



LORD & LADY

By Anna Maryatt

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)
Before he leaves Carrony that evening Mr. Brooke writes a little note to Gladys and sends it up by her maid—a very innocent little note, but one that makes her cheeks glow and her heart throb as much as ever they did in the days of old.

"My dear Gladys: I am truly concerned to find you looking so ill and weak, and disappointed not to have been able to speak to you. I shall look in again to-morrow at luncheon-time in hopes you may be downstairs again. Your affectionate cousin,
"JAMES BROOKE."

And as Jemmie bids Mountcarroll "good-night" he says, true to the new resolutions which he has made:
"I have written Gladys a line to say I shall come to luncheon to-morrow and hope to find her well again."

"I hope you may," rejoins the Earl, and immediately resolves that it will be an excellent opportunity to pay a visit to the Rushertons, as Gladys and Jen will be so engrossed with each other's company that they will not remark his absence from the house. So that when Mr. Brooke, after a sleepless night, returns to Carrony, he finds his cousin Gladys alone. She is waiting for him in the dining-room, where the luncheon table is spread for them.

They sit down opposite to each other and commence the farce of taking food on their plates and turning it round and round with their knives and forks.

"You left us on the 14th of April," says Gladys, with fatal accuracy, "and it is now the 22nd of December—eight months and eight days. It seems longer, Jemmie, doesn't it?"

"Yes, it seems much longer."
"And are you glad or sorry to come back again?"

"I am very sorry to find you in this state of health. It is what I particularly want to speak to you about, Gladys. What is the matter with you, and how did it happen?"

"I really cannot answer either question. I am weak, I think, and that is all."
"But, Gladys, this is a very serious matter. What advice have you had?"

"None."
Mr. Brooke rises from his seat and begins to pace the floor.

"But you must have advice, and at once. I am surprised Mountcarroll has not insisted on it. This should have been attended to months ago."
"What is the use?" demands Gladys, "nothing is to be well."
"Oh, Gladys!" he commences, and there stops.

"It is the truth, Jemmie. Who cares what I come of me, unless it is my darling old dad? As for Mountcarroll, the sooner I am out of his way the better. As for myself, you must know how little I have to live for."

"Nonsense, child! you have all your life and the world before you. You have everything a woman can have to live for. A good position, rank, wealth—"

"Ah, don't taunt me with that!" she cries, suddenly hiding her face in her hands.
"Taunt you, my dear girl? I would be the last person in the world to do it! But these things are of value to you, and justly so."

"They are not! they are not! I never knew of how little value they were to me until I had given up my very life for them. Ah! Jemmie, don't pretend to misunderstand me. If I am dying—and I hope I am—you know that it is for your sake!"

Mr. Brooke suddenly straightens all his limbs, and throws out his muscles as if he were going in for a stand-up fight. The supreme moment has come. Whatever he feels she must not see it.

"Gladys, you are not thinking of what you say."
"Am I? I have thought of every word until it is burned into my very soul. Oh! Jemmie, I refused to leave Carrony with you, but the effort has nearly killed me. I cannot live without you. My life has been one long torture without the sound of your voice, and the sight of your face. I cannot endure it any longer. Forgive me for what I said then. I was mad. I did not know—I could not realize—what parting from you would be. Oh! take me, Jemmie, take me away from all this, that I so much hate and abhor, and let me live out the rest of my life by your side."

She has risen from her chair during this speech, and throws herself into his arms. She is leaning on his breast in such a manner that he must clasp her, or she would fall, and her pale face, drowned in tears, is lifted with all the sweet familiarity of old to his own. The young man shakes in every limb. His strong arms feel as if they had scarcely strength to support their light burden. But he just touches her white forehead with his lips, and then, with a mighty exercise of self-control, places her back in the arm-chair from which she rose.

"Why do you not speak?" she asks him, as he remains silent. "Why do you not tell me it shall be so?"
"Because," he answers slowly, "I cannot."

"You cannot! Do you mean that you refuse my love?"
"Yes, dear," he says, sadly. "I refuse it. Heaven knows what it costs me to do so, but I refuse it."
Their wretched hearts seem almost to have ceased beating. Here has sunk like a heavy stone in her breast, and his drops on a dull, leaden manner, as if his slow action would suffocate him.

