

MOST BEAUTIFUL EYES IN THE WORLD

Her eyes were velvet, deep and long,
Suggesting storms and sunshine, too;
I look into their depths and see
A youth as fresh as mountain dew.

From Yumaka's Poem to Evelyn Nesbitt.



ARL BLENNER, the artist, is on record as saying that Evelyn Nesbitt, or Evelyn Nesbitt Thaw, has the most beautiful eyes in the world.

"You may search the world over and not find eyes half as beautiful," he says.

Another New York artist declares them to be unfathomable eyes, "mystical, lovely, sweet, adorable. They are the only eyes in the world that can be both scornful and tender. The only eyes in the world that are deep and full of lights, yet not too subtle and not too hidden. When she speaks they are glorious.

"If I were to imagine a beautiful woman," says he, "I would imagine this girl living and real, but more beautiful than can be pictured. She must be 20, yet she has all the slippish grace of a girl of 16. If she is more than 20 she does not look it. Yet she has the wonderful, quiet womanliness of a woman of 40. It is charming to see her sweet grace. And nowhere is it mirrored as in her eyes."

What Makes Beautiful Eyes?

What is the definition of beautiful eyes? Why are some eyes beautiful and others ugly? What makes the eye beautiful? To this a Paris artist, an impressionist, makes the following reply:

"Eyes are beautiful according to their size. Small eyes may twinkle, but they cannot express. Little eyes may twinkle like stars but they cannot blind you. Eyes that are undereyed may glow, but they can never fascinate.

"The eyes must be prominent. Sunken eyes are sad. Eyes that lie deep in the eye sockets make you think of treason, of strategy, of deeds that are dark, not deeds that are open. Deep student eyes may be indicative of deep student thoughts. But they are not attractive.

"Beautiful eyes must be moist. Eyes that weep are always lovely, if not too red. And it is a wise woman who sheds a few tears to make her eyes pretty. Stage women like to weep. It makes them so attractive. Domestic women should cry a little. It makes them kissable.

"Dry, hard eyes are never lovely. Neither are eyes that have wrinkles over them nor between them. Eyes that are lined with crow's feet are always unlovely.

Color of Eyes Important.

"The color of the eyes is said to depend upon a pigment which supplies them with color. But this coloring pigment is not always reliable. Deep blue eyes will look faded if one is tired. The color pigment does not flow freely. If agitated they will darken and deepen in hue.

"Dark brown or black eyes will grow still darker and blacker when one is excited. But when one is weary, or has used the eyes to excess, they will look faded. The moral is do not look the eyes too long and do not use them at all when you want to look your best.

"Big eyes are almost always beautiful. Prominent eyes are apt to be handsome, but they are repulsive if too prominent. The woman whose eyes stick out of her head has little redress. If she can manage to grow fat the prominence will be less noticeable. A fleshy face generally conceals the prominence of the eyes.

"The best color for ideal eyes is a deep brown. Great velvet brown, fawnlike eyes are ideal.

Beauty Depends Upon Shape.

"Long eyes are always desirable. There is a certain quaint beauty about the long, almond shaped eye which is most bewitching. The eyes of the orientals are attractive, long, and brilliant, and full of fire.

"The handsomest eyes—and all women should pray for pretty eyes—are long, dark, brilliant, and well shaded with lashes. They are big and glowing and expressive and there is that quality about them which one calls deep. Deep, beautiful dark eyes, heavily shaded with sweeping lashes, are a special gift of the gods, vouchsafed to few, but much admired wherever they are found.

"When asked to paint beautiful eyes I invariably select the dark almond type, for one can get real beauty in no other manner. I am called an impressionist, because I make the canvas glow with beautiful eyes."



WHEN SHE LOOKS RIGHT AT YOU.

THE FULL BEAUTIFUL ORBS OF EVELYN NESBITT.

Just Like a Novel by "the Duchess" Is This True Love Story

OF A POOR BUT PRETTY IRISH GIRL AND THE RICHEST PEER IN IRELAND.

