

CHAPTER V .-- (Continued.)

They had reached the end of the platform by this time, passing the earl and his companion on the way. The latter glanced at them quickly, then averted his eyes as quickly, and a slight angry look crossed his face. Yet they were a handsome couple, pleasant to look upon and well saited to each other-Lord Keith tall, staiwart, graceful, in his tweed traveling ouit: the girl slender and charming in er simple gray gown; and, if they were pot agreeable in Mr. Sinclair's sight, many an admiring glance followed them, as they sauntered slowly up and down, the young man's head bent low toward Miss Hatton's, his blue eyes rarely leaving her mutiful profile. had been with her during the past night; "My poor roses!" said Miss Hatton soft. beautiful profile.

They are drooping for want of water, the poor, pretty things! Are they not fragrant

Very fragrant; but I am inclined to be guilty. scalous of them," answered the young

man, significantly. "Jealous of them why?"-in a tone of surprise. "As to what?"

"As to-forgive me-the donor of your her: and through all her reserve she had

She turned her eyes to his face with a quick look of questioning surprise.

"The donor of my flowers?" she said: such a woman perhaps as the painted and then she smiled. "Was it not from women she had seen at Stourton Station you they came?" she asked. on the preceding day. But in the stately old hall, surrounded

"I regret to have to answer, 'No,' " he replied, a shadow of regret clouding his by so many signs of greatness and wealth, frank blue eyes.

"It was not you?" she said quickly. "Then I have been grateful to the wrong person all the day. The roses have been usual as she stood at the foot of the great such a pleasure to me! Are you sure you

did not send them, Lord Keith?" Who brought them to t "Quite sure.

you .

"They were on the table of the saloon," the replied slowly. "Some one had left them there for me."

A quick, angry flush came into the blue lif day, and almost somber now that the eyes again, and Lord Keith bit his lip skies without were lowering and overcast, with vexation.

Wheever sent them, I am very grate-Thi," she said, and raised the roses again day," he said, speaking with the slight to her face, inhaling their fragrance and constraint which was always noticeable sweetness. "It was someone who knows my fastes well," she added, smiling. "I falcee: "but he wished me to say that Mrs. love roses.

+ Lord Keith's blue eyes darkened with over the castle. please her, ought to have remembered. "Thank you: I will sen-Phat 5'so.

"What a strange group that is youder," observed, with an effort, but speaking eyes, on every feature of her homely face, in his usual light tone; "and how unmis-Takably their profession is stamped upon Miss Hatton to the beauties of her old

"What group?" Barbara asked, rather the drawing room, with its silver moldings i inngnidly. She was beginning to weary and maize-satia hangings and the priceless of the grimy railway station and all her treasures of art in its cabinets, and next pretty volor had faded. . gold and silver plate and Limores bowls.

"Flust group to the left of the

ernant the Sound And sitting room, and sold that he was going away, and wished me good-loy. He tooled very pale, poor lad-1 held him in my num when he was an intent. Miss Berbarn, and loved him as I might have done a son of my own-and his roice sounded miller husky, I ask d him when he was coming back, and he laughed in a sad kind delayed Lord Elsdale's horses on their of way, and said he did not know; and the answered bitterly. next day, Miss Barbara, they brought road from the castle, and it was but a him home dead-crushed out of all recog-nition-1 myself would not have recogshort quarter of an hour that Barbara Hatton had been detsined at Stourton Station, yet that triffing accident and the nized him." short delay it caused changed her whole

CHAPTER VI.

early life added to Barbara Hatton's suc-

cess in society. Thus the girl was receiv-

ed with open arms in London society; and

things had not been always hers. That

she, Lord Elsdale's heiress, clad in purple

and fine linen, should have once owed her

daily brend to charity was a thought that,

when it came to her-which was but rare-

these thoughts vanished; all her old dis-

here and there, large bear-skin rugs were

thrown-subdued even on a summer sun-

her uncle's secretary came toward her.