"Gladys!" he articulates at last, "because I cannot be your lover will you refuse to have me as a friend?"
"I don't want you as a friend. I have many friends than I know what to do with. I have friends. They are never lost."
"You do want a friend," he continues, "and I will be your friend. You must have more company." returns Lady Renton, cheerfully, "you are turning too much, what up in this dull room alone. Could not your sister, Mrs. Prendergast, come to you for a few weeks, till you are strong again?"
"No! she cannot leave home. She has a baby of a few days old."
"Then your father and mother. They certainly ought to be apprised of your condition."
"Oh, no, no!" cries Gladys, feverishly; "don't tell my father, whatever you do! He would be so unhappy to see me like this. His life is as sad enough as it is, and he thinks so much of me. And he warned me, he warned me so against this marriage," she continues, wildly, "he said I didn't love Mountcarroll, he begged me to consider, he told me—"

"There—there, hush, dear," interposes Lady Renton, fearful of the effect that excitement may have on Gladys's weakened condition. "Don't talk of that now. I know—of course I cannot help seeing that your marriage is not entirely a happy or sympathetic one, but things may come right yet, Gladys, and we cannot make them better by discussion. Try and calm yourself, dear! The very first thing to be done is to procure proper medical advice for you, and when your health is restored it will be time to think of curing the other trouble."
"It will never be cured. How can it be?" says Lady Mountcarroll, despondently.
"To say that is to doubt the power and goodness of God, my dear! However, I know you are not in a fit state to argue the matter now. Try and hope for the best, and remember how many friends you have who love you, and will never cease to love you, whatever happens."

His eyes are bent upon her wistfully, but Gladys has turned away, and will not look at him.
"Gladys!" he exclaims, imploringly.
"Oh, go away!" she says, impatiently. "Don't worry me any more. You have made me feel as if I never wished to see you again. Go away and leave me to myself. I have more than enough to think of."
He turns from her then, not angrily, but in silence, and softly closes the library door behind him. But as he passes through the hall he puts up his hand and brushes away the tears that have gathered in his eyes.

CHAPTER XVII.

Lady Renton takes an early opportunity to call at Carrony House, but before she sees the Earl she asks for Lady Mountcarroll, and Gladys's maid is summoned to give an account of her mistress.

"Her ladyship is very poorly—very poorly, indeed—and has been so for the last three days. She is lying down in her boudoir, but of course she will see your ladyship, if your ladyship will please to walk up."
"She must have advice," replies Elinor, decisively, "and it is for that reason I am here to-day, Parsons. Lady Mountcarroll will be an invalid for life if she is not more careful. I intend to speak to the Earl about it."
"Ah! his ladyship is the proper person to see after her, and I've said so from the very first; but, my lady, I hope you'll forgive my freedom—perhaps, as a servant it isn't my place to speak; but still, we have our eyes and our ears, and there are some things as no doctor can cure. If you could only hear that sweet soul at night, my lady—since she's sweet soul with these faints I've slept in her dressing-room to be at hand when required, and many an hour I've laid awake listening to her sobbing, which is fit to melt a heart of stone, poor, sweet, young thing," concludes Parsons, with her handkerchief to her eyes.

Lady Renton is very much shocked when she encounters Gladys. The girl seems to have shrunk to half her size since their last meeting. Her eyes are surrounded by deep violet rings, and her face is white as the dressing-gown in which she lies upon the sofa. She smiles faintly as Elinor enters the room, but the tears stand on her cheeks as she does so.

"Why, my dear child, how is this?" exclaims Lady Renton, cheerily, and feigning not to see her emotion. "Why do I find you on the sofa? Are you in such pain, dear Gladys?"
"Sometimes, not always; but I am so weak, Elinor, I don't want to get up."
"You must have advice at once, Gladys. I have come over to speak to Mountcarroll about it."
"Do you think it will be of any use?"
"Any use, you silly girl? Why, you don't fancy you are dying do you? You are a little tougher than you give yourself credit for. You have overfatigued yourself, Gladys—danced and ridden when you ought to have been resting, and you have strained some muscle in the back. Tonics and rest are all you require, dear. When the doctor has given his orders, we must see that you attend to them, and we shall soon have you yourself again."

"Tonics and rest will never cure me," says Gladys, turning her face away.
"My dear girl," replies Elinor, laying her hand upon Gladys's, "I know that they cannot cure the ill of life; but if they restore your bodily health, they will give you more strength to bear them bravely, and as a Christian woman should. We all have our troubles, Gladys. Look at me! I married a man who was devoted to me, and I lost him five years afterward. My life has been very blank to me since then. Were it not for Jemmie and my little Hugh it would be empty; but I have to live on and bear it. We all have."

"But I—I—" says Gladys, with a trembling lip—"I have nothing."
"Oh, yes, you have, darling! You have your dear parents, who love you so dearly, and your sister, Mrs. Prendergast. And I dare say, that, by and by, Gladys, God will send you a nearer and dearer comfort, in a child of your own, that will console you for everything, as my little Hugh has consoled me."

