



### CHAPTER II.—Continued.

When she reached the door and knocked, what she heard fell upon her ears like a sharp blow. Mrs. Hubert was talking and laughing in tones of loud, ringing merriment.

"Hubert has lost his heart indeed," his sister thought, but still, in answer to Mrs. Hubert's sharp, clear "Come in," she went in without any expression of reproach in manner or face.

"You won't mind my dining alone after my journey, will you, Jenifer?" the bride began in a lazily apologetic way. "Flora and I make a point of doing so always when we're alone after traveling; the feeling of not having to stir out of one's room before going to bed is so inducive of composure."

"Will you come and see my mother? She is better, and has sent for you," Jenifer said a little coldly.

"Not to-night, I think, thank you," Mrs. Hubert replied, bending forward as she spoke to see if her husband was putting the proper ingredients into a tomato salad. "Just the finest soup of sugar, Hugh, that's quite enough; now to deal kindly with the mustard; if you spoil that salad I won't eat an atom more dinner, and then you know I shall have neuralgia."

"Then you won't come and see my mother to-night?" Jenifer asked angrily. "Hubert," she added more softly, "think of our poor mother, before you let me go back and say your wife won't come to her."

"Don't you think you had better go, Effie?" he suggested appealingly. "I am not going to-night, Hugh; you know if I get fussed and worried about when I'm tired, that I always have a headache, your mother couldn't see me when I came, and now I'm in my dressing gown, settled down for the evening, you can tell her, Jenifer. Of course, everything is very sad and miserable, but that's no reason why I should be made ill. Oh, Hubert! you've put in ever so much more sugar than you ought, and now I can't eat anything." And she flung herself back in her chair, looking wonderfully white and dainty against her billowing laces, as if the tomato salad was the chief consideration to every well-regulated mind in the house.

### CHAPTER III.

As every one had anticipated, it was found, when the will was read, that the late Mr. Ray had left the whole of the Moor Royal property to his eldest son. And as the Moor Royal property was valued at about two thousand five hundred pounds a year, it was naturally assumed by every one that the eldest son and his wife had every reason to be perfectly well satisfied.

Greatly to the astonishment of all and sundry, it was found that the widow was left with two hundred a year only, and on this pittance she had to maintain herself and daughter, for Jenifer was only mentioned in her father's will as the one who was to inherit the two hundred a year at her mother's death. As for Jack, the son who had not been brought up to any profession, and who had spent his grown-up years in doing nothing more remunerative than superintending the management of the stables and home farm, he was the inheritor of three thousand pounds and his father's favorite hunter only.

"It was an iniquitous will," indignant partisans of the widow and younger children said. "For a woman who had enjoyed a well-filled purse and a large income for twenty-six years to be suddenly reduced to what would be penny to her, was a cruel caprice of which no one had ever deemed it possible Mr. Ray could be guilty. She had been a loved and trusted wife. He had never checked her expenditure. He had never regarded anything as too costly where she and her daughter had been concerned. And now he had left her in poverty, and Jenifer penniless."

It was a hard and cruel blow, and when it fell upon her first, it crushed out of her mind the memory of a sealed letter which was also mentioned in the will. But this was of little consequence, Jenifer and Jack said. The sealed letter left in the lawyer's hands, to be delivered up to Hubert when he had been three years in possession of the property, could concern Hubert only.

For a time "old Mrs. Ray," as she soon came to be called, was not at all alive to the redeeming feature in the otherwise unjust will, which was this—namely, that her husband had desired that she and Jenifer should have a home at Moor Royal with Hubert so long as either of them desired it. And, additionally, that should the widow leave Moor Royal, she should have the right to claim and take away so much of the furniture as she thought

fit.

But though the widow was partially satisfied at this compensating clause,

Mrs. Hubert Ray was keenly alive to it, and its consequences. Though her father-in-law had been ignorant of her existence, she regarded it as a wicked piece of personal injustice to herself that he should have hampered the inheritance of Moor Royal with any such condition. It dimmed her glory as mistress of Moor Royal that her husband's mother should still seem to have a right in the place; and that Jenifer should be there, free to move about and perhaps use and order things as she had been accustomed to do all her life, was an open and smarting wound to the wife of the reigning power.

She was still in the very early days of her sovereignty when she determined to say a word to Jenifer, which should show her that her mother and herself were far from welcome residents at Moor Royal. She knew that in the saying of this word she must exercise tact and taste, otherwise Hubert might hear a sound of it that would not be pleasant to his ears.