THE announcement has just been made of the engagement of the young marquess of Bute to Miss Augusta Bellingham, the youngest daughter of Sir Henry Bellingham of County Louth. The secret has been well kept, as the betrothal became a fait accompli before last Christmas, when the marchioness of Bute was entertaining a house party at Mount Stuart on behalf of her son, Lord Bute, who is the owner of twelve titles and who is worth £20,000,000, is the greatest match in England, and has been the despair of the matchmakers ever since he came into his majority. He has cared only for hunting and travel, and has appeared little in society. His first meeting with Miss Bellingham happened at her father's estate in County Louth, where the family, who are of noble blood, live in an impoverished condition.

When English society heard about their engagement the other day it was obliged to rub its eyes to see whether it was awake and hearing of a real romance, or whether it was dreaming of one of the Duchess's novels. Then it awoke to the fact that it was listening to a romance in real life, and that it happened in the heart of Ireland, where the rich lord had found the poor but radiantly beautiful Irish girl, that it had all been just as described in "Phyllis" and "Molly Bawn" and "Beauty's Daughter," and that of course Beauty's daughter had won. The synopsis of the story only needed a little filling in by the woman who remembered her "Duchesses," and she was at once in possession of all the details.

She has always been something of a hoyden, and she is only 23. Lord Bute, in spite of all his titles and lands and blase manner, is a month or two younger. Thus it has come about that there has been something of a struggle to accomplish the little Irish girl's wish. The young man is just getting in a fair way to win. Just then Lieut. Bellingham comes into the room from the open window and Lady Bellingham enters from the opposite side.

"O, fiddlesticks," said the boy. "Draw a line somewhere I have outgrown my faith in the 'Arabian Nights.' I shall be quite satisfied with the dog and the gun."

"Well, you shall see. And Patsy shall have enough money to pay his debts. But in the meantime the question is how I am to make a presentable appearance at the house party," concludes the future marchioness, and the council gives place to a consultation of ways and means between the women.

CHAPTER I.
On hospitable thoughts intent.

It was morning and the Bellingham family was assembled at breakfast at Bellingham park, a wild and beautiful ruin set in the heart of verdant County Louth, which is the ancestral home of Henry Bellingham, Bart.—family noble but impoverished. Lieut. Edward Charles Patrick of the Royal guards, the eldest son of the house, called "Patsy" for short, is opening his mail.

"Positively he is coming," said he.

"Who is coming?" said a person balancing her toast in midair, just as her namesake, Molly, did upon a similar occasion a dozen years ago, in a certain novel.

"This letter," said Patsy, regarding with a stricken conscience the elegant scrawl in his hand, "bears the signature of John Crichton-Stuart, who is evidently proud of his name."

"John Crichton-Stuart," said "the person," thoughtfully, "but the crest—whom does the crest belong to?"

"Get out your pedigree, child. John Crichton-Stuart, fourth marquess of Bute, the earl of Windsor, Viscount Mount-Joy of the Isle of Wight, Baron Mount Stuart of Wortley, County York; earl of Dumfries, earl of Bute, a baronet."

"Coming here?" said "the person," Augusta Mary Monica, by baptism, called "Molly" in the family, beautiful as her predecessor, the other Molly, and with a withering sarcasm in the way she accents the "here," which is possible only to a young person of 23.

"Coming here?" echoes Lady Bellingham, only a little less attractive and a few years older than her stepdaughter. "And you never told me, Patsy." This in a tone of mild reproach. "You asked him for a month, you say? Will you please tell me what we can do with him here for a month?"

"Well, he likes the shooting better than anything else," said Lieut. Edward, putting a bold face on it, "and then, there, you know, there is Molly."

"Molly, indeed," says Lady Bellingham, scornfully. "He's the greatest part in the united kingdom. May I inquire where you expect to put him, Patsy? Unless your father can have the west wing repaired before he arrives I don't see where he is to sleep."

"O, he can have my room as far as that is concerned," obligingly says Molly. "and as to entertainment, perhaps he can find some amusement in me. Anything to break the monotony if it is only somebody young. They say he doesn't like girls and that he is the despair of matchmaking mothers. I wonder how he will like me in my cotton frocks. I haven't a rag fit to wear."

"Never mind, Molly," this from R-ger Charles Noel, the younger son, who, by the way, is several years younger than Molly. He only puts on the "R-ger" at a stern glance from the paternal direction. "Clothes are nothing when one is as young as you are. Go in and win, and when you get to be the marchioness of Bute remember that I was your backer."

