity. Besides all this, I have played private detective for you upon individuals whom you have suspected. I tracked Leon de Brestour to his very death, and am now employed in watching his so-called widow, as well as the movements of your own nephew. If you throw me over, who will do all this for you?"

Matthew Dane, as he resumed his chair at his clerk's bidding, could not but own to himself that he could not do without that clerk.

"Now let me tell you, Trichet, about a frank and engaging candour. 'I addressed myself to Mr. Dane, and he would say as you do, that I am hardly in a position to support a wife. But few judicious words from you would materially affect my case. I did, of course, in marrying Miss Dulcie Halliday, I should be taken into partnership.'"

"Albert Trichet!" almost shouted Mr. Dane. "Are you mad? Into partnership?"

"Well, and why not?" answered the young man tranquilly.

Mr. Dane began pacing up and down the room in a state of great perturbation.

"Such an idea has never occurred to me in my life!" he murmured, half aloud.

"I daresay not! I daresay not!—ideas are the birth of circumstances and of time! Pray do not disturb Mr. Dane. Let me put it to you fairly and reasonably. You have no son—no son, and you have a furtive glance. Mr. Dane took notice of what you intended to do about the House—you are not going to allow it to collapse, I imagine, for Dulcie, Geoffrey, if I marry Miss Halliday, if you like, and if you do not fly in the face of his good fortune, may marry Miss Ange Halliday's money is thus kept in the business, instead of being carried away to strangers. And we have the House of Dane and Trichet of the future to carry on the business—a true Dane and a true Trichet—"

"Mr. Albert Trichet," said Matthew, stopping short in his perambulations and regarding his clerk fixedly, "your assumed, was Josephine Trichet; your father—"

"My father—is dead, Mr. Dane," said Albert, looking at him significantly. "I have letters," he added in a low voice, "letters, my mother, that I will not, I think, disturb the ashes of the dead. I have no wish to rake them up, have you?"

"Not at all. You are right. Poor man, he was although of lowly birth, a most deserving and respectable person—a sad pity he died so young! He spoke hurriedly, almost with confusion. There was a moment's silence. Albert looked at him narrowly.

"Does he guess what I found in the letters?" asked the younger man of himself.

"Does he know that he was born before his mother's marriage?" asked the elder in his inmost soul.

"So you see, do you not, that for the sake of your old friend, my mother and my father, I have a certain claim upon you, independent of the services I have been fortunate enough to render you?" said Trichet at length.

"Well, no doubt, there is something willing to think it over, in order to reasonable views."

He sat down by the table again and reached out his hand to his clerk with an appearance of frankness and sympathy.

Albert took the hand and shook it warmly.

"Ah, that is right; now we understand each other. You see you can't

do without your humble servant, Mr. Dane—although I fear, I sadly fear, that you do not like me so much."

This was said with a smile, and might be taken as a sportive jest. Mr. Dane, however, answered the remark in all seriousness:

"The contrary, my dear Albert, I have always had a great regard and affection for you. Only you know, I have, like many other men, made one or two little mistakes in my life; and, somehow, you occasionally give me a reminder of them. I'm an old man yet, see, and don't like these reminders."

"No!" said Albert, looking at him with an evil grin. "And I am a living reminder, am I not?"

Then Matthew Dane knew that he knew, and that the tool which he had made use of, and despised as thoroughly as he hated him, had gotten a hold over him in his old age that no other man on earth could ever have power to get.

"He is a sneaking cad," he said to himself, savagely, when the young man had gone out from his presence.

But though he said it, he realized for the first time in his life that a blow had been struck at the absolute power that was the ruling passion of his existence.

## CHAPTER XIX.

It was a week since Geoffrey Dane had been to Cromwell Road. He had refused all invitations to dine at his uncle's and had turned a deaf ear to the pleasures and amusements of the theatres and concerts in company with the two pretty sisters and his aunt, which had been alluringly laid out for his acceptance. He had avoided their society on every instance, absenting himself not only from the theatre, but also from the Sunday lunch and dinner, at which his presence was invariably expected. Geoffrey's eyes had been opened to his own danger. That he would be taken upon his heels had taught him to who what peril he had been about to fall. A few more such meetings, a few more such evenings, such glances from soft kind eyes and smiles from sweet red lips—and Geoffrey knew that he would be undone, and propose to Angel Halliday.

