



CHAPTER VII.

The cricket match had taken place. Tom's eleven, thanks to Dallas, had won a glorious victory. The guests were gone from the Hall. It was a lovely afternoon, with a soft west wind.

Never had June looked to such advantage as she did that evening at dinner. There was a lovely color in her cheeks, a new light in her eyes; her voice had a joyous ring; she seemed to be an incarnation of pleasure and happiness.

"Would not you young people like to go into the garden?" said Mrs. Ellesmere the moment dinner was over, and they obeyed her suggestion with alacrity.

"Let us get into the boat," whispered Dallas; and June gave a radiant assent. Twilight was creeping on, all nature was hushed; they might have been the only two living creatures on earth. And, for the time being, they would have been content to have the world to themselves. To-night June knew the difference that the society of another human being can make to all life, to all nature—knew how it can fill every moment with a strange, heavenly rapture, marred only by remembering how fleeting is the joy.

Neither seemed disposed to talk much; both were possessed by a sense of happiness. The moon came out and lit up the flowers on the bank, turning them to many colored jewels.

"How I wish this could last forever!" murmured Dallas, at last, bending a little toward June.

She smiled and sighed. The smile was for content, the sigh for regret.

Suddenly an uneasy scruple came over Dallas. Was he not acting a traitor's part to Tom—Tom, who would never have been disloyal to any human being? Ought he not, instead of making love to this fair girl on his own account, to be pleading his cousin's cause? It was extremely repugnant to him, but the better side of his nature was awake to-night. And any thought of marrying June himself was out of the question. Some day he would be a baronet, with a fair income; not, however, in all probability, before he was getting gray and well on in years; he had several brothers and sisters, he had debts. A penniless wife for him, therefore, was a luxury not even to be contemplated in the remotest manner. Tom—lucky chap!—had no factor to consult save his own will—and the lady's.

"You were not serious the other day," Dallas asked June, "when you said that you did not mean to marry Tom?"

For a moment all June's sense of happiness vanished; a cold pang swept over her. She had forgotten that Tom existed. "Do not let us talk of him!" she said, with a little gesture that conveyed disgust more expressively than she was aware of.

"Not much chance," thought Dallas, "for a man to whom a woman feels like that." He was almost ashamed of himself for the satisfaction which her action gave him. "How you snubbed me that first night at dinner!" he said, with a half smile, after a pause. "I never felt so small. You turned your back on me all dinner time, and, though I was watching my opportunity like a cat to speak to you, you never gave it me until, by a lucky accident, you dropped your fan under the table."

June smiled pensively. How well she remembers that evening! how she likes to think that he noticed her behavior!

"Why were you so unkind?" "I wanted not to like you," she answers, simply. "I made up my mind that I would not."

"But you have changed it now, have you not?" looking into the depths of her eyes.

"Yes," she says. "Why should she lie to him? Ah! she has indeed changed, if there ever was a time when she did not like him. But was there ever such a time?"

"I," he says, tenderly, "have never changed from the first moment that I saw you. I can't tell you how much hurt I was that you would not be friends with me. The only time I ever thought you felt a little bit kind to me was that evening of the dance. Do you remember?"

Does June remember? Ay, most truly does she.

She bends her head in answer. "I was dying to ask you again, but I dared not. I thought it was best not."

"Best for you and best for me," quotes June, smiling.

"Only for me," he answers. "I was not such a conceited ass as to think it could make any difference to you. And then I imagined that you belonged to Tom."

June makes an impatient movement through the water with her fingers. She cannot bear any allusion to Tom to-night.

"How divinely you dance!" says Dallas. Then, with a sudden inspiration, "Why should we not have a waltz to-night? My aunt plays dance music charmingly."

"Oh, yes!" echoes June, her eyes kindling with pleasure; "let us ask her!" Dallas takes up the sculls, and in two minutes they are at the landing place.

He jumps out, secures the boat, and gives her his hand.

Slowly and silently, for very joy's sake, they move together up to the house.

Mrs. Ellesmere is rousing herself from her slumbers.

