



# LORD & LADY

By Florence Maryett

love her husband. That fact is nothing new. But she has never openly expressed her indifference, nor evinced a palpable dislike to him. And now she does.

## CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Lady Renton and her brother have been invited to dine at Carronby House on Christmas Day, and it is not until Christmas Day that Gladys meets Jennie after their mutual understanding. She has watched for him each morning since, but she has watched in vain. The only sign she has received that he remembers her is conveyed by a basket of Christmas roses, which she finds in her room on the evening of that day. As she fastens some of the pure, waxy-looking, white flowers, with their golden petals, in her hair and bosom, she wonders why her fingers tremble, and laughs nervously as she catches a reflection of her flushed and agitated features in the mirror.

"Poor, dear Jennie," she thinks, "I shall be glad when this meeting is over, for his sake. I dare say he is nervous. Boys are so foolish; but he will feel better afterward, and then we can go on in the old way again."

She