



THREE SISTERS

CHAPTER XIII.

It was a week after the scene above described.

"What are you reading, mother?"

"A letter from Russia."

"From Russia?"

"Yes, your fame has spread to Russia. Listen for yourselves—"

"Dear Madam—A mutual friend, Madam Werner, of Ecks, to whom I had written requesting an English governess for my girls, writes to me that you have a young daughter who might like to take the position."

"She would have nothing to do but talk English in my house. The salary I offer is £70 the first year, with an increase every year after that."

"We live in the country in a most healthy place. Your daughter is very young, I am told. I should endeavor to make my home a second home to her. She would be treated like my daughter."

"Perhaps you will reflect on my proposal, dear madam, which I make as mother to mother."

"Awaiting your reply."

"I am, yours very faithfully,

"VERA ANISSIMOFF."

"That, girls, is my letter from Russia."

"How kindly she writes! I always heard the Russians were darlings," cried Dorry impulsively, adding: "Of course you'll let me go, mother?"

"Dear child, let you go to a far-off country like that?"

"I'd love to go. Do let me, mother. I want so much to earn and fancy, mother, £70 a year for doing nothing. Do—do let me go."

"Dorry, child, you are trembling more than ever. I wish I had not told you anything about it."

"Oh, mother, let me go. Promise me you'll let me go. She must be nice, or Madame Werner would not have recommended me to her, and she writes so kindly."

The mother stroked the girl's flushed cheeks.

"Well, we'll think of it. I must talk to Madame Werner and to the doctor. Change of air and scene you want indeed."

The result was that three weeks later Dorry and her mother stood on the platform of the Vienna station, her mother having traveled so far with her.

"Bear up, mother. See, I feel already better for the journey."

She looked better. It was her mother's one consolation. A little color had come to the pale cheeks; the trembling and twitching of lips and hands had greatly ceased.

It was three days after this. Dorry had reached the Russian frontier. She was alone. The old lady had long reached her destination.

"This is your train," said a porter's voice beside the girl. "Which class?"

"Second."

"Here you are then—this carriage."

Dorry looked at him in dismay. The carriage was full of men, smoking.

"Can't I get somewhere else?"

"There's no room anywhere else. You'll not get in at all if you wait much longer."

At this minute another voice spoke.

"Yes, there's room here, if the young lady will get in."

It was a gentleman. The girl looked at him.

"But my ticket is second class," she said.

"My you will allow me I will exchange with you."

"Oh, thank you, I—"

"Allow me"—he had already taken her by the hand and helped her in, and stood looking at her from the platform. She turned his gaze sorrowfully.

"Now you will have to travel with all those smoking men," she said.

"Yes," he smiled. "Unless you will allow me to travel with you."

"Why not? I don't want a whole carriage to myself."

"Don't you?" Again he smiled. "That is very kind of you. I shall be back in a minute."

He left and returned at once with a ticket for himself.

Strange metamorphosis! It had struck Miss Denbigh meanwhile that perhaps she had not been quite discreet in permitting this gentleman to give her his ticket, and letting him travel with her. With the acute comprehension of a young lady of fourteen summers, now that she had leisure to think the matter over, it struck her that the situation was quite romantic and romantic situations, Dorry told herself, were things to be avoided.

Perhaps he guessed the thought passing in his companion's mind, for his manner became no less cordial, as it became no less polite and deferential, in the course of their further journey; and even Dorry's manner thawed a little at last.

"You are very young," he said, "to be traveling in a foreign country alone."

"I am going on for fifteen," was the reply.

The gentleman did not seem any more impressed by her venerableness than before. A smile even played about his lips and in the corners of his eyes. But it soon vanished, and an almost and look replaced it, as he contemplated the child-girl with her earnest eyes. He knew so many girls "going on for fifteen" that were still in their nurseries, and here was she going out into the world to fight the hard battle of life, far away from all who loved her. He would have liked to pat her on the shoulder; he would have liked to push back her black curls and kiss her on the forehead.