"Auntie," says Dallas, laying a caressing arm round her shoulder, "we want you to do something for us."

"What is it, dear boy?" she asks, with a fond glance at his good-looking young face, consent already implied by her tone.

"Won't you come into the hall and play us one of your delicious waltzes? We are dying to have a turn."

"Of course I will," she answers, smiling, and feeling extremely gratified at the course events are taking. A glance at June's face assures her that her irresistible nephew has made one more conquest, one to which he is most heartily welcome.

So, with the kindest grace in the world, she goes to the piano and plays unweariedly while these two reckless young people, heart beating to heart, their souls drunk with the intoxication of their love and the rhythm of their movements, are weaving, with gossamer threads of rapture, the web of future pain.

"Let us go for a stroll under the trees," said Dallas. June rose, and together they disappeared from the lynx eyes of some one who was watching them from the drawing room window.

They sauntered in the grove where Tom loved to take June as being retired from prying eyes; but, ah! how different was it to-day! The seclusion which had irked her so with Tom, from which she had longed to escape, seemed an enchantment whose only flaw was that it must have an end.

They were reaching for the tenth time the evergreen arch which divided them from the flower garden. Dallas stopped, and June stood still beside him.

"How shall I see you to-morrow?" he says, his eyes full of tenderness and a touch of regret in his voice. "Tom will be here, and then my short day will be over."

June meets his gaze for one moment, then her eyes droop, and a flickering color comes into her cheek.

"My darling!" he murmurs, and his arm takes gentle possession of her slight form, his handsome face bends down to hers, his lips touch hers, not with the eager haste with which they have oftentimes sought red lips before, but with a tenderness and reverence new to him, but most exceeding sweet.

And June! Her heart gives one mighty thro; involuntarily her eyes close; for one moment a trance seems to steal her soul.

She makes a movement to disengage herself from his arms; he yields to it at once; and then, before they have time to recover themselves, each hears a sound of hurrying feet and then Tom's voice shouting:

"Dal! where are you?" The awakening is horrible. Tom here already? Both feel like culprits—Dallas perhaps even more than June.

Dallas shouts in answer, and Tom's big form looms straightway in the opening. He does not wear that cheery, genial smile which is the ordinary garb of his face; he is evidently ill pleased; his light-blue eyes express anything but satisfaction. He shakes both by the hand, and they try to look delighted, and feel secretly awkward and a little bit afraid of this usually good-humored giant. He is like a big Newfoundland—the children's slave and plaything—who shows temper for the first time.

"I managed to catch the earlier train," he says, standing tapping his boot with his stick. "I thought there was a chance, and told the dog cart to meet me."

Then they ply him with questions about his journey and the Show, and he answers them, but he is not the Tom they are used to. Something is wrong with him. When they all go into the house together and June finds Agnes drinking tea with Mrs. Ellesmere she has a terribly shrewd suspicion who it is that has been making mischief and putting ideas into Tom's head.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Dal!"

"Well, old chap?" Dallas tried to make his tone light and unsuspecting, but was conscious that the effort was somewhat of a failure.

"I heard something when I came back to-day—that was not very pleasant hearing."

"Oh," thought Dallas, with sudden inspiration, "that confounded sanctimonious cousin, I lay a thousand!"

"I am told," and Tom's voice betrayed evident nervousness, "that Miss Rivers has been up here ever since I left."

"She lunched here to-day."

"Oh!" remarked Tom, shortly. "Look here, Dal"—with immense emphasis—"there must be a little plain speaking between us. I think you know that I am not a jealous chap. I have never felt the least grudge against you on my mother's account. I have never envied you your success with women—I never wanted to

succeed but with one; but," dashing his hand down on the table till every glass rang, "if you come between me and June Rivers, I will never take your hand again as long as I have breath in my body."

Dallas, whose thoughts go with fifty times the rapidity of his cousin's, has time during this oration to reflect and decide.

"My dear old chap," he said, looking across into Tom's disturbed and angry face and feeling horribly ashamed of his own duplicity, "what are you driving at?" Tom paused.