And it would be his undoing, and hers. Of that he was very sure. How was a man to make one woman happy, when he would be very bottom of his heart would be torn asunder by the other? That was how it would be with him if he married Angel Halliday. It would be for his own utter misery, and moreover it would be a cruel wrong towards her. So, for her sake as well as for his own, he determined to keep out of her way.

Then again he took shame to himself for her whom he had made the Queen of his heart. Geoffrey had strange, chivalrous notions, uncommon among the young men of this practical and selfish-seeking generation. It seemed to him that he had been false to his ideal, untrue to the dream of his higher nature. He had loved her, his love was hers, his love at her feet—that he desired no other reward save to be allowed to devote himself to her service, and to receive at her hands that which it pleased her to mete out to him. He had not told her that he loved her, but he had fallen short in that which he had undertaken to do to her. Now that time had somewhat softened the rigidity of his position, which he had resented her leaving him, he began to ask himself whether after all she had not some good reason for what she did; whether she, who was so good, and better than he was, might not have had her reasons for his sincerity—and then, alas! how miserably short had it not fallen of the standard to which he might have attained, if only he began to be aware, that between her and his position, there some barrier over which it would never be possible for him to pass—something outside and beyond all these things that were clear as daylight to him, the difference in creed and age, the singularity of her position with regard to her father-in-law, and his friendship which—as he truly believed—was all of fellowship, but not love.

If all these, by some miracle, might be done away, there would still exist some other thing of which he knew nothing, and which itself was sufficient to part them. But is a man such a poor creature, he asked of himself, that he is incapable of loving for the sake of the loved one alone? Has he so little heroism, so poor a notion of self-sacrifice, that he must needs have all, or else fling all away upon the winds and the waves? Was there self-devotion, no selfishness for the sake of the loved one, even left upon earth—that a man's heart could be made in the image of the Maker of all nobility and purity—was incapable of such a high and God-like love? Had the earth died out from the face of the earth, would he not have loved a few pleasant idle days, a nature yielding to the seductions of the hour—and even a champagne supper, acting upon his senses and his lower nature, had been powerful enough almost to drag him down from the Olympus of his aspirations to the Hades of the sordid considerations of this world's comforts and conveniences—then, indeed, he realized how deep was the abyss into which he had well nigh fallen.

## A DRUGGIST'S ORDERS.

Here are some orders recently received by a druggist in a neighboring city:

This child is my little girl, I send five cents to buy two silver powder for a grown up adult who is sick.

Dear Tochter, please give five sense of Auntie Toxyn for to gargle baby's throat and oblige.

You will pass give a little bottle of five cents worth of epece for to use in a five months' old babe, N. B.—The babe has a sore stomach.

I have a cute pain in my child's diaphragm. Please give my son something to release it.

My little baby has sat up its father's parish plaster. Send an antedote quick as possible by the enclosed girl.

I had a hot time in my insides and which I wood like to be extinguished. What is good for to extinguish it. The enclosed money is for the price of the extinguisher. Hurry please.

## ONE WINTER'S EVENING.

The short January day was closing in. The twilight mingled pleasantly with the ruddy glow of the fire, and the girl at the window could no longer see to read. She looked, instead, into the neighbouring garden, bounded by low hedges and windblown firs, sharply outlined against a glowing crimson sky. And on the same background the small head made a charming silhouette; the rounded cheeks and dainty pointed chin, the low, straight brow, and little self-willed nose, and above all the soft halo of fluffy hair. The thin rasping voice of a mother, roused the girl from the wintry thoughts which had saddened her large dark eyes. A list of domestic cares was enumerated, and then the girl's mother approached the window and endeavored to claim the fugitive attention of her daughter by subjects nearer home.

"Maisee," she began, hesitatingly, "I want to speak to you again about—the girl knew the particular tone of voice, and broke in quickly with: "Oh! mother, please not that!" "My dear girl, it's positively ridiculous for you always interrupt and refuse to listen to reason," and, with a whine, "It makes my position exceedingly awkward and unpleasant. What am I to do with you? Do you realize your age, Maisee? Nearly 24. Why, your sisters were all married before they were your age, and Connie had two children."

