No other possesses the exquisite flavor of the genuine MONSOON Ceylon Black Tea.

## The Coming of Gillian:

\*

A Pretty Irish Romance.

aunt," he says, speaking in a very morrow; that I have decided on. smooth, deliberate tone, his eyes glit- And the following evening we shall tering, and his hand nervously caress- have a small dinner party to welcome ing his moustache. "I beg your par- her back, and to congratulate her don for the slang; I consider it most on her escape, and so forth; and expressive, and it saves so many Mr. George Archer will receive an words. What I meant to say was, I invitation as a matter of course, an have not had the faintest chance of invitation so cordial that he cannot can't help me-are not well enmaking an impression on Miss Deane's but accept it." heart, as I firmly believe George Ar- "George Archer! Why will you incher was in possession of that valu- vite him?" Lacy asks, amazedly. able and easily lost article from the "Because he rescued the dear girl first moment she met him at the Im- when she met with the accident, perial Hotel in Ballyford. That was and when you unluckily were quite a brilliant flank movement of disabled," Lady Jeannette says, with George's, I must say, I am sorry for that smile which is not good to see. my own sake that it may mean the "Mr. Archer has been so kind, so speedy surrender of so rich a prize. thoughtful, in kindly surrendering his But it was a masterly dodge, and no house to us, and in all manner of mistake, That little, unexpected visit, and the unexpected ordering of the dinner, and the rest of the petits soins; I shouldn't have given George credit for it, I confess I deserve deleat. I underrated absurdly the resources of the enemy. It was to be 'a fair field and no favor between us, we agreed, and it was-and he has won, friends see in what esteem we hold and that is the end of it."

smiling with a smile which is not good to see. "It is a fortunate him, and keep Miss Deane waiting in thing for you that you can accept full expectation, until she has quite your defeat with so good a grace, time to realize the slight her rustic with almost indifference, I suppose. admirer has put on her by his non-I feel more keenly for you than you appearance." do for yourself, it is very evident. Might I ask how you are so secure Lacy, staring; "then he won't come, and satisfied in your belief that Mr. | you think? I can't quite see your George Archer has won and you have meaning. He never does come here, -lost?"

And she sinks the nails of her clinched fingers into the palms as she

asks the question. "Well, I don't want to play spy, or Judas, or traitor, or any other of these unpleasant persons," he says, rather sullenly, remembering Anne's words. "But the fact is, I know George Archer and Gillian Deane are lovers avowed-mutual-and all the rest of it. I have had ocular demonstration to that effect, and I am quite satisfied in my belief that I have lost a hundred thousand pounds, and he has won it, and a very nice reflection it is for a man in my poation, with the taunts of my kind friends in addition.'

"How long have you known this?" Lady Damer asks shortly.

since yesterday, if you wish to know particularly," he says, curtly.

"Ah-yesterday evening? After I left?" Lady Damer asks, quickly. "Yes, I agree with you. Your antagonist deserves to succeed, and you to lose. He determined to win from the first, and you determined to drift on purposelessly, as you do in all things!

"Aunt Jeannette," Lacy says quietly as ever, but with a certain alteration and resolution in his face and voice, "to what purpose am I being browbeaten by you in this manner? I am degraded enough, l should think, already."

"Will you be amenable to me, and act with me if I try, for the last time, to retrieve your wretched posiof the best success that will ever come in your way?" she demands, with something like passion in her cold, hard voice, and her cold, highbred face, now flushed and livid with

asks, coldly. "I have ceased to have much belief in dishonest policy. That fellow George has won the girl's love, and won it honestly, I believe, on my honor, and he loves her in return, for herself as well as her money-

Lady Damer puts up her pince-nez and smiles a wintery smile,

"I think you have been imbiling some touching theories of generous love and self-sacrificing devotion and its deserved reward, my dear Bingham," she says, with her thin, red lips just showing her teeth. "I can guess at your teacher. It is no wonder that poor little Miss Gillian's cold, merciless face quite bright with and the fish will be spoiled. tender hart went unappropriated smiles. whilst you were beneath the influence of such lofty and such disinterested

Lacy stands up at once with a flush on his face, a sparkle of manly resolve in his eyes.