"His lordship will be engaged until mid-

"Thank you: I will send for her," Miss

Mrs. Fairfax, with admiration express

ing itself in every ginnee of her kindly

"He was killed in a railway accident

"Will you tell me about it, Mrs. Fair

were not on very good terms just then?

"And was the cause of the quarrel a

"I have understood so, Miss Barbara.

"The village schoolmaster's daughter."

Mrs. Fairfax looked at the girl's face

"She was not beautiful-she was very

"And he was really in love with her?"

questioning which revived such and men

ories: it pained the kindly woman who had loved him to touch on the unhappy

"Tell me all about it, Mrs. Fairfax. 1

have so often wished to hear." "There is but life to tell, Miss Bar

to consent to a marriage between them. Lord Hatton was but a lad, you know, at the time, Miss Barbara," she added apol-ogetically. "He might have known that

"Did Lord Hatton persist?"

"He thought he was, ma'am,"

lip curled with a slight touch of disdain.

before her ere she answered:

Miss Hatton."

"Who was she?"

ed, negligently.

ened beating of her heart.

"Whose picture hung there, Mrs. Fair-fax?" Barbara asked, pointing to the empty panel.

and the second second

"The carl's eldest son, Miss Berbara." "Where is it now?" Barbara queried, For two years Lord Ebsdale and his niece had traveled in foreign lands, and curious to see what manner of man it was who had deemed the world well lost

for the sake of a low born woman's love. "It hangs in the boudoir where her ladyship always sat, Miss Barbara. No one enters the room but his lordship and myshe had at once taken her place as a queen self. Everything has been left as it was thirty years ago,"

The musing gravity in Barbara's dark The touch of mystery surrounding her eyes deepened. It seemed so strange to her that her proud, cold uncle should hide in his heart such a pretty, tender romance as this. in her triumphs she forgot that these

#### CHAPTER VIL

"You quite understand me, Barbara?" "I cannot fail to do so. Uncle Norman ou have been sufficiently explicit."

ly-made her cheeks burn like fire, and Both voices were proud; but perhaps the heavy black lashes droop over the of the two Barbara's was the prouder as proud dark eyes. And yet the thought she stood opposite to the earl in the library at the castle.

It was late autumn; the earl's reading face in the cambric and lace of her pillamp was burning on his writing table. lows, ashamed to her inmost soul of the and the blazing wood fire on the hearth was throwing a ruddy glare over the base disloyalty of which she felt herself room, with its carved bookcases and The shamed thought had lingered with great chairs upholatered in embossed velher during her toilet that morning, and et, and upon the tawny folds of Barbara's tes gown as she stood, her charmit had made her even more distant than was her wont to her maid as she dressed ing dark head held haughtily erect, but with her dark lashes downcast, hiding vaguely wondered what the woman her proud, angry eyes. Lord Elsdale's would say if she knew that her mistress displeased face softened as he looked at was the child of a provincial actressher- at the beautiful girl who had brought back to him some of his own youth and

"Then I need not detain you from your guests," he said, senting himself at his table. "Perhaps I have already trespassed too much upon your time.

dain and r returned, the pretty head was reared even more proudly than "I have been here exactly fifteen minutes," the young girl responded, quictly; "and my guests-those of them who are staircase in her white gown, the old Flemnot asleep-can amuse themselves withish lace at her neck stirred by the quickout me. Before I retarn to them. Uncle Norman, will you not show me the letter As she stood in the subdued light of the of which you have just spoken?" great hall-upon the marble floor of which,

"To what end?" he asked, glancing up at her. "You will remember that, who I decided to return to England, I feared that this would happen-that, hearing of your residence here, they would endeavor to renew their old acquaintance with you. and-

"You cannot tell that they have done she interrupted. in his manner to his employer's beautiful

"What else can be desired by the letter which Mr. Sinclair fortunately gave to Fairfax will attend you, if you care to go ; me instead---" "Mr. Sinclair has taken a great lib-

erty! 'By fulfilling my directions?"

"The letter was addressed to me," Barhara said, faltering a little.