But Miss Denbigh set quite erect. Miss Denbigh wore her most proper expression. What would she have said to a gentleman venturing on any such familiarity? She was a severe spinster, "going on for fifteen," and her knight sans peur et sans reproche felt she wished him to bear that in mind.

There was silence for another half-hour. Then Miss Dorry herself began to speak.

"I only just remember," she exclaimed, "we have been talking English all the time. How did you know I was English?"

"How did I know you were English? Do you not know, little lady, an Englishman or Englishwoman is rarely mistaken—an English girl, never. But this is my station. I must leave you now," and he hesitated a moment, then, without leave or license, took the girl's face between his hands and kissed her on the eyes.

"You are a dear little woman. Think of me as a friend who wishes you well wherever you be."

Having said which, he lifted his hat one more, and left the train and the platform, but not the latter before having given the conductor a few which insured his looking after his young protegee for the rest of her journey.

Such was little Dorry's first and last romance.

Here is her own conclusion of her description of the meeting in a letter to "mother."

"A very nice man, I consider. I wonder he was married. He would make a regular kind husband, that I'm sure. The sort I mean to marry, mother, when I marry."

Here was a frank, determined little lady. What is it to be "going on for fifteen." And this was a letter she wrote one month later.

"Dear Nora—To think I am here in Eldorado. I have grown so strong, and every one is good to me; the Russian mother has kept her promise; they have made their home my home."

"Dear Nora, take the enclosed and use it. What do I want money for? Do not talk of saving it up for me. Did I come to Eldorado to be a miser? I want to know it is spent as quick as earned—I want to be of use. If you save a penny of it for me, I shall never forgive you."

"Kiss my mother and my Bet for me."

"DORRY."

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"DORRY."

She was a brave little woman; she had gone to Eldorado of her own free will, she was no longer ill, and there was money inclosed in her letter to Nora. She ought to be very happy, yesterday had become today, today were into the future—then she would set out home again along that very way that she had come. What way? She could not see it. She could see nothing but the snow, the heavy falling snow that hid the sky, like a great white curtain drawn across the window. Yes, she ought to be right happy; but the snow was so dazzling. She drew her hand across her eyes. Ah, the burning, burning tears!

What was the matter with the brave child? They call this homesickness.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was the evening of the day on which Dorry left Ecks with her mother on her way to Vienna, thence to proceed alone to Russia.

Elizabeth set out on her walk to Dr. Simon's. It was not her first visit to the great lawyer. For some weeks past she had worked for him, translating documents into English.

It was almost dark when she knocked at his office door.

"Come in! Ah, you! Miss Denbigh. Good evening, take a seat."

The girl did so, and looked about her. The door opposite her was open. It led into a drawing room, superbly furnished.

Dr. Simon was rich, stately, literally "scholar-rich," as the good folks of Ecks said.

The girl's eyes lingered for a while on the grandeur of his house, then returned to the lawyer, the little wizened doctor leaning against his desk.

"And now our little account, miss! How much is it?"

Elizabeth flushed. The doctor knew her terms.

"Four columns and a half, at two marks a column, make nine marks," she stammered.

"Eh, what do four columns make. Little miss? The half-column is hardly worth counting, I think. Here I have just eight marks. First-rate translation—really excellent. Good evening, Miss Denbigh. Eh, no, I've a letter here you might write for me, as you're on the spot, and such an excellent pen woman. Take a seat."

The girl did so, and wrote a short business letter, such as nothing but careful study of lawyers' language could have enabled her to write.

The doctor glanced over her shoulder.

"What, done already, that's sharp!"

With which remark, accompanied by a smile—and nothing else—she dismissed his translator.

The next minute the girl was in the street. "Stone-rich," she muttered, and her young face grew dark with anger, as she looked up at the house she had just left.

She stopped at Miss Smythe's on her way home, by request.

"Glad to see you, Miss Denbigh," that lady welcomed her by saying, "So you've made up your mind to accept the engagement I spoke of?"

