ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS

AND MATRONS.

Some Tips for Bridesmalds Vogue of

the Polonaise The Love of a Youth-

A Creation for August Days The

The Poets.

In mighty strength they tower above

A noble race—they mingle not Among the motley throng.

The poets-the poets-Those giants of the earth;

The men of common birth

But move, with slow and measured steps,

To music-notes along.

The poets-the poets-

And history records their deeds

Upon her proudest page.

The poets-the poets-liow endless is their fame!

No shadow on each name;

yon starry gems that gleam In evening's crystal sky,

Death, like a thin mist, comes, yet leaves

So have they won, in memory's depths, An immortality.

The poets-the poets-Who doth not linger o'er

glorious volumes that contain

They charm us in the saddest hours,

Our richest joys they feed; And love for them has grown to be

The poets-the poets-

Well may we twine a votive wreath

The poets' the true poets! Thanks be to God for them!

A Fancy Bodice.

August is the month of months

when a woman finds it a trying task to

look cool and dainty; when the reds,

pinks, vivid green and other colors sug-

gestive of heat must be laid aside for

the creams, pale blues and pale yel-

lows. Here is a becoming bodice and

The bodice is made of dull olive white

silk figured in irregular circles of deep

yellow. Guipure applique is let in the

front up and down and crosswise,form-

ing large squares. The neck is finished

with an immense bow of olive white

liberty silk, attached to a stock of the

ame material. The stock in turn is

toque designed for afternoon use.

Around each honored head;

Those crowned ones among men

A universal creed.

No tribute is too high to give

Their bright and spotless lore?

What conquests they can boast! Without one drop of life-blood spilt,

They rule a world's wide host; stainless banner floats unharmed

Negligee.



CHAPTER II .- (Continued.) "You are Mr. Rowton's-er-broth-

"No," I answered; "I am his junior

"He is ill, I believe?"

"He has been ill, but is recovering. combe." He was not able to come today." I added, with a shade of pique in my mind. Was she regretting that I had taken the place of Rowton, who was probably well known to her.

"I am sorry-for his illness," she said, "but glad that he-that-that-" stammering and sitting down suddenly-I think because she was trembling

too much to stand, "Mr-

"Fort," I suggested quietly. "Mr. Fort-I beg your pardon," she said, hurriedly; "but-the time is so short-I-am so anxious to say something to you. I hardly know how"with increasing nervousness-"but I more to mine-"I think I may speak to you. You will not think it strange."

"I shall be only too glad to be of use to you," I responded, with hardly-repressed eagerness.

"Mr. Rowton," she said more calmly, "is prejudiced. You-oh, I must say it plainly-have been sent for to make my dear uncle's will; we all know it-it is no secret. Mr. Fort, I want to tell you that if-if he should wish to put me"-a sweet faint flush dawned over her pale cheeks-'in the place which should be my cousin's-Mr. Charles to wrong him-never! It seems dreadful to talk about it, I know, but there is no other way. Will you say what you can for Charlie-Mr. Branscombe -and persuade my uncle not to do him

Nona Stanhope Branscombe, spinster, and her lawful heirs in perpetuity for er?" she asked, without replying to my ever, for her sole and separate use, and independent of the control of any busband she may hereafter take, and on the condition that such husband shall not be Charles Umphelby Brans-

> These were the words dictated to me in a firm but faint voice by the dying Colonel as I sat by the bedside to which I was hastily summoned early in the morning succeeding my arrival.