"In a handwriting which he peognizwas delighted to be the first to introduce Lord Elsdale commented. "How should be recognize it?" Barbara home. From the great hall they passed asked quickly. "He has never seen it

hefare "You are mistaken; I showed it to him, desiring him to notice it." into the dining room, with its antique

Fashionable and Very Expensive

in dress, many a woman is tricked out in her best when

the front of her is

covered by an apron.

That doesn't mean

that she wears some

delicate bit of mus-

lin and needlework.

for the stylish apron

is not an accessory,

but part of the gown.

All sorts of dresses

have them, from the

beautiful gown

showing a double apron of velvet dip-

ping front and back,

and seeming to hold

down an avalanche

of cascading frills of

something really domestic looking. On

the latter order was this first pictured

gown, though it, too, was a dress-up, its

Costumes that May Be Imitated.

#### "You will show me the letter?" she urged, and with a little gesture of annoy-MOST UP-TO-DATE OVERDRESSance Lord Elisiaie dropped her hand. ES RESEMBLE THEM. "It is impossible that you should hold any intercourse with these people," he

regionded impatiently. The Fedingote in House Gowns Is an "They would hold none with me," she Unfailing Sign of Newgess-Some

"It would not appear so." the earl remarked, significantly, glancing at the letter he held in his left hand, hesitating whether he should give it to her or not.

nustering scale on her lips.

man?" Barbara pleaded, with a humility foreign to her.

"On condition that you do not answer it," he returned.

"I give you my promise," the girl said hastily; "I have given you no reason to suppose that I would break it." Standing in the ruddy tirelight, Bar-

bara opened the envelope. The sheet of paper it contained was not a letter; it bore date of the previous day, and these words only-"Many happy returns of the day.

"I could not answer it even if I wished to do so," she said, huskily, holding the paper toward him. "There is no address." The earl glanced at it carelessly.

"It appears to me that their friendship would be better shown by allowing you to forget what cannot be very pleasant to remember." he returned. "You will be happier when you do so, Barbara, And now I will detain you no longer.'

He rose and held the door open for her with stately, old-world courtesy, graceful, especially, from a man of his years and in his position to a girl in hers; and Barbara smiled slightly as she passed out of the library, and the heavy portiere fell

cause really serious trouble and annoyance. On other occasions they are simply amusing. Some years ago an advertisement of a political meeting was inserted in a and material. Philadelphia paper. The advertisement was intended to announce that a well-

known leader would address "the masses" that evening. Owing to the misplacement of a "space," however, the public of Philadelphia was informed that the address would be delivered to "them asses at National Hall."

A religious paper called the Gospel Banner, which is published at Augusta, Me., once attracted attention through the prank of a printer, who transposed two words of its motto, so that it read: "In the name of our God we will up set our banner."

The omission of a comma was the cause of a suit for libel brought against a Western newspaper by the inventor of a patent medicine. A testimonial to the worth of his compound was inserted in the paper, and read as follows: "I now find myself completely cured, after being brought to the very gates of death by having taken only five bot-

tles of your medicine." The comma, which should have come after the word "death," was unnoticed by the compositor .-- Youth's Compan-

## The Queen's Gold Spoon.

lon.

A curious story is told by Lady Mid-"Bur"-Barbara's dark eyes went quick- dleion of how one of Queen Victoria's

### put her fingers into it; but there was no APRONS IN FASHION, or potonaise is just as graceful and be coming as the apron, but neither h you htul. This adapts it especially to the

you ag matron. The model of the next picture was at once simple and far from conventional. It sloped at the back nearly to the foot of the skirt, giving a line almost unbroken from the collar. This means that the we rer must stand well, and that she



retense at domesticity being the shallow must either be properly "built out" or ort that really is unsuited to household possess prettily curved hips. luties on the personally conducted plan, treme severity of the side line is broken Its apron likeness disappeared, too, when by that elever extension upon the redinviewed from the opposite side, where the gote, of the wide collar which is a part skirt was without a panel. The bodice of the front of the bodice. Gray ladies' and underskirt of this gown were the cloth made this princess polonaise of the warm brilliant red so much indulged in gown pictured, pretty old fashioned stripjust now, strapped with bands of a red ed brocade silk showing stripes of flowa shade darker. The revers turning away ered lavender on white ground giving the to show the yoke were faced with a love- under dress. All the neck fixings were ly shade of pinkish gray, to match the white. The redingote was not lined, the gray overskirt, whose chief beauty was seams being strapped on the inside. That in simplicity of fold and delicacy of color is a new notion, and is because the cloth is supposed to hold more closely about the It is frequently when the overdress hips if not lined. There is a great saving