"Oh, no, no!" cries Gladys, shuddering. "I don't want it. I will not have it! Anything but that! I am far better as I am, alone."
"Oh, Gladys, don't say that, dear! You do not know—you cannot tell—the blessing a little child might bring to you."
"Never as I am now, Elinor. Don't speak of it. You do not know me! You cannot guess my thoughts. If you did, perhaps you would not be sitting here now."
"The more unhappy you are, dear child, the more need you have of my presence and my sympathy. Don't turn from me, Gladys, I would gladly lighten your burden, if I could."

"There is no cure for my pain," says Lady Mountcarroll, sadly. "I have brought it on myself. I must bear it by myself, and as well as I can."
"You must have more company," returns Lady Renton, cheerfully, "you are turning too much, what up in this dull room alone. Could not your sister, Mrs. Prendergast, come to you for a few weeks, till you are strong again?"
"No! she cannot leave home. She has a baby of a few days old."
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She leaves Gladys, apparently calmer, but with a look of abject despair upon her lovely countenance. Lady Renton knows why that look is there, and it makes her heart bleed.

As soon as Elinor quitted Lady Mountcarroll's presence she goes in search of the Earl, and finds him, luckily, at home. Her strictures on his carelessness, with regard to his wife, are so much severe that either General Fuller's or Mr. Brooke's, that Mountcarroll is completely taken aback. He hardly recognizes his gentle cousin, Elinor, in the woman who goes straight to the point, and does not spare him one iota of the blame.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mountcarroll," she exclaims, "to have let that poor child suffer as she has done, for weeks and months, without calling in medical advice for her! There is not a servant in the house who does not see Gladys ill she is! Oh, don't tell me that Gladys has not confided in you! When have you ever invited her confidence? And do you, for the matter of that, desert it? It was your business, as her husband and protector, to have found out that she was ill. Any one can see it. The most careless eye cannot light upon her face and figure, without knowing she is ill. And you say you wanted to be told? You are a nice person to have the charge of a young, delicate girl, I must say."

"Really, Nell, you quite take my breath away, with this attack. Of course I will have a doctor for Lady Mountcarroll, if it is necessary. Shall I send for Chambers?"
"Certainly not! What should Dr. Chambers know of spinal disease? You must write to London for a specialist—Sir Francis Cardwell will do, or Mr. Boone. Anyone so long as he is a first-rate authority."
"Cannot you write for me?"
"No! you are the proper person to do it. Here are pen and paper! Sit down and write to Sir Francis at once, and ask him to name the earliest date he can visit Carrony. It will be a nice thing if the story of your neglect gets to the ears of the Fullers. Enough to make a man take his daughter back again, I should think. At least, I know that is how I should feel about it."

"But I assure you I had no idea she was really ill," says the Earl, as he transcribes the note to Sir Francis.
"More shame for you, then! I tell you that she is very ill, indeed, and requires the utmost care. I suppose you don't want to have her on her back a chronic invalid for the rest of her life, Mountcarroll? But that will be the end of it, if it is not taken in time. And heaven only knows how much of this is due to your conduct to her, and how much is not."

"I think you're deuced hard upon me, Elinor," says the Earl, ruefully; "I'm sure I don't know what I've done so much out of the way. I've never refused my wife anything she asked for, and I've given her every liberty and indulgence possible."
"And taken the same yourself, by all accounts," exclaims Lady Renton, sharply. "However, I have no wish to discuss the matter further. Is your letter ready? Let me put it in the mailbag. I shall have no peace of mind until I know it is on its way to London. Good-by!" And with a curt word of farewell, Lady Renton seizes the letter and walks out of the room.

Lady Mountcarroll is so startled by this interview that the next thing he does is to go to his wife's boudoir and ask for admittance. His appearance is so unusual that the maid who admits him cannot conceal her surprise. Mountcarroll walks awkwardly up to the sofa and perceives (perhaps for the first time) how very much changed she is in face and figure.

"Elinor's been talking about you to me," he begins clumsily, "and I'm awfully sorry to hear you're so ill. Why didn't you tell me of it before?"
"If you couldn't see it it wasn't worth while telling you of it, Mountcarroll."
"Well—but what is the row with you?"
"Oh, nothing, thank you. Nothing of any consequence. Only a little headache. I shall be well to-morrow."
"But Elinor declares you're very bad, and has made me write to Sir Francis Cardwell. It will look very funny when he takes the trouble to come here, if he should find there's nothing the matter with you."