She sat over the fire in her own room two days after the funeral and the hearing of that will which had wrought such a change in her fortunes. It was the best bedroom in the house, lighted by a large, deep bay window filled with quaint old painted glass. There was a good deal of heavy magnificence about the furniture and appointments of the room, and its air of comfort was indisputable. Still, she longed to weed out many things, notably the massive four-poster and the huge Spanish mahogany wardrobe.

"In fact, the only thing I'll keep here will be this duck of an old brass fender, and I'll furnish up to that," she was thinking when Jenifer, after knocking at the door, came in.

Jenifer's eyes had shed many scalding tears during the last few days, but they were clear and sweet as ever when she came up to the long, deep old chair in which her sister-in-law was burrowing.

Mrs. Ray looked at her critically, and began calculating the probabilities of an early marriage on Jenifer's part. "Which would vastly improve the situation for me. The old lady can't work on Hubert as this girl can," she thought, as she moved her dress aside, and indicated that Jenifer might take a seat near the fire.

"I came to tell you that mother is coming down to dinner to-night, Effie," Jenifer began, disregarding the proffered chair.

"But haven't I told you that Mr. Jervoise and Flora will be here to dinner?" Mrs. Hubert said, crossly. "Oh, surely, surely not!" Jenifer cried out; "our father just dead, our grief for him so new, so fresh. You can't have brought strange upon us now, you can't have forgotten that mother is broken-hearted!"

"That's only a phrase, Jenifer. Flora and I made up our minds long ago to weed out all such senseless exaggerated phraseology from our talk. And Flora is my sister, so I can't regard her husband and herself as strangers."

Mrs. Hubert Ray resented herself completely in her chair as she spoke, and looked at her sister-in-law with steady, unflinching eyes. Silently, in such sorrow as she had never known before, Jenifer went back to her mother.

"It will be hard to check her brave attempt, but mother mustn't go down to meet those heartless people." This was Jenifer's first thought. Then she reminded herself that "those heartless people" knew nothing whatever about her mother or the trouble that had befallen the Rays. And remembering this, she grew just.

"Mother, darling, dinner's at eight to-night, and Effie's sister will be here. She seems very fond of her sister. Mrs. Jervoise has been so good and generous to Effie, Hubert says."

Mrs. Ray sighed. In Jenifer's effort to speak calmly, and make the best of things, the poor widow heard the first warning note of the change that was to come. She was no longer the first object of consideration at Moor Royal. Effie's sister was coming inopportunistly enough. But sorrow must be laid aside in her presence, for the sake of peace and pleasantness.

### CHAPTER IV.

It was the first time since her husband's death that the woman who had been mistress of Moor Royal for the larger half of her life had come down to dinner with her children. The visitors, Mr. and Mrs. Jervoise, had arrived, and been thoroughly instructed as to the will case by young Mrs. Ray. But, with the exception of their presence, everything was so exactly similar to what it had been dozens of times when Hubert had been at home, and some young lady guest staying in the house, that old Mrs. Ray could surely claim forgiveness for treating Effie as a guest, and taking her accustomed seat at the head of the table.

But the young ruling power was on the

alert. At a sign from Mrs. Jervoise, Hubert's wife swept swiftly up to the high-backed chair on which her mother-in-law had just seated herself, and, bending down, whispered:

"Haven't I better begin to save you trouble at once, by taking my proper place?" Then, aloud, she added: "Hubert, give your arm to your mother and take her to her place. How negligent you are! Flora, you must take him in hand again, or he will get quite rough and brusque in this retirement."

Mrs. Jervoise was an older edition of Mrs. Hubert Ray, a little harder, perhaps, on closer observation, but equally slim, supple, self-confident, and agreeable to beholders at first sight.

Her husband was at least thirty years her senior, but she carefully guarded against being forced into the folly of taking the place of an old man's darling. She also was ready to seem to adapt herself to his habits, views, and whims. But in reality she trained him judiciously and unobtrusively, and the habits, views and whims that were studied and consulted in their household were hers.

"It will be your own fault if you don't make the old lady and the girl feel that they'll be happy in a house of their own, Effie," Mrs. Jervoise said to her sister during a brief after-dinner chat; "but the letter! No tact can abolish the fact of the existence of that letter. It may be—well, it's no use suggesting what it may be, because all suggestions will probably go wide of the mark. But if I were you I'd never be anything but very kind to Jack Ray, till you know what's in that letter."

"Jack is very good-natured; it's easy enough to be kind to him," Mrs. Ray replied.

It was not an agreeable evening to any one of the party. Perhaps Mr. Jervoise made the best of it, for he slept with quiet, unbroken persistence from the minute he entered the drawing room till the longed-for moment arrived when bedroom candles were brought in, and they were free to disperse and go to bed. This was a habit that had been formed under Mrs. Jervoise's direct personal influence, Flora having a habit of leaving her husband to unbroken repose four or five nights out of every seven that they spent in town during the season.