"You will excuse my leaving you, Aunt Jeannette," he says, moving to the door. "I told you before I should never allow an insult, either open or covert, in my presence, against the girl whom you know as well as I do, is only too good for me, and worthy of all the honor and esteem I could give her. I was willing to give her up and play Har and traitor at your bidding, and because I could is, Lady Damer drives over to Darnot help myself-bound and ham- ragh Castle on her way to the dinpered as I am : I am willing now, to ner-party at Snowhill, looking very go any lengths, in common fairness handsome and elegant in the black and justice, to struggle out of my silk and lace-draped dress, fresh difficulties, but I will never suffer from poor Anne's deft fingers. Cap-

"Bingham," Lady Jeannette says, win this girl and marry her, if I give Lacy acquiesces in silence. you one more chance of winning her?"

she came here. I not gone back from slave. my promise because she has chosen to take every chance of success from

"Change your 'yes, if I can' into SOZODONT for the TEETH 260 yes, I will,' and I shall be better

<del>\*</del> "Consideration and money, as you satisfied," Lady Jeannette says, convery frequently remind me, my dear | temptuously. "Gillian returns to-

ways, that surely the very least we can do is to extend a little courteous hospitality to him! So we shall invite him to dinner, and tell our friends he is coming, and praise him and laud him behind his back, as he is rather modest, I believe, and let our guests and this worthy young man, and even "Not quite," Lady Jeannette says, keep dinner waiting for him, and keep Sir James Damer waiting for

> "His non-appearance!" repeats I know: but now-"

"Now he will have no excuse," Lady Jeannette says, smiling still. "He will have so cordial and flattering an invitation, given through Miss Deane also, that he will be quite willing and glad to accept; but-after all, he will not come; he will never enter Mouat Ossory again." "Why, what the deuce do you mean?" Lacy asks, growing pale with surprise and indefinable apprehensions. "I can't understand you for me. Did you know, Lady Damer? in the least, on my word I can't." "I do not intend that you shall," she rejoins, coolly. "It is not necessary. Indeed, it is necessary that you know nothing, and expect him as fully and speak of him as freely as anyone. But I assure you-and I seldom assure in vain-that George Archer will not come to our little "Since a very short time ago- friendly dinner-party after my cordial invitation. And only at the eleventh hour, or after it, indeed, perhaps in the middle of dinner, will his scant, brief apology for his ab-

> And why won't he come?" Lacy nette, but I can't believe you can | mond clasp, which also holds a spray | conjure away difficulties in that fash- of fresh pink heather.

of your way for evermore, I tell you. I dare say. Our little innocent is pro- what my difficulty is, pet." bog-hole after the fashion of those her conquest in a day or two!" North Pole, which will suit him much

you do to make him go?"

and looks at her nephew with her as it is Mr. Preston will be scowling,

living creature. Remember that! I will answer your last question, but by neither word nor deed will I afford you any more information. Be grateful to me, if you can, for the early, dear," Lady Damer calls back effects, but leave the cause unquestioned. And the cause will be that—I shall say to him just half a dozen words,"

CHAPTER XXII.

On that same evening, late as it a sneer or a word of blame against tain Lacy is in the brougham with her, but she herself only goes in to

see Gillian. through her teeth, "if you leave the "I dont intend you shall see her room after that speech to me. I until the evening of our dinnernever wish to see you enter it again. party. I have a reason for it," her Sit down, and answer me. Will you ladyship says, decisively, and

What else is there left for him to "Yes, if I can," he says, curtly. "I do? He belongs to the abounding told you I would long ago, class of men who are either some woman's tyrant or some woman's

He knows what he is at

the present moment, and acqui- rectify her somewhat ungracious esces and endures, until some blessed

chance of fortune makes him free. rou, my dearest child!" she says, softly, and smiling, as she thinks in kissing Gillian effusively. "How are her fond, glad little heart how she you, dearest? You are just like a shall rejoice over that broken arm pale little rose! I could not go on to of hers all the days of her life. "But Snowhill, the Prestons' place, you my arm is quite useless yet, you know-Bingham and I are going to know, Lady Damer. I shall have to a quiet little dinner-without running | keep it in a sling for weeks, Dr. Coghin for a peep at you."

