

# Geraldine



and who considered she would not be equal to more on one night. Granny had sometimes been a little overdone of late, and now her husband's strength was waning. She would, she said, call for Geraldine a little before 11 o'clock.

## CHAPTER XII.

Lady Raymond had given her ball, her one ball of the season and now thought it time to have something else, and it being the end of June, her ladyship presently fixed on a strawberry tea, with a recital, or lecture, or concert, or something of that nature, by way of food for the mind. Even a recital was on the proper person for the same engaged, the fees, cakes, cream, and strawberries ordered, and two or three hundred invitations sent out.

"I asked Belenden yesterday," announced her son one morning, as the family sat in conference. "I say mother, I think he has been rather neglected among us, for when I gave him the invitation, though I admit that I did not think these sort of things were in his line, he laughed and said he was far too proud of being invited to refuse."

"So, my dear, he says he is invited?" "Yes, he said he would not suppose it will be much older in the long run. You do not imagine the embassy is a desert land of France? If I were to go to their land, the mo' seems to doubt will let her and pay her every cent."

"Perhaps it was," said Cecil, significantly. "At all events," he added, after a pause, "he is coming to the dinner. I should say we might ask him to dinner. Did you not say we had a place vacant, that some one had failed for Thursday?"

"He would never come on so short a notice, my dear."

"I don't know about that. Judging from to-day, I should say he would. He does not go out half so much as he used to do, and it might happen he was disengaged. At all events he could not object to being asked."

"I really don't know what has come over the fellow," Cecil privately informed his mother. "It was no fancy of mine, he really did look delighted when he read your note, and said he would come straight away, without referring to his engagements or anything. I dare say he was engaged, but I don't see the man to stick at that. He would find an excuse sharp enough if he wanted one; and he evidently meant to come to us. Do you think he is Ethel? How long did she have of him? And did it strike you that he was taken with her?"

"Certainly observed that he went up to her as soon as the gentlemen appeared after dinner," replied her ladyship, "but we had such a very short time in the drawing-room before we had to leave, and as I felt said nothing, and we met so many people that same evening at Lady Maroon's dance, I forgot all about it. Sir Frederick Belenden. He is a remarkably fine looking man, and I am told popular in the country. He is, I suppose, respectable, and she looked inuringly at her son, for the same idea was in both their minds, and up to her lights. Lady Raymond was a good mother, and it was a sine qua non with her that any applicant for the hand of either daughter must be respectable."

"Oh, I should say particularly so," rejoined Cecil. "I have all been making inquiries about him once or twice lately. He lives now almost entirely upon his own place, and has gone in for being the country gentleman, and all that. He seems quite different from what he used to be in several ways, hardly care enough for appearances, you know, whereas he used to be such a very great swell. He still goes to the same tailor, but his boots yesterday were simply disgraceful. Made by some village shoemaker down at Belenden. I should say."

"I am sure I should have invited him if I had ever thought he would have cared to come," said she. "But he never called on us till this summer, and I only took his doing so once to be because he had taken Ethel in to dinner at Fitzwillbrahams."

"My dear Raymond, not to speak French looks so shockingly ignorant."

"Which is worst? Not to speak it, or to speak it badly?"

"Well, I don't speak it at all, and you, my dear, speak it abominably even if you can perceive that—so now which of us is the most shockingly ignorant, eh? I dare say little Geraldine could give us points equally," added my lord, who was a bit of a bore, and who now went of chucking over the snub so happily administered.

"His wife, however, turned to Cecil for consolation. "I am very glad you are going to the fore a reception on Thursday," she added; "but I do wish Cecil, you could have obtained an invitation for your sisters also. You know what excellent linguists they are, and it is really a pity they should not have this opportunity for showing it. Sir Frederick Belenden is a good French scholar also, I remember hearing," added she, carelessly.

"He is not likely to be going, mother."

