

MORNING OR DRESSING JACKETS IN FLANNEL, SILK, OR CASHMERE.

Description of Fig. 1.—This is made in two parts—that is to say, the yoke and the loose lower portion. The right front is cut wider than the left because it overlaps the latter; the fastening is hidden by the box-pleat and managed by a false hem. The jacket may either be left unlined or be lined with satin merv or thin silk. The sleeves are finished with lace ruffles, the yoke being of the same lace. A turn-down collar.

Description of Fig. 2.—The second jacket is very wide and loose-backed and fronted; it is fastened by two rows of buttons, so the button-holes must be worked twice on the front breadth in order that the jacket may be double-breasted. The chemisette can be made separately to button on, and be replaced by another, as may also the broad sailor-collar of grey silk or cloth edged with fringe, which might occasionally be varied by a darker one. The stand-up collar, which is doubled over half-way, is set on a narrow band.

Material required, $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 yards of flannel.



FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

LADY DYE'S REPARATION.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER VI.



ANGELIQUE'S casement was open all night long, and the sweet peace of the summer darkness filled the little room in which she slept the tranquil sleep of youth. Often in the early morning the swallows woke her up. Sometimes one of them would dart into the room, fresh from the dawn and dewfall, and twitter a message which she could not understand.

This happened on Wednesday morning, just after sunrise. She lifted her head from the pillow to hear a "tweet-tweet," and see the little bird flying out again.

"What does it mean, I wonder?" thought she. "I wish I knew."

She rose, and looked out over the quiet fields, and drew in the sweetness of the young day. The business of the toilet never detained her long. She had finished twisting up her dark-brown hair into the usual knot when the latch clicked, and the postman opened the gate.

"The swallow meant to tell me that a letter was coming," she said to herself with a smile. And then she ran downstairs to open the house-door.

There was only one letter, addressed to Miss Ray, and her niece recognised the handwriting at a glance. Aunt Emma had few correspondents. It was Madame Courvoisier who had written.

Among the few friends of the Ray family Madame Courvoisier had always taken a front place. She had been the intimate companion of Angelique's mother in her maiden days, and it had seemed a strange thing to her that Eloïse de Ligny should have condescended to marry Dr. Ray. For Eloïse came of the old *noblesse* who had suffered in the Reign of Terror; and the doctor was a man of no ancestry at all, and had little to recommend him save a gentle manner and a pair of blue eyes. It must have been those eyes of his which won the heart of Mademoiselle de Ligny; but having won it, he never let it go.

He was not, and never had been, a successful man, perhaps because he was too clever to be prosperous. He loved his profession for its own sake; and others, who were pushing and selfish, took advantage of his skill, used it unscrupulously, and left him in the background. Yet Eloïse was happy in spite of narrow means and disappointed hopes. She was happier still when Emma Ray, the grave, kind-hearted woman, came to Paris on purpose to take care of the doctor's wife and children. After that there were no more worries, for Emma quietly shouldered all the burdens, and Mrs. Ray spent her last earthly days in a great peace.

Meanwhile Julie Courvoisier had married a cousin of the same name, who died and left her respectably provided for. She was a very clever woman, with a rare gift of government, and she

decided on going to England and opening a school. Her plan was a distinct success. Madame Courvoisier's twenty-five pupils belonged to the aristocracy, and their parents believed in her to any extent. She had the art of giving those finishing touches which most girls greatly need. She did not profess to train scholars, but gentlewomen. Let Girton and Newnham bestow wreaths of laurel; Madame preferred to crown the pretty heads around her with myrtle and rose. Yet withal there was nothing lacking in the education received at Dunstone College. If the girls yearned to go beyond their fellows, there were plenty of competent teachers to lead them on.

Angelique, with the letter in her hand, stood waiting in the porch for her aunt to come down. The climbing roses nodded gently over her head; and far up in the morning blue a lark was pouring put his silver trills. It was a lovely day, and there was a sort of shy happiness in the girl's heart which made it seem lovelier still.

"Auntie has a headache," said Lucie, who appeared first. "But she's coming in a minute."

"Why did she get up?" Angelique asked anxiously. "I wish she had let me carry her some breakfast."

"Oh, she isn't bad enough for that!" Lucie answered. "But she told me that she could not sleep."

"That accounts for the headache," Angelique looked thoughtful. "I wonder what was disturbing her."

"Only her thoughts," said Lucie. "Thoughts do keep people awake sometimes. They buzz in the brain like bluebottles."