According to an old custom of theirs, Jenifer and Hubert sat down to chess. They were good and fairly matched players; but this night Jenifer's thoughts and eyes kept on wandering to her mother, who sat apart from the others, absorbed in her own reflections. She held some knitting in her hands—a black silk sock that had been begun before her husband's death and had been intended for him. But she never seemed to pause; the needles moved falteringly and the rows increased slowly.

It was a relief to her that the two sisters left her undisturbed, and devoted themselves exclusively to one another, and to some new songs which Mrs. Jervoise had brought down from London. They made a pretty picture at the piano, these two fair sisters, who were both so cold and radiant in their golden haired, fair whiteness. Even their dresses conveyed the impression of starlight. For though young Mrs. Ray had put on mourning for her husband's father she mourned for him to-night in a dress of dull-velvet Indian silk, covered with a network of white bugles; while Mrs. Jervoise looked like the Spirit of Foam of the Sea in clouds of snowy, cobweb-like lace.

"I wonder where Jack is?" Hubert said, by way of a diversion. "In the study, reading The Field, most likely," Mrs. Ray remarked. Then she sprang up from the music stool, saying she would go and look for him.

"I think Jack confines his literary studies almost exclusively to The Field, doesn't he?" Hubert laughed. "What a fellow he is for sport of all kinds, to be sure! Effie was saying to-day I had better give him the rest of the home-farm; he'll never be happy at a clerk's desk."

"Has there been any thought of his taking a clerkship, poor boy?" his mother asked pityingly. "I suggested to Jack that he ought to do something, mother," Jenifer put in. "You wouldn't have him live in idleness, and waste his substance?"

"His tastes are all for the country, poor boy," his mother went on; "such a boy for horses, and dogs, and guns!" she added, in an explanatory tone, to Mrs. Jervoise.

"While Hubert here has always been one for a London life and London amusements—theaters and balls and clubs; and now, you see, Hubert's lot is cast in the country, and it's likely that poor Jack's will be cast in London."

"Not altogether a bad job for Jack, I'm thinking, mother dear; we shouldn't like him to be a more sportsman, and nothing else," Jenifer said, cheerfully.

"Then you don't think it would be a good thing for Jack to take the home-farm, Jenny?" Mr. Ray asked, disappointedly.

"No, Hubert, I don't think I should like the idea of Jack being tenant at the home-farm," Jenifer said decidedly, though she felt her expression of opinion was giving annoyance to her brother. "He wouldn't have working interest there sufficiently large or engaging to keep him from hissing the great deal of time."

"I am sorry you're against it, Jenny," Hubert said, hesitatingly. "Effie and I thought it such a good thing, as it was an arrangement that would keep Jack near us and yet make him quite independent, that I've already offered it to him."

"And he?" "Has accepted the offer, naturally enough, it seems to me," Mr. Ray said, forcing himself to speak cheerfully. "You're glad, are you not, mother? You'll be pleased to have Jack settled at the home farm?"

"With a nice, rich wife; it's the duty of all poor young men to marry nice, rich wives, and I'm sure Effie will try to make Mr. Ray do his duty in that respect," Mrs. Jervoise interposed. "Won't you, Effie?" she added, as Mrs. Ray entered at the moment.

"You couldn't tear Jack away from The Field, Effie?" her husband asked, laughingly.

"He wasn't with The Field to be torn away. The study was empty, and The Field uncut. Where can he be? How rude of him to go away the first night Mr. Jervoise and Flora are here! Really, Mrs. Ray, you have not brought up your sons to be polite enough to ladies; we had dreadful trouble, even with Hubert, at first, hadn't we, Flora? He used at one time actually to have the assurance to put his professional duties before our pleasure. Imagine if I fancy a partner in a great government contracting company's house letting himself be fettered by business considerations!"

Mrs. Ray threw up her head as she spoke, and looked very bright and bewitching. She talked folly, truly, but she

talked it attractively, and even those who felt the folly of it most keenly were fascinated into listening to her.

"Miss Jenifer Ray has got a good deal of old-fashioned family feeling about her," Mrs. Jervoise told her sister later. "She will always be staunch to her brothers, and she'll make handsome presents to her nephews and nieces, and she'll help to nurse any one of you that may be ill. But you'll never deceive her, Effie, and she'll never like you. Take my advice; keep straight with Jack, and don't waste powder and shot on the others."

"Jack isn't much of a home bird; he doesn't give me many opportunities of playing guardian angel to him of an evening."