"Is he not? But no doubt he could go if he chose, and if we went, we could give him a seat in our carriage, and all go comfortably together. You will, of course, accompany my mother and Geraldine."

"I do not think he would care to go," responded Cecil, following her train of thought with acumen and sympathy. "But I will see what can be done. I will try to-day, and if I succeed, I will take care Belenden knows."

at present stood—but she could not see him in any other. Least to an eye, she saw his hand on his hat up permanently at Inchmarrow, and her beautiful Geraldine, the pride of her heart, the chosen of the day, was going no further and faring no better than only her cousin, whom she might have had any moment of her life, and without budging an inch from her own doorstep.

Not but that the boy was well enough, and had been any one else, any one but the lad she had seen grow up through all the stages of pettiness and perversity, and acket and trousers and school-boy dom, she might have put up with him, she would have liked her child to be "my lady"—yes, and she would not have minded some of the Campbell money passing into the Raymond hands, but but and the dash was that she had hitherto declined to perceive any hints and inducements thrown out upon the subject.

Charlotte had thought her mother uncommonly dense at the first, but had latterly wondered whether there had not been some cause for the slight deafness, or absence of mind, or the like with which the old lady had parried her attempts. She was not altogether sorry that Geraldine was to come alone as she could do to her own aunt's house on Thursday.

Geraldine was to have Cecil's arm to the dinner-table, of course. Cecil had not said a word when the paper with its lists of names and appointments had been submitted for his approval; but she had understood, nevertheless, that all was right. And when it had further come to light that by Lady Raymond's adjustment of her table, Geraldine would have on her other side a quiet old gentleman whose attention would certainly be fixed upon his plate during the greater portion of the evening, Cecil had still cheerfully sanctioned everything.

But alas for the "best laid schemes of mice and men!" Thursday came, and with it the appointed guests, save and except one—a lady, and a somewhat important one, had been detained by illness and poor Lady Raymond's face tell at least an inch as she strove not to appear too much disconcerted on her own account, and sufficiently anxious on that of her friend.

It was out of the question that he should be unprovided for, where he was, and she had not a minute to consider, and here was her husband's gnawing to her with raised eyebrows and portentous signs of gloom, and at any moment the dinner might be announced.

She murmured a word in his ear. He nodded, another whisper. Another acquiescing nod. The next instant it was "Mr. Le Masserer, will you take my daughter Ethel into dinner? We had hoped to have given your lady daughter, but she has, unfortunately failed," with the necessary explanation.

So far, well, but of course, Lady Daxford's detraction could no more be permitted to berate Sir Frederick Belenden than Mr. Le Masserer. In a trice he had been coupled with Geraldine Campbell, and the unfortunate Cecil was seen to be the victim of the whole, the stranded solitary, the one who had a real and just cause for uttering maledictions upon her ladyship's complaint, her absence, and the havoc she had wrought.

He would not even slip in on his cousin's other side. All the table had been disgraced when at last he got down, and the places on either side of Belenden and his partner had been filled, and as neither of them had heard a word as to the cause of disaster, or indeed had been aware of any disaster at all, all having been so quietly and elegantly managed, each was now silently wondering why they had been so brought together. Belenden, however, returned that his hostess must be a sensible woman who would not throw her daughter at any one's head. Geraldine fancied it must be Cecil's doing.

He was always speaking to her of Belenden, and the more she showed that the subject was distasteful, the more would it seem as if he were impelled to pursue it. That he should have desired his mother to deliver her over for the next two hours to the sole society and entertainment of a man for whom he was aware she had once experienced a feeling which she would fain now have buried in oblivion was strange, and was hardly like Cecil, invariably attentive, courteous, and obliging; but if it had been done from a desire on the part of the extremely well-mannered young gentleman that she should vindicate her own claim to an equal share of good-breeding by her deportment on so trying an occasion, she was ready to carry out his wishes.