"Won't Captain Lacy come in?" | to Mount Ossory?" Gillian asks, glancing out at the carriage in some surprise. " He is with you, you say?"

"No-o, thanks, dear," Lady Damer says, with a sort of hesitancy in her as it will suit my plans, she shall. manner, and a puzzled, inquiring | Poor little lovesick fool, it will be the look. "He doesn't seem very well, poor boy. I had to insist on his coming out with me this evening; I thought it might brighten him up and | you like, dear," she says, sweetly. do him good. I don't quite know what can all him, he seems very lowspirited and looks quite ill!"

There is a certain significance even in the affectation she makes of being ignorant of any cause for Captain Lacy's low spirits and in her delicately hurrying over the subject; and Gillian, without quite knowing why she is blushing, does blush deeply, and Lady Damer sighs softly, and smiles a little, quick, sad smile, and lets her

"But you haven't told me how you are, dear?" she resumes, as if she is embarrassed and glad to change the subject. "Getting nice and strong, I do hope, love, because I am concocting a little plot, or little plan, rather, and you must help me to carry it out, and if you ough, I mean-my little scheme all falls to pieces! Good-bye now, dear child; take all sorts of care of yourself. I shall come over early tomorrow to you. Lynch is here, isn't she? Oh, yes, there you are, Lynch!" as if her keen eyes have not scrutinized every object in the

room in the first few glances. "Because it does distress me so dreadfully," her ladyship says en passant, with her lace-mittened, jeweled hand on Gillian's head, "the way you are deserted and left here by yourself in such a gypsy, forlorn,und ness, to you, and you see, unfortunding new materials in the market, but what is this but the overskirt in conventional fashion! You must think we are a half-civilized set, we Irish, my darling girl!" with a shrill, gay laugh. "Not but what I am quite sure"-this with the sweet, matronly air assumed to perfection-"that dear little Gillian has dignity and prudence enough to enable her to live anywhere, or under any circumstances, without forgetting an iota of what is due to her sonal invitation this evening, or leave comparatively inexpensive as a young gentlewoman.'

nuendo, and for the second time it Gillian makes no reply, and that you think, darling? her silence is the silence of confusion not any quarrel with you, Lady Damer can perceive, as the and besides, he couldn't refuse you! cate frostiness in the folding; palais a diamond and pearl brooch. A knot-

vet bow on her dress while she afternoon just about 4 o'clock," she I understood he had never called at

all. It seems so odd that I was never

There is a light of anger in the timid, fawn-like eyes, which seem darker and deeper, with a sort of fire in their liquid depths; the color on her cheeks and lips is richer and clearer, and ebbs and flows with each change of emotion; she looks taller, prouder, fairer, stronger as if the "pale rose" of the "rosebud garden of girls," has suddenly blossomed in full luxuriant bloom. Lady sence arrive. It will be very ill-bred Damer sees, too, that the invalid of him, perhaps, but what can one discarded, and that Gillian is wearasks, half-shocked, half-subdued by velvet trimming, and knotted around And then she looks out of the winstrategy which he cannot even guess her throat is a scarf of rich valen- dow and coughs, and seems as if tryat. "You're very clever, Aunt Jean- clennes, fastened with a little dia- ing to evade a direct answer.