"At present," the mother went on, relentlessly, "I am besieged on all sides by men who wish to marry you, for you are a pretty girl, Maisee—prettier than any of your sisters, and more like your grandmother, who was quite a belle in her time—just in a few years nobody will look at you, your chances of happiness and of making a good match will be over forever. Percival Sutton,"—and I knew that was coming," sighed the girl,—"said he would come to tea this evening, and he is very anxious to speak to you. To-night you really must give him his answer, and I can only say that if you send him away with a refusal I will take no more trouble about you. He is the best match in the county; young, rich, intelligent, heir to a baronetcy—and remember, none of your sisters is titled—indeed, you cannot do better."

After a pause she went on, "I want to know what stands in your way of doing as the others had sense enough to do—of setting my mind at rest about you, and of taking up a position in life as the wife of a good man."

"You mean, my dear mother," the girl said languidly, folding her hands and again turning her eyes to the garden.

A tall man, with bowed head and a white beard, was seen walking restlessly over the little lawn, a few inches of freshly fallen snow deadening the sound of his quick footsteps, and the girl watched with unconscious fascination the dark shadowy prints he never made or received, and the girl left in the flat white snow, a stranger, with the grave face and athletic though now stooping form, had never shown the slightest desire to make friends; indeed, had seemed determined to avoid any chance or risk that he never made or received, and the girl's mother had called upon the lonely newcomer, she had found him at home and he only acknowledged the visit by a polite note of thanks, explaining that he never made or received calls, and lived a life of study and unbroken solitude. To-night, as her mother talking and the girl's attention wandered to the growing number of blue-gray footprints in the snow, an unusual circumstance arrested her thoughts, and drew her still farther from the sordid and wearisome conversation. A servant came out of the house and handed to the man an orange-colored envelope, which he did not open till he was again alone. Then he disappeared, and the girl returned to consciousness with a slight start, and became dimly aware of a question in her mother's face and voice. She risked, at random, the first answer that occurred to her: "Oh, yes, if you like, mother, the girl's reply was evidently appropriate. A smile diffused the hard, weary features of the elder woman; the very silk of her gown seemed to squeak sudden approval.

"My dear good child, this is sweet of you! That poor young man will be so happy." Whereupon the dear good child was enveloped in a black silk embrace and covered with impulsive kisses.

"And will you tell him so yourself, dearie; or shall I see him alone first? I expect you will both feel a little shy and constrained."

"I should like you to see him by yourself, mother," said the girl, rising and wondering with complete disinterest what would be the outcome of her mental aberration and wandering response.

"And I may tell him—"

"Anything you like," her daughter answered as she disappeared.

The servant entered with a tea tray, made up the fire, and lowered the blinds. The girl passed swiftly through the hall, wrapping a soft gray cloak about her as she went, and then, opening a side door, and closing it quietly behind her, she slipped out into the hedge which divided it from the neighboring path that was a broken space large enough to squeeze through, and a moment later she was skimming across the very lawn where she had just seen the owner's footsteps multiplying in the snow. As she had expected, he had left his garden door open and through this she made her way into the hall, and thence into the only room from which as yet a light emerged. A cozy fire and a red-shaded lamp showed her a charming study, lined from floor to ceiling with books, and in a deep arm-chair before the fire she beheld her three-years' neighbor, the owner of this delightful little sanctum. On the threshold she stood still with astonishment. From what she had

seen of his face she had not thought him remarkable in appearance—this man was without doubt singularly handsome. She had believed the bowed form belonged to a man of 50 at least, whereas this man could not have been more, and was probably less than 35. A vague sense of vexation filled her, and she wished she had not yielded to the ridiculous impulse which had brought her thither. Then, in a moment, a revulsion of feeling made her glad, with a great throb of gladness, that she had obeyed the dictates of her folly. He looked up from the fire, gazed at her distractedly for half a second, and when he spoke his voice showed no surprise.

"Come in and shut the door," was his greeting; "I have been wanting you."