# WOMAN AND HER WAYS.



SOMETIMES we find a creature calling herself a woman, who in her own estimation is not only competent to manage her own business, but that of several others besides, and she therefore sets in to regulate and reform according to her notion, and as that notion always collides with the other person's ideas the reformer is frequently dubbed a "busybody," a term that she would undoubtedly resent most indignantly. If she knew it had been applied to her. Now, as a rule a woman has all she can do attending to her own affairs—that is, if she looks after them as they should be.

To those girls who never feel for a moment the least inclination to do underhand or unprincipled things it seems impossible that women can set to work deliberately to make mischief, yet how many torn and bleeding hearts can testify to the fact that there are such creatures in the world. The woman of honor would sooner cut off her right hand than write an anonymous letter, yet the records show that the majority of the writers of scurrilous communications have been discovered to be women. There are certain hall marks of manners stamped upon the personality of the busybody. She begins her conversation generally by saying, "I am sorry to tell you what I have to, but it is a matter of conscience and I feel obliged to do my duty." "Matter of conscience," fiddlesticks! It is merely the desire to stir up a great rumpus and then calmly fold her hands and declare complacently that she is so glad she was not mixed up in such a shocking affair.

Let us all learn more fully the lesson of looking after our own faults and follies before we think it necessary to endeavor to erase those of others. We will be kept busy if we faithfully fulfill this contract that nature has given us. The influence that we are so anxious to exert should not be of the aggressive, bustling character that is regarded only as impertinent interference; let our lives be the silent witnesses in our favor, our own example the best code of morals that we can set for others to abide by.

**Rich, but Not Happy.**  
In constant fear of assassination—that is the state in which Hetty Green declares she has been for nearly thirty years. That is why the richest woman in America, if not in the world, has gone about dressed like a poorhouse inmate, living in shabby lodgings in Brooklyn, cooked her own food and washed her own clothes and hustled for herself generally. Her \$40,000,000 have brought her no happiness. On the contrary, she has suffered endless anxiety, fear and trouble on account of her wealth. Yet she is constantly striving to add more to her vast fortune.

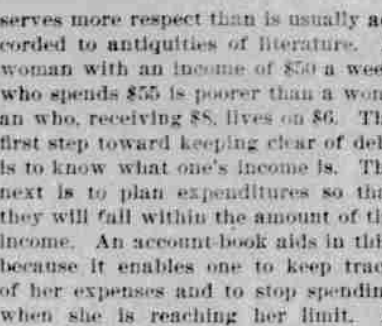
Hetty Green's eccentricities are old stories. Her persistent longing to acquire wealth and her equally persistent practice of not enjoying it are well known. But the motive of her strange actions has only been guessed at heretofore. The other day she gave her own explanation of them. She declares that she is in momentary dread of being murdered, and in support of this theory she tells a wild, weird tale. She says, first, that her father was killed; second, that her aunt's death was hastened by drugs, and third, that she herself has had several attempts made upon her life.

**A Hint from England.**  
Many English women who ride bicycles "follow the convenient plan of turning the skirt hind part before when they are riding, and turning it back again when walking. This, with the new 'flare' skirt, brings the fullness where it is needed. Full knickerbockers should be worn beneath. Tweed is the best material. Neat shoes and stockings are essential, and gaiters are comfortable in cold weather. The jacket should be close-fitting, with a short basque, and the skirt short."

**Some Sound Sense.**  
It has been so frequently observed that not large fortunes, but modest wants, constitute prosperity, that the remark is a trifle wise. Nevertheless, old as it is, the statement deserves more respect than is usually accorded to antiquities of literature. A woman with an income of \$50 a week who spends \$55 is poorer than a woman who, receiving \$5, lives on \$6. The first step toward keeping clear of debt is to know what one's income is. The next is to plan expenditures so that they will fall within the amount of the income. An account-book aids in this, because it enables one to keep track of her expenses and to stop spending when she is reaching her limit. A savings bank account is another way of escaping debt. The woman who is saving money generally takes such a pride in watching her little board grow that she is able to deny herself many costly luxuries for the pleasure she takes in saving. And denying one's self costly things means avoiding debt.

