THE MYSTERY OF A LOST WILL.

In Cupid's Net.

By Charlotte M. Braeme.

[illegible]

CHAPTER XII.

Betrayed.

FOR a moment Aditha looked down at me in silence. Then he spoke.

"I do not wonder," he said, "that you get beautiful words to sweet thoughts. Your love of music can be seen in your face, Gracia."

"I shall always like my face better now that I know it pleases you," I said simply.

"Sweetest thought," he went on, "that a thing as you sing one must have loved and suffered. You cannot have loved."

I could have laughed aloud at the idea. I had not only loved but I had almost worshipped him; and he knew nothing of it.

"I have suffered," I answered, slowly.

The next moment he had bent his fair head over my hand and kissed it.

From the evening when we stood by the white gate that led to the river he was quite changed to me. He sought opportunities of talking to me; he would follow me when I went for a ramble by the river or in the wood; he taught me all about the wild flowers and the birds.

So my girlish love and hero-worship grew until it filled my heart, my soul, my life. I lived like one in a dream, dazed by my own great happiness. Yet no word of love ever passed his lips. No queen could have been treated with greater respect.

When guests were at the house I was always called on for music, and Lady Caryl made me a present of some pretty evening dresses. I suppose I had good taste, for, with a simple dress and a few flowers, I could compete with satin and diamonds.

One evening Sir Adrian took me to the conservatory to show me a night-blooming cereus that had just come into flower. He stood beside me, explaining its beauties.

Did my happy face flush with my secret? Did it shine in my eyes? I feared to raise them, for I knew it was there.

"Gracia," he said at last, "I do believe you are not listening."

"I am, indeed!" I answered.

"Then I do not believe you understand what I say. Look at me and tell me the last thing I said."

I raised my eyes slowly. Ah, what did they say—what did they tell him?

"Gracia!" he cried, then raised my hand to his lips.

A moment later we saw Lady Caryl coming toward us. She gave one quick look from one to the other—one searching look. Sir Adrian appeared unconcerned, but my cheeks burned easily. Her ladyship said nothing to me, but told her son that the farm-steward was waiting for him. When Sir Adrian had gone she turned sharply to me.

"How is it I find you wasting your time here, Gracia?" she asked, harshly. "I expect you to be at work. What has brought you here?"

I told her of my thoughtless wish to see the night-blooming cereus, and she did not seem angry.

I bowed in silence.

"You will have more liberty in the evening now, Gracia," she said at last. "We shall have visitors next week. Capt. Fane, one of my son's old school-fellows, is coming." She paused; then her voice grew harsher, more sharp and shrill as she continued: "Mrs. Roper, the General's wife, and Lady Aditha Glynn are coming, too. Lady Aditha is a very fine musician, so that I shall be able to dispense with your services."

There was something else coming, I knew. I was breathless with suspense, with dread.

"I may as well tell you," she said, "that Sir Adrian and Lady Aditha are engaged to be married; it is an engagement of long standing."

Every word fell like a drop of molten lead upon my heart. I stood motionless, and I felt the color die from my face. Did some keen instinct tell her what she had done? She did not turn round; she never glanced at me.

"Of course," she went on, "I am not blaming you; but it is certainly an awkward thing to have a girl in your position about the house. I am sure I do not know how to explain it to Lady Aditha. I must trust to your good sense to keep out of the way as much as possible."

"Your ladyship's wishes shall be obeyed," I replied; and my anger gave me strength to walk steadily from the room.

When I reached my chamber I threw myself upon the bed and buried my face in the pillows. All I longed for was death. Was ever girl so miserable as I?

It was some time before I dared to look this new pain in the face. Sir Adrian was to marry Lady Aditha! I did not know until that hour how much I loved him—how blank and cold my future looked.

One evening soon after the guests arrived I was flying down the south corridor in almost breathless haste. Her ladyship had sent for me, and that in every one speed speed. I almost ran against Sir Adrian, who laughed at my impetuosity. I had not seen him since I heard that he was going to be married to Lady Aditha Glynn.

