

LIFE.
 "We watch our bubbles fly away,
 Or make them blowing break."
 "The children at their play,
 We see their bubbles make."
 "But when our bubbles are all made,
 And all our moments spent,
 Unlike the children, 'tis afraid
 We show our discontent."
 —Ran's Horn.

The Unspoken Answer

LOOK here, Digby," observed Guy Maxwell to his chum, with that air of superiority which was peculiar to him, "there's only to-morrow left, and I must arrange to have a few minutes with Miss Lytleton. She's the sort of a girl who would make a fellow a real good wife. I rather think she likes me, and the fact that I am heir to a baronetcy, with a good income attached, will have some weight. I intend to have a try to-morrow."

Digby Grant blew out a cloud of smoke in order to hide the expression that crept over his face. "That means," said Digby, after a pause, "that you intend to propose to her to-morrow?"

"I don't see what other interpretation you can put on my words," rejoined Guy, rather irritably. "You don't seem very bright to-day; you are tired after your walk. Your voice is a bit shaky. Have something to brace you up."

"No, thanks," said Digby, forcing a laugh. "But go on."
 "Well," continued Guy, "I have fallen in love with that girl. My life will not be a happy one if I do not win her. I have mentioned my intention to you, old fellow, because I wish to ask a favor."
 "What is it?" inquired Digby, surprised. "I can't help you to win Grace—I ought to say, Miss Grace Lytleton."

"Yes, you can," was the astonished rejoinder. "I simply want you to keep out of the way. You see," pursued Guy, a trifle awkwardly, "we are always together. Now, I can't propose to her with you by my side, so I want—"

"Oh, I'll clear out for the day!" agreed Digby. "You ought to get a good chance. I'm going to turn in now. You will have to-morrow entirely, and on the following morning we start for town. Good night!"

Digby Grant was not in a pleasant mood when he reached his own bedroom. He, too, was in love with Grace Lytleton; he had been trying to arrive at a decision as to whether she would be likely to stand any chance if he proposed. He was not very well off, but nevertheless, he could offer her a good home, and he was rising in his profession. Now, at the last moment Guy had announced his intention of wooing the capture of Grace's hand and heart.

"I can't go behind his back," muttered Digby, disconsolately, "so I must stand aside. Is she the sort of girl that would be captivated by the prospect of a title? I hardly think so, yet she may be in love with him, for women like a masterful man. I don't see that I have any right to interfere!" groaned Digby. "I might be off early and go to somewhere—for the day!"

He was true to his word, and Guy Maxwell watched for the opportunity. Miss Lytleton was staying at the same hotel, where her father had taken a suite of rooms to accommodate himself, his daughter and his young son, a boy of fourteen. Mr. Lytleton thought it a bore to be compelled to spend two or three weeks away from his business, so he had letters sent on, and spent a fair proportion of his time in writing his instructions, talking to London on the telephone or reflecting over commercial problems in the smoking room. Grace and Roy were left much to themselves, which was fortunate from Guy's point of view.

"The boy will be off somewhere, and she will be alone, so far as her relatives are concerned," mused Guy with great satisfaction. "I can manage to get her to a quiet spot somewhere inside or out, and the thing will be done."
 He had to wait some time for his chance during the morning. Other gentlemen appeared to claim a goodly share of her attention, and she was playing tennis in the spacious grounds of the palatial hotel. Roy, too, seemed to be "dodging about," as Guy indignantly phrased it, more than usual. However, the much desired opportunity presented itself at last, and he found himself alone with Grace Lytleton.

Guy Maxwell had himself up to make another opportunity for the afternoon. He supposed to say that there was good money for an amateur photographer in the neighborhood of Rookham, about three miles away, and that the day was a perfect one. Roy appeared to catch at the idea, and Guy was hopeful.

Guy felt just a trifle mean at the thought of spying on Miss Lytleton in order to discover which way she went for a walk, but he did it, and was rewarded by seeing her alone on the cliffs.

"This is a fortunate meeting, Miss Lytleton," he declared, raising his hat. "Suppose we go to the base of that cliff. There is a pretty nook visible from here, and it would form a pleasant afternoon excursion. Don't you think so?"

Grace Lytleton murmured that it might be so, but she was afraid to undertake any climbing on account of the fatigue.

"It is really very good of you to take so much trouble to make my stay agreeable, Mr. Maxwell," she said charmingly, "but I fear that it is a thankless task for you."
 She looked at him with a strange expression, which he interpreted favorably. He stretched out his hand to take hers.

"I'm going to Rookham to-morrow or the next day, Mr. Maxwell," said a well-known voice behind him.
 Guy nearly uttered a rude exclamation, but he smothered it and resigned himself to wait for another opportunity.

The evening alone remained, and Guy vowed that, by hook or by crook, he would have his answer then. There was a ball that evening, so he would certainly get Grace alone at one portion of the entertainment. Roy would be in bed; that was one thing to be thankful for, and old Lytleton was a nobody.

He secured three or four dances, carefully selected by himself for convenient times, and felt certain of victory.