"Fresh heather, gathered to-day, "No : I can only conjure your rival her ladyship comments. "He brought out of your way, Captain Lacy," she it to her, fastened it there himself, retorts, with the edge of a sneering | II can see-it is awkwardly done, just smile, "since you are too supine to asra man would do it-pinned in with do it for yourself. I will put him out as many kisses as there are blossoms,

blood-thirsty Irish. He will simply | "It does seem odd, certainly, dear," | dealings," she reads her clever relacease to play marplot, and will, I she says coldly, with the knife-like tive far more accurately than that "What is your 'last chance'?" he trust, make his last appearance on edge of a smile, which never rises astute lady imagines; and, although any stage in our lives. He will, doubt- higher than her long, thin, red lips. she is not really conscious of the less, find one at the Antipodes or the "And it seems odder still, that Mr. "difficulty" which overwhelms Lady Archer should make calls in such a "Send him out of the country?" | vited him to call in the afternoons | her ladyship is playing a part in Lacy asks, eagerly, his amazement | when I was with you. He might have | which she, Gillian, must necessarily increasing rather than diminishing. come every day and taken tea with appear, whether to her disadvantage Why, Aunt Jeannette? George | us if he liked! But he mustn't come | or otherwise. never dabbles the least bit in poli- when I am not here, my dear," she tics, though he is a thorough Irish- | says, laughing carelessly, and patting mar. How on earth can you send | Gillian's head; "that is very naughty him out of the country? What will of Mr. Archer, though he is a privileged person, and does all sorts of odd Lady Jeannette takes off her eye- | things! Good-bye again, dearest! No, glasses and folds them up carefully, I can't stop another instant, my dear;

> She hurries out of the room with-'So much you may ask, but no out giving Gillian time to utter a more, my dear Lingham," she says, word of explanation or confession frigid smile. "I can see you are rath- also of the chiffon, held at two smoothly. "I am doing this for you. regarding George Archer's visits, I would not do it for any other which indeed the poor child is nerving herself, with a fluttering husband's land-agent as my equal heart and tingling pulses, to give, in some measure, at least.

"Good-bye! I shall be over very as she hurrles out of the room. "And I shall be," she mutters herself. "For I see plainly enough, without any of that old gossiping Mrs. Blake's warnings, that there is

no time to be lost, and no choice in

this emergency, but the -last resource." And Lady Damer is as good, or as bad, as her word, and on the following morning she drives over to Darragh Castle about 10 o'clock, and unher ladyship's most confiding and

artless manner.

"I have asked a few friends for to-morrow evening, dear, to meet you on your return to us," she says, with an air of delighted hopefulness, for Dr. Coghlan says you are quite well enough to come back to us today. I have just seen him and he said. Yes, if we take great care of you,

"Oh, does he?" Gillian says, slowly, there and then discarding Dr. Coghlan from her favor for evermore. "Very well, Lady Damer, and then, seeing the keen, steel-blue amazed scrutiny, Gillian hastens to

"It is time I gave over playing "I haven't a minute to stay with invalid, I confess," she says, flushing lan says. What time am I to go back

"She wants to have the chance of another draught of the stolen waters," Lady Damer thinks, watching Gillian with cruel amusement, "and

last. "This afternoon or late this evening; about seven or eight, whichever "Oh! This evening, then, about eight or nine," Gillian says, hurriedly, putting up her hand with an involuntary gesture to the heather spray she is wearing still.

"His visit is to be late, in 'the tender gloaming,' " Lady Damer sneers, inwardly. "Pretty well for an in-

Aloud, she continues, with her caressing lingers daintily petting Gillian's reluctant little rosy palm, and the most tender and trustful confidence expressed in attitude, face and

"But this isn't all I have to say. Gillian, love! I want to ask Mr. Archer to dinner, and I don't quite know how to succeed." Gillian's soft little cheek nearest

the tender "malden blush" tint. A light of eagerness, surprise, delight, flashes with the sunlight of with calm repression the next in-