"Where does he go?" "To the harness room to smoke, and sometimes to the vicarage to flirt, I suppose."

"The vicar has daughters?" "No, he hasn't; but his wife is young and pretty, and he's very often. My dear Flora, why should I care a penny whether Jack falls a prey to one of these young women or not?"

"I'll never hint that you need care after that glad day closes that makes known the contents of the sealed letter which the lawyer holds; and—oh, I'd forgotten who is the lawyer? What is he? Old and a foggy, or—"

"Young and beguiling; he's neither, Flora; he's worse than either."

### CHAPTER V.

Mr. Boldero had come, a young man, into the district eight or ten years before the opening of this story, and, without social introductions or business credentials, he had worked his way to the very front ranks of the best local society, and into intimate business relations with the most influential men.

From the date of his first introduction to Mr. Ray, of Moor Royal, he had taken a genuine interest in the family and its affairs. It should be added that this introduction had taken place about five years ago, when Jenifer was just seventeen.

The girl in her richly formed beauty had been very pleasant to his eyes then. He liked watching her as she galloped about a paddock with her brother's pointers, and setters and greyhounds. He liked the courage and skill with which Miss Ray would treat a young horse fresh from the hands of the breaker. He liked to witness the exhibition of her pride in, and love for, her mother and her brother Hubert. He liked to dance with her, because she danced every note of every bar, as if her feet made the music instead of the music moving her feet. In short, he liked her altogether, but he never had a warmer feeling than liking for her, until he saw how she held herself up without flinching under the hearing of the words which he read from her father's will, which declared her penniless until her mother's death.

But as she saw her turn to her mother consoling, without a pang or thought for herself, as he read the thought which made her knit her brow and draw her breath when Jack's slender portion was proclaimed, he felt that he loved her, and anathematized his poor chance of ever gaining her.

"She must have had no end of fellows after her, and the lot of a rising country lawyer's wife isn't likely to appeal very powerfully to her imagination," he told himself sensibly enough.

### (To be continued.)

**Trees Five Centuries Old.**  
Gericke, the great German forester, writes that the greatest ages to which trees in Germany are positively known to have lived are from 500 to 570 years. For instance, the pine in Bohemia and the pine in Norway and Sweden have lived to the latter age. Next come the silver fir, which in the Bohemian forests has stood and thrived for upward of 400 years. In Bavaria the larch has reached the age of 276 years. Of foliage trees, the oak appears to have survived the longest. The best example is the evergreen oak at Aschoffenburg, which reached the age of 410 years. Other oaks in Germany have lived to be from 315 to 329 years old. At Aschoffenburg the red beech has lived to the age of 245 years, and at other points to the age of 225 years. Of other trees, the highest known are: Ash, 170 years; birch, 190 to 200 years; aspen, 220 years; mountain maple, 225 years; elm, 130 years, and red alder, 145 years.—London Public Opinion.

**Deepest Depths of the Ocean.**  
By slow degrees we are getting to know the contour of the sea bottom almost as well as we do that of the surface of the land, but it cannot be said that we have found the deepest water on the earth. Depths of 15,000 to 27,368 feet have been reached in the North Atlantic from time to time, and one of 27,850 feet was discovered in the North Pacific off the eastern coast of Japan, where there is a remarkable gulf or depression. All these measurements have, however, been outstripped by one recently taken south of the Friendly Isles in the South Pacific by H. M. S. Penguin. A depth of 29,400 feet had been marked when the sounding-wire gave out before the lead had reached the bottom. A fresh sounding will therefore have to be made before we can tell the full depth of water at this spot.—London Public Opinion.

**A Bloodthirsty Monarch.**  
The King of Benin, on the west coast of Africa, believes in the efficacy of human sacrifices. When times are good he kills a large number of slaves, and in seasons of calamity he kills an equally large number of these unfortunate, and in both cases to appease the gods, who are supposed to be equally angry at the good and the ill fortune of mortals.

**Profit in Whisky.**  
The Palmetto State of South Carolina sold last year, through its dispensaries, \$620,002 worth of liquor, on which the net profit was \$159,039. The sales of the dispensaries amounted to \$1,076,903, at a profit of \$201,333.

**Indestructible by Fire.**  
Paper indestructible by fire has been invented in Paris. A specimen of it was subjected to a severe test—48 hours in a potter's furnace—and came out with its glass almost perfect.

## WORN BY THE WOMEN

### SOME OF THE VERY LATEST IDEAS IN DRESS.

**In the Fashionable Hues for Fall There Is Reaction from Summer's Brilliant Colors—Browns, Bronzes, Black, and Deep Green All in Favor.**

#### Fads of Fashion.

New York correspondence.