"I have no doubt he will manage to find something. Doctors generally do."
"Well, I dare say he will come to-morrow or next day. I told him to telegraph. Can I do anything for you, meanwhile?"
"Nothing, thank you. Pray go back to your own friends. I know you hate a sick-room."
Mountcarroll (considering that he has done his duty) goes downstairs again, and orders his horse to ride with Miss Rusherton. On the third day the great doctor arrives from London, and makes a minute examination of Gladys's spine. He inquires into all the symptoms, and receives a detailed account from Parsons, of the pain her lady has suffered, and the fainting fits which followed it. Sir Francis is more than cheerful in his remarks. He is almost certain as he laughs

NOTES ON EDUCATION.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO PUPIL AND TEACHER.

Necessity for the Best Educational Advantages in the Rural Districts—The Successful Teacher and Her Method—No Prison-Made Books.

Higher Schools in Small Towns.
The Governor, in his message, says a word about "the necessity for better and higher educational advantages in the rural districts." The State distributes the money according to "the number of resident taxables in each district." It very often happens that there will be a rural district whose sparse and scattered population contains very few "resident taxables" hence the State appropriation is very small and the school is inferior.

The tendency of this situation is to aggravate the disposition of citizens to move from the country into the towns, and to add to the number of deserted farms. The State should rather do all in its power to make life in the country districts more attractive, and to lessen the motive which urges people toward the towns and cities. The Governor wisely says, "The rural districts should be supplied with high school facilities equal to those enjoyed by the cities and larger towns." Such schools, in benefiting the scattered rural districts, and in rendering life there more desirable, will benefit the whole State. It is not alone in the country towns and in the cities that there are found boys and girls who will repay the cost of education; there are just as good minds in the country as in the city. Inventions of great value to the community are just as likely to spring into being under the blue frock of the farmer's boy, as under the apron of the mechanic, and especially inventions tending to make farming less toilsome and more profitable. Still more, the cities are constantly living upon the country. The cities may well afford to be taxed to educate not alone those who are now in the city, but those who will be here hereafter. It is not for the benefit of the city that those who come from the country should come narrow-minded, having learned only the three R's, and these, perhaps, imperfectly. With better schools in the rural districts there will be no such tendency for families to crowd to country towns and cities, and those who come will be better prepared than now for intelligent citizenship and for business.

The Governor justly argues that the advance in agriculture demands a higher quality of mind for its successful prosecution. The farmer who is not up with the times cannot hope to compete with his competitors. The school for the farmers' boys must be as good as the school for the boys of the merchant and the mechanic. He proposes that, instead of the proportion of school money being based simply upon the number of "resident taxables," the appropriation for each district should be divided into three parts; that one-third should be based on the "number of taxables," another third on the number of children of school age, and another third on the number of schools in each district.—Philadelphia Press.

The Successful Teacher.
Her manner is bright and animated, so that the children cannot fail to catch something of her enthusiasm. Her lessons are well planned. Each new step, resting upon a known truth, is carefully presented. Everything is in readiness for the day's work, and she carries out her plans easily and naturally. Old subjects are introduced in ever-varying dresses, and manner and matter of talks are changed before the children lose interest in them. She talks only of what is within the children's experience. Her language is suited to her class—being simple in the extreme if she is dealing with young children. When she addresses the whole class she stands where all can see and hear her. She asks for only one thing at a time, with slow emphasis, in a low, distinct voice. She controls her children perfectly without effort. Her manner demands respectful obedience. She is serene. She is firm and decided, as well as gentle, patient and just. She is a student—is not satisfied with her present attainment. She is herself an example for the children to follow, holding herself well, thinking connectedly, and being always genuinely sincere. She is a lover of little children, striving to understand child nature. True teaching is to her a consecration. She has entered into "the holy of holies where singleness of purpose, high ideals and self-consecration unite in one strong determining influence that surrounds her like an atmosphere."—Schools Education.

Some Suggestive Figures.
Statistics show that the chewing-gum business of the United States is \$14,500,000, and the peanut business is several millions larger. One dry goods house in Chicago, Marshall Field & Co., does a business of \$60,000,000; another business in New York, Clafin & Co., does \$60,000,000, while the entire school-book business of the United States is only \$6,500,000. From the best information available it appears that the entire school-book business of Georgia, including the colleges and high schools, does not exceed \$100,000. A resolution has already passed the House of Representatives and will probably pass the Senate, authorizing the Governor to appoint a "school-book commission," the duty of which commission will be to ascertain whether any better plan of furnishing books to our schools can be devised than the one now in vogue.

The general impression seems to prevail that Georgia is paying an enormous amount every year for school books. If it be true that our school book bill amounts to only \$100,000, and we take it that this is not far from the correct figure, then it is very clear that some of our legislators have a very erroneous idea as to the cost of our books. The opinion among them seems to be that Georgia is paying about a million dollars per year for school books.—Southern Educational Journal.