"All and absolutely." There was no compromise in the words, no faiter in the sick man's tone, only perhaps a sterner set of the pale lips as the flat went forth, showing that the hope which had lingered so long in the faithful old heart had died at last,

A silence followed, broken only by the sound of my pen as it traveled rapidly over the paper, and, in spite of my promise of the previous night, not must say it. I"-raising her eyes once a word of protest or amendment escaped my lips. Was I not doing the best I could for her? I was conscious of a little flutter at my heart as my hand traced the words, "Nona Stanhope Branscombe," and-for I was not yet sufficiently practiced in my profession to be hardened to such experiences-of an oppressive sense of awe and solemnity overshadowing the scene. It was indeed one of the most solemn I have ever witnessed, before

The first gleams of the summer dawn came through the open window and Branscombe's -- I could never consent | fell full upon the stately figure of the dying Colonel, as he lay propped up by pillows, on the large four-post bedstead. The rosy light touched, with a strange incongruous levity, the noble features upon which was set the mathis injustice? I know that lawyers jestic seal of the King of Terrors. On an suggest a great deal at such time; one side of the Colonel's bed stood -and you see"-wringing her bands in | the grave physician, his finger on the

something of what had taken place in FOR WOMEN AND HOME founce came in, the revival of the the sommer girl to wear with duck his room that morning. I could scarcely be mistaken in thinking that she made more than one attempt to speak to me alone. She lingered about, looking listlessly from the windows whilst Miss Elmslie gave me a long history of the Lea; and, when the latter settled herself finally at the writing table, with a pile of unanswered letters before her, I certainly detected a look of disappointment-even of vexation-on the fair face of her young cousin.

Perhaps it was because of my unwonted idleness that I learned is the course of those twelve hours to read every change of expression in those lovely features, and to know every one of them by heart. And had it not been that I had reasons of my owncogent ones-for resisting the appeal in the wistful blue-gray eyes, I must have acceded to the invitation which I read only too plainly in them.

CHAPTER IV.

But how could I tell Miss Branscombe that things were going exactly contrary to her wishes, and that, too, without the faintest effort on my part to stay their course? How could I let her know that if only five minutes more of strength and power were given back to the nerveless hand of the old man upstairs, she would most assuredly supplant her cousin Charles and become the mistress of Forest Lea and Branscombe, and "all the lands, messuages, and tenements thereunto appertaining?" I was a coward, I know, but I could not bring myself to run all the risks of the disclosure or to change the confidence with which she had honored me into distrust and indignation.

ly sweet in the secret understanding with this lovely young girl-the very embodiment of innocence and purity, as she appeared to me-a very Una indeed. I was thoroughly conversant with the ordinary type of "society" young ladies; I had flirted with a certain number of nineteenth-century young women; and although with, as I now knew, a large reserve-fund of genuine sentiment in my nature to draw upon, I had never yet been tempted to idealize one of the freemannered sirens, who called me by appropriate nicknames, wrested fivepound notes from me with "stand and deliver" determination at bazaars, betted and won brooches and gloves at Hurlingham and Sandown. I had never been in love-sometimes I believed I never should be. I will not say that I had not sometimes beneath the light, frothy surface a regretful hankering after the supreme experience missing from my thirty years of life.

Miss Nona Branscombe came upon me as a revelation—a thing apart from all my exemplars of her sex. She dwelt in a shrine of her own, the saint already of my deepest devotion.

mand, who had returned unexpectedly from the Continent. He bade me reon which I had been summoned was satisfactorily concluded. This relieved me of all responsibility or anxiety as to my absence from town, and I was glad. I was curious, I said to myself, to see the play played out-nothing interest and experience, not personal by any means.

read the message, her face pale to the lips. She was in that state of neryous excitement when everything alarms. I hastened to explain.

Germany," I said. "It is a relief to know that he is in London again. I had not expected him so soon; and Mr. Rowton, senior, is still confined to

(To be continued.)

ODD BITS

the Cashier's Salary.