**Those Vanished Virtues.**  
"Oh, women are not what they used to be," said my friend, the Grumble some Man; "The way that they carry on a 'shocking' to see. At least it is terribly shocking to me. For I'm set dead against this new plan. Of letting them think they must put in their way. And thinking that they can run things in their way. Expecting to rule when they ought to obey. They think that! Deny 't if you can!"

# HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT



**Don't Grease the Griddle.**  
Hot pancakes are such universal favorites, and the family is so varied in all its branches, that every one knows how to mix the most approved ingredients, whether the substratum be buckwheat, rice, Indian meal or wheat flour. But how to bake them is the question, without filling the house with smoke and a heavy, greasy odor. Do not grease the griddle. That's my way of cooking them. The griddle must be perfectly clean and sooth and neither too hot nor yet too cool. When I think it about right I wipe it off with a wet towel, then try one small cake. If it bakes to a nice light brown then I keep the griddle at that temperature until the meal is finished, moving it alternately to a cooler or warmer place on the range, as may be needed.

**Rules for the Refrigerator.**  
1.—Milk, butter, meat, vegetables, even fish, may be kept in one refrigerator, provided each article is placed in a separate covered dish. Nothing uncovered, excepting, perhaps, eggs in the shell, should be tolerated in a refrigerator. This useful piece of household furniture was never intended to take the place of a safe. 2.—Clean the refrigerator once a week, or three times as often if the weather be warm. 3.—Do not permit left-overs to accumulate. Either make them up into some dainty dish according to one of the excellent recipes that teachers of cookery have made familiar in our homes, or give the scraps away, or throw them into the garbage kettle. Anything, rather than risk the family's health by keeping an unsavory refrigerator.

**Use a Light Broom.**  
Do not pick up a man to buy a broom. He will pick out the largest one, give one stroke with it across the store floor and say, "Yes, that is just right." But with half his strength a woman must sweep for hours with it every week, digging out corners, coaxing the dust from carpets and stairs. Have a light broom and a dust pan with a straight, firm edge, and send the heavy broom to the barn and the bent tin dust pan to the dumping place for rubbish, which should not be the wood pile or over the wall.

**How to Frame a Quilt.**  
A writer in the Home and Farm puts the quilt in the frames in the old-fashioned way, bastes it around the edges and down the center; then she takes it out, carefully rolls it from each side toward the center basting; begins in the middle and on her sewing machine stitches the rows the desired distance apart to each side edge. After she has gone one way she can begin at the end and go to the other end, but it makes a smaller roll under the arm of the machine to begin in the center.

**Oyster Catsup.**  
For oyster catsup take one quart of oysters, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper and some of mace, one teaspoonful of cider vinegar and one teaspoonful of sherry. Chop the oysters and boil in their own liquor with a teaspoonful of vinegar, skimming the scum as it rises. Boil three minutes, strain through a hair cloth, return the liquor to the fire, add the wine, pepper, salt and mace. Boil fifteen minutes, and when cold bottle for use, sealing the corks.

**To Fry Sausages.**  
The ordinary way of frying sausages is not the best way of cooking them. A far better way is to put them in the oven on an ordinary baking tin, turning them from one side to another until they are brown on both sides. In a hot oven they will cook in this way in ten or fifteen minutes. If they are in cases they should be pricked thoroughly, to prevent them from bursting under the heat.

