



CHAPTER XIII—(Continued.)
As she was hesitating Madame Saintone brought to bear the calm matter of fact mental pressure of the woman accustomed to be obeyed, on one who was moving in a lower grade.

"Ah," she said, smiling, "I thought you would relent. I understand your feelings. I should be as jealous as you if some one tried to separate me from my darling Antoinette. Where is our dear Aube?"

She walked quietly forward, and, as if mastered by a stronger will, Nousie led her in silence to the inner room she had reluctantly set apart for her child.

Aube rose from the piano as they entered, coloring vividly and then growing pale, while her mother stood at the door watching jealously every look and feeling painfully more and more that she had been creating the gap between her and the child she loved.

"Ah, my darling," cried Madame Saintone, "I have come at last."

She kissed her affectionately, but Aube made no sign.

"What a delightful little nest. A piano! Books! All thoughtful little preparations made by your dear mother for her child's return. There, have I not been patient? I should have been here before," she continued, seating herself in a lounge and arranging her dress while Aube stood by, and Nousie closed the door and seemed to keep guard lest her child should be stolen from her, "but Toinette said you two ought to have a few days together undisturbed."

"It was very kind of you, Madame Saintone, and good of you to talk."

"Oh, come my child, don't talk like that. We must not be formal. There, go and put on your things. I see how it is; you are quite pale with keeping indoors, and you have been feeling the heat. I am going to take you for a drive where you can feel the sea air; then come for a few hours to dine with us, and I'll bring you back in the evening."

Aube looked at her in a startled way, and then at her mother, who remained a silent and watchful spectator of the scene.

"You have seen nothing of the place yet, I am sure, and if I go back to Paris and call on the dear Sisters, I shall never be able to face them if I have not done my duty by you. Come."

Nousie stood with her lips parted, and feeling as if something was constricting her heart as she told herself that she had committed a grievous error, and all her labor of these many years was to prepare her child for another grade of life, and that from this moment Aube was going to drift away.

Yes; it was plain enough. She realized fully the difference between herself and this elegantly-dressed, polished woman with whom Aube seemed in accord. Misery, agony, despair—all fought for the possession of her breast as she felt now that she was only fit to be servant to her child, and for a moment, she was on the point of running from the room and finding some lonely spot where she could throw herself down and beat her head against the ground.

But as she gazed wildly at Aube, their eyes met, and there was so soft and gentle a look directed at her that her heart swelled, her great love prurient voice arose, and she said to herself, "Why not? I have been her servant and slave all these years. Why should it not continue now if it will make her happy? Is she not my life?"

"Why, my child," cried Madame Saintone with a forced laugh, "how strange you look. Oh, I see you have some nonsense in that pretty head about obligation and not wishing to trouble me. Quite school etiquette, that, and all very well in Paris, but here we are more free and neighborly. Aube, my darling, I have to give you your first lesson in Haytian hospitality, so to begin with, my dear, my horses and carriage are at your service whenever you like. We must mount you, and Toinette and you can go for long rides together."

At that moment a jealous suspicion flashed across Nousie's brain, for she recalled meeting Toinette on horseback nearly two years before, and she was riding with her brother Etienne. If Aube went with Madame Saintone, she would not my life?"

"Don't you think so, Madame Dulau?"

"I said," continued Madame Saintone, with a smile, in a voice full of good-humored concession, "do not you think our dearest Aube would look charming in a riding habit?"

Nousie's lips parted, and Madame Saintone said to herself, "Poor woman! I can lead her as I like." Then aloud, as Aube crossed toward her mother, "That's right, my dear. Do not hurry, and make your self hot, and pray let there be no more formality between us. Your dear mother wishes you, I can see, to make friends with our people, and it will be better for you, of course."

"And she will meet Etienne Saintone, the man who came here that day," thought Nousie; and with her eyes dilating she recalled the bribe he had given her, and what had followed when he and his friend kept their appointment.