"Gracia," he said gently, "I am so pleased to see you. Where have you been hiding? I have not seen you for days."

"What does it matter?" I asked myself recklessly. "Why should he want me? He is going to marry a rich and beautiful lady." My eyes reproached him. What did he want with me?

"Why, Gracia," he exclaimed, "what is it? You have been ill; you are not happy; you have lost all your color and the brightness from your eyes."

What if I had? It mattered nothing to him, who was going to marry Lady Aditha.

"Gracia, my poor child! What is wrong?"

"Everything is wrong!" I answered passionately.

"There is no face one-half so beautiful as yours, Gracia," he said earnestly.

"That is treason to Lady Aditha," I returned coldly.

"Lady Aditha contrasted with you, is like a white rose by the side of a queenly damask," he said.

"Then why"—I began, but hesitated.

"Why what?" he asked, with a smile.

I had been on the point of saying, "Why do you love her best then?" but I checked the words.

"Gracia," he went on, "do you not see that I want to bring about a complete change of affairs? My mother must"—He paused and then said abruptly: "Why, child, your face is all wet with tears!"

He caught me in his arms, and he kissed me, with passionate murmured words—kissed me, he, the man whom I worshipped; he the man who was to marry Lady Aditha! I tore myself away from him.

"How—how dare you?" I cried.

I was thinking of Lady Aditha. He believed I was angry with him.

"I could not help it, Gracia," he said tenderly—"I could not indeed! Those dark eyes of yours looked so beautiful, half blinded by tears."

"Let him kiss the tears from Lady Aditha's eyes!" I thought, and then I hardened myself against him.

His handsome face grew pale and sad.

"Gracia," he said sorrowfully, "I thought you cared for me."

I ran away from him because I could not control myself. If I had remained I must have cried out that I loved him.

After that life became a positive torture to me. Every one talked about Sir Adrian and Lady Aditha—how rich he was, how beautiful she was, and how graceful, what a grand marriage it would be.

One fatal morning I was told that every one had gone out. I resolved while they were all away and I had the opportunity to go to the library to obtain a fresh supply of books. Great was my consternation, when I entered, to find Lady Aditha sitting there writing.

I saw her look of intense surprise when I entered. She kept her eyes fixed upon my face for some time. Then she said, almost abruptly:

"Who are you?"

"I am Lady Caryl's companion," I replied.

"I did not know Lady Caryl had a companion," she observed.

She never removed her eyes from my face the whole time that I was in the room, and she persisted in talking to me. I wanted to go, but she asked me so many questions that I could not leave her. My impression of her character from that interview was that she was proud, selfish and liked money. What she thought of me I did not know, but I know the result of our meeting. I know that she must have spoken disparagingly of me to Lady Caryl, must have poisoned her mind against me, must have told her that I was a dangerous person to have in the house, for Lady Caryl sent for me, and in her coldest, haughtiest manner said: "I thought I gave you instructions that while our visitors remained here you were to keep out of sight?"

"I have done so as much as possible," I returned bitterly.

"Yet I hear you have intruded upon Lady Aditha Glynn. However, it shall not occur again. I have made arrangements for you to go to Heronsdale. Miss Kenyon has a school there for the education of young girls of the middle class, and she will no doubt consent to receive you."

"I am too old to go to school," I said.

"It is a question of manners, not of age," she retorted. "Pack your trunk to-day; you must leave Heron's Nest to-morrow."

Without another word I quitted the room, my heart swelling with indignation at the injustice that had been done me.

(To Be Continued.)

A Gorgeous Display of Gowns Is Made at Saratoga

Blue Linen And Irish Lace

Racing Gown Of Nile Green Linen-Lace Insertion

Garden Party Silk or Organdie Gown.

Race Costume of White Voile, Lace Cape Effect With Knotted Fringe.

For the Morning Walk to the Springs There Is a Madras or Mohair Shirt-waist Suit.

