

Hearts Courageous

By... **HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES**

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The earl chuckled in his chair. "So the baron took up for his former friend, eh?" he asked, shaking his sides. "I scarce assume that Foy is going to fight the old man."

Anne had drawn herself up, her face pale with this added humiliation. She replied with dignity: "No, your excellency. The affront was answered by a French gentleman named Armand."

At the name the governor dropped his feet shuffling, and a quick gleam darted across his florid face. "Armand?" he cried. "The devil, eh? Foy to fight him?" He struck the bell for the orderly as he spoke.

"It shall be stopped," he went on. "An affront to Lord Fairfax, you say—a king's man, aye, and a loyal. Loudon field, is it? Foy shall be disciplined, the rascal! I thank you, mistress, for this information. I shall send at once and put a stop to the meeting."

He was leading her to the door as he spoke, not waiting her thanks, and as she went out he heard him rumbling angry instructions to his orderly.

Before she had gone from view of the fort gate four mounted men poured out and clattered down the high-road at a planter's pace.

Later, in her own chamber, Anne opened her window and, leaning far out on the ledge, gazed into the night. "Like little stars," she murmured, "wandering in the blue." Then, after a pause, "A little nearer, a little closer than all else besides."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE spot selected for the meeting was not near by, since Virginia's earl governor had forbidden encounters within a ten mile of a military camp. Foy rode thither with his seconds, Rolph and a lieutenant in the royal forces.

"I like not these night affairs," spoke the lieutenant. "Dew is slippery, and the light deceives. I have known of accidents."

Foy cut in with a laugh of contempt. "Twill be an accident I faith," he said, "if I send not his soul a-scurry to hell for that glass!"

"I mind me that fight at Minden," said the lieutenant musingly. "Twas no white night such as this, but black as the Earl of Hell's riding boots. Roots and slimy grass and—"

Foy cursed him, with his hand shaking on his rein. "Let that alone for now!" he snarled. "They lied on they said he slipped. They lied! 'Twas fair. I tell you!"

"Aye," said the other, surprised. "Twas a fair thrust. None doubted it."

"Where are your wits?" said Rolph, reinning close. "Know you no better topic? When you have triced the young upstart, Foy, we shall have a toddy to-night. This air has an ague."

A lantern had been set at the byroad, and at this Henry and Armand turned into the open space. The curving road on the higher Blue Ridge slope had been delicately grayed with a gossamer mist creeping up from the late dawns. Here it had risen thicker, curling more deeply against the ground and sopping the air with the smell of wet beech bark. With the sailing moon above, it was like going in some murky, dull toned world where near things were shadowy and far vanished into opaque whiteness.

The other party was in waiting, the horses, in charge of a groom, tethered near by under clusters of black scarred, white stemmed birches, which stirred dimly as if afraid. Through their moving branches fitful flashes of fog-misted moonlight filtered whitely on Foy, striding up and down, slashing off goldenrod heads with his sword and listening to the rustle of late rabbits, scurrying.

"Gentlemen," said Henry gravely, "know you no means by which this meeting may be avoided?"

"The young cock's crowing less loudly, eh?" Foy turned to his seconds with a rolling laugh. A quick word of anger was on Armand's lips as he faced Henry, which died as Burnaby spoke:

"Let him to his knees and ask Captain Foy to use his riding whip instead of his sword."

The Frenchman's laugh rang out clearly and loud. "I have seen M. le Capitaine ride. If he uses his sword as poorly as his whip."

"Damnation!" said Foy. "Measure those swords, Rolph, and be quick about it."

Henry bled Armand's coat and waistcoat after he had stripped them off and stood, slight and young, in his shirt. He looked at him with rising pity. All Virginia knew of Foy's sword skill. He had a black record in the army of Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, and these tales had been whispered wide in Williamsburg. There he had come to no open quarrel as yet and was made a boon companion by such pot tipsters as Burnaby Rolph and lesser town eaters like young Brooke. But the better class gave him a cold shoulder as unworthy to mix with gentlemen of character and would have needed little to have named him to his face for a sneaking whelp that smelled strong of the hangman.