Don'ts for Teachers.
One of our educational exchanges recently offered prizes for the best selections of "Don'ts for Teachers," sent in on postal cards. The prize card contained the following warning notes:
Don't forget the pleasant "good morning" when entering your classroom.
Don't forget to commend your monitors who has attended to her duties. Your commendation means a great deal to her.
Don't worry. "Easy to say." Really it pays to even make the effort. Worry never helps; it simply takes away the strength to bear what will come, whether you worry or not.
Don't be discouraged. You have done your best—leave the result to the future—the harvest may be a big surprise.

No Prison-Made Books.
The School Journal in a recent number says: "In Illinois and New York attempts are being made to secure legislation that will turn the publication of text books over to the penitentiaries. There actually are a few misguided teachers of strongly socialistic views who think this project of unadulterated asinine might not be so bad after all. One New York legislator has already proposed to have the State appropriate \$150,000 for the practical inauguration of the era of 'prison-made' books. The State Teachers' Association ought to take immediate action. Let the Executive Committee open a newspaper campaign to save the State from this shameful outrage."

How He Meant to Settle It.
Judge Murphy was trying a case in San Rafael once. It was a murder case, and bitterly contested. It had not proceeded very far before the attorneys got to loggerheads. The attorney for the defense did his best to irritate the attorney for the prosecution, and the prosecuting attorney retaliated with all his might. Finally matters got to such a pitch that the attorney for the prosecution turned upon his opponent and called him down in open court. Judge Murphy interrupted, saying:

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, this won't do. This sort of thing is very disrespectful to the court. This is no place for such exhibitions. If you gentlemen have any differences to settle, settle them out of court."

The attorney for the defense immediately rose and said: "We have no differences, if your honor please."
"If your honor please," said the prosecuting attorney, "I wish to say that we have differences. And I wish to give notice that when court adjourns I intend to crack that man's head over there."

Judge Murphy exploded. "How dare you, sir? How dare you? This is the grossest contempt of court! How dare you come here and attempt to terrify counsel? I fine you \$50, sir; \$50."

The attorney replied: "That is rather hard on me, if your honor please. Your honor distinctly suggested that I should settle my differences with this man out of court, and I gave notice of my intention to do so. That was all. I have the highest respect and appreciation of your honor's judgment in such matters, and I felt proud to accept your honor's advice."

To Raise Frog Legs for Market.
Frog farming is likely to be an industry of the immediate future. The United States Fish Commission is now investigating the subject, and considering the large demand and the high prices paid for legs it is believed that there ought to be money in the business.

As matters now are the frog crop is wholly wild. The legs are gathered from all parts of the country, and the principal market for them is in New York City, though Chicago and other large places call for a considerable supply. Fulton Market alone sells from 75,000 to 100,000 pounds of them annually. Missouri is the greatest producing State, the town of Kennett alone shipping 60,000 pounds of dressed frog legs annually and New Madrid 25,000.

The plant required for a frog farm is, according to the officers of the Fish Commission, both simple and cheap. All that is needed is a shallow pond. This requires no preparation, except perhaps the planting of a few bushes round its edge. It is considered a good idea to build a low board fence around the pond to keep out snakes and small mammals that are fond of a frog diet. The fence should be close to the water, so that birds cannot stand inside and pick up pollywogs from the water.

Getting Independent.
For countless ages woman has walked the earth a stranger to herself. She saw herself only through the eyes of man, and knew herself only as wife, mother, or "old maid." Like Lazarus in his grave-clothes, she stood wrapped in the cerements of man's egotism, and no one said, "Loose her, and let her go."
But in the slow process of social evolution a change has come, and to-day woman demands that "her sex shall no longer take precedence of her humanity," she asks that she shall have the same opportunity to develop individuality that man has, and she asks to the egotism of man, "hush far and no farther!"—Womankind.

To aid in filling our teeth straight a new file holder has a frame with two parallel guides, between which the file is fastened to make it run true.

Remarkable Luck.
"Have any luck on your fishing trip?"
"Remarkable."
"Caught some beauties, eh?"
"I didn't get a nibble."
"But you said you were lucky."
"I was; I fell into the river and didn't get drowned."—Washington Star.

Funny.
"That young Pilling is a funny fellow."
"I should say he was. When he parts his hair in the middle he counts the hairs on each side."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Did He Gratify Her Wish?
He was reading aloud: "Bears, it is said, have a vicious propensity for hugging."
"Oh," she interrupted, "how I wish you were a bear!"—Detroit Free Press.