"Yes? Ask him to dinner '?' she questions, cooly, with a little care-

some way, or did not consider his class demand the real thing. position sufficiently, or something of The lesser lights are more modest, that kind, and so I am afraid that he contenting themselves with the beauwill refuse to come, even if I write tiful imitation dentelles that now him the most cordial invitation in the hang on every tree, and turning out with a tiny ruching of white chiffon, world! Perhaps, if I give him a per- bewilderingly lovely frocks from and over a tucked bodice of Louising a note at Murphy's in the village now These silks, along with exquisite corset portion being silk-covered This is her ladyship's secret in- as I pass, and if he comes in this novelty gauzes, which are also used whalebone. It is of point applique, afternoon, and if you were to for wedding frocks, can be had at one of those delicate braid sewn nets, coax him, Gillian. "pale rose" face flushes and pales, You dear little white mouse, no man de soie, like the old-time merveilleux; and she turns her head aside, her living could refuse you anything if satin duchesse, a lace patterned brofingers restlessly twitching at a vel- you asked it as a favor!"

"Mr. Archer called to see me this bony nose and her cold, thin lips. "Now could you, pet?" she says, which does not seem to belong to her. earnestness. "He is a most worthy ask how I was. He said, too, that tion in life, and most useful to Mr. he had called every evening to ask Damer; and besides, I really feel unconduct just at this time. So goodwould not slight him for the world-I put my caste prejudices out of the

> question altogether.' "Is Mr. Archer, then, not a gentleman by birth?" Gillian asks, in a tone she vainly tries to steady, and the big, velvety, dark-fringed eyes blaze out of the delicate, rose-pale

"She is capable of defying me on the spot, and glorying in her lover and her love-affair," thinks the asshawls and wrappings have been all tute woman. "A gentleman? By birth?" she repeats, slowly, as ing a dainty white serge, with black rather confounded by the question.

riedly, in a low voice, and playing with her eyeglasses; "that is to say, he is not one of us you know. But he and brought up, and is quite-quite squares and diamonds, which the clever, they tell me. So you see now shops offer as accessories for plain

Don't look so horror-stricken. I am gressing very fast, as that horrid old Gillian's breast is heaving, her not in league with the Invincibles, and | Mrs. Blake said. We have quite the cheeks are burning, her passionate, that nice young man isn't to be air of une bien-aimee this evening! loyal heart in a flame. For all her stabbed, or shot, or thrown into a Little idiot! She won't be so proud of youthfulness, her innocence, her inexperience in the world's "double Damer in her anxiety to do honor mysterious fashion when I plainly in- to George Archer, she yet knows that

see that you do not want to publicly slight him," she says, in a low, hard tone; "but you do not care to condescend so much as to ask him to your house. He saved my life, I believe; so, if you wish, Lady Damer, I will ask him to do me the favor of

dining with us." "Well, that is rather harshly put, er shocked at my exclusiveness, because I cannot quite recognize my I acknowledge his merits and his respectability."

She makes this attribute as hopeless a barrier in the way of his social prospects as ever were the miserable "Bradley Headstones" "respectable" character and belongings when ranked against the aristocratic lover of "Lizzie Hexam."

(To be continued.)

Her Frugality.

A well-known English woman who is famous for her taste in dress was folds her little scheme to Gillian, in recently asked by a young aspirant not very well acquainted with her London how much pin money was re- the valley and moss fern, tied with quired by a woman who "went about | ivory satin ribbon. a good deal, but wasn't really extravagant." She replied:

"If you're very careful you can deries. manage to dress on \$2,000 a year," and after a slight pause she added, with modest pride: "I used to somehow, when Bobbie and I were first married and hadn't

sixpence."

eyes fixed on her with apparently SOZODONT Tooth Powder 256

# Sozodont

### Good for Bad Teeth Not Bad for Good Teeth

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### RIGH ATTIRE OF BRIDES OF THANKSGIVING.