The young Frenchman took Henry's hand between both his own. "I have

been so occupied these last three hours," he protested contritely. "Have I said to you that you are generous and kind to assist thus in the affair of a stranger? Have I said that I was grateful?"

"Colonel Washington," said Henry, "is my best friend. An I had been in the inn parlor, sir, I had drunk that toast with you."

The night was very still. Scarce a leaf stirred in the vagrant breeze or shivered in the haze. Only a dull humming chirr of night insects from the thicket and drifting across this—a gold snake on a sad carpet—the rich, plaintive bubble of a whippoorwill.

"Gentlemen," cried Rolph, "is all ready?"

"Have you no command, monsieur?" Henry asked.

The young man's eyes were soft as he shook his head. "How sweet it sings!" he said. "Listen!"

It died, and the tapping of a bell, very faint and far and tenuous, came over the still valley. Henry knew the sound. Away to the eastward on a high knoll, stood a long, low structure of limestone, with a wide veranda. Perched upon its roof were two wooden belfries with alarm bells, which had been hung twenty years before, after Braddock's defeat, when the Indians turned their tomahawks against the white chief that dwelt there.

The Indians had been driven westward long ago, but the bells still rang whenever the master, with yelping hounds or by flaring torches, came back to his lodge. At this moment, while Armand stood in the moonlight with a naked sword in his hand, his Lord Fairfax, for whose affront he stood, was once again saddened to Greenway Court.

Foy's voice broke in, sneeringly wrathful. "Are we come to string beads?"

"En garde!" cried Armand, turning sharply, and the two blades rang together with a clash.

Foy's attack was wonderfully strong. He had the trick of carrying the head well back and resting the whole weight of his body upon the left leg, a sign of one whose learning had been without masks. The other's method was as different from that of his antagonist as night from day. He fought far forward, engaging much with the point.

A maître d'escrime might have seen in his action some of the freedom and directness which later gave Bertrand, the greatest fencing master of Europe, the surname of the "Terrible." But to the watchers it seemed to be utterly without method—barren of rule—to be loose, uncontained. He possessed the appearance of a child at careless play with a serpent, not conscious of its sinister intention.

A pain came into Henry's dark eyes and a paler tinge to his cheeks. He groaned inwardly as Foy suddenly came at Armand, pressing him back in a furious chasse-croisre, first the right foot forward, then the left.

The lieutenant stood close to Henry, his lips parted, watching. "They say Foy was taught of Angelo," he whispered, "and that the pupil could best his master. Your friend is in evil case."

So indeed it seemed. Foy was a brute, and he fought like one, with face distorted and breath rattling with rage. He came on with the lunge of a hunter at a boar, his blade heavy, and the very fury of his rush sent the young Frenchman back to the verge of the bushes.

Armand returned with a stop thrust, parried lunge and answered by a riposte. Then for a moment there was nothing but the du-tac-au-tac of slim steel, cutting wayward blue white flashes where the milky light caught its edge.

"End the end, Foy," cried Rolph with an oath, "and let us to town! You could have spitted him forty times!"

"By heaven!" suddenly burst out Henry. "Bravo!"

The Frenchman's blade, beating up a flanneade, had nicked a crimson gash on Foy's shoulder.

The latter, smarting from the prick and enraged beyond measure, came on again cursing, his chin set forward from his neck and a fleck of foam on his lips.

Armand had changed his tactics. He still had the appearance of looseness and lack of close defense; but, strangely enough, Foy's point, though wielded by the redoubtable swordsman that he was, had not so much as slit a ruffle of his shirt. He was untouched, immaculate, careless and debonaire.