"You are alone, as usual?" she asked, drawing nearer.

"I am always alone. Why in the world did you come?"

"You had a telegram just now, in the garden," she explained; "I feared it might be bad news."

"He gave a little, hard, merciless laugh. "Bad news has long ceased to be possible in my life," he said coldly. "What that why you came?"

"Reason enough to keep most people away," he remarked drily. They looked at each other and were silent. "What she asked: "Why do you walk round and round your lawn every evening?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Force of habit, I suppose; it is the way I think."

Then, hastily changing the subject, he inquired: "What will your mother say when you tell her where you've been?"

"I don't think it will occur to her to ask. Her thoughts are taken up at the present moment,"—she glanced at the clock—"in accepting an offer of marriage on my behalf. She is an admirable woman; I am her sixth daughter, and when she has disposed of me we shall all have been married before the age of 24."

The girl was gazing at him steadily and without flinching; vaguely she found herself wondering if there had ever been a time in her life when she had not known him—when, in fact, this stranger had not been her first and greatest thought, the supreme interest which completely filled the emptiness of her world. So had love come to her unthought, and as yet she knew it not by that name. When she spoke her voice was low and appealing: "Well, it can matter little how one works out one's destiny if in the end all will infallibly turn out well. For instance, I shall marry this man of my mother's choice, and perhaps for a few years we will be miserable together; but at last death will free us of us, and then life's object will become clear, and I will view it with the impartiality of my last hour, from the standpoint of age, experience or resignation, as a charming picture in a circular frame, and shall smile to see how well the colors blend." She laughed hopelessly.

"Poor little girl!" he muttered, rising, and leaning against the mantelpiece, he looked down at her with yearning, dreamy eyes. "Shall I tell you the riddle of my life?" he asked.

"Ten years ago I married the girl my father chose for me—an heiress, the only child of rich and indulgent parents. We did not love each other—a punishment which I doubtless deserved. Less than a year after our marriage I first noticed a strange expression in my wife's face, which day by day became more apparent, and which I began to talk strangely and to say senseless things. Vainly I strove to fight the fear which was fast growing to certainty, till at last the violence of a mad woman left me in doubt no longer as to the terrible thing which had come upon me. I discovered then, that her grandmother had died in an asylum, and that a brother, whose very existence had been hidden from me, had shot himself while temporarily insane. I won't describe to you the horror of the next few months, when the best brain doctors in London pronounced her case hopelessly incurable and when I had done all I could to restore the balance of her disordered mind, without avail. I did not want to send the poor thing away; but the matter was taken out of my hands. When I was recovering from a knife wound in my left temple—you are destined to carry a reminder of her to my grave—the doctors insisted on removing her to an asylum, and there I have been obliged to leave her ever since."

"The girl had drawn nearer to him; his story had been a shock to her, but her thoughts were not of herself. "How dreadful!" she said, "and how lonely you must often be! Why have you never let me know you all these years?"

"I—I dared not!"—he turned away. He did not see the glory of love and suffering that shone in her soft dark eyes. Maybe he heard both in her voice, for there stole into his eyes the light of happiness.

"It was unkind of you," she said; "I might have been better than nothing." She crept close to him, and shyly put her hands in one of his; he bent over them, holding them to his brow, and said softly, "Better than nothing—it was just because you are better than everything that I could not say to you 'Come!' Every day since I first came here I think I would have given my soul to see you come in at the door as you did to-night. And so the years passed. I was often lonely, but it satisfied me to know that you were near. It amused me to wonder what we should say to each other if ever we met."

"Yet," said the girl, "I wonder that you can hold such happy theories about life? Do you really believe that your riddle will be solved?"

"I think," he answered gravely, "it was solved by the telegram you saw me open in the garden; it brought me the news of my poor wife's death—and you came to save me from the horror of my thoughts."

The girl would have drawn away her hands, but he detained them; she swayed a little, and he supported her with his arm. "I must go back," she said faintly. He took her cloak about her tenderly. "I am going to take you home," he said.

All the prisoners of New York State penitentiaries are practically in a state of enforced idleness. In those penitentiaries where the prisoners were idle last year insanity spread with rapidity.