"She knows what to expect," he murmured several times. "She's shy and restrained, which is a good sign." When he tried to dance with her was over he tried to lead her away to the conservatory, but her next partner claimed her.

The second dance was before the interval, so he was safe from the intrusion of the next partner. Without asking her he led her away to a quiet spot; she appeared reluctant, but he paid no heed. If he lost this chance—

"Miss Lytleton—Grace! I must tell you!" he began, losing no time in preliminaries. "I cannot—"
 "I say, it's late for me to be up, sis, and dad is cross! Do you think Mr. Maxwell— Oh, that is Mr. Maxwell!"
 Roy looked as if he had said too much. Guy was on the point of telling him to clear off, when Grace spoke. "I'm afraid father will be cross, Roy, but I must take the blame. I'll go and find him and explain. You will excuse me, won't you, Mr. Maxwell?"

New Ideas in Jewelleries

New York City.—Loose box coats make exceedingly smart wraps that are eminently comfortable as well. This one is adapted to all the range of cloaks.



BOX COAT.

ling materials, but is shown in tan velvet and is stitched with corticeal silk. The special features of the model are the mandolin sleeves and the additional lapels, which are exceedingly effective. When liked, however, plain sleeves can be substituted for the larger ones, as shown in the small sketch.

The coat is made with fronts and backs and is shaped by means of shoulder, under arm and centre back seams. A pocket is inserted in each front and the closing is made invisibly by means of a fly. The extra lapels are applied under the fronts and collar and roll over with them. The mandolin sleeves

A Late Design by May Manton.



are cut in one piece each and are finished with plain cuffs, but the plain sleeves are in regulation coat style with uppers and unders.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and one-half yards twenty-one inches wide, two and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide or two and one-eighth yards fifty-two inches wide, with one-fourth yard velvet to trim as illustrated.

Of Blue Taffeta.
 Taffeta costumes are among the most pleasing of summer offerings in the shops, and blue ranks as one of the very good colors. The following example is of handsome blue taffeta (handsome both as to color and quality), and it is much pleated—pleats and tucks being as modish as ever. Silk buttons and strappings serve as the effective finishing touches, though the novel wrist frills come in for more attention. These and the lingerie blouse are of purest white, as is the lovely ostrich plume which so cleverly finishes the very catchy tricorn.

A Gantlet Evolution.
 The gantlet in delicate shades began its renewed career last winter in gloves without hook or other fastening, which turned back at the wrist to show linings contrasting in tone from the outside—an evolution, possibly, of last year's summer girl's floppy wrists. These gloves are now to be had not only in suede, but in the open lisse weave. The backs are embroidered in the same shades as the linings. A white glove, lined with blue, has blue stitching on the back. A black glove lined with white has white stitching.

A little blouse coat of rich silk, wrought with braid, buttons, lace, tucks and fringe is seen with the daintiest of light gowns. The wrist ruffles which so prettily finish the sleeves are in as high vogue as ever. One such coat is a necessity in the wardrobe of the woman or girl who would be ready for all occasions.

Lovely Fibre Braids.
 Never were fibre braids so lovely and numerous. Some representing shaded, dull effects of lichen and moss tints are alternated beautifully with gold or ribbon folds or tiny flower bands. Some moss-like braid stands out softly, and tiny rosettes of all colors are poked in the braid all over the hat with a decidedly new and fascinating effect.

The New Neckties.
 Soft silk neckties of the washable sort are to be worn with linen collars. They are tied in a very wide bow with short ends. Generally, the silks are soft, subdued colors. Shades of ponce, sprinkled with small patterns in porcelain, blue, pistache green or ox blood red are the most desirable color schemes.

Popular in Paris.
 Soft orchid colored velvets are popular in Paris for evening wear, and silk yak lace is creeping in insidiously into the realm of the evening cloak, while there is still a pronounced demand for cheville fringe, which grows increasingly popular.

Ribbon Bows.
 An effective embroidery in rose applique made of white baby ribbon. This cunningly looped and knotted form flows so natural as to deceive the eye into believing them real. The knots are so placed as to make the petals curl, and every flower has a tiny yellow heart. The foliage is formed of embroidery in silk.

Seen and Heard by a Woman.
 According to the recent discussion at the dressmakers' convention in Chicago, the stout woman will not be really happy this season so far as the style of her summer gowns is concerned. Fullness in the skirts and large, flowing sleeves are the cry, and stout or thin, the gowns must be made after this fashion if one would be up to date.

The "Simple Life."
 We are hearing a great deal nowadays about the simple life, and we need to hear a good deal more. But we women all know, don't we? that it is one thing to establish an ideal and another to live up to it in detail. Here, as ever, lies our strength and our weakness. It is, we after all, not the good Pastor Wagner nor any other man, who have to work out our own salvation from the fettering trifles that hold us back from our highest usefulness and happiness. We have to call upon the strength of our minds to order these little things so that neither they shall suffer nor the great things, but so that they are in order and fit subordination, shall add their beauty to life. To do it we need to take the broad view. However busy our hands may be with little things, our minds must see them in the large, in the full sum of their little relationships. We need to let the life of eternal space in upon the confusing clutter that distracts us. In that illumination we shall, by slow degrees, find a place for every genuine duty, put it in its place and with a firm hand keep it there. We shall see at once that we need a large supply of patience—that we cannot expect to learn how to live until just before we die, if then; but that by being steady and still we can move on and up a little at a time. The comfort will be that we shall move others up with us—Those We Love Best, Those We Love Next Best and Those of Whom We Are a Part. We shall see the righteousness of play and rest and take our share—may, plan and look out for our share—with a thankful heart. And our happy husbands and children will rise up and call us "blessed"—Harper's Bazar.