**Household Hints.**  
Only the soft part of an oyster should be given an invalid. If a cake bakes too rapidly on the bottom, slip an asbestos plate under. Frozen tea will be found at many afternoon teas. It is made like cafe frappe. In blacking the kitchen stove better results are reached if the blacking is wet with coffee instead of water. "A little lemon juice squeezed into the water in which rice is boiled," says a notable housewife, "keeps the grains separate." Lemon skins have a use after the pulp and juice have been removed. When they are rubbed briskly over brass or copper, and followed by an application of soap or wood ashes, they are almost sure to clean. The whites of eggs intended for cake-making should never be allowed to stand during the beating process even for a moment, as they return to a liquid state and cannot be restored, thus making the cake heavy. It is a mistake to make a large tea biscuit. Properly speaking, a tea biscuit should not be more than two inches in diameter, and proportionately thick when baked. This gives a delicate, moist, flaky biscuit, which will be cooked through before the outside crust has become hard or overbrown. Large wash tubs are needed for rinsing purposes, but a small one is better to use for rubbing clothes. Then, instead of a large, heavy wooden pail that, when water soaked, is all a woman wants to lift from the floor, have two smaller fibre or pulp pails, or at least let them be small, even if they must be wooden.

**WITH THE DRESSMAKER.**  
Every true woman ought to enjoy the process of making over an old gown to do for her "second best," but she frequently makes mistakes. She sometimes buys new trimmings instead of new linings, and fresh linings are the first requisite. Nothing makes a skirt hang as well as crisp new linings, whether they be silk or saten. Nothing makes a bodice fit better than a lining which is properly stretched, while bones that are stiff and sleeve protectors that are fresh. The material must be carefully cleaned and pressed, and after these preliminaries have been arranged the pattern must be chosen and cut carefully. The skirt should be made and finished to last look and eye before the waist is attempted. The lining for the bodice should be cut and fitted before the material is touched. If sleeves need lengthening piece them down at the wrist and cover the joining by a cuff of some pretty shape. Never piece a skirt down from the top to lengthen it no matter how long the bodice of a gown may be. It spoils the shape of any skirt. Piecing at the bottom may be concealed by a wide braid or a bias fold of the goods or a ruffle of ribbon. In these days of combinations making over dresses is a comparatively simple matter and there seems to be no limit to the colors and materials which may be harmoniously put together. Big sleeves, revers, girdles and stock collars are all friends of the home dressmaker. The clever needle woman can take her least promising old dress and with a band of braid to outline the bottom of the skirt, revers of new silk, a crush collar with a lace jabot and a crush giraffe make a chic little gown of it. In putting on skirt braids it is a wise plan to shrink them by dipping them into hot water and hanging them over a line to dry, else you may find your skirt puckered around the bottom after the first rain. A black silk may be freshened up for a young woman by covering the waist and sleeves with chiffon with jet ornaments or with some color such as crushed collar, belt and rosettes of blue or apple-green ribbon.

**A Winter Jacket.**  
The newest velvet ribbons have a jetted edge, making them very effective for hat as well as dress trimmings.

## Her Title Acknowledged.

When Marshal Lefebvre was made Duke of Dantzic, the new duchess (who was the original of Sardou's Mme. Sans-Gene) went to the Tuilleries to thank the Empress Josephine. As Mme. la Marechale had not demanded an audience, the usher, accustomed to call her by that name, entered to take the orders of the chamberlain-in-waiting; he returned and addressed her: "Mme. la Marechale may enter." The lady looked askance at him, but entered the salon, and the Empress, rising, advanced a few steps to meet her, saying, with engaging graciousness: "How is the Duchess of Dantzic?" La Marechale, instead of answering, winked intelligently, and then, turning toward the usher, who was in the act of shutting the door: "Hey, my boy," said she, "what do you think of that?"

## Lost Her Money.

Uaida is reported to be poor now, after a considerable career of extravagance. One who knows her says that "life without riches, perfumed boudoir, priceless bits of china, and the rest will seem almost a desert to her," but for the present she is retrenching. She has sold her Italian palace and fittings, and his living quietly. Part of her large earnings has been lost in reckless speculation.



MRS. HETTY GREEN.

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