

# A Bloodless Conflict

BY BELL BLOSSOM

At 8 o'clock of a lovely night in midsummer, in one of the upper rooms of the principal hotel at Mt. Desert, stood a girl of rare and wonderful beauty, donning her armor for the coming fray—an armor whose beauties were invisible, whose weapons were hidden, but none the less impenetrable and keen for that.

Her maid had put the finishing touches to a toilet of most artistic loveliness. Her deep blue eyes were black with excitement and triumph. Three nights before she had received a challenge—not an openly worded challenge, but fully understood for all that. Of course she had accepted, though her acceptance was tacit, too; but she and Jack Raymond understood it, and each other. No more was necessary. They required no witnesses among the world.

She had met him only a week before. She had not known him ten minutes before she felt he was one of the few whose friendship she would be glad to possess—nay, more, whom she would feel pride in bringing within the scope of her power.

Of course she would escape herself; of that she had no passing doubt. She had played with fire too long to fear its scorching now. She was already in her twenty-second year, and numberless as were her victims, no one of them possessed a single trophy of even a momentary triumph. Why, then, need she fear to add a fresh name to the list?

"You have a heart? I should like to make it stir!" This had been the challenge, spoken in low, earnest tones, heard only by herself and the listening moon sailing in its awakening beauty in the ether above their heads. "Is it in your sight so poor a thing you wish to make of it a toy?" she had answered, flashing one bewildering glance into his downward face. "Give it to me but for an hour and see the use that I would put it to. You will not willingly, I know, but I mean to make the struggle for its possession."

"You would glory in my defeat, then?" "Yes, if you choose to call it by that name. Most women would call it victory, since for all so grudgingly given I return to you tenfold." It was a strange, a novel way of wooing, and it held a fascination of its own. Most men had approached her as supplicants, carefully hiding their mode of attack upon the citadel of her affection, lest she should see and fortify it. This man boldly asserted not only his method, but laughed to scorn her defense, in his proud confidence that the colors which so long had floated to the free breezes of heaven would lower themselves in obedience before him.

It was nonsense, of course. It was audacity unparalleled on his part; but it was audacity most charming, and Ethel Marcus felt a little premonitory shiver run through her veins, which would have warned her already of danger, had she known or recognized it. Alas! her greatest danger was in her perfect security. She tossed a little triumphant smile at her own reflection in the mirror, and with it still lingering about the perfect rose-red lips, ran lightly down the stairs. At the foot he awaited her coming. How sure she had been that she would find him there!

"Do you know that our waltz is half-finished?" he asked, in low tones of reproach. "Do you know that I have beguiled every moment of which you have robbed me?" "I have robbed myself equally," was the low-murmured reply. "Cannot that plead my pardon?" "For what could you see at my hands I would not grant?" he answered. "Remember those words," she said. "Some day I may remind you of them."

The next moment they were in the merry maze of dancers. But three had floated through the room, when the music ceased. Drawing her hand within his arm, they stepped out upon the piazza. The moon was almost at its full. It smiled upon them most gracious welcome. He spoke no word, but she could feel the earnest gaze of his dark eyes fixed upon her face, compelling her own at length to meet them. What wonderful eyes they were! How full of strength, and tenderness, and loving purpose! She felt her blood rush to her cheeks—a commingled sense of pleasure and of pain, yet the latter almost sweeter than the former. A faint glimmering of possible danger in this instance of silence dawned upon her; a faint breath from a fire with which she might not play. A little shiver passed over her. The man saw it and spoke. "Are you cold?" he questioned. "No," she said. "I am afraid it was a little tremor of cowardice. I fear, as a duelist, you are too strong for me."

But answer, so that, look where she would, she saw but her naked, pain-tossed soul. She realized now the depth and earnestness of words which she already answered by a mocking lie. Ah, already his wounds were healing but here—he had said rightly, she would wear no scar, only because hers would not heal.

At last the day dawned. She watched it break, wondering if any other heart in all the wide world was as laden-weighted as her own. How should she meet him? Pride must now be her reliance. What he had thought of her, let him think to the end. Had he not spurred the unspoken prayer for pardon? He had anticipated, in keeping his secret—aye, and would! But for the present a meeting was spared her.