IN BRONZE AND GREEN.

REACTION from summer's brilliant colors is plain in the fashionable hues for fall, and leaf browns, bronzes, black and deep greens will have their annual period of favor. It is as well to select an early dress in some one of these effects, because they are always becoming, and while the new dress must carefully avoid anything that will identify it with the past instead of the coming season, it is as well that it should not be conspicuously "this season" till the styles are not only settled among the makers but accepted by the wearers. Billiard cloth green is sure to be one of the new tastes for the season. There will be an effort to revive royal purple, but purple never accomplishes either general popularity or entire exclusive favor. Like yellow, purple has a way of standing out. It spoils other women's dresses by contrast, which no one likes to do, and it is try-

ing to almost all complexions. For very elderly women of the grame dame type, the color is dignified and suitable, and always sets off silvered hair finely, but it is not a safe color to advise generally. If you have a purple gown, by all means wear it again, and be glad that fashion permits, but be wary of investing in a new one.

Greens are much safer, and the present stylish shades are rich without being conspicuous. Velvets in these colors are very beautiful, and are enough to make any woman exhaust her pocket money. It even made beautiful the box jacket of the initial sketch, which was of a general sort that can be easily made quite unhandsome. It was dark green velvet, loose and snuggly-like, and its front was decorated with white satin, embroidered with soutache. The high stock collar with its wired ornaments was white satin, with braiding, and at the wrists there were white chiffon ruffles, with braiding above them on the material. With this there was a skirt of billiard green amazon cloth, trimmed with soutache at the hem.

While greens are at their best in velvet weaves, they are handsome in less costly stuffs, and the dress that was the subject of the second picture was an exceedingly tasteful walking rig. It was of voile, its skirt banded with cream cashmere galloon showing brilliant colored silk embroidery. The jacket bodice included a figure of the voile with galloon edging, the sides held together by cord loops and buttons. A deep sailor collar of the goods was edged with galloon, and flaps of the dress goods with galloon border came under the arms. The blouse front was

decorated with buttons at the armholes. Buttons also trimmed the skirt. It made a strikingly neat street dress, and would tempt the home dressmaker seriously, but matching such plaids is a task for a skillful professional.

A great many of the new features of the fall styles are embodied in costumes that show greens or bronzes, but less striking shades carry novelties, too, and though the color of the fourth pictured dress was a quiet brown, it had sleeves that were new enough to be worthy of study. It included the effect of outlined shoulders, below which the sleeves were pleated with puffs to the elbow, where they were gathered into a small ruffle and finished with a deep cuff of knife pleated velvet ending in a white lace frill. The bodice was gathered in front, but was plain in back, and lapped over to the left side and fastened with a brown silk cord loop. A gathered ruffle of brown velvet gave a jacket effect. The dress goods in this model was chevrot, and the skirt was plain.

Of course there is nothing new in finding that black goods are chosen by many for fall dresses, but in selecting such a sombre hue it is wise to have the dress include some distinctly new feature, and to brighten it up with some touch of rich coloring. In the model taken for to-day's last picture both these points are successfully considered. The sleeves are the point of newness, fitting tightly to nearly the shoulder, where they meet full but very narrow puffs. In the girde comes the needed dash of color, from garnet satin that also supplies a big bow at the

back. Small buttons trim skirt, sleeves and body. Tweed mixtures are never out of style, and dark putty and lead colors will be worn again as always.

Hunting pink, which is really scarlet, is certain to appear this season for nobby little jackets. If you are able to afford a change in jackets so that the scarlet one will not make a too conspicuous portion of your wardrobe, then by all means go in for a little scarlet affair. Wear it as soon as you get to town with any skirt. It must be faultlessly finished and lined with white, gray, cream color or black satin. The cloth must be raw edged and no buttons should show. The box front and close back with high stock collar and regular coat sleeves, roomy but not puffed, must be distinguishing features and there should be no hesitation about the red. Select it of the genuine hunting pink of the English field wear. There is talk of little coats in all sorts of colors, wine red, bright chamois color, billiard green, etc., but scarlet and billiard green are the only ones likely to meet the acceptance of good taste, and that will be of the swagger and advanced order. The girl who can have only one jacket should select it of good cut and material and in putty color or of stone mixture. Have raw edge cloth always.

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Sam Jones, the evangelist, has been laying up treasures on this side of the great divide. Pictures printed in Southern papers show his new home in Georgia to be quite palatial.

"Dudes made while you wait," is the sign of a New York laundry which creases trousers in two minutes for 10 cents.

Pointed by color and new sleeves.

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