Philadelphia Inquirer: Odd bits of change thoughtlessly left by customers form no inconsiderable part of the income of cashiers in certain business establishments, notably restaurants. As summer advances beautiful where, during many hours of each day, there is a steady rush of patrons."I get \$15 a week salary," said a cashier, the springtime purple. These blues "and I always count on an additional are to be found in the silk and woolen \$3, or 50 cents per day, through for- veilings, in cottons and linens and gotten change. I do not consider that millinery materials. A charming wool I am doing anything dishonest, either, veiling of a real china-blue shade is because I always make an effort to at- trimmed with the tiniest rows of black tract the customer's attention to the velvet ribbon and has vest and revers fact that he is leaving his change be- of white satin overlaid with Irish hind. Nine cases out of ten I succeed, point. Dull reds, or rather soft shades even if I have to send a waiter to fol- of red, are fashionable, but are so sublow the man clear out into the street. dued by the trimming that they are But there are enough of the tenth not in the least obtrusive. It requires, cases to make my receipts foot up all however, just the artistic eye and finof the sum weekly I have named. The gers of the Parisian modiste to sucmajority of them are people in a hur- cessfully present reds that may be ry to catch a train or car or to keep worn in the warmer weather. Boleros an appointment, and they haven't the of lace are particularly modish, while time to return, even if they did discov- lace covered or otherwise trimmed er their loss a square or so away. The revers are to be found even on evennext day they don't care, or at least a ing gowns, the short little revers turnmajority of them do not, to speak about ing back just at the bust line. change seldom being more than five or ten cents, and I am just so much ahead. The proprietor get it? Certain- town: The polonaise is certainly to ly not. It doesn't belong to him, and be a feature of the spring styles. In just so the money in the cash drawer Paris it is already an accepted fact, balances with the register he is sat- and, although London no longer slav-

The ends of the bow are also finished with tiny frills of the dotted material. The belt is a broad band of striped ribon tied in a bow at the back.

The toque consists of a narrow band of fancy straw, covered with bunches of pale yellow and white wild roses, with a full spray of the flowers at the left side.

For the Bride.

finished with a ruffle of dotted chiffon.

shades of blue are taking the place of

Vogue of the Polonaise. Writes a woman from foggy London

covers that what on the first seemed to

of the moment. When the shaped

"tablier," "tunie," or "draped over- skirts at the golf tournament or for skirt," as it used to be called some ten afternoon tea on the plazza. years ago, was predicted. And the draped or separate overskirt cannot come in without bringing in the polonaise, which is merely its "princess" form-that is, the overskirt cut in one with the bodice instead of being separated at the waist. The overskirt helped the evolution of the polonaise, which is always most in favor when fashion decrees a certain tightness above and a certain flow below in direct contrast. The eel skirt accentuated this and will accentuate it still more if the excessively tight samples, skin tight above and very fleecy and flowing below the knees, which now prevails in Paris and on the smarter London stages, ever spread to the ma-

Tips for Bridesmulds.

Each bridesmald should present a gift just as other invited guests do, the gifts to be sent a few days before the wedding. A little friendly and informal note should accompany the gift.

The malds precede the bride to the church and wait for her at the door, standing in two lines facing each other. When the bride arrives with father. brother, or whoever is to "give her away," she passes through the aisle formed by her attendants, who form a procession behind her. The chief maid stands nearest the bride, who hands her her gloves and bouquet to hold before the part of the service is reached where the ring is slipped on her finger. The best man and maid accompany the bridal pair to the vestry to witness the signing of their names, but the rest of the attendants wait outside. After the ceremony the maids follow the bride, as upon entering the church.

Bouquets are sent the maids by the groom, who also the day before the wedding sends them some small article of jewelry.

The maids, of course, return to the home of the bride to the breakfast or reception that follows the ceremony at the church, and when the bride goes to exchange her white robes for a traveling gown the chief maid accompanies to assist her.

However amiable a bride may be, she certainly prefers to have the foolish old custom of throwing rice and old shoes after her overlooked. It is the privilege of the best man or maid to throw an old slipper, but the balance of the attendants may refrain from the showing of good wishes in this way, I am certain, without fear of offending the bride.

For Warm Days.