"Mr. Raymond went out at daybreak with the fishermen," some one volunteered. "It is a bad day, too, gray and squally."

She felt a sudden fear oppress her, as they added this; but nonsense! no accident had happened all the summer on the coast. By 12 o'clock he surely would have returned. She took a seat on the piazza, where she could watch his approach; but the long, slow hours wore on, and she watched in vain. At 4 o'clock some one came to her and said: "There has been an accident, Miss Marcus. Have you heard? One of the fishing-smacks was overturned, and two fishermen and a gentleman drowned. We fear it may be Mr. Raymond."

A momentary blackness swept over her, but she conquered it. "God could not be so cruel!" she said, but she did not know that she had spoken. She heard about her the buzz of inquiry, the bustle of excitement, but she sat still and white, as though carved from marble. This—this was the end! Until this moment when hope had died, she had not known all that had lived and perished with it. The day wore on. The night fell. Still she sat motionless, watching the sea. Her end of the piazza was deserted. A gloom hung over the hotel. The young moon shed its faint rays upon her, as though it alone guessed her secret and gave her its pity.

"Alone—alone," she murmured, "forevermore! Oh, my love—my love!" Had her cry conjured up his wraith? From whence had he sprung? An instant before no one was in sight—now he stood close beside her. She did not pause to think. She rose, and with one wild sob threw herself upon his breast. "Jack! Jack! Forgive me!" she cried.

But it was no ghost which wiped away her tears and hushed her sobs with his kisses. When they were calmer, he told her of his escape. One poor fellow, indeed, had been drowned; but he, with the others, had been saved by a passing craft, whose destination had been some little distance down the coast. But Ethel only realized that he was with her; for the rest she cared nothing.

"I—I shall never wear another one of Worth's dresses!" she said, at last, penitently. "Hush, darling! No rash vows," he answered, once more kissing the sweet lips to silence. "You shall send one more order, at least, ere many days have sped, and that, my love, for the dress in which you give to me the priceless gift of your own dear self." —Saturday Night.

Every Town Should Advertise. In the opinion of the Four-Track News, one of the first requisites of a good business man, in this age of mercantile activity, is that he should understand the art of advertising. The same rules that govern private concerns should govern the business affairs of cities. Every civilized town that has industrial aspirations and hopes to grow and prosper, must needs let the world know what it has to offer by way of inducements. Manufacturing enterprises, educational institutions, business and professional men are ever seeking desirable locations, and it is a noticeable fact that comparatively few cities and towns are attracting them. This is because many towns which possess good water power, good shipping facilities, good school and residential advantages, lack the life and enterprise to let the world know what they possess. They do not grow because they are unknown. They are like the drowsy merchant who doesn't think it worth while to advertise, but prefers to sit and watch the spiders spin webs across his doorway. Every new enterprise that locates in a town adds to the prosperity and business possibilities of every dealer in the place, and every citizen who has his own good and the good of the community at heart should take a hand in getting his town into touch with the busy, wide-awake world.

# Timely Fashion Hints

New York City.—Waists made with fancy yokes of various sorts are among the favorites of the season and are exceedingly attractive, both in the



FANCY BLOUSE WAIST.

fashionable thin silks and the many lovely muslins that are so well liked. This one is peculiarly charming and is made of mercerized batiste with a yoke made of bandings of the material held by fagotting and is trimmed with Tenebrio wheels. The material being washable, the lining is omitted, but when silk or wool fabrics are used, the fitted foundation is in every way to be desired. When liked the yoke can be of all-over material, or it can be made from either lace or other ornamental banding held together by stitchings or by banding of a contrasting sort.

The waist consists of the fitted lining, front, back and yoke. Both the waist and sleeves are laid in fine tucks,

are pistache green, pale ochre, orchid mauve and some charming shades of China and Wedgwood blue.