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The Charm of the Veil.
 The European has awakened to the fact that veils, if not always graceful and becoming, are convenient in all styles. So the veil is an established mode in fashionable Paris, and its pace may be said to be officially set—two years and more after the American women introduced it as a vogue.

The Champion Lady Climber.
 Mrs. Fanny Bullock Workman, news of whose seasonal climb in the Himalayas to an altitude of 22,568 feet has come to hand, is an American, and by far the most expert lady mountaineer in the world. Of medium height and not more robust looking than the average woman, there is absolutely nothing in her appearance to suggest abnormal strength; yet the feats of endurance of which she is capable are quite phenomenal. When engaged on climbs involving days and days of hard and continuous work she is accustomed to be on her feet for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, and no amount of discomfort causes her the least vexation. To be caught in a severe snowstorm at a great height and to take her meals anyhow only adds to the measure she experiences in overcoming the difficulties. Mrs. Bullock Workman believes that women who possess the qualities of courage, endurance and patience, and are willing to rough it make quite as good climbers as men, and her own exploits more than justify her contention.—Men and Women (London).

Beware of the Bellitters.
 Beware of people who are constantly belittling others, finding flaws and defects in their characters or slyly insinuating that they are not quite what they ought to be. Such persons are dangerous and not to be trusted, says Success.

Yellow Fiano Keys.
 Many people who keep their pianos carefully closed find that the keys become yellow. Because dust is injurious to a piano it is a common belief that a piano should be closed when not in use. This is a mistake. The majority of pianos made to-day are constructed so that dust cannot easily penetrate them even when they are open. Keys turn yellow from lack of light, and a piano should be open for nothing like strong sunshine for anything like a few hours. Rub the keys with powdered pumice stone moistened with water and then draw the piano up before a sunny window while the keys are still moist. The woodwork of the piano should be carefully covered. This bleaching is a slow process and may need to be repeated several times before the keys assume their original color. Some housekeepers have bleached the keys of their pianos to a beautiful white by simply letting strong sunlight rest fully on them hour after hour and day after day.

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IN WOMAN'S REALM

Children should be taught early in life to look fearlessly and candidly into the eyes of anyone who addresses them; the habit will be of good service to them in after years. The prevailing idea that shifty eyes betoken duplicity, however, while a steadfast regard shows an honest disposition is not a correct one. Shyness is responsible in many cases for an averted glance, while the bold, bright eyes of many a young vagabond often serve only as an aid to deception and fraud, so that it is hardly fair to condemn a person who is unable, as the saying is, to "look one straight in the face," and it should be considered more of a misfortune than an evidence of untrustworthiness. People who are called magnetic almost always, it may be noticed, have a pronounced visual power. The interest that they feel, or profess to feel, in others is intensified by a certain concentration in their regard, which seems to include alone the person addressed. It is flattering and attractive and invariably affects the other person favorably.

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Household Matters

Care of Flatirons.
 Flatirons in the average household are too often sadly neglected. They are very apt to be left on the back of the stove, where they can never become thoroughly cold, and where in time they lose their power to regulate heat. Like all iron and steel instruments, they possess that peculiar quality called temper. Irons that are heated to a high temperature, and then, as soon as the work is through with them, but in a cooler place to become thoroughly cold, will last for many years. Irons grow more valuable with time, if good care, in some other respects, is taken of them. For instance, they should be kept in a dry place, where they are not subject to rust or moisture. Flatirons that have lost their temper and become rusted or roughened should be disposed of, and not left to take up valuable space on kitchen shelves. New irons cost little, and it is poor economy to use old ones that are past their usefulness.

For the Invalid.
 Orange pulp served in glasses may be used to introduce either the breakfast or luncheon. For the invalid's tray the fruit served in this way is especially appropriate. Cut the fruit in half crosswise, and scoop out the pulp, rejecting all the seeds and white fibre. A sharp knife may be made to aid in the process, so that the delicate globules may be broken as little as possible. Sprinkle with sugar and stand the glasses on ice for ten minutes. Pineapple syrup from a can of the preserved fruit may be added to give zest to the flavor. Tilled apples are delicious served with whipped cream. Fill a baking dish with thinly sliced apples which have been sprinkled with sugar as successive layers of the fruit have been added. Turn in half a cupful of water. Fit over a dish, a cover or plate, which will serve as a slight weight. Bake very slowly for three hours. Let the apples remain in the dish until they are cold. Then turn them out.—New York News.

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