For the Races There Are Frocks of the Daintiest Summer Silks with Dresden Designs.

IF YOU would see the most exquisite toilets, hie you to Saratoga Springs.

So the girl who contemplates Saratoga Springs in August, which is the very height of the season there, must bethink herself of gowns, of frocks and frills, of the thousand and one accessories that are so small in themselves, but so large and so important in the aggregate!

The day begins with a visit to the springs and an early morning walk. For this appearance the shirt waist suit of madras or mohair or linen is correct. The skirt simply must be short, the shoes immaculate—the black patent coit will be less likely to show the soil and stains left by the wet earth and the early morning dew—and if she is going to act as though to the manner born, she will leave her hat at home and carry a simple parasol. If the morning be cool the smart suit of white sicilienne, with its loose tourist coat and many pockets, its short kilted skirt, cleverly bound with white velveteen so that the edges do not show soil, takes its place; and perhaps one of the new soft felt sailors in white, with just a big, white seagull at the side, will make its appearance.

By lunch time the toilets begin to show some shade of elaborateness, and if she is going to the races in the afternoon it is quite the correct thing to dress before luncheon.

At the races there are frocks of the daintiest of summer silks, with Dresden designs, in dull, blurred and faded colorings, these trimmed with yards and yards—one had almost said miles upon miles—of lace. And the observant girl soon notes that all of the lace is of fine web and most of it on the new Paris tint, a clear pale yellow. The ecru and twine colored laces are entirely passe.

Then there are frocks of taffetas messaline, of Chinese crepe, with its crinkly surface; of soft eollennes, that are so sheer they look like chiffon; of embroidered mull and linen and batiste; of cobwebby swiss and organdie; not forgetting the tailor-mades in the chiffon broadcloths, the mohairs, the canvas weaves and the sicilliennes.

One sees every type and style of fashion on the lawn, in the grand stand and at the exclusive club-house. The demi-tailleur mode of Paris, with its long, sweeping train, is seen right next to the model of the early Victorian fashions, showing a flowered silk gown made just to clear the ground all around by a full inch. Right beside one you perhaps see a shepherd's check waist suit, and just beyond a linen coat and skirt with a wealth of broderie anglaise, that extremely pardonable English eyelet embroidery, which, however, we Americans have taken to in only the smaller designs.

White, of course, as might be expected, is much worn. But there has crept in a fancy that is rapidly mounting to a furore for a touch or two of very brilliant color upon the white gown. The parrot shades in red and green—they are both peculiarly soft and clear tones, though at the same time vivid—are ultra smart with white, and a bright coral pink is often seen in embroideries, edging flounces, fashioning stocks and girdles and appearing in the twin belts that encircle waist and hat alike. In dull suede this coral shade is very fashionable, and when touched up with gold buttons and a little gold braid the same of smartness is seen.

A brilliantly clever Southern girl has not many gowns, but she intends to make them meet all occasions and all requirements. There are just two white frocks, a plain linen and a fluffy Swiss, with just one organdie and one printed net for evenings. Added to this are the ingenious ideas she herself has carried out. The one silk petticoat she owns, a rose pink taffeta, is made with a full circular flounce, upon which cavort several little flounces. There is a curved interlining, say about eight or nine inches deep, of princess haircloth in this, which makes it set out around the feet with a "flou" that the woman who buys her gowns abroad insists can only be had in the real Parisian production. This she wears all the time and so every one of her dresses has that exclusive Parisian swing to it that makes her the envy of those "not in the know."

Girdles she has galore, being slender; and these are fashioned upon the featherbone foundations that lace in front, so that the correct little droop is easily managed and maintained. And of the yards and yards of chiffon that, being a full yard and a quarter wide,

White, with a Touch or Two of Very Brilliant Color, Is Worn by the Belles.