**A Cluny Coat.** Rather more for its graceful effect than for any warmth or protection afforded, the coat of real Cluny will be worn. Fashioned from the all-over lace, the pattern is deftly joined together to shape the coat, and is worn unlined. The design is saque shape, the sleeve full and loose, and the little coat is shorter in the back, sloping down markedly to the front. The hat, in dark brown chip, is simply trimmed with a scarf of Indian gauze, a chon of brown velvet ribbon in front and a "shower" plume poised at the left side.

**Linen Frocks.** Linen frocks are a very important item in the wardrobe, and they range all the way from the simplest sailor costume to the most elaborately decorated afternoon robes. Coats and little wraps are also made of linen, stitched and tailored, or heavily trimmed with white or tawny-colored lace. Soft, cool shades of green and blue are perhaps the most attractive, as is a genuine piece of buff linen which has just made its appearance.

**Constant Demand For Checks.** There is still a constant demand for checks of all sorts. Volles, in a pale blue and white check, are, perhaps, the most popular, and a novelty consists of a black and white check with a large spot in a contrasting color, such as green, pale blue or cherry color, while it is a point to be observed that the check forms the background of many of the new dress materials.

**Pleated Bolero.** Jaunty little jackets of all sorts are to be noted among the smartest and

## A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.



which are stitched for a portion of their length only and which provide soft fullness below. The yoke is separate and arranged over the waist, the closing being made at the centre back. The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and one-quarter yards twenty-one inches wide, three and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, or two and one-half yards forty-four inches wide, with fifteen yards of banding, or one yard of all-over material eighteen inches wide for yoke and cuffs and one-half yard of silk for belt.

**Color in Waists.** Color, if employed at all in the design, should go with the dark and medium toned waists, and of these, both as to shade and texture, there are samples galore from which to make a selection. Possibly the pale tans and biscuit colors are most enticing, and with these you may consistently work in monochrome effects. There are some very fetching lavender tints and blues that will stand color; in fact, the more pronounced the color of the waist, the more bold your design may be. Coarse linens are exceedingly stunning when embroidered in heavy thread, and will not look amiss with a bold dash of color here and there.

**For Auto Wear.** For automobile wear—and at this season the fair chauffeuse has an entire regeneration of her motoring wardrobe—mohairs and shantings are pre-eminent; indeed, these materials seem made for the motor, so admirably are they adapted for dusty roads and hard wear. The motoring shantings are heavier and rougher than last season, the shades most in vogue being ash gray, dunsion, blue and willow green, while the long coat of natural colored silk trimmed with black, gold and cream braid has a decided cachet of its own.

**More and More the Mode.** The lace blouse is becoming more and more a la mode. The daintiest examples are to be had in tambour and Alencon lace, trimmed with elaborate inlet medallions of Cluny lace, fine guipure, and embroidered lawn. Blouses in pale shades of batiste are likewise to be seen, having wide, deep yokes, cuffs and collars of broderie Anglaise. The silks which are the most in evidence

# IN WOMAN'S REALM



**The White Belt.** Fashion dictates that a white girdle shall be worn by every woman who can assume it with credit to her appearance. The best ones are so well shaped that they can often be adapted even by robust wearers, as they curve properly and give the waist its proper bing. But it is the slight girl who naturally delights in the high corset, which is effective and comfortable whether made of taffetas of the plain, blossomed, or shot kind, or of soft leather.

**Princess's Favorite Color.** One of the favorite colors of the Princess of Wales is a delicate mauve, which she wears very often, both for daytime and evening functions. The princess is celebrated among the Austrians both for her taste in dress and for her dancing. This is quite a compliment to the English princess, as the Austrians themselves are renowned for their superiority in both these lines. Her royal highness wore recently a ball gown which created quite a sensation. It was of pale lilac liberty gauze, elaborately decorated with rare lace and flowers.

**Beruffled Hats.** The most effective millinery of the summer is decidedly that of the Morland type, with the tall crown and the flopping brim in which the painter loved to delineate his sitters. We seem already to have departed quite a measurable distance from the mushroom hat, with its simple trimming of tulle or ribbon ruching and strings to match. Every hat to which a soft ruffle could be given as the lining to the brim has one; there is certainly much to praise in the revival of this quaint fashion, which exercises a most softening influence over a pretty face.