Pale yellow and white form a combination popular in both gowns and millinery. Delicate yellow with white and delicate green with white are always attractive in summertime costumes, and will be seen in many a charming tollet throughout the warm-

Hand-embroidered bishop's lawn, linen and batiste are made up into very attractive collars, cuffs and blouse fronts. French muslin is also ised in the same way. The collars are both wide and narrow, the edges finished with hemstitching and narrow edging of ungathered Valenciennes lucky number; it is sure to win, for lace. The embroidery is usually of a fine vinelike pattern above the hemmed

edge. Of all fashionable gowns for the summer, yoke and guimpe effects are constantly increasing, and each new model that appears discloses something novel, dainty and picturesque. The familiar forms, notes the New York Post, of seasons past are replaced by those of tucked batiste, lisse and India mull; Flemish guipure and Venetian nets, point d'esprit, etc., or of tinted all-over embroideries on white linen or French lawn; gauffered India silk, crossed with bands of silk insertion, or these same delicate effects in taffeta, merely laid in fine lingerie tucks, with lines of feather-stitching between the tucks and the insertion bands.

Shirt Walsts of Silk Muslin.

Shirts or blouses of colored silk muslin are the most fetching and the smartest of summer waists for pique jacket gowns. They are plaited all preach." over or finely tucked, and have a muslin or a lace cravat. Perishable, no doubt, but not so much so as one would think, for the muslin so much used is, after all, a sturdy fabric, ethereal in appearance only. Fichus and wide neckties of it may be washed and most beautifully ironed, which fact places them at once far away from the extravagant chiffon. I should not advise washing a plaited silk muslin sell? blouse, but one such bodice will easily be a serviceable and lovely thing for lots to eat.—Brooklyn Life.

Delightful Negligee.

Did you ever stop to think that it is the effects arranged with studied carelessness that make a woman beautiful? And, too, did you ever notice that it is more trouble to accomplish these touches of negligence than it is to obtain the regular, formal effects?

When you see a little curl nestling ovingly about the forehead and around the neck, and a little ruffle bobbing up irregularly in some unexpected place, you may rest assured that at least ap



hour of valuable time had been devoted

Here is a dream in midsummer morning gowns. It is developed in pale blue nun's veiling covered with black polka dots. The gown is a modification of the princess and an improvement on the tea gown. There is a vest of striped silk which widens into a panel effect as it nears the foot. The front is a rounded one and is trimmed with a frill of pale blue embroidered silk lined with striped silk. A wide Watteau plait caught with a bow and ends of black ribbon constitute the decoration upon the back of the gown. The sleeves are shirred and trimmed with puffs and Danus of insertion.

The Love of Youth. A London journal tells this Monte Carlo story:

"A woman entered the salle while a prince whom she knew was winning in a sweeping style that seemed destined to break the bank. 'I am so glad to see you here, Prince, and in such luck, too!' she exclaimed. 'Do tell me a you are in the vein.' The prince generously placed a pile of gold louis before the vivacious lady, whose beauty had successfully defied the effects of thirty-six winters, and said: 'Put it all on the number of your years and reap a golden harvest!' The lady reflected, hesitated, and then placed the pile on twenty-seven. An instant later the crouper sang out, 'Thirty-six red wins!' The lady muttered, 'Ah, mon dieu; thirty-six is exactly my age,' and fainted on the spot."

No doubt this is offered as a direful warning to other women, but, nevertheless, in spite of the lost fortune, I still contend that a woman may keep to herself just as long as she pleases just how many sunny summers and frosty winters have passed over her head. Now, I think the prince at Monte Carlo was very ungallant.

A Severe Setback. "No, it will be several Sundays before

I care to hear the Rev. Mr. Dakter 'Why so?'

"He has just returned from a fishing trip and it will take him that long to get back his veracity."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Nothing to Est.

Hassit-It's strange you're so hard up, old man. I thought you owned half of Swamphurst, and had lots to

Haddit-I have; but what I want is



PARISIAN DESIGNS FOR BRIDAL COSTUMES.