## TOLSTOI AND THE CZAR.

The Recent Meeting of These Two Men—The Mighty Prince and Friend of the Poor.

Few incidents have occurred in many years more memorable for what they express or signify than the recent meeting of the Tsar Nicholas II. with Count Tolstoy.

Intending to return through Moscow from one of his southern journeys, the tsar found that the town in which Tolstoy lived would be one of the refreshment stations on his route, and he sent the count a carefully worded note inviting him to an interview.

The meeting took place, Tolstoy wearing the simple garb of a laborer and attended by a few of his peasant friends, and the Emperor of Russia with his magnificent suite, dressed in brilliant uniforms.

Nicholas talked of his celebrated peace proclamation, and evidently wished to know his famous subject's opinion of it. The great philanthropist commended his motive in proposing the disarmament of nations, but courteously intimated that in this grand work his majesty himself would be expected to set the first example.

What was said during that remarkable interview, however, could hardly be more important than the fact that two such men met and gave audience to each other. Representing what they did, their talk was like a conference between the fifteenth and twentieth centuries.

In the person of the tsar were embodied all the traditional ideas of human inequality. Count Tolstoy stood for man as man. One was incarnate autocracy; the other was incarnate democracy. One represented a Christianity which interprets Christ in its own way; the other represented a Christianity that takes Him at His word.

Rarely have two men of opposite culture stood side by side facing the world's future who would influence the world's future more than this prince of rank and riches and this champion of the poor.

## THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN.

The woman of whom good dressing is an individual characteristic does not allow any one to dominate her in the selection of the various details of her wardrobe. She is not considered a sinner by her milliner or her dressmaker, nor does she follow prevailing lines in a fear of being considered eccentric.

To begin with, whatever the texture of the material, the real keynote to becomingness is color, and to the nice and careful selections of every shade is due, often, the great success many society women achieve in their correct dressing. Rules are given out from time to time for color selections, but there is none but a woman's actual holding material about her face in the light in which the garment is to be worn, whether for day wear or by artificial illumination. The idea of the hair and eyes being matched is often at fault, for so much depends upon the clearness or brilliancy of the complexion.

"Do not the first by whom the new is tried" does not apply to dressing, since it should be one's pride to originate, if not indeed the whole trend of the costume, the lesser features, which because of their artistic beauty, are often the distinguishing points of the whole. Careful dressers personally direct the making of their gowns, even to the smallest details. The august modiste has no terrors for them, it is they who must wear the gown, and they should know what they want. On the other hand, gown designing is an art—talent—not equally distributed, and many many women would be but sorry spectators if they launched at once to outlining entire toiles.

Before deciding upon a toilet study your own lines and contours. Remember your gown can conform to you—you are practically a fixed and foregone conclusion, and if you are slender or stout, you will remain so, and it wraps that you must look for the enhancing of charms or the covering of defects.

Run back mentally over all the dresses you have had which were a particular and lasting satisfaction, and you will find a keynote of similarity somewhere. It may be color, but likely it was the grace of the shape of the length of your waist or the shape of the shoulder. Bear these happy recollections in mind and quickly incorporate them in the fashioning of your new wardrobe.

Velvet and fur are almost universally becoming, while lace is a bad selection for many features. If lace is used carefully, select the shade. Pure tendency to intensify complexion imperfections, while brownish or cream tints often have the reverse effect. A touch of color at the neck, or in the rich complement for the tint of your eyes, hair or complexion.

Few women know the outlines of their own heads and are, therefore, only occasionally seen at their best; and this happens when by whim or accident the hair is becomingly dressed. The hair is nature's final touch of beauty. She may have made but poor success of your features or color, but she adds this soft, pleasant touch to do with as you please, and it is clearly a woman's own fault if she is not attractive if, indeed, not strictly beautiful.

You feel that in the main you must follow prevailing modes, yet your neck is in a pillory in the new, high collars. The next best thing to do is to affect an up-and-downing for the band, thereby giving it an appearance of added height instead of the rounded style or that which is topped off with a flower heart with its petals all around. This effect is anything but to be desired upon a slender plump figure.