Now he became of a sudden winged. He turned, circled, was here and there with the rapidity of an insect. The fight turned this way and that, crushed the bushes, was all over the ground. There was a maze of pricking, whirling arrows of sulphur colored flame in the moonlight. Foy's breath was coming hoarsely in his throat like that of a strangled dog. Armand began to laugh outright as he thrust and parried.

The lieutenant wedged an exclamation amid the flick and scrape of steel. Foy's face was become a welter of sweat and rage. This was a sort of fighting new to him. He tried every attack, every feint, double engage, coupe—each ineffectual. Armand, nimble, laughing, began to hum a tune as he ran.

Nothing could have been better calculated to goad his adversary to point of impotency. Already Foy had begun to cut and lunge in utter, whirling madness. Rolph no longer called to him to end the matter. All alike saw that such ending was fast coming into Armand's power alone.

Again and again Foy laid his guard open to Armand's thrust, talking no thought, but still the Frenchman withheld it. Instead his leaping point slashed the other's coat to flapping ribbons, pricked him on the thigh, in the armpit, in the hand—was stings that drew blood and rage, but harmed not.

At the first spurt of crimson Rolph leaped forward, crying that it was enough, at which Armand politely lowered his blade, but Foy reviled his second with such curses that he went back to his station gritting his teeth.

The lieutenant raised his hand, withdrawing his eyes an instant from the combatants. Henry listened, and his ear caught the tattoo of hoof beats flinging over the road, mixed with the falling of a lash upon horse's flanks—a frenzy of impatience in the sound. As it came nearer Rolph turned his head with a quick gleam of relief.

At the same instant Armand, swinging far forward, wounded his antagonist in the right wrist, and Foy's fingers relaxing on the hilt, with a sweeping twist sent his sword rattling a good ten feet away.

Foy was after it to snatch it up, with a snarl more like a wild beast than a man, when an officer, at a gallop, leading three soldiers, broke into the clearing and spurred fairly between.

"Stop!" he shouted, out of breath. "Stop! In the governor's name!"

Armand tossed his sword to the ground.

"Hell and fury!" foamed Foy as he sprang back, slashing at the horse's



"Stop! In the governor's name!"

legs. "Out of the way, curse you!" The animal plunged aside, and Foy came at Armand like the madman he was.

The officer threw himself off the horse too late, as Henry rushed forward. Armand stood perfectly still, his hand pressed to his side, where a stain was spreading crimsonly among the white ruffles.

"Bear witness," Rolph said with coolness, turning to the soldiers, "that Captain Foy is not himself for liquor."

"There has been no liquor drunk here, you meant murder," Henry turned heavily upon Foy, who, his rage suddenly sobered, stood biting his nails.

"Enough, gentlemen," interrupted the officer. "There will be time for that. I have his excellency's orders to bring all here in his command to the fort. Captain Foy, Mr. Rolph, lieutenant, I call on you to accompany me without delay to town!"

"You are hurt, monsieur," cried Henry, throwing an arm about the young Frenchman, who staggered slightly.

"Sir, you will not leave him so, bleeding here by the roadside? Greenway Court is not far distant. In the name of humanity I ask you to assist me to take him where he can have proper attention for his wound."

"I have imperative orders, sir, Mount, gentlemen."

"Well to leave him to the dogs!" burst forth Foy in a sudden shimmer of white fury as he turned in his saddle.

"And you, you upstart rebel, Virginia would long have been the easier for your gibbeting?"

Their hoof beats grew fainter, then were gone in blankness and echo, and Henry, feeling the young man's form grow suddenly limp, laid him gently down upon the turf.

The baron had driven from Winchester that night with a hurt in his gallant old breast. When he settled back in his seat his hands trembled greatly, clasped atop his sword. The huge chariot, drawn by four wild ponies that would go at any gallop except trot together, swung swaying from its leathern springs, and the road seemed very long.

"Are we almost there, Joe?" he asked more than once.