CHAPTER II.
O, we fell out—I know not why—
And kissed again with tears—Tennyson.

The marquess of Bute has been an inmate of the Bellingham family for a little less than two weeks. Just now he has forgotten the fact that he came down for the hunting and that girls have always bored him, and he is engaged heart and soul in a drawing room tableau, in which he is playing opposite part to Molly.

They are alone. In the corner of the room is a table. Behind it stands Miss Bellingham, dressed in white and with the trail of her gown gathered up over her arm. Her point of vantage from behind the table, the unusual grip which she has on her gown, the high color of her face, which resembles that of the other Molly in the fact that her complexion is always likened to white roses, and the particularly wicked depths in her eyes, which are also of the Irish blue known to all the Duchess's heroines, are all because of the fact that she is making a last attempt to win, in the undignified run which she has been making to get away from the too near proximity of the baron of Mount Stuart and the marquess of Bute.

CHAPTER III.
A lovely lady, garmented in light
From her own beauty—Shelley.

The invitation to her arrived from Mount Stuart. The discussion is about getting ready.

"By the way," says Lady Bellingham, "I see that Lady Bute has a penchant for giving away lace veils worth a fortune. She gave one of Brussels point to the duchess of Norfolk which she wore when she was married. So I fancy that is one of the things which you will be provided."

"Much good that will do me now," says Molly. "What I want at present is gown, not veils."

"When Lady Bute was married," pursues Lady Bellingham, reading from the Ladies' Pictorial, "her husband loaded her with jewels. He gave priceless pearls, both black and white, wonderful rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, and also some black opals, which are rare and extremely valuable. Lady Bute possesses several tharaks. When they are yours you can have them reset, you know." Lady Bellingham was the Hon. Leila de Clifton before her marriage and had brought a general atmosphere of the up to date in the old fashioned and conservative house of her husband, and that they live in a semi-barbaric state, and that there is a pipe constantly maintained in all the glory of Stuart tartan.

"You goose," says Molly, turning with a fond smile to her youngest brother.

"I'll tell you what," says Patsy, coming forward. "Here's ten bob you may have. No, I don't want it, really. I have plenty now, and it will help a little. If you don't take it I will chuck it into the pond. Besides, you know, when you are the marchioness you can stand by me."

"Sure I will," says Molly with her most adorable Irish accent. "And when I marry him I will send Roger to Harrow."

"Why don't you make it the moon?" says Roger, with withering contempt.

"But I will, really; Jock says I will. And you are to spend all your holidays at Mount Stuart, and I will keep a gun for you and a horse and a dog, and maybe he will buy you a runabout—"

CHAPTER IV.
What a dream was here,
Melancholy a suspect at my heart,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.
—Midsummer Night's Dream.

It is at one of the twelve great estates of Lord Bute. It is Mount Stuart, the old Scotch fastness in the far north, and the favorite winter home of the young earl. It is also the favorite of Lady Bute, who entertains here in true grand seigneur manner.

Long, low terraces, bathed in sunshine; a dripping, sobbing fountain; great masses of flowers; emerald lawns that grow and widen as the eye vainly endeavors to grasp them, thrown into relief by the rich foliage, all brown, and green, and red, and bronze tinged, that spread behind them; while beyond all this, as far as the eye can reach, great swelling parks show here and there, alive with deer that toss and fret their antlered heads, throwing yet another charm into the already glorious scene.

Mount Stuart is best described as an Italian palace on a Scotch island. In the gardens and woods, beside the deer, are large herds of pretty wallabies, or small kangaroos, perfectly acclimated, while in the streams are colonies of beavers.

One of the principal features of the palace is the great marble hall, 100 feet square, occupying the center of the huge building, and lined with the most exquisite marbles. They are in four aisles, by which the hall is surrounded, being partitioned off by an arcade of Cyprian columns, with richly carved capitals of Carrara and arches of gray Sicilian marble. The vaulted roof, eighty feet high, is beautifully painted in figures of the constellations, on a blue ground, the stars overhead being represented by prismatic crystals. Over the aisles is a great gallery, surrounded by heavily gilt bronze railings, copied from Charlemagne's tomb at Aix la Chapelle.