WHAT TO WEAR AND HOW TO WEAR IT TO LOOK BEST.

has long been a period for wedding her ladyship's keen eye deepens into bells in New York, and this year will be no exception to the rule, say the smart dress-makers. As a proof of it they reveal a few of the wonderful rate, it seems admirably suited to gladness into the pure, childlike eyes, things that are to burst upon the which, however, virginal pride vell world at Yuletide; and after you have gaped and gasped and said "Oh," upper part a drapery much affected and "Ah,' you go home and realize by dressy French gowns. that there isn't so much change in

wedding clothes after all. That is, as far as the bride's gown "Yes, dearest," Lady Damer re- itself is concerned, which continues Where there is no tunic, some other joins, with a great assumption of to be the high-necked, long-sleeved, skirt will show a hip yoke of lace impartial earnestness. "We owe him long-tailed model of decorum it has or rich embroidery, pointing down every courtesy and every token of been these many years. Details vary into a well-defined little apron at gratitude, I am sure, for his kind- of course, and there are some charm. the front, if short at the back. And ately"-her ladyship toys with her ivory satin is still the iron require. | the germ? Well, we shall see what rings, and smiles her cold, arrogant ment of the swagger modiste, and we shall see. smile-"he and I never get on well not only does she show a wicked together. I fear I offended him in penchant for lace, but certain of her tunic gown, whose ground principle

What do any of the good shops under the fol- which are as beautiful as inexpen-He has lowing heads:

cade and plisse Louisine.

And her Gillian is rapturously This last has a light crinkle, in touched by the tip of her ladyship's squares and stripes, and because of this novelty look it is perhaps less shows an inch-wide hem. desirable than the plainer and more says, in a formal, unsteady voice, seriously, resuming her business-like solid silks. The striped Louisines are delightful, the fragile texture fall-"And yesterday evening he called to young man, I believe, for his sta- ing with much grace and showing the frosty lights of the other Argentines. Indeed, under these, the striping, der a deep obligation to him for his which is at no time heavily defined, is sometimes lost. For this fairy-like natured and considerate. And so-I texture, which sells from 80 cents to a dollar and a quarter a yard, plain mousseline is an exquisite gar-

A striped Louisine bridal gown lately seen showed on skirt flounces and bodice-bertha attached hems of mousseline put on with brier or cat stitch. The bertha, which covered the high bodice at the usual bust point, was in diamonds of tucked Louisine between others of the plain muslin. The hem edging gave the bottom rather a frilly look, and at the front there were long tucked scarfs of the muslin that fell almost to the skirt hem.

These bertha effects are almost traditional details of wedding bodices, and like the veil and wreath "No-o-not exactly," she says, hur- of orange blossoms, they are likely to hold their own till the end of time. For those who can afford them there are exquisite berthas of has been most respectably educated duchesse lace, falling in points, satin gowns. With these cuff pieces

the set selling from \$50 up. A regal bridal gown shows decorations of imitation duchesse, which is neither so unworthy nor so cheap as it may sound, for to get good imitation lace nowadays you must pay for it. In fact, so much is this understood that the curse is now almost lifted from the imitation, and when one sees a beautiful gown with filmy insets and royal looking flounces she no longer stops to ask: "Is it real?" The ticketed prices of the shop have banished the odium-and you may buy and wear and be a "lady" still.

gown follows one of fashion's lat- the smart gown being of light-weight est caprices, in that it shows one kersey in the same faint brown, with of the new cuirass bodice effects. | a heavy stitched border. A lining and To accomplish this a bolero of the collar of sable fox are elegant feaduchess-unlined, and worn over a tures which make the bride almost tucked chiffon bodice-meets a deep forget the new husband. princess skirt yoke of the same, a soft scarf of ivory satin outlining dear," her ladyship retorts, with her itu bottom curve. The sleeves are points with lace that they may puff at shoulder and elbow. Over a detached petticoat of satin a tucked and flounced skirt front of the same gauzy material shows superb incrustations of the duchesse.