And the old negro riding behind him would reply stonily, "Almos' dar, Mars' Torm; almos' dar."

The fog, fold on fold, shut out the beauty of the way. Lower in the wooded valley the shadows lay very thick, like dead men strewn on a battlefield. Riding, he heard the leaves fall, like the illusions of youth, like happiness, like glory, like power.

"Almos' there, Joe?" "Almos' dar, Mars' Torm; almos' dar."

(Continued next week.)

THE DUEL.

The gingham dog and the calico cat Side by side on the table sat: 'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think?)

Nor one nor 't'other had slept a wink! The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate Appeared to know, as sure as fate, There was going to be a terrible spat.

(I wasn't there; I simply state What was told me by the Chinese plate.)

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-row!" And the calico cat replied "meow-or!" The air was littered an hour or so With bits of gingham and calico, While the old Dutch clock in the chimney place Up with its hands before its face,

For it always reads a family row, (Now mind, I'm only telling you What the old Dutch clock declares is true.)

The Chinese plate looked very blue, And wailed, "Dear! what shall we do?" But the gingham dog and the calico cat Walloped this way and tumbled that,

Employing every tooth and claw In the awfulest way you ever saw— And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew! (Don't fancy I exaggerate! I got my news from the Chinese plate.)

Next morning where the two had sat, They found no trace of dog or cat: And some folks think unto this day That burglars stole that pair away!

But the truth about the cat and pup Is this: They ate each other up! Now, what do you think of that? (The old Dutch clock it told me so, And that is how I came to know!)

—Eugene Field.

Presidents and Vice Presidents.

There appears to be some misconception concerning the re-election of the President. Twenty-five men have filled the presidential office; and of the eight Presidents have been elected to a second term while filling the first. Mr. Cleveland was a private citizen when he was elected in 1892, hence does not come within the list of those re-elected.

Twenty-five men have filled the office of vice President; and of the eleven elected to the highest place since Van Buren. Since Jackson's time only three Presidents have been re-elected—Lincoln, Grant and McKinley; and only one, Grant has served two full successive terms.

Andrew Johnson and Theodore Roosevelt are the only vice Presidents who have succeeded re-elected Presidents.

If Mr. Roosevelt had been elected this fall, he will be the first vice President to succeed to the first office after filling out the unexpired term of a dead President he will be the first man ever elected by the Republican party from east of the Allegheny mountains, and will overturn a rule unbroken since 1863. If he shall be defeated he will become an ex-President a younger man than General Grant was when he entered upon his duties as President, the youngest man ever elected to that office at the age of forty-six years.

—New York Sun.

Not in the Bible.

"There are a number of sentences not in the Bible which everybody thinks are there," said a clergyman. "The chief of these sentences is, 'He tempests the wind to the storm lamb.' You would search the Bible pretty thoroughly before you would find that sentence in it. Where you would find it would be in Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey.'"

"Sterne gets a good deal of praise for the origination of this sentence, but it was originated, as a matter of fact, before he was born. In a collection of French proverbs published in 1594 we find, Dieu meurt le vent à la brisie tonde." That convicts Sterne of plagiarism.

"In the midst of life we are in death," everybody thinks that is in the Bible. It isn't though. It is in the burial service.

"That he who runs may read." This is another sentence supposed, wrongly, to be Biblical. It is not Biblical, though, but it has something very like it—namely, "that he who runs that readeth."

"Prone to sin as the sparks fly upwards." The Bible nowhere contains those words.

"A nation shall be born in a day." The nearest thing to that in the Good book is, "Shall a nation be born at once?"

Ions of the Air.

Their Respective Numbers Vary Under Different Conditions.

Some experiments recently made at Aberdeen to discover the number of electrons present in the air under varying conditions of the weather led to the following results, as summarized in the London Electrical Review. Easterly winds carry very few electrons, the insulation having been perfect for hours at a time.