"What is the name of the lady you spoke of to my mother?" asked Elizabeth.

"Mrs. Dosem."

"Should I have much to do?"

"You would have to do what a governess usually has to do."

"I will write to Mrs. Dosem to-night. I might accept the engagement at once. I should go over to London, I suppose?"

"Yes, I have already written to a friend in West Kensington, who will be happy to welcome you at her house. You will need rest before traveling northward."

"How kind of you! Thank you so much" and the girl leaned forward in her gratitude.

CHAPTER XV.

"My trunk, please."

"Which, miss?"

"Little one—black—addressed 'Denbigh London.'"

"Isn't here, miss?"

"But it must be. It was registered."

"Where do you come from?"

"From Ecks."

"Then you changed at Bruchsal?"

"Yes."

"Your box must have stayed in the train there."

Thus it was that registration proved a useless expense in Miss Elizabeth Denbigh's case. Not registered herself, she arrived all right at the city of the famous dome, whilst as for her trunk, it was at this moment making a tour in the Bavarian Alps, or some other region of the fatherland, equally remote from the spot in which it ought to be.

Meanwhile, having telegraphed to Bruchsal, before detaching herself to the hotel "Zur den Kautzen," Miss Denbigh directed her steps toward the cathedral, and there spent a meditative hour.

Not till the next morning did she leave Cologne for London, in the hope that she might find her trunk there, and not until she came within half an hour of that city did the thought flash on her: What if it were not in London? She could not present herself at the house of Miss Smythe-Smythe's friends without a change of dress. She had a foreign girl's notion of English strictness in matters of dress—an unworried girl's notion of a worldly woman's worldliness. "Write home!" Mother would be so anxious.

She looked out of the window. That must be London—the sea of houses stretching far away, the noise, the fog. In another minute she would be there—alone. Her lips quivered; a tear stole down her face.

"Poor girl!" soliloquized a gentleman opposite her. "I wonder what's the matter with her?"

The next moment he was walking out of the station. He was a kind man, and he pitied the little lady from his heart; but he supposed she had friends, hoped she had—to inquire whether she had or not never entered his head.

That is why, while our English friend was walking slowly into a troubled look very now and then crossing his handsome face, as he thought of the wretched young traveler, and wondered was she in safe hands, another gentleman, who had traveled in the same carriage up to London, now turned to the young lady and, in English unmistakably foreign, said:

"What have you to grieve for, miss? Can you help?"

The girl smiled.

"I am not grieving. I've only lost my luggage."

"Oh, the trouble! How so?"

"It's such a stupid story, you'll hardly believe it."

"No, just for it is stupid, I will believe it. Who does expect cleverness from so little a miss?"

She poured forth her tale of woe, hiding nothing from the loss of her luggage down to her dread of facing the lady in West Kensington in her dusty traveling gear.

The good-natured German at once accompanied her to the luggage room. Alas! the trunk had not arrived. "The young lady must have patience. It would probably turn up soon."

"And you will not go to your grand friends?"

"How could I, like this?"

The gentleman looked at her. She certainly looked very shabby, and he quite entered into her girlish dread of presenting herself at West Kensington in her traveling costume, and without luggage. He had read her story in her frank brown eyes, in the one little unguarded hand, in the shabby dress, and the calm way in which she asserted her equality with the well-dressed gentleman.

"Couldn't you tell me of a nice hotel where it—it wouldn't be too expensive to wait a day or so? I waited at Cologne."

"My dear!—it was nonsense to treat this child like a woman—my dear!—and he looked down kindly at the flushed, eager face—"I know of a hotel where the charges are very moderate, but—you are not in Cologne. You had better go to Kensington. Your friends would be very vexed to know that you had stayed at a hotel abroad."

"They are not my friends, and I shall not tell them. Where is the hotel, please?"

"In reply, 'Is it far from here?'"

It was not far. He drove her to the hotel at once, gave her into the care of the landlady, and then bade her farewell.