She was recalling all this with the anxiety at her heart increasing as the sight of Saintone seeing and loving her child flashed across her, and quite needless of her daughter's words as Aube laid a hand upon her, and she now enough to her side and held her fast.

"What?" she said, wildly, and she looked fiercely in Aube's eyes.

"I said that it was kind and thoughtful of Madame Saintone to come and make this proposal; but will you tell her, dear, as I did, that I have come back home to you, to be with you, and that I cannot accept her offer?"

"My dearest Aube," cried Madame Saintone, holding out her hands.

"I am saying what I am sure my dear mother wishes," said Aube, gently, "and it is what I feel. Thank you, Madame Saintone, I am very grateful—indeed I am—for all your care of me during the voyage, but I must decline."

"My dear Madame Dulau," said the visitor, "it is your duty to help your child. Do not, pray, stand in her light. Indeed, all this will be for her good."

Nousie felt constrained again.

Was it right? Was it for Aube's good, and would she stand in her light? This beautiful, ladylike girl was, she saw, now, sort of pale than before.

"Do you feel this?" continued Madame Saintone, who now bowed up her advantage, and spoke earnestly to the mother.

"Feel this?" faltered Nousie, as she looked wildly at her child. "Stand in her light! Aube, dear. Should I? Yes. You should go."

Aube's arms were round her, and she laid her head upon her mother's shoulder.

"No," she said softly. "Madame Saintone is kind, but it is not right. No, Madame Saintone, I have thought all this over, and I think you all the same. Mother, I can see it."

Nousie stood as if carved in stone as Madame Saintone rose, shrugged her shoulders, and raised her eyebrows, thinking the while,

"I see," she cried, pleasantly. "Toinette was right. I have still come too soon. You two are quite love-sick yet. There, I am going now to wait till all this emotion has time to calm down. Good-bye, Madame Dulau. Aube, my sweet child," she continued, kissing her, "au revoir, I am going to disappoint Toinette, but you will make me for it another day."

Aube shook her head, but Madame Saintone laughed.

"We shall," she said gently. "Good-bye."

She rustled out of the door, and mother and child stood apart now in the shaded room, listening as the chatter of the blacks outside ceased, and in imagination they saw the visitor mount into the carriage; then the wheels crushed the dusty road, the loud talking of the blacks began again, and there was a cheer.

Then Nousie gazed wildly in her child's face.

"It is all true," she said. "I shall stand in your light and keep you back."

Aube flung her arms round her neck, and nestled to her as she whispered:

"My poor dearest mother, you hurt me when you say like that."

But Nousie made no sign, for Madame Saintone's words had gone deeply home; and more and more in her heart she knew that they were true.

(To be continued.)

courage her child to accept the intimacy at all events with Madame Saintone, who could offer her social advantages such as were wanting now.

Then she thought of leaving the place also, and beginning a new life, but these thoughts were cast aside despairingly, for if she did this, her income would cease, and worst of all, the gap between her and her child would not be bridged.

"I can see it—I can see it," she sighed. "My poor darling; she is struggling hard to love me. I never thought of it, but she is so different, and I can never be anything else but what I am."

Her musings that morning and the thoughts which always came to her when she was alone were interrupted by the entrance of Eugenie and the great black, who, after making sure that they would not be overheard, seated themselves, the black refreshing himself with a glass of rum, and Genie leaning over the buffet counter to speak in a low tone to Nousie.

"Where is Cherubine?" she asked. "Gone into the town."

"She has not been up to us lately."

"No; she has been so busy here."

"Ah, yes, with the pretty lady from over the sea."

"Yes," said Nousie uneasily, and, avoiding further allusions to her child, she entered at once into the business of her visitor's call, receiving certain orders from which she undertook to fulfill. Then the woman arose, made a sign to the black, and he followed her without a word for some distance along the road, till they were quite out of sight of Nousie's home, when she pointed up a side path.

"Go on, now," she said.

"You coming?"