The square court train, whose floor sweep is about three quarters of a yard-the usual length -is slightly wadded, that it may hang in the heavy folds desired for wedding trails. Except for an under dust ruf- fied with his intellect fle of taffeta edged with coarser duchesse it is untrimmed; and, of course, no hem shows-which, with a woman better than her moral the massive fall, is a point to be sense. remembered in the court train. The veil drops slightly on the "tail" and is of raw-edged tulle caught at the top of the head with a knot of orange blossoms. Bouquet, lilies of The costume the little maid

honor wears is of white gros grain with coral and pale green embroi-

The second bridal toilette, though charming in its own way, loses somewhat through a too energetic striving for novelty. Simple lines are always more becoming than fussy effects, and nowhere is this fact more striking than in wedding finery, which to possess the dignity its lowed. However, there must be de lof \$5.

Thanksgiving, as well as Christmas, vices for all types, and perhaps the designer had a very thin girl in mind-the sort whose young bones must be hidden at any cost-when this creation was evolved. At any. such a wearer, and those who care for tunic effects will find in the lace

There is always talk against it, but all the signs and omens point toward a revival of the overskirt.

Meanwhile let us return to the is a white taffeta princess slip, opening at the back and cut en train. Striped Louisine forms the finely kilted skirt flounce, which is edged the princess upperdress is placed, the sive, as laces go, and a bertha of Argentine (stripe), which has a deli- the same is caught at the bust with ted girdle of chiffon with sildes of the same stones gracefully drapes the hips and falls at one side. The veil is of tulle, but unlike the nimbus that hangs about the other bride, it

The bridesmald's costume is what is known as a "costume russe"-at least it was called a Russian dress by the obliging lady who furnished the design. It is of cloth in a blue that touches on turquoise with the hardness of that color left out, and trimmings of brown sable fox. The model is a sort of redingote, demitrained and worn over a high, longsleeved slip of white gros-grain,

The becoming hat is also blue, and white, cloth forming the puffed crown, and a white estrich feather and a blas of blue panne, slipped through a handsome buckle, ornamenting the front. And now the fetching detail of the bridesmaid's get-up-the bridegroom's gift, which she wears near the left shoulder; no more than a very commonplace duck in tiny diamonds set in aluminum, for barnyard creatures, you must know, are the latest things in jewelry.

cents direct to us and we will foor-A word more on wedding veils and slipper and watch one of these fatr then we will throw the rice and the brides go away in the smart coat that follows. The wedding veil need not necessarily be of tulle. Lace ones are worn as well and some seen in point applique are possessions to be desired and cherished forever, the dainty borders running to embroidered orange blossoms, jessamine, doves and love-knot. One yard and a half and shaped collars sometimes go, in width and three and one quarter in length are the proper dimensions,

and \$17 will buy a perfect love. The wedding handkerchief, which is sometimes carried by its centre-just a pinch of two fingers, you know, under the prayerbook-should, of course, have a border of lace, even if none is worn elsewhere. Monogramed medallions in transparent corners are modish designs for these.

For the going-away gown pale tan zibeline is a stylish and beautiful material. One of such a stuff has trimmings of black soutache braid white guipure and black velvet rib bon. The cut shows the disposition The disposition of the lace on this of these, the dapper coat that tops

In a Word or Two. There can be no perfect love without perfect sympathy.

Moralists seem to bear a special grudge to pretty faces.

One is apt to love more the first time, but better the second time. It is the unusual man who is satisfied with his fortune and dissatis-

A secret love defends the heart of

Woman is the salvation or destruc-

tion of the family. A woman may give her soul fer a man, and in nine cases out of ten he won't think as much of her as II

she had filted him for some one else. Love is strongest in pursuit, friendship in possession

After all is said and done it would be a cold day for women if there were not men to poke the fire for

In Sydney, Australia, spitting in office calls for cannot be too furbe- | the streets is forbidden on penalty

s Reof a pondthe that Boers Cape orses

the supected strict men, raid yards od a irrened to

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