Typographical errors sometimes

behind her. (To be continued.)

#### Typographica! Errors.

New York correspondence "You will let me have it, Uncle Nor-Y current standards

ous imperials in which you keep the solled and dishes, and the many lesser sitting closes and tumbled dresses which are the rooms and boudoirs; and then they went only remnants of a London season," he up to the picture gallery, hung with dead-answered, laughingly. "To you see them and-gone Hations, whose eyes seemed to -four men and three women?"

"Yes, 1 see them," she replied, glancing at them while a look of indifferent disdain as if the somewhat shabbily attired And she paused and ingered before the From were beneath her notice. "To what portrait of a fair-haired, gray-eved girl of ression do you suppose they belong?" "The dramatic," he answered, "without of her wedding dress, the smallest doubt."

"I wonder if we are to remain here all sight?" Barbara said impatiently, break- kindly glance as she told her time the pos ing in upon his speech. "It is too provok- trait was that of the present earl's first

Bzrhara looked round. The train had "It must have been a terrible blow come into the station, two or three pasengers had alighted, and most of the peo- "His lordship hever really recovered ple assembled on the platform hurned from it, Miss Barbarn." Mrs. toward the carriages. Among the har- said, somewhat trenulously, rying groups was that which had at- years the sight of the poor young lord tracted Lord Keith's attention. Barbara was unbearable to him. Indeed I some boked at them, and a contemptions ex- times think that he never felt like a fathpression crossed her face as she watched er to him until they brought him home the showily dressed, slovenly women, who dend." seemed just then to exercise a strange fas-"Hallo-where's Robson?" one of the with an accident, did he not?"

party asked, halting just beside her. "He'h miss the train! Where did he ga?" "Into the waiting room," the pretty,

rellow hnired girl answered as she went fax? I know so little of the family his tory. Is it true that he and my uncle

"Ab, there he is!"

The train was a full one, and there was ome difficulty in finding places. Bar- Barhara. bara Hatton stood motionless, holding her roses to her lips. Suddenly the flowers fell from her hand on to the dusty plat. "I have understo form. She made no movement to them up, but stood staring helplessly he fore her. Lord Keith's attention was or capied by a poor woman whom he was esisting with kindly courtesy to find a seat for herself and her little child, and in another moment the roses might have een trampled under foot had not a gentle man, in passing, lifted them, and, with alight bow, placed them in Miss Harton's pretty, Miss Barbars," trembling hand. Their eyes met for a ent as her lips murmured a word of

When, a minute later, Lord Keith reed to her side, Barbara's face was rless; and, when he bent toward her barriedly, asking if she were ill, she look-ed at him with blind, unsfeing eyes, then serself with a little start.

"lil? No; there is nothing the matte 1.

m," the earl said, quickly, just about to drive away. "have t your flowers?

wes not matter." she answered. want them: they were fading."

thad resumed her graceful, inngula or now, yot her heart throbbed heav-ad her fips were quite stendy under way make of her well. The roses, their fragmere and loveliness, re-what the would fain have forgot-ter and in isnore and to forged in ignore and to for-rought to her an echo of shed to put from her forly to his face "you have held no com numication with The earl averted his angry eyes ere he

answered. "Pardon me." he said coldly-"one com follow the beautiful girl who moved slow-

numiertion passed between us. I sent ly down between them, phusing here and Mr .- Mr .- what is this person's name ?there as some pictured face struck her a check, and he returned it to me torn across and --- Is anything the matter, Rarbara?" he asked suddenly, looking up elad in the shining satin and filmy lace at her as she uttered a faint little ery 'Are you ill? Shall I send for your maid "How beautiful!" Barbara exclaimed or for Mrs. Fairfax?"

eagerly; and Mrs. Fairfax gave her a 'You sent him a check?" the girl gasp ed, with quivering lips. "Certainly-why not? Did you think I

wife, who had died at her son's birth. was willing to lie and to let you lie under such an obligation to a low-born actor' He returned it, and I shall not readily forget that insult."

