

UTILITY.

Your toiler may not overtake His proud ambition's goal, But by a word or deed may wake Some stronger, worthier soul.

And though in tales of peace and war Obscurely he must rest, There is no real failure for The man who does his best.

FOR ELLA'S SAKE.

BY L. MACKENZIE.

"What have you got to say to me?" "Nothing." "Why did you send for me?" A flush of red rose to her face. "I thought, yesterday, when I wrote, that I had something to say, but now—"

"You have changed your mind, Miss Austin? That is a woman's privilege and you have used it ruthlessly."

"Yes, I know. Forgive me. I meant to do my best."

He frowned and his expression was not good to see.

"Her best." And this is what she had done.

Last spring he had thought himself one of the happiest men alive, engaged to be married to this girl, Eva Austin; he loved her passionately and believed her to be the ideal type of womanhood, high principled, truthful, gentle—in fact, almost faultless.

One day, a few months ago, she had written to break off her engagement, a short letter which was a masterpiece of polite reserve and feminine cruelty. She regretted if she had caused him any pain—Oh, yes, regrets cost nothing—she was conscious of the honor that he had paid her.

"* * * she wished to remain his friend * * * she returned his ring."

Captain Humphrey traveled many miles to demand an explanation of his affianced wife. He was refused admittance, his letters were returned unopened by her sister—Eva was ill and could not write. The truth stared him in the face; in plain English he had been hopelessly jilted. Then he vowed to forget Eva Austin's existence and congratulated himself upon his freedom from domestic ties.

Today, as he stood in the parlor of the hotel to which she had summoned him, he had so far overlooked his determination to forget her existence that his anger was waxing fierce against her. Why had she brought him here? To be made a fool of a second time? No, and a thousand times no.

"If you did your best, Miss Austin, may I ask what your worst would have been?"

She moved quickly, almost as if he had struck her.

"I cannot explain. If you knew how it all happened you would perhaps believe—you might perhaps think a little better of me."

He stood bolt upright, speechless. He was struggling with his pride; in his heart of hearts he was longing to take her in his arms, to tell her that for him she was the only woman in the world, with all her faults.

Her faults. They were unpardonable.

"I should be glad to think well of any lady," he said at last, lightly, "more especially of a lady who once honored me with her friendship."

"Yes," she said gently, "it was because of that friendship that I wrote. I had a favor to ask you. Now—it is not necessary. I am sorry."

There was a brief silence, then she said:

"There are changes in our family. Ella is going to be married; the engagement is very sudden, it was only settled this morning."

(Ella was the younger sister of whom he had so often been jealous in those forgotten days.)

"Allow me to congratulate."

He bowed and turned to go; the interview was a farce.

At the door she stopped him. "Do you start—tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"Goodby. We, that is Ella and I, wish you a happy return."

Considering their former intimacy, this was barely the farewell that good manners demanded, nothing more.

His hand was on the lock. Something else she said, her voice was almost inaudible, "I will pray for you."

He shut the door quietly, there should be no melodramatic display of temper on his part. Arrived at the bottom of the stairs, he missed his hat. Had he left his purse or his watch in that room, no power on earth would have sent him back—but his hat.

He ran back hastily and knocked. There was no answer. So much the better. He entered the room and seized his property. Turning to go, he heard the rustle of draperies. She was there, standing on the spot where he had left her, with her hands clasped to her face.

Under the cold star lit sky he had lain for hours. The fight was over. In the distance he could discern the figures of the wounded and the dead.

The victory was with his men—so much he knew before he fell. And now, patience. They would find him by and by. If not, then the end could not be far off, not very far. Patience. The stars flickered and faded. He saw a room, with pale pink walls, flowers, a work basket on the table—nothing escaped his notice. Eva was there, she had on a gray dress and a gold chain round her neck.

Were there tears in her eyes? There were tears in his. "I will pray for you."

That is what she said at parting, and he had pretended not to hear. He

saw her again praying for the man who had not condescended to accept her good wishes.

In the old days he had often smiled at her earnestness, and called her a little Puritan; in later times he had raged at her as a hypocrite.