"I don't like to think," he said, with a straight, stern look at his cousin, "that you have not the same instincts of honor and gentlemanlike feeling that almost every man has. I never doubted you before; but when I hear of you sitting hand in hand with the girl whom you know I love—"

"Who said it?" "No matter," answered Tom, to whom the thought suddenly occurred that he must not allow Agnes to suffer for her fidelity to his interests.

Dallas felt the time had come to take the bull by the horns.

"I thought," he remarked, "that the last time we talked about Miss Rivers you expressed a wish that I should endeavor to conquer her evident dislike to me; and now you want to go down my throat for having tried to make friends with her. I think I can guess who your informant is, and, perhaps, in the innocence of your heart, you do not see through her last move in the game. It is plain enough that Miss Agnes is in love with you, and would do anything in the world to set you against her cousin."

Tom was exceedingly troubled. Were not both Dal's remarks perfectly true? Was he, then, only a blundering fool, ready to be the prey of any one who chose to play on his feelings? He felt rather ashamed of himself.

"Perhaps I am wrong," he said, awkwardly. "If so, I beg your pardon. But," after a moment's pause, "I know—of course I cannot help seeing—how much more there is in you than in me to attract a woman."

"Pshaw!" cried Dallas, angrily, thrusting his chair back and rising, "don't talk such rot! Take my word for it, Tom, there is nothing hinders a man, especially with women, like having a poor opinion of himself. The world always takes you at your own valuation when it's a low one."

Tom rose, too, and went toward his cousin.

"If I was unjust," he said, in his own frank, manly way, thereby causing a pang of remorse to shoot through Dallas's breast, "I beg your pardon. But I should like you to give me your hand on it that you will not try to come between me and my little girl."

So Dallas gave his hand and swore to himself to be faithful to the bond of which this was the seal. Then he went out into the garden alone, and, stepping into the boat, pushed off from the shore, and lay on his back, looking up into the moonlit heaven and thinking with a bitter pang of this time last night.

It was the first time in his life that he had loved with true, genuine affection, and it was also the first time that he had felt absolutely without hope. There was only one thing for it—to get out of the way of temptation as soon as possible. He had given his word to Tom, and, so help him, God, he meant to keep it.

The next morning June was sadly preoccupied during her studies; she could think of nothing but Dallas and what pretext he could make to see her to-day. When she returned home at midday, Mrs. Rivers said:

"Tom has been here."

June turned to the window to conceal her face. Her heart beat wildly. She waited almost in terror for the next words. Had he come to complain and protest to her mother? But Mrs. Rivers' tone was perfectly calm and unsuspecting.

"He had just been to see his cousin off by the train."

A sudden dizziness caused June's brain to reel, a deadly faintness to creep through her heart; she had to hold the chair tightly against which she was leaning.

Dallas gone, and without a word, a line to her! There had been a quarrel doubtless between the two men, which had ended in Dallas leaving the Hall. But surely he might have communicated with her by some means. And Tom had told her mother nothing; that was evident.

When June could command her face and voice, she turned away from the window.

"Was it not rather sudden, Mr. Broke leaving?" she asked.

"I think it was. Tom said he had a letter this morning calling him back to London."

"And how was Tom?" June asked, trying to speak indifferently.

"He seemed in capital spirits."

(To be continued.)

Death from Corns.

All that troubled Mary Murray, of Brooklyn, after 72 years of life, was that her corns hurt her so much that she couldn't get around as brisk and lively as a girl of her age ought to. She determined to take heroic measures, and, borrowing a razor, she sliced off the annoying protuberances. One of her toes bled slightly, and she applied ammonia to it. Three days later she died. Blood poisoning the doctors said.

The Colonel Disapproved.

"Won't you join us?" said the young man.

"What are you going to do?" inquired Col. Stillwell.

"To make up a skating party."

"No, suh," was the emphatic reply. "I will not join any skating party. If there is anything upon which I pride myself, it is my ability, suh, to indulge without excess, suh."

The fellow who is always straining to be great, wears himself smaller and smaller.

DANDIES ADOPTING WOMEN'S WEAR.