Fairfax "Of course he returned it!" Barbara For many eried, blitterly, her face death-like in its "The debt I owed him was on no amount of money could repay. Did you not feel shame in offering it? The usuit was yours, not his, Uacle Norman." "You speak foolishly, and in error," he "Ah, that was terrible!" said Barbara.

rejoined, with chill displeasure. The "He met difference in our positions is so wide-"That it might have made you more con

siderate!" she broke in passionately. "At or as he is, he is a true gentleman, Un cle Norman. Let me have the letter, Un cle Norman; they may be ill-or in trou ble; and-they were so good-so good to "It is true, I am sorry to say, Miss

She held out her hands to him in cage entreaty, her face beautiful in its plead-ing and agitation. She was not all heartless, this lovely girl who had so easily earned a lesson of worldliness and ambi

As the earl besitated, gipneing from her Barbara elevated her brows, while her to the letter in his hand, she went on earnestly: 'Was she so very beautiful?' she ask-

"I have obeyed you only too well until now, Uncle Norman. I have put my past away so easily that the thought of it makes me ashamed of myself; I have given them scarcely a thought for all their love and care; and that they write at all, believing me to be the base thing am, must show how good and forgiving Fairfax answered gravely, wishing this they are. imperious young lady would cease the

"This is childish, my dear Barbars," the carl said, in a vexed tone. "I hoped that in your position-you will attain a proud er position ere long-you would learn th folly of such weakness. Keith would-

story. "It was just an infatuation, Miss Barbura." "Despise me thoroughly if he knew the truth," she broke in bitterly. "Selfish. base ingratitude is hardly a quality to be bars." she answered. "He had some strange notions, had the young lord-he used to call himself a Radical: and he even thought he could persuade the earl desired in a wife, if he has any though of making me such

"Any thought!" the earl schoed. "You "Any thought" the earl achoed. "You are speaking wildly, Barbara. It is now three weeks since Everard asked my per-mission to pay his addresses to you. If he has not spoken to you, it is simply because you give him no opportunity, not because he is besitating about that which tht make other men besitate."

such a marriage was impossible. His ioniship was justly angry, and, if he spoke more bitteriy, and showed more anger than he need have done, it was because the earl is a very prond man. My own lady, his lordship's first wife, was a duke's "You have told bim ?"

I have told him-I told him to me. Barbars, I co on heartily on the love you have we

found. A lady attended a state ball in a dress, the skirt of which was arranged

in perpendicular pleats in front, stitch- takes the apron shape that the most ab- in expense by doing without light, but per in one of these receptacles. Of ourse there was one spoon missing aftof the gold plate.

worn at the state ball, and as she bent low before Her Majesty, the pleats of her skirt expanded, and the gold spoon fell at the queen's feet'-Youth's Companlon.

The Human Side of Bismarck.

No greater contrast could possibly he to match. imagined than that which existed between the Bismarck of private life and the Bismarck of politics. "In the home circle," writes a correspondent, whe knew him well, "he was perfectly charming, easy going and good natured. He was passionately fond of children, and I have seen him over and over again have a game with the little ones of his gardener, who were very familiar with him, and would not hesitate to climb upon his knee. Once,

when his gardener's little girl died. the great statesman went to condole with him. He was dreadfully upset, and while holding the poor father's

A Series of Coincidences.

hand, burst into tears, for he was very

fond of the child .- London Chronicle.