Winds from the west bring about a quicker discharge of an electrified body, and it would not appear that the amount of aqueous vapor has much to do with this action. An increase in the number of electrons seems to have an appreciative effect upon the temperature, and possibly the vitality, of human beings.

The ionizing agencies produce equal numbers of positive and negative ions, but there are agencies at work in nature which produce an excess of one kind or the other. In the neighborhood of waterfalls there is an excess of negative ions, while the dashing of the waves of the sea against the shore produce an excess of positive ions in the atmosphere.

Japan and Her War.

Young American Soldier Will Tell His History for The Dispatch from a Military Point of View.

The most fascinating series of war stories that has yet come to America of the conflict of the Russian and Japan is that from Will Levington Comfort in 'The Pittsburgh Dispatch,' which began two weeks ago. Mr. Comfort is a young writer who has already achieved distinction in two wars, having served with the United States troops in Porto Rico during 1898, and then spent three years in the Philippines, where he wrote some of the most thrilling war tales that have been published since the days of Rebellion.

Mr. Comfort sees war from the standpoint of the soldier, the man in the ranks rather than the General. He will follow the march of the forces of the Mikado through Korea, and his description of the scenes during the actual land fighting are looked forward to with interest by those who have read his wonderful stories of the Philippine struggle.

Comfort will write from the far East exclusively for the Dispatch.

If the head is high and the face long and narrow, avoid a towering hat just as you avoid a towering hair dressing. If the face is wide, the hat must be wide.

FURNISHING A MODERN HOTEL.

Supply Houses at Their Wits End to Deliver Goods Inside Inn Uses More of Everything Than Any Other Hotel on Earth.

After the Inside Inn of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition was built, papered, glazed and painted, its projectors found that the greatest problems were yet to come, for every one of the twenty-five hundred bed rooms had to be furnished, to say nothing of the kitchen, dining rooms, parlors, etc.

A glance through files of record reveals the placing of the most remarkable orders in the history of hotel business, establishing a new standard for colossal orders and putting the supply men at their wits end to meet conditions and deliver goods on time.

Another remarkable fact is that the furnishings are strictly first class, notwithstanding that the hotel will be operated but seven months.

An order for fifty thousand towels would seem to insure cleanliness for goodly number of World's Fair sojourners, and with the same number of napkins with which to wipe their mouths, ought to make them feel that they could observe the same good form of table manners as at home.

They will have forty thousand sheets to sleep between after a day of tireless sight seeing, and if the nights are cool five thousand blankets will be instantly available to keep out the cold. Forty thousand pillow slips will give frequent change for five thousand downy pillows, and three thousand bed spreads will make inviting cover for the twenty-five hundred brass and double beds, equipped with the same number of box springs and fibre mattresses.

Fifteen thousand table cloths will be kept up to a standard of snowy whiteness to cover twenty five hundred tables each flanked with four chairs so that twenty thousand human legs can be tucked under the Inn's hospitable board at the same time.

Twenty-two hundred and fifty dressers and eighteen hundred wash stands are going to make bedrooms comfortable, supplemented with three thousand rockers, six thousand chairs, five hundred metal folding sanitary lavatories, and five hundred couches, three thousand shades, three thousand pairs of curtains and the largest number of imported rugs, twenty eight hundred, ever used for floor covering of one establishment in the history of building.

Two car loads of table china and three of toilet china will be a harvest for crockery dealers, each with which they can make a never before equalled record. This will be somewhat checked, by a clever automatic door opening device which will operate the fourteen doors that separate dining room and kitchen. They will open at fixed intervals and the tray bearer will not have to touch them.

Fifty telephones will connect guests with the outside world, and convenience will be further contributed to by a drug store, haberdashery, mammoth barber shop and boot black stands.

Four dishwashing machines will be in constant operation, worked entirely by electricity, each with a capacity of ten thousand dishes per hour.