"They can place a nice room at your disposal, my dear. You can there make any change you like in your dress. Then take my advice, and drive to Kensington."

"I shall drive there in a day or so, when I have my luggage. How kind you are! and the girl's eyes dimmed. "If every one were only so kind, but no, I could never present myself like this at Kensington—I shall see you again, I suppose?"

"This is my name and my address; if you need anything, write to me. If you are wise, you will go to Kensington. Think over it. Goodby!" and, raising his hat, he went.

CHAPTER XVI.

Wearied out, she threw the card on a table, and, without even pausing to read it, flung herself on the bed, and turning her face to the wall, fell fast asleep. How long she had lain thus she did not know, but it was deep twilight when she woke, or—was she still dreaming? There were voices in the room.

"A few, eh? So I said. Paid for a whole week in advance. Catch a Jew do that for nothing!"

No, she was not dreaming. She was wide awake; and there they stood, reading his card and talking. What could they mean? She passed her hand across her eyes, and then fixed them full on the two women—the big, child-like eyes. What could they mean by their talk? She did not ask them. She only said wearily:

"I do not want you. Why did you come?"

They left the room quietly.

And then—ah, yes, girls are girls—deceived so easily, so easily undecieved. Then a new look came into her eyes; they ceased to be child-like. The world had one more woman, one girl less.

A day alone in London had done it. Somebody knocked at the door.

"Your supper, miss."

"Thank you; leave it there."

How bright it was outside. All the lamps were lit, and threw their light on the wet pavement. What a throng of people—men and women, hurrying home. Yes, they were all going home, of course;

to their rich homes, or their poor homes, or perhaps only to a cellar, to a niche in the portico of some rich mansion. The girl smiled them all. With her pale face pressed against the window, and a look in the brown eyes that was quite new to them, as she watched them pass, the richly dressed, the shabby, the ragged, and the half-naked—the children of that cruel step-mother, London—a great bitterness fell upon her. She carried them all, even the ragged and the half-naked, who had to bedown in cellars and in porticoes. No sun trespassed on their sleep with cruel words, or, if they did, they were prepared for it. What had she done that she should be treated like the worst of these? That she should have no friend in all London but the Jew? What was his name? She took up the card.

Dr. Simon.

Strange coincidence! So there were Jews and Jews, Dr. Simon and Dr. Simon; and the most foolish thing in all the world was to be bitter against a nation, a sect, a city—no, not a city. There could be nothing good in London, in this city where she had first stood face to face with badness, had learned to know what badness was. In all London there was nothing good but the Jew, and he was not of London. Leave him out, and what was left? A brother of her father, who would not know his brother's working daughter; Kensington, where they would greet her coldly; and, beneath the window where she stood, the hurrying, hurrying crowd, the rich jostling with the poor, with not a glance at their poverty, not a slander at their meanness.

She opened the window, and, making a parcel of her supper, flung it down to a woman at whose skirts a troop of children were dragging, crying with the wild cry of hunger. She was reminded of what a Frenchman once said: It was as droll as watching monkeys eat, the way they pecked it into their mouths, and then stood munching with a look of monkey pleasure. It was so seldom they could peck their mouths full, and munch.

The tears stole down the girl's face as she thought of the comparison, and thought how true it was, as she watched the mother and children cram the bread into their mouths, and munch.

No, no, no thank you; they were too hungry to nod and thank.

This then was London.

Somebody knocked at the door again.

"Have you done your supper, miss?"

"Yes."

"Good night, miss."

No answer.

Then, impulsively:

"Stop; what did you mean by—but it doesn't matter. I shall leave here tomorrow at ten o'clock."

(To be continued.)

Clever Swindlers.