Do hypocrites look like that? What did it matter what he called her? His one wish now was that she should know that he died blessing her.

With infinite difficulty he found his pocketbook and wrote her name on the flyleaf. His hand trembled; before the pencil slipped from his grasp he scrawled feebly, "God bless you, Eva."

The orderly brought a bundle of letters into the shed which had been hastily converted into a hospital. The men crowded eagerly round him; even Captain Humphrey, who was "dangerously" wounded, turned an anxious face toward the messenger.

The captain recognized the shape and color of the envelope that was brought to his bedside; the handwriting, too, was familiar. It was Eva Austin's.

"Now that I am happily married I must free my conscience and tell you our secret. Think as badly of me as you can. Eva sacrificed herself for me. I told her that I cared for you, that is why she wrote that letter. Afterward, when she was ill, I sent back your letters without her knowledge."

The lines jumped up and down before the sick man's eyes; he read on: "Eva wanted to put things right between you and me; that is why she sent for me before you left. Didn't you guess? She found out her mistake before you came and took all the blame on herself to shield me. You will never forgive me, I shouldn't, but I can't bear to think that you are still misjudging her."

"Will he pull through, doctor?" asked a young officer that night. He it was who had found the captain and brought him into shelter.

"Pull through? Yes, now his mind's at rest."

"What's he been worrying about?" "What do we all worry about, eh?" The officer did not answer—he wasn't going to tell his secrets to the wily doctor.

"The first night he wanted to risk his life writing or dictating letters home. Now, I think he's satisfied with the news that today's mail brought him. Look at him."

"He's asleep," said the other in a whisper; "and say, doctor, he's got a letter tucked away under his pillow"—American Queen.

RIDING IN A MOTOR VEHICLE.

How It Feels to Gaze Through Goggles on a Landscape That Rushes at You.

Until the other day my experiences of motor riding had not been worth mentioning. I had been on a motor, of course, both here and over the way, and I had seen something of its capabilities of upsetting, not merely myself and other people, but the idea I had entertained of the relations of time and space. Still, the most I had seen a motor do in the vicinity of Paris had been done at the rate of two-something miles an hour, while, in London, where, as yet, its performances are viewed with a less indulgent eye, one-something per hour had been about its record. However, I had been offered the opportunity of seeing the veteran fairly "extended," as one used to say of a horse; and, as I am still fond of new experiences, I closed with the offer.

The first thing I learned was that you cannot ride a motor, when extension is contemplated, without a certain prescribed mode of habilitation; and thus, I presently found myself in goggles and a flapped cap, constructed to tie under the chin, and a water-proof jumper. In this guise I was pronounced ready for the road and we took it. It is unnecessary to recount what the particular road was that we took to. Suffice it that at that matutinal hour we had it pretty well to ourselves and that its condition was not unfavorable to free and easy locomotion. So, from one-something the motor got into two-something, and that process of extension was gradually continued, until, from the indication afforded by the milestones, I concluded she must be doing nearer four-something than three.

I have an idea that somebody else, who looked like a mounted county policeman, arrived at much the same conclusion, and was rather inclined to tell us so. However, he thought better of it, for we certainly left him, as who should say, standing still. We seemed to leave a good many people like that. And yet trees and houses rather rushed at us, and the landscape generally took to behaving in the way you will find recorded in the late laureate's "Amphion."

The use of goggles, a cap, a water-proof jumper and apron were now quite satisfactorily explained to me. The use of tobacco had even earlier become first inadvisable, then impossible. Any exchange of remarks was attended with the inconvenience which arises from abnormal pressure on the respiratory organs; and there was present to a marked degree that titillation of the spinal cord which sometimes has the effect of making people seasick.

I observed my automedon cock his eye at me, inquiringly, now and again, but his expectations, if he had any, were not realized. Mine were. I had expected a certain amount of excitement, and when we reached our destination a few minutes before our scheduled time, I was free to confess that I had it. All the same, I doubt whether I am likely to find my ideal of motion in a motor, yet awhile.—Pall Mall Gazette.