THE DYING COLONEL. agony of earnestness-"there is no oth- patient's pulse; on the other a splenus er chance. Charlie is not so-so unworthy as Mr. Rowton thinks-he is not, indeed; and he has always believed that he would be my uncle's heir. I-I could not take his place. It and watched with silent but eager zeal would be wicked and base. I could for the opportunity of rendering any never hold up my head if such a thing

were done." "It would not be your doing," I suggested gently. "You would be blameless. If Colonel Branscombe-"

"If he leaves the estate to me l shall simply hand it over at once to my cousin. You can tell my uncle so, Mr. Fort," she exclaimed vehemently; "then he will see how useless it would

Two or three suggestions occurred to me, but I had not the heart to put them before her. If her intentions were announced to Colonel Branscombe he might find another heir, less scrupulous and disinterested, or he might so tie up the bequest to his niece as to stay her too generous hand. With the knowledge I had gained of Charlie, the latter course would certainly be my advice, if so unlikely a chance as being asked should occur.

"You will do your best?" entreated

Miss Branscombe. "Yes, I will do my best," I assented, not without a guilty consciousness of a mental reservation which would hardly have satisfied Miss Branscombe had she guessed at it. The opening of the door behind me and the rustling of silk put an end to the tetea-tete. There entered a little old lady with white hair, and the same shadow of dread and anxiety which pervaded the house lurked in her soft dark "Mr. Fort-my cousin, Miss Elmslie," said Miss Branscombe, doing the nonors with a quiet dignity which covered her previous agitation. And at the same moment dinner was announced.

CHAPTER III.

"My estates of Forest Lea and Pranscombe, moneys in furds, mort gages, etc., all and absolutely, with the exception of the general legacies afcrementioned, in trust for my niece,

deerhound nestled his head against the master's cold hand. A group of anxious domestics hung together at the end of the long room, out of earshot, of the little last services to their beloved master.

ness as I raised my head, at the conclusion of my task.

he said with emphasis, "remains in your charge, Mr. er-"

"Mr. Fort," repeated the Colonel, until the day of my funeral, when you will read it to those concerned."

"I accept the charge," I said, and as I spoke the sense of awe and solemnity me feel the words to be a sacred pledge. Was it a foreshadowing of all which that trust was to involve in the unguessed future?

"The signature," I was beginning, when a sign from the doctor stopped me. I saw that Colonel Branscombe's head had fallen back and that his eyes had closed. Had the end come, after

the ebbing life came slowly back again. The eyelids quivered, the pallid lips

"He cannot sign yet," he whispered. Was he an adherent of Charlie's?

effort." I retired-unwillingly, I must confess-and the long day dragged slowly on, without the summons which I was atrical box offices are also occasion- the matter of dress, a run on the polmomentarily expecting. Miss Brans- ally in pocket through the carelessness onaise is expected here. Anyone who combe and Miss Elmslie appeared at the breakfast table and did the honors fice transactions the change, if any, courteously but gravely. Evidently is usually in such large amounts that be a reckless revival is generally a logthey knew of the Colonel's more crit- their opportunities are fewer and far- ical evolution of some favorite style

THE FIRST GLEAM OF DAWN FELL UPON THE STATELY FIGURE OF

The Colonel's voice broke the still-

"This, my last will and testament,"

"Fort," I interpolated quietly.

already upon me deepened, and made

all, before Forest Lea could be saved from the ruthless hands of Charlie Branscombe? It seemed so indeed for the next few minutes; then the efforts of the skillful physician proved successful, and

Dr. Marshall beckoned me to his

'Keep near at hand. We will call you when he has railied sufficiently for the

ical state, and Miss Nona at least knew ther between.

And there was something dangerous-

Towards evening an answer to a telegram I had dispatched to the office was put into my hands. It was from Mr. James Rowton, our second in commain at Forest Lea until the business more. It was a matter of professional

Miss Branscombe watched me as I

"My partner has come back from his room."

Of Change Left by Customers Help Out

saloons, cigar stores and similar places such a small matter, the overlooked isfied." The presiding geniuses of the- ishly accepts what Paris proposes in of ticket purchasers, but with box of studies the subject of dress soon dis-