"Not yet. Go on, and don't watch me." The black laughed rather consciously, and turned up the path, to go for some distance before turning sharply round, and he was about to plunge in among the trees as if to retrace his steps, when he became conscious that the mulatto had followed him a little way, and was watching to see if he really went.

The black laughed and went on again, while, after making sure that she was not being watched in turn, the girl returned to the road, and sat down where she could command the way to the port and see who came.

(To be continued.)

INVENTIVE CRANKS IN FRANCE.

Their Favorite Idea Is to Bring About Wholesome Destruction in War.

Some amusing particulars of the inventions that have been offered to the French war office since 1871, says the London Court Journal, have recently been published in a French newspaper, the majority of which are about equal to the Laputan scheme for plowing fields, namely, by sowing acorns in rows and then turning in pigs to root them up. One genius sought a patent for the training of squadrons of horses for the military naval or marine officer soldier, sailor or marine in actual service under authority of any of the thirteen colonies or states, or of the Continental Congress, and remained always loyal to such authority, or a descendant of one who signed the Declaration of Independence, or one who was a member of the Continental Congress, or of the Congress of any of the colonies or states, or as an official appointed by or under the authority of any such representative bodies actually assisting in the establishment of American independence by services rendered during the war of the revolution.

A STEAMBOAT CAPTAIN.

The steamship men say that Mrs. Daniels, of Vergennes, Vermont, is the only woman commanding a passenger steamboat in the United States, as she was the earliest in point of time in command of any steam craft.

There are two or three other women captains now, but all in command of freight boats, and all having a record of service much shorter than that of Captain Philomena. Mrs. Daniels has never had an accident—never expects one.

She is a cool-headed, sensible New England woman who bears her unique distinction very modestly. Everybody is proud of her in Vergennes and Westport, and everybody has reason to be. She is known as an admirable housewife, and a modest, retiring woman.

WOMAN'S THROAT.

A well-known sculptor, George Wade, has been giving his opinion as to the beauty and delicacy of a woman's throat. In a model, Mr. Wade says, he requires a long neck, but not too upright; the line from the head to the shoulders to be gradually curved, the head thrown back, and the neck itself to be well-rounded.

A "scrappy" neck, unless the set on the shoulders denotes a remarkably distinguished air, cannot be considered beautiful from a sculptor's point of view, nor a badly-set neck, however well-rounded. There are three women in London society whose necks Mr. Wade considers beyond reproach.

These are Princess Maud of Wales, Lady Annesley and the Marchioness of Londonderry. Of course, when the Duchess of Leinster was alive her neck and shoulders was the admiration of every artist in the kingdom.

WOMEN DOCTORS IN ENGLAND.

The woman physician no longer finds her path thorny in England. Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., has been writing for the British Journal on the status and qualifications of women practitioners, such as suggestions for making soup by machinery, growing potatoes on barrack roofs in December, and killing whole army corps of Prussians by post—but they are far too numerous to be mentioned.

Sun Cooking.

Speaking of primitive methods of heating, it is undoubtedly a fact that man in early ages used bones to some extent as fuel, mixing them with pieces of wood. Bones contain much fatty matter and small ones burn readily.

But after swallowing his disappointment he was ready to come to the attack again, his vanity seconding the feeling of passion lately evoked.

It was a strange life, and Aube would sit by her open window at night listening the weird sounds which came from the forest and ready to feel at times that sooner or later she would awake from her last dream.

Then she would sigh and think that it was no dream, and sit and recall her happy days with Lucie, and a faint glow would fill her heart.

Then the hot tears would come as in her heart she felt that she might some day have loved him, but that this was indeed a dream never to be realized—a something pleasant belonging to the dead past.

She had written to the lady superior and to Lucie twice since she had been out, but her letters were guarded. The allusions to her mother and her home were brief, but she dwelt at length upon the beauty of the country and the tender love showered upon her by her mother and her old nurse. But there was no mention of her position, and the agony she had suffered—no word to show that she was not happy.