A refrigerating plant identical with those used on English men-of-war using anhydrous fluid will furnish the cold storage and ice for daily consumption, which will amount to hundreds of tons.

Every feature of the Inside Inn is on a gigantic scale, and yet so well ordered that every guest may feel the comfort of personal attention to his wishes.

Battleships in Fighting Trim.

When stripped for a fight the modern battleships will present a different appearance from that to which civilians are accustomed in time of peace. Everything that can be moved will be taken down and stowed as far as possible below decks. The hand railings, stanchions, etc., will either be stowed ashore, or laid down flush with the deck, leaving the latter to form a glacis over which their great 12-inch guns may sweep and deliver their fire without obstruction. The boats, which would simply be a hindrance to the sailing of the vessel, will, at the approach of a battle, be lowered, tied together, and temporarily set adrift to be picked up after the fight is over—if possible.

"Seamen's dunnage," that is, chests, lockers and what-not, are cleared away; either stowed below decks or pitched overboard, and the furniture of the officers' cabins, which might prove food for a conflagration, is similarly dealt with, and as a gladiator is stripped to the skin, so the ship is stripped, as far as possible, to the naked steel. This, by the way, is not so big a task as it once was, for naval constructors have learned to cut out every bit of iron or inflammable material that can possibly be dispensed with, and steel decks or fireproofed wood are the order of the day.

—Scientific American.

Civil War Monitors Sent to Junk Pile.

Four historic warships were sold at the Navy Department in Washington because they had long outlived their usefulness. They were the Nahant, Jason, Montauk and Lehigh, which are lying at League Island navy yard. They brought collectively \$47,846, which is a much larger amount than the government expected to receive. The ships were appraised at \$10,000 each.

Six firms competed, and the bidding was spirited. The highest bid was made by Frank Samuel, an iron merchant of Philadelphia, who gave \$12,059 for the Montauk. L. E. Hunt, of Melrose, Mass., bought the Jason and Nahant for \$11,988 each. The Lehigh was bought by E. T. Potter, of Fall River, Mass., for \$13,651.

Frank Samuel will have the Montauk broken into scrap iron. This operation will cost nearly \$2,000.

No bid was offered for the Canonicus, which was appraised at \$15,000.

All of the monitors saw service in the Civil war. The Montauk and Nahant were sent to Charleston under Admiral Dupont when an attempt was made to capture Fort Sumter by a naval attack.

It was on the Montauk that Mrs. Suratt was kept for a time after the assassination of President Lincoln, which took place thirty-nine years ago.

Game Cocks in Peuple.

New Castle Hospital Patients Enjoy Dish Worth Fully \$500.

A chicken potpie worth fully \$500 was enjoyed last week by the patients and employees of the Shenango Valley hospital, the fowl for the expensive dish having been received from Humane Officer John St. Bell, of Pittsburgh. He sent to the institution fourteen game cocks captured last Saturday night. One of the game cocks alone was valued at \$125, two others at \$75 each and others were worth from \$25 to \$50.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

While the short kilted skirt is practically the only one at present for street wear, the smart visiting toilette still retains its limp, trailing draperies and its eminently characteristic outline, which is so chic on a tall, slender figure.

A sailor blouse and kilted skirt is very sensible, while turnover cuffs and collar of white linen would give the necessary touch of daintiness.

It looks best for Miss Schoolgirl to have her blouses match her skirt in color, if not always in material.

Miss Schoolgirl might have a charming raincoat made of cravenette, to resemble a military overcoat-cape, brass buttons and all. One of the chic rolling brim salloons, with a soft, white kid belt, edged with red velvet around its crown, would most probably appeal to her heart. A more picturesque hat for her would be a pretty, deep brown straw, with waving brim and trimming of brown velvets and ribbons. Soft silks and ribbons are put on her hats, but very few flowers.

Rish dimities with posies or garlands of roses made up into charming afternoon frocks. For dress occasions fine, hand-embroidered nainsook would be very dainty and appropriate.