Two remarkable beggars have been attracting attention in Paris. One was an old woman over 80 years of age. She lived in a lodging house, and was supported by the charity of the other tenants. She was an object of pity, this distressed, yet ladylike and gentle old woman, and the little paragon made up for her each week was contributed to her by those who were under the same roof with her. Nevertheless, at the last she died of starvation. There seemed to be nothing in her room worth making an inventory of; but the police made the customary search, and discovered under various heaps of rubbish bonds and money to the amount of thirty-five thousand francs. The "poor" old woman's heirs are being sought for. A clever swindler presented himself in Paris under the guise of a deaf mute. He was first noticed by the police while conducting an energetic begging campaign from house to house. Upon being arrested he went into an energetic pantomime, to which the officers paid little attention. In the police station he suddenly lost his infirmity and uttered a torrent of invective against the police. It was afterward found out that, speaking five languages, he had plied his trade in all the countries of Europe and with remarkable success. He confined his operations to the wealthy. He would first write to the families he intended to call upon for aid, and detail his pitiable state. The letters were well written, and seemed so truthful, that when he sought an interview with the people to whom they had been sent, he seldom failed to secure the sum he desired. In Paris his operations netted him not less than fifty francs a day.

A Stock Company, "Limited."

Companies are described as "limited" or "unlimited" according as the liability of their shareholders is or is not limited. At common law every person is liable, upon his contracts, etc., up to the whole amount of his estate, and every partner is so liable upon all the contracts, etc., of the partnership. So extensive a liability is apt to prevent persons from engaging in business as partners, and the principle of limited liability has somewhat recently been generally recognized. In England the limitations were first brought into common and popular use in 1855 by parliamentary act. In the case of an "unlimited" company each shareholder is liable to contribute to the debts of the company to the full amount of his property, but in "limited" companies the liability of each shareholder is limited by the number of shares he has taken, so that he can not be called upon to contribute beyond the amount of his shares. In Great Britain a company formed for profit must, if the liability of its members is limited, have the word "limited" as the last word of its name.

Miss Maud—They say it changes the expression of the face to chew gum a great deal. I don't believe it. Do you? Her brother—No. It's impossible. On the face of a gum chewer there isn't any expression to change?—Chicago Tribune.

Gadzooks—So Miss Neurosthenia is married. Her husband is a brave man, as she is one of the most nervous and restless women I ever met. Zounds—Oh, I guess it will be all right; he is a composer.—New York Tribune.

If a woman hasn't a husband she gets a cat or dog; anything, so it is something she can worry about for staying out nights.

GIRLS' OUTING GOWNS

MANY APPROPRIATE DESIGNS ARE SEEN.

"Any Old Thing" Will No Longer Do for the Girl Who Goes on Picnic, Fishing or Boating Excursions—Dressed for Fun.

Fashion's Fancies.



SUITABLE dress for a picnic, fishing or boating excursion this summer is very far from the "any old thing" that has served in past seasons. It is the pretty girl who is responsible for the new excursions, for she has realized that she looks her best when daintily arrayed, and she is being very careful about her attire for such occasions. She goes in for something that is cut simply and looks like a dress planned for the occasion, but she lets it be so spick and span and dainty that no one would really think of expecting her to grub about getting the lunch ready, to help pull the boat up or to chore in any way. Follow this plan once and you will find that if you put on a dainty stiff white duck



GOWNS THAT SUPPLY A DOUBLE PROTECTION.

pair of white gloves and a chiffon veil over a white sailor hat, you will look delightfully suitable for the picnic, and the girl who wore blue serge will fall naturally into her place and do all the grubbing. This may be hard on the blue serge girl, but she has herself to blame. You can sit under the trees and flirt with the boys who have the sense to dress the same way, while the fellows who are rigged for work are attending to the building of the fire and all that, and the blue serge girl is cutting sandwiches. You will look sweet and serene and give picturesque to the affair, so no one can say you are not doing a share.

White serge made spick and span, and worn over a stiff white shirt front with linen collar and cuffs, is another good rig for such an occasion. The grubbiest girl will respect the cuffs. Everyone will feel that they ought to remain spotless and you will find that you are not expected to work or mess yourself. Of course you want to be very sure that there are going to be grubby girls to do the work, because if you are compelled to turn in and work it will be a shame, and your messed-up dress will be a reproach to you all the rest of the time. Young girls this summer are carrying cuffs and collars inside their bodices at the belt line, to be prepared for emergency, but there is a painful lack of romance about going behind a tree to change your collar when you are out for a picnic. Better dress to stay so.