"What should I speak of my disappointment and the dissipation of all my illusions?" she asked herself. "I built up all those castles in the air; it is not her fault that they have all come tumbling down."

CHAPTER XV.

Nousie was seated at the back of her buffet one morning when all without was glorious sunshine, and in her heart all looked dark. The place and her avocations had suddenly grown distasteful, she hardly realized to herself why; and the great object of her life appealed, she sat wondering why it was that it had not brought her joy.

There were endless things to distract her. She was jealous of Madame Saintone, and she shuddered to the mother. "Feel this?" faltered Nousie, as she looked wildly at her child. "Stand in her light! Aube, dear. Should I? Yes. You should go."

A West Virginia man is so peculiarly affected by riding on a train that he has to chain himself to a seat to prevent his jumping out of the car window. He is a charming girl with a retrousse nose

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

NOTES AND COMMENTS ON THE FASHIONS.

THE SEASON'S FURS.

All women look well in furs; no more becoming environment for feminine features has yet been found, and as they appear this winter in quaint and exquisitely dainty combinations it seems as though the very name of richness in woman's garments has been obtained.

AN INGENIOUS CYCLING COSTUME.

Women bicyclists of Belding, Oregon, wear bloomers and a short skirt while riding through the streets of the town, but as soon as they strike the city line they doff the skirt, strap it to the handle bar, and ride unencumbered through the country districts. When they reach the city line on their return they don the skirt again.

A FAMOUS DRESS.

A Roman countess offers for sale the dress which Princess Marie Louise of Austria wore on the occasion of her marriage to Napoleon the first. The Empress gave it to a lady of her court who in turn presented it as a thank offering to the Church of the Madonna of Castelnuovo, Italy. It then served sometimes as an altar covering, and sometimes as a vestment for the statue of the Madonna. Hard pressed for money, the church sold it in 1888 to the Roman countess, who now tries to convert this relic of the Empire back into cash.

REVOLUTIONARY DAMES.

Any woman above the age of eighteen years is eligible to membership in the Daughters of the Revolution who is a lineal descendant from an ancestor who was a military naval or marine officer soldier, sailor or marine in actual service under authority of any of the thirteen colonies or states, or of the Continental Congress, and remained always loyal to such authority, or a descendant of one who signed the Declaration of Independence, or of the Congress of any of the colonies or states, or as an official appointed by or under the authority of any such representative bodies actually assisting in the establishment of American independence by services rendered during the war of the revolution.

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FASHION NOTES.

Chameleons are very fashionable for socks and ruffs. The beauty and magnificence of these ribbons baffle minute description, but in design they are so blurred that they suggest nothing so much as water reflections through leaves and gorgeous flowers.

An autumn hat of felt has a wide brim slightly rolled up at the back. It is trimmed with velvet ribbon, gathered at one edge and sewed around the crown in a full ruffle. A large bunch of flowers and aigrettes are set directly in front.

Pink and royal purple shot silk ribbons are seen on some of the swellest French bonnets.

A small point for the hostess whose wax candles show a propensity to wax wasting is that to put them in the ice-chest for half twenty-four hours before using will increase their burning very appreciably. They want to be thoroughly chilled.

One of the most unique table decorations consists of a fountain playing in the centre of the dining table, illuminated by electricity, the light playing on the water beneath, with white lilies floating on its surface and gold and silver fish darting in and out.

The oval or medium frame is very much in evidence. The reproduction of famous miniatures is so favorite a thing now in art that the frame has come in with them. They are especially fetching with a lover's knot in gilt at the top.

A hat that has been much admired is of fine broadcloth. A section of the material of proper shape is cut out and richly embroidered at the edge. This is placed over a wire frame that has an edge of very narrow passementerie. The material is puffed over the crown and there is a trimming of velvet ribbon, very handsome jeweled ornaments and medium-sized ostrich feathers.