If Miss High School wishes to look sweet and girlish, she will avoid tulle, either plain or printed, and choose fine Paris muslin in its stead. For a garden party a white organdy frock would be appropriate.

The French style pillow cases are much favored by fashionable folk just now. These are open at the back, with a two-inch hem, hemstitched all around.

Hand-embroidered towels are the latest vogue in towels for actual use where something specially nice is desired. The embroidery is done on plain, fine huckaback or other fine towel fabric taking the place of damask or other decoration. A deep hemstitched hem is the usual finish, and one end only is embroidered. Decorative towels, for decorative purposes only, come with deep knotted fringes elaborately embroidered in silk, elaborate borders of drawnwork, medallions of old Venetian or other decorative laces. And Italian macrame towels have deep fringes very elaborately and artistically knotted.

Girls under 18 wear the same styles in general as their older sisters, but avoid all fussy effects if they would be well dressed. A dainty white fichu or a smartly embroidered stock is often their only frock adornment. The length of their skirts is largely a matter of personal taste, but a skirt that just clears the ground is best for tall girls.

A naval coat proves a welcome variation of the military fashions now so much worn by the younger women. It has two bars and an anchor embroidered on collar and shoulder seams or straps. Frogs are used instead of buttons and buttonholes, and deep slit pockets edged with braid lie at right angles with the front.

White linen with bold designs in cross-stitch on blouse and skirt looks very smart. An added touch of distinction can be given by collar, cuffs and belt of solid red.

Feather stitching and French knots are seen on many of the latest dresses, and very pretty and effective they look.

Tablecloths may now be had in two yard and a quarter widths. Hitherto, two yards and two yards and a half were the standard sizes, and in-between widths were not to be had. The table border ones in this new size are particularly desirable, as their designs are oftenest made circular, making them specially adapted for the 54-inch circular dining table so fashionable at present.

Why won't women gear themselves together a little more carefully? Now that shirt-waist time is here, the old ten years' war between waists and skirts has broken out afresh. The waistline may well be called the parting of the ways. No matter how swell a woman's garment may be, she is undone when they are. There are hundreds of not-a-hole, not-a-button, not-a-pin devices on the market for keeping plaquettes closed and waist and skirt together, but nothing invented does the work like a good, strong, old-fashioned hook and eye. The proper plan for her who would be firmly reefed together is to sew two strong eyes on every skirt band in the back; step number two—sew two strong hooks on a very narrow and stout webbing with a buckle on one end.

Strap this firmly on the outside of the shirt-waist, fit the hooks to the eyes, and there you are, firm and taut and neat.

HOW TO WEAR THE RIGHT HAT.—Unless a woman knows the relation between her hat and her face, all the milliners in Paris can do nothing for her. A \$75 imported creation may be an utter failure if it is not suited to her particular style. She may be outdone by a forty-cent chambermaid in a dollar-twenty-nine-cent factory made hat that is the proper shape for her.

The hat question is a vital question where beauty is concerned. No part of the costume affects the face as much. The lines of the gown mean everything to the figure, but face and hair depend for their offsetting upon the headpiece. Choose it carefully.

Can you not invest in a triple mirror for the purpose? It is expensive, but I should far rather have one in the plainest wooden frame than a poor mirror framed in carved ivory. If you have not been in the habit of using a triple mirror it will reveal to you many interesting facts. Perhaps you never knew the faults of the back of your head. Perhaps you never knew the imperfections of your profile. Make yourself thoroughly acquainted with them, if you are sincere in your quest for beauty.

Whatever the facts may be, do not be afraid to look them in the face. They may be unpleasant. You may find that years are beginning to show more than you had realized, and that you no longer look as young as your daughter. Perhaps, on the other hand, you are one of those robust little persons who never have appreciated the beauty given them. There are many girls who might be called beauties, if they would realize the fact and