Large Muffs to Be the Style Again. This coming season brown furs will rank first, then black, gray and white. Longhaired furs will be most used. Long boas with stole ends, and large muffs, will be much in evidence.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Interested in Forestry. Miss Myra L. Dock, of Harrisburg, Penn., who has been identified with the forestry movement in that state for many years has received an appointment from Governor Stone to membership in the State Forestry commission.

The "Give Away" Sleeve. A good judge of lady's dress says she can tell by a glance whether a gown be a true tailor-made or whether it has been fashioned by feminine fingers. The sleeves are supposed to give the information. Tailors, as we all know, cling to the masculine ideal of a coat sleeve, not tight, indeed, but sufficiently close fitting. On the other hand the dressmaker, French, Irish, English or American, is strongly prejudiced in favor of flowing sleeves, undersleeves, balloon puffs on shoulder or elbow—in short, of every possible variety in the name of a sleeve.

For the "Muddy Skin." Of the many remedies for skin blemishes the one that is simple, easily obtained and efficacious, without tedious waiting for a cure, is the one sure to be appreciated. Nothing frets a woman like a rough, muddy skin, but with this simple cure-all relief may be obtained at short notice. Wash the face in very salty sweet milk every night, and let it dry without wiping. A mixture made of one small tablespoonful of milk and a teaspoonful of salt applied to the most obstinate blemish of the skin will cure it almost like magic. This is the remedy prescribed by one of the best authorities in England, and it is said that the use of milk and salt is half the secret of the Englishwoman's smooth, beautiful skin.

The Winter's Wraps. From Paris comes the intimation that peleries are to be the mode next winter. Some are to be long and draped, having one end thrown over the shoulder and fastened with a gold buckle. They may be lined with white or black taffetas and be cascaded to show the lining. Some of these mantles will have no collar, but will be bordered with a shaped strapping of black and gold embroidery or velvet around the throat. Bell-shaped sleeves will be worn or the mantle may have a cascaded drape over the shoulders. Then there will be fichu-like wraps which will cross in front and fasten behind with sashes of mousseline. To bridge the chasm between such radical departures from the present mode of wraps there will be jacket mantlettes in white or colored taffetas incrustated with lace.

Individuality in Dress. It is difficult to resist putting in a plea for a little more individuality in dress, yet the tendency toward an irritating sameness seems more apparent than ever. Taking an average assembly at the present moment, the backs of the heads of nine women out of ten look almost identical, the hat tilted back to the same angle, with the black velvet bow assuming the same droop on the hair. And every neck that is not dressed plain and low has the inevitable ruff of black and white tulle, with long ends, which leads one to believe these articles are turned out by the gross. Yet just now there is an endless variety in pretty ruffles, and nimble fingers might achieve excellent results by manufacturing one somewhat out of the common instead of accepting a hard and monotonous pattern.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Queen Alexandra's Former Governess. Queen Alexandra, in her early days, in her royal father's home in Copenhagen, was instructed in and carefully taught English by a Danish West Indian lady. That lady, Miss Mathilde Knudsen, was born 70 summers ago in one of King Christian's lovely West Indian colonies, the island of St. Croix, where her father was a planter.

Miss Knudsen, though not English by birth, speaks that language with perfect ease, and on the recommendation of the late Admiral Zarthman's wife, whose husband belonged to the Danish navy, she was selected to teach the English language, not only to the present Queen of England, but also to the Dowager Empress of Russia, the Duchess of Cumberland, Prince Waldemar, and four of the crown prince's children, a very distinguished and highly agreeable task, in which she acquitted herself in the most creditable manner, and the tokens of esteem which have since been bestowed upon her by her royal and imperial pupils have been numerous.

On her frequent visits to England she has always been honored as a guest at the Princess of Wales's table. Miss Knudsen, now in the evening of her life, still resides in the fashionable quarter of Copenhagen, near the royal palace of Amalienborg.—Leslie's Weekly.

Some Pretty Tea Gowns. A beautiful tea gown is of wing accordion-pleated crepe de chine, with its shaped flounce, deep collar and elbow sleeves, worked with soft silk in harmonizing shades. Ribbon of

2 1/2 inches wide. It is placed diagonally over the bodice, alternately plain and pink. The hem is finished with a very deep band of spotted mull, featherstitched on, and the same finish appears on the wide bell sleeves. The gown is worn over a slip of pale lilac oriental satin. There are three collars to the tea gown. They are like the triple capes of an Empire coat and are made of the two kinds of muslin and lace, featherstitched with pale lilac silk. A third gown is of ecru spotted net on deep cream-colored chiffon, edged with Cluny lace. The oversleeves and lining are of soft silk. There is a fichu edged with the lace, and a black chiffon scarf passes under the arms and is fastened with a green enamelled buckle, the long ends of the sash reaching to the ground. A tea gown of gray satin is decorated with clusters of crushed roses in panne and chiffon and the undersleeves and choux are of black chiffon. Tea gowns should have a low neck, but long sleeves.

The Advantages of Sandals. Sandals are being worn by English women and children to some extent a fact which calls forth the following communication to the London Daily Mail:

I can speak with 10 years' experience of sandals. The chief objection I have seen urged against them is that they will enlarge the feet. Now, I do not believe that any footwear, short of such as has inflicted cruelty in infancy, can possibly alter the size of the foot, which necessarily depends on the bone structure of the individual. It will invariably be found that the person with neat, well-shaped hands has feet to correspond. If allowing the feet to have the free play that nature intended them to have is apt to make them large and ungainly, then sailors, who spend most of their time and do most of their work on bare feet, and who hitherto have always been famous for their neat and well-shaped ones, will have to abandon their claim to this coveted possession.

I have heard it objected that sandals tend to make the foot sensitive and unfit to bear a boot when the latter has to be worn. I have found in my own case and in the cases of friends that feet accustomed to sandals grow a healthier skin, their nerves become less sensitive to pressure and their muscles and tendons gain more power of contraction.

Everyone will allow that sandals are the coolest foot-covering for summer, but doubtless most people will be surprised to learn that they are the warmest wear in winter. If persons suffering from cold feet or chilblains would wear sandals over good thick woolen socks they would soon find themselves cured of these afflictions.

Women's Work. In many respects southern women seem less afraid of being called radical than their eastern sisters, and it will not be surprising if the ballot should come to them long before it is wielded by the women of the central eastern and New England states. That it will come is as certain as that the republic is to endure. It is impossible to doubt one without questioning the other.

The experience of Georgia women during the past year is such as to drive them pellward, willynilly. They had three pet measures which they advocated in their legislature as amply as they could, and when it is remembered that Rebecca Douglas Lowe, the gracious and accomplished president of the General Federation, lives in Atlanta, as does also Mrs. John K. Ottley, one of the most brilliant club women of the whole country, it is not to be supposed for an instant that "influence" did not have an opportunity to show its work.

The bills were strictly humanitarian in character, except, possibly, that to admit women to the state textile school. The other raised the age of consent (it is now ten years), and the third prohibited the employment of children under 12 years of age in the factories. All three bills were defeated.

In Illinois the women passed a bill for the better accommodation of women students at the state university and the colleges, and it was vetoed by the governor.

In Vermont the federation had a bill introduced asking that women be appointed on boards of control of the asylums where women are confined. This unreasonable (?) demand was slain forthwith.

If men wish to keep women out of the pool of politics they will do well to make haste and give them all they ask along these lines, for there is no other way to stay their advance.

Already the small edge of the wedge has made its way far into the oak of resistance.

In Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho women have full suffrage, including a vote for presidential electors.

In Arkansas and Missouri women may vote on petition on the granting of saloon licenses.

In Delaware municipal suffrage exists in several towns.

In Kansas there is full municipal suffrage.

In Montana women may vote on local taxation.

In a number of cities in New York they may vote on the issuance of bonds for public improvements.

In Pennsylvania women may vote on local improvements by petitioning for or against them.—Ainslie's Magazine.

AND THE FAIR

New York City.—Simple blouses with gored skirts make the best of all costumes for young girls. This pretty and stylish May Manton model is



GIRL'S COSTUME.

adapted both to school wear and to occasions of more formal dress; the former when made of sturdy dark hued material, the latter when of light weight fabrics in pale or light colors. As shown it is designed for service, however, and is made of Napoleon blue cheviot with strappings of the same, collar of blue velvet and chemisette of blue tacked taffeta.

The blouse is cut with a plain back, drawn down snugly at the waist, and slightly loose fronts that droop over the belt. The neck is finished with a roll-over round collar, and the chemisette, or shield, renders it high at the

and give promise of many beautiful and becoming effects. A three-quarter length black velvet coat, all straight lines, is lined and finished on the outside with ermine. The fur is in a broad-shaped band, high around the throat, forming a broad plastron at the front, held close up to the chin, then gradually tapering like a pointed vest to the waist line, below which only an edge of white shows on either edge, indicating the lining. There are deep cuffs of the fur on the flaring sleeves. Nothing could be richer or more beautiful.

Belts of Maguay Fibre.

Quaint belts are of maguay fibre, a woven white straw, with two strands of the material at one end and two loops at the other. There are different ways of fastening the belts, the simplest being to knot each of the two strands into a button and button the loops over them.

New Patterns in Muslins.

The muslins this year are delightful. Each season they seem to get more and more attractive. The most popular are still of French design or pin-spotted. A few Japanese patterns have made their appearance, but they are inclined to be large, and must therefore be treated with care.

Women's Shirt Waist.

The tucked shirt waist is, and will continue to be, a pronounced favorite. The very pretty May Manton model given is made of pale blue chaille with strips of white, and is of just the correct weight for cool days, but Saxony and French flannels, silk cashmere, albatross and all soft waist materials are appropriate. The original is made over the fitted lining that closes at the centre front, but heavy materials can be made unlined if preferred.

The foundation fits snugly and closes at the centre front, but separately from the waist. The back proper is plain, drawn down in gathers at the



WOMAN'S DOUBLE-BREADED BASQUE.

neck. The sleeves are in bishop style with narrow pointed cuffs.

The skirt is cut in five gores and is snug about the hips, while it places gracefully at the lower portion. The fulness at the back is laid in inverted pleats under which the placket can be finished, or the pleats can be stitched flat as illustrated, and the opening made invisibly at the left front seam.

To cut this costume for a girl of ten years of age five yards of material twenty-seven inches wide, two and seven-eighths yards forty-four inches wide or two and five-eighths yards fifty inches wide will be required.

Woman's Double-Breasted Basque.

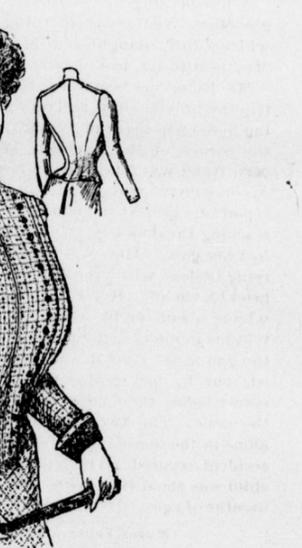
The tight fitting, well shaped basque is always in style for appropriate materials, and suits some figures far better than any other model. The stylish May Manton example illustrated in the large engraving is cut on the latest lines, and includes the newest collar and cuffs. As shown the material is a novelty woven of silk and wool that includes varying shades of tan and brown, the collar and cuffs are of velvet in the darkest tone, but all woolen materials of light or moderate weight are appropriate, camels' hair, broadcloth, cheviot, serge and the like.

The basque is cut with sidebacks and under-arm gores that mean a perfect adjustment at the back and with double darts at the front that curve in snugly to the figure. The right side is extended to give a double breasted effect that is both smart and becoming. The sleeves are snug fitting, finished with flaring cuffs, and at the neck is a deep turn-over collar, the use of which is optional.

To cut this basque for a woman of medium size three and five-eighths yards of material twenty-seven inches wide, one and five-eighths yards forty-four inches wide or one and a half yards fifty inches wide will be required.

Becoming Effects in Furs.

Furs have made their appearance



WOMAN'S SHIRT WAIST.

seven inches wide, three yards thirty-two inches wide or two and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide will be required.