A Clever Southern Girl Who Makes a Limited Wardrobe Do for Many Occasions.

you can do so much with, she has made fichus, smart little pelerines and other dainty and adorable neck and shoulder pieces that the exclusive shops get such tremendous prices for. One example, the joy of her heart, is in pale pink chiffon, the goods just doubled and sewn together to make ruffles. This she has stitched to a shaped foundation of square meshed net, winding the ruffles in and out in a fancy pattern, and at far intervals there are tucked bunches of half-ripe cherries tied with narrow cerise velvet ribbon, both of which had already seen duty on a flopping Leghorn hat. The long ends fall almost to her feet, and of the chiffon she saved enough to fashion one of the new veils, which she hemstitched by hand and so brought it into the class of veilings which the fair mondaine with an unlimited purse would gladly pay $6 or $8 for.

The Strong Women of San Remo

San Remo Porteresses.

THE photograph shows four women carrying a piano on their heads. Sights like this are common in San Remo and elsewhere in the Riviera, where the burden of toil falls chiefly on the shoulders and heads of the "weaker" sex. Little girls are trained to balance small bundles of wood on their heads and as soon as they can do this they are employed to carry baskets of olives from the mountain groves. Women and half-grown girls carry on their heads for half a mile at a stretch not only olives, grapes, flowers, wood, straw and water, but even building stones. Often they work nine hours at such tasks, beginning at 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning and devoting the rest of the day to washing and other housework! The San Remo public porteresses are especially picturesque. They crouch at the street corners awaiting custom and work singly or in pairs, threes or fours, according to the load to be carried. They are great consumers of snuff, which seems in some mysterious way to lighten their burdens.

A CONFESSION.

You hold me in your arms, as none
else dare;
All grace you claim I yield, as in
your right.
E'en to my minute-spending, day
and night—
Yet oft by secret panel, hidden stair,
Steals forth a little ghost to try-
stings where
Dear memory is making meadows
white
With spring, and in spring's ful-
ness of delight,
Sings a down May-sweet lanes some
old-time air.

Never or thought or deed shall
wrong you, though
Not mine to give you this best part
of me;
A happy child in dream of long ago,
Dream whose fulfilment all is yet
to be,
Nor yours the soul at last my soul
shall know
When I come back no more from
memory.

—Marguerite Merrington in Scribner's Magazine.

A New Balance Trick.

A GREAT many ingenious balancing tricks have been invented, but this is one of the best, because it is two balancing tricks in one. It is done with everyday articles and no preparation, and its appearance, when complete, is so surprising.

All you need is a string, two jack-knives, two long lead pencils and two pens and holders.

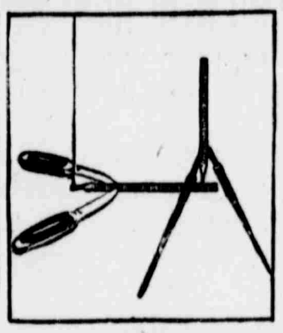
Stick the knives obliquely and firmly into the opposite sides of one pencil near the point and stick the pens in the same way into the other pencil. Make a loop in one end of the string and fasten the other end to a nail in the top of the door frame.

Insert the point of the first pencil into the loop and balance the other pencil on its point on a flat place which you have made near the other end of the first pencil.

You must be careful in putting the parts together—careful to get them just right, and especially careful not to cut yourself.

The distance of the knife points from the pencil point depends on the size of the knives and the angle they make with each other, and after you have got the balance almost right you can make it perfect by moving the knife handles a little toward or from each other, and by moving the upright pencil along the horizontal one.

When the balance is perfect you may carefully set the whole affair turning about the string, and it will continue to revolve for a long time.



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MISTAKEN.

Said he, "You're a peach. Fly with me!"
She replied, as she dashed all his hope:
"You're mistaken. A 'peach,' did you say?
Well, I'm not—I'm a cantaloupe."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

COMPLIMENT?

Widow Wixen—Yes; Henry died quite reconciled. I was at his bedside until the last moment.

Dumley (meaning to be complimentary)—Ah, that accounts for it.—Boston Transcript.

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