That this advice may be more helpful, three dresses are shown in the first two pictures that furnish particulars to guide in following out what has already been stated in general terms. The first one is of plain and figured duck



SHE MAY HAVE GONE BY BOAT.

skirt and vest being of the latter—blue figured on a white ground—and jacket of plain white goods. Machine stitching finishes the jacket's collar and revers, the sleeves are gathered into 1830 sleeve caps, and topping all is a white linen collar worn with a string tie of blue that matches the figure in the vest. A white duck skirt is incorporated in the costume that is put at the right in the second illustration, and with it there is a white lawn shirt

waist. This has a wide center box; front adorned with white pearl buttons and side pleats on either side, each pleat edged with narrow ecru valenciennes. Of course the bicycle girl will go to the picnic grounds on her wheel. Routes that are sandy or watery may deter her at times, but if she is an enthusiastic beginner, she'll prevail upon some impressionable young man to get her wheel to the grounds, that she may at



IRREPROACHABLE TAILOR FINISH.

tend in her new wheeling rig. If, as sometimes happens, her enthusiasm over her newly-acquired accomplishment has got the best of her sense, she'll appear in a getup that by the letting down of flaps or the loosening of strings will look like an ordinary dress; but if she has kept her head, she'll be found in a costume that is planned almost solely for riding. It will give all possible attention to the point of comfort in the exercise, and yet be a slightly affair in every detail. Its skirt will look much as this pictured one does—in outline, at least—though with half a dozen riders grouped no two bodies may be alike. This one has large revers ornamented with button-holes and a plain postilion basque, and like the skirt is of beige covert cloth. It has a white cloth vest and stock collar with rolling edge, its edges are machine-stiffened, and cord loops pass through slits in the fronts and fasten with cloth-covered buttons.

That group of bicycling picknickers will be sure to contain at least one miss in a sweater, which at present is a very popular form of garment. It is gradually going back to its old name "Jersey," and for that reason one is the more willing to wear it. A good figure is finely set off by those garments, which come in all sizes. Just as surely as you will find a sweater among the attendant bicyclists, there will be among the other picknickers representatives of crash and linen. Those fabrics are still at the height of their fashionableness,



SHE'LL SURELY NOT FETCH AND CARRY.

and in spite of the fact that they come ready-made in all grades and at all prices, they do not seem to lose their air of exclusiveness. The favorite weaves are rough and of loose texture. Skirting takes away this loose look, and thus it transpires that the modish girl does not plan to wear her crash after its freshness is gone. This makes a crash gown extravagant, but there is no need of being so particular about it.

Linen will be the fabric that is put into the more dressy of the picnic gowns, costumes that seem to be out in the groove or boat on sufficiency, and that are planned for later use in less informal gatherings. The final picture presents a dress of this type. It is made of ecru linen barbote striped with open-work insertion, and is lined with cerise silk. The blouse waist has a loose front but plain back, and its fronts are draped where they join the sleeves as if the latter were cut in one with the bodies. Its plain stock collar and the wide belt are cerise silk, the latter garnished with large paste buckles, and the combined epaulettes and collar trimming is of embroidered linen. This may strike some as too ornate for an outing, but as has been explained heretofore, it is desirable to be carefully attired so that you will not be asked to rush into all the disagreeable tasks of the merry-making. Those who enjoy the fetching and carrying may do it, but let them dress fitly for it, while you in your new dress, or one that looks like new, go in for all the other fun of the thing.

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A curiously old-fashioned military caricature appeared in a recent number of Punch, and the artist wrote to explain that it had been drawn, accepted and paid for twenty-five years before.

A traveler by the most expeditious mail route may traverse the distance between New York and Rome in eleven days.