European dandies are adopting women's wear. Corsets are a case in point. There have been little paragraphs in the London papers every now and then for the last few months touching upon the increasing demand for men's corsets. During a trial in Paris between the partners of a corset firm the defense revealed that one of the branches of their manufacture were men's corsets. The judge having demanded an explanation it was shown that more than 18,000 corsets were made yearly for Frenchmen and 3,000 were shipped to England, principally for army officers. German officers also created quite a demand till a rival Berlin firm offered a cheaper article.

Any Bond street dealer will tell you, without the slightest hesitation, that he employs dozens of workwomen to embroider dainty garments for his male clients. One shop never sends out a garment without embroidered initials and feather stitching on it, and another devotes its energy to decorating the legs of man's socks with silk initials and other needlework.

The illustration for this article is by F. G. Long, the American cartoonist, in London. The corset on the chair, the nightgown on the wall, the stock, the embroidery and the make-up appliances are all drawn in exact detail.

THE FASHIONABLE FIGURE.

Woman's Form Now to Produce Siab-like Effects.

It seems that woman's form, which has always lent itself obligingly, joyfully, to the wishes of fashion, is again to undergo a change. The fashionable figure of the present season is quite different from its immediate predecessor. It is a bit doubtful if the new figure will inspire sculptors, poets,



THE NEW FIGURE.

painters; but of course that is a minor consideration. Fashion and art cannot always be expected to go hand in hand.

Some experts don't hesitate to shrug their shoulders skeptically and pronounce the new figure stiff. Others, who to some extent share their opinion, hasten to add that stiff or not every woman who would be thought fashionable will be cultivating it in less than three months, basing their prediction, of course, on what woman has always done in the past.

Coming, as it does, at the time when woman has only just mastered the problem of how to bring her waist line far down in front, the change of figure is all the more interesting for the reason that apparently it leaves the waist line to take care of itself. Apparently, at least, there is no attempt at tight lacing.

Fashion's incentive to model and remodel the feminine figure into many and diametrically opposed shapes is the keen desire for something new, something different, implanted in every breast, and her chief aid in the work, as everybody knows, is and always has been the corset.

At first this aid, called a girdle, was little more than a straight or curved band of varying width, worn usually outside the clothing and giving a slight support to the figure without compressing it. From the girdle has been developed the present-day corset.

The corset of to-day is an astonishing

and intricate piece of work, made up of dozens of small segments of cotton, linen, silk, as the case may be, put together with vertical, horizontal, bias, and V-shaped seams, in turn re-enforced with steels, cords, and whale-bones, pliable in some places, unbendable in others.

Incidentally the more numerous the seams and bones the more a corset costs and the better prepared it is to fulfill its mission of training a woman's form in the way it should go. None understands this important fact better than the fashionable woman, who, undeterred by a question of cost, seems to be spurred on to a reckless extravagance at the appearance of every new design which bespeaks a change of figure. No one rejoices more over her extravagance in this respect than the corset maker.

A GERMAN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Berlin Cathedral, Where the Rulers of the Land Will Be Reinterred.

The immense cathedral at Berlin, into which the German Emperor will gather the remains of his ancestors, as the English monarchs are now entombed in Westminster Abbey, is rapidly nearing completion and will soon be ready for its formal dedication. This superb work, fit, indeed, for the tomb of a line of kings, has already cost upward of \$4,000,000 and is the most notable architectural triumph in Berlin. The remains of the Emperor's forefathers are at present entombed in remote places. Frederick William IV. and Queen Elizabeth are buried at Potsdam, where also repose Frederick the Great and his father. Frederick William II. and Empress Augusta lie



GERMANY'S WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

at Charlottenburg, and the Emperor's parents are buried at Sans Souci. The present plan of bringing together under one roof the dust of the dead Hohenzollerns has been one of the present Kaiser's most cherished dreams, it would appear, is about to be realized.

Not Anxious About It.

"Few men are as good as they pretend to be."
"Well, what of it? Few men want to be."—Judge.

The world seems all the brighter to some lovers when they turn down the gas.