This is Mount Stuart, and Mount Stuart is the richer by one more inmate. Molly has arrived and has been received by the marchioness, and has been conducted to her room. Such a wonder of a room, such a contrast to her snug little sanctum at home—a marvel of white and blue, and cloudy virginal muslins, and filled with innumerable luxuries.

Molly stands for a moment in the midst of it, unaware that she is putting all its other beauties to shame. She gazes round and appreciates each pretty trifle, and then, with the help of the maid, who has been acquired for the trip, and with whom she is at a little of a loss what to do, begins to make ready to go downstairs.

In the meantime Lady Bute, who has slipped into a seat behind one of the curtains in the drawing room for a few minutes with her book before dinner, wakes up to the fact that she is hearing a conversation not meant for her ears between a mother and daughter staying in the house, whom she had not been above suspecting of matchmaking propensities.

"What," says the mother, "can you believe it possible that a little, uneducated country girl, with a snub nose and no manner, can cut you out? Lord Bute has shown you more attention than he ever has anybody, and as to this little girl, there can't possibly be anything in it. And, besides, she will just prove a fool. Why, I can see her in my mind's eye, with a freckled complexion, and a frightened gasp between her words, and a wholesome horror of wine, and a general air of hoping that the earth will open and swallow her up."

"But what if she were to be totally different from all this?"

"She won't be different. I have seen her sort over and over again. Besides, she has been buried in the country. The Bellinghams have always been poor. Probably afternoon tea has been her wildest dissipation. It is positive cruelty to dig her up from her quiet life into a place filled with people like this."

Lady Bute thinks of Miss Bellingham as she has just seen her, with the proud air that is her heritage from the ancestral blood of William IV., to whom she traces her lineage, and with the beauty and magnetism of Mrs. Jordan, the famous actress, also one of her ancestors, and who was immortalized in Romney's picture, "The Country Girl." She has in her mind the picture she has seen for a minute only, which united all the beauty of a once famous, lovely English mother, with the charm apparently given by an Irish parentage, in the girl

her son has already chosen—and she smiles.

Still slender, graceful, and even beautiful herself, with an air of high bred refinement for which she is noted, Lady Bute has been already won—a fact which she already acknowledges to herself with a little sigh.

CHAPTER V.
Why should I love my lover?
Why shouldn't I love my love?
Why shouldn't I love my love,
Since love to all is free?

There is still time before dinner for another little scene in the summer house.

Lord Bute draws from his pocket a little box, which he delivers to Molly somewhat shamefacedly.

"Here is something for you."

"For me? O, Jock, what is it?" She is so unmistakably delighted with anything she receives, be it small or great, that it is an absolute joy to give to her. "What is it?"

"Open it and see. I have not seen it myself yet. But I hope it will please you."

Off comes the wrapper. A little leather case is disclosed, a mysterious fastener undone, and there inside, in its velvet shelter, lies an exquisite diamond ring that glitters and flashes up into her enchanted eyes.

"O, Jock, it cannot be for me," she says, with a little gasp that speaks volumes. "It is too beautiful."

"I am glad you like it," he says, radiant at her praise. "I think it is pretty."

She slips her arm around his neck and presses her lips warmly, unashamedly, to his cheek. He it ever so cold, so wanting in the shyness that belongs to conscious tenderness. It is still the first caress she has ever given him of her own accord. A little thrill runs through him, and he restrains the mad longing to catch her in his arms. A punctilious notion, born of the occasion, a shrinking lest she should deem him capable of claiming even so natural a return for his gift, compels him to forego his desire.

It is noticeable, too, that he does not even place the ring upon her engaged finger, as most men would have done. It is a subtle means to gratify her. Why make it a fetter, he it ever so light a man? "It is too beautiful."

"I am amply repaid," he says, gently. "Shall we go in?"



MARQUIS OF BUTE.
John Crichton Stuart, fourth marquess of Bute, was born in 1851 and succeeded his father in 1900. He is a Roman Catholic and a great landowner.

FUTURE MARCHIONESS OF BUTE.
Miss Augusta Mary Monica Bellingham, who is to marry Lord Bute, is the younger daughter of Sir (Alan) Henry Bellingham, Bart., who is private chamberlain to the pope. Her elder sister is a nun.