Superstitious people will regard the following as something more than a remarkable series of coincidences. Twelve months age last April two sisters married two brothers on the same day and at the same church. A couple of months since each sister gave birth to a female child on the same day. The children received the same names and were christened by the same clergyman. Subsequently each child became unwell. The same doctor attended both, but, despite his attentions, both died and were buried the same day and by the same minister and undertaker. The writer solemnly assures us that he can

Serving a Good Purpose. Caller—I sent you a poem about three weeks ago. What have you done with 17 Editor—I'm holding it. Every little while lately I get to thinking that we to getting out as good a paper as to ought to, and then I take that poem id see how much worse the sheet in. Say, how meeting I you take for Chingo News.

TO BE STUDIED EVEN IF POSSESSION IS IMPOSSIBLE.

ed across at intervals, and unknown to surd arrangements are seen. Yet it is there is a loss in picturesqueness, possible so to dispose the simplest apron Women should remember that it is time effect as to obtain much individuality, to consider the purse when they are ready The second picture shows this. This cut to make purchases. When "looking" (the could hardly fail to be attractive, no mat- word is quoted to convey the meaning No woman needs to use it was finely suitable. She was a perfect- velvet, thread lace, ermine and double-The next spring the lady went to a ly typed blonde-the china doll kind, with faced satin in carrying out her dress, but distinctly yellow hair. Bodice and un- she studies models in these rich goods. A derskirt were a china blue silk, the drap- group of such elegant costumes makes up ery an ivory white broadcloth. So start- to-day's concluding picture, and they ling was the contrast that only a second should be instructive even to women giance assured one of the ivory tint. The whose year's supply of pin money would fuffed at the edge with ivory chif- first was biscuit colored velvet, a skirt fa silver showing under the silver embroidered vandykes of The apron overdress helps along the no- the velvet. The fur lined cloak was vel-It was edge skirt.

Striped brosdcloth and fur, both necessitating great outlay, were combined in the next gown in this row. Read any admired suiting and knife pleated black chiffon, and the cost becomes reasonable, while the model is right off the reel, and to be seen elsewhere only in materials as expensive as those first mentioned.

An entire gown of silk velvet means a hard rap at someone's purse, and also means that there must be an extensive wardrobe back of it. The gown pictured was royal violet velvet, collar and yoke thread lace on satin. A cloth gown of same color with handsome braiding on the satin would be very attractive.

When it comes to planning fur trim mings, it is a case with most everyone of devising to make a little fur go a good ways. The model remaining in the illustrations is attractive for this reason. It was carried out in brown cloth and aable. but the amount of fur does not need to be so great, even if the high collar were to be attached, which it need not be. Its fur waistcoat, over which the scalloped edges were snugly drawn, was very novel and pretty, and the lace finish o

the fur quite correct. It should be noticed that not a shirt of those shown here has the fitted flounce recently so shundant. Nor will there be one among next spring's careful dressers. It's a sudden death, due to too great pop ularity.

### Copyright, 1800.

William J. Bennett, a wealthy man residing in one of the fashionable quarters of Brooklyn, has been having so many quarrels with his seighbors that he has moved out. For revenge he advertises his fine bouse to let to a colored family only, with "the more chil-dren the better." He has so far refused all offers from white people who have wanted to rout the b

The eight-hour rule has been intro duced intely in the Russian postal sur-

# er the ball, and the fact caused great ter in what materials and colors it was confirmed shoppers give it), look only at perturbation to the official in charge carried out, but as sketched on a wearer the best models.

drawing room in the dress she had pink and white skin, teacup-blue eyes and she is almost sure of exclusive styles if little quilling of ribbon was pure white not buy the least expensive of them. satin. fon, the bodice drapery being carried out of white satin corded

tion for sheath skirts very prettily. The vet to match the dress, its trimming being drapery in this dress met high on the hip white satin ribbon. White satin ribbon not shown in the cut, and at this side, and flowers made the pretty bodice fastfront and back, was drawn to the figure | ening, and the yoke matched the satia without the faintest fuliness. short enough at the back to allow the pos-