**Conditional Pleasure.** "I see too late," remarked a clever woman, "that I left pleasure behind when I took to comforts. I can no longer be enraptured by scenery and sunsets unless I also am sure of hot and cold water and first class beds, and the finest play does not attract me unless I can get a good seat. I have to be comfortable before I can enjoy myself, and that is fatal to true pleasure. I enjoy conditionally—not absolutely, as I used to, when I stood three hours to hear Irving and Terry, and went home and was tired for two days, and yet had no misgivings as to the good time I had had. You needn't smile—that was pleasure pure and simple, without conditions." —Harper's Bazar.

**Waving Irons Are Still Used.** It is no use for those who think they know to declare that the waving of the hair is no longer a modish idea. Women will have their heads waved till doomsday, and the hairdressers have such a pretty way of coaxing the hair into waves to peculiarly suit the profile. Once upon a time the hairdresser just made straight waves down the side of the head, but nowadays a more sophisticated idea prevails, as, for instance, over the ear the hair will be set in a wave that curves right round to coincide with the curve of the ear; it is wonderfully becoming and positively transforms a profile not perfect. Pure classic features can, of course, stand any hair dressing, but if the nose and chin don't exactly balance, or there are other little matters lacking perfection, this waving the hair does wonders in producing that quality of charm which we all appreciate so much. —London Black and White.

**The Future of Dress.** As women advance in the scale of progress, will they leave the love of dress behind? Fifty-odd years ago, when the first women's rights conventions met in New England, this did not seem a debatable question. Short hair and bloomers characterized the feminine champions of the cause. Dress was proclaimed as one of the vanities from which the sex was to be emancipated. But fifty years have passed, and now Miss Susan B. Anthony, in her graceful and serene old age, wears point lace, like any other woman fortunate enough to possess it. The leaders of a suffrage convention and those of a whist club could be shaken up together nowadays, and no one would know which was which, as far as their clothes were concerned. The advanced woman no longer cuts her hair short, and the speaker at a woman's club is often the most daintily gowned woman in the room.

The dress of the future will follow the conditions of the future woman. It is prettier and daintier to-day than it ever was, and as long as women continue pretty and dainty there is little fear that the graces of costume will vanish. It would be a gayer world if it did. Dress reform always has a field. But when it is a reform it should succeed. Dress is safe in the hands of the women of to-day, and ought to be safer still in the hands of the women of to-morrow. The alarmist has small cause for fear on that score.—Harper's Bazar.

**Win a Good Husband.** It is quite possible that there are some girls who possess none of the faults mentioned below. A little thought is all that is needed to guard against developing habits which are as unbecoming to them as they are distasteful to friend or admirer or bridegroom, says *Woman's Life*. One of the most common fallings among girls is that of making themselves distasteful to man's eye. Either they try to improve whatever beauty nature has bestowed upon them by



Wide leather girdles have their great merit in front.

Parrot red and parrot green enjoy an equal show of favor.

Brown and green chestnut burs and a charming little kimona.

Very lovely are the stocks and traverses of Oriental material.

Satin finished silks may be coated upon to make their reappearance.

At Longchamps the leading colors were white, lavender and shades of blue.

Lace frocks little life upon all kinds of garments, the traveling coat not excepted.

Real old-fashioned plain buckles—just as our grandmothers wore them—have appeared.

One must be established at the number of blue shades that have sprung up this year.

Some of the garments called Louis Seize would probably astonish that monarch himself.

Those flaming yellow shoes are not be mistaken for the modest tans approved by fashion.

Check silks are used for everything from traveling frocks to the most ornate visiting gowns.

In Paris pointed bodices, plain skirts and puffed sleeves are more in evidence than anything else.

Where is the reckless prophet who foretold the downfall of the bolero? It flourishes as openly as ever.

From smart tailors have come many linen suits whereof the skirt is plain and the coat long and close fitting.

If you see a woman looking especially well pleased with her appearance, make a note of her girdle design.

Leather belt, stocking and sunshade of brilliant green go with a white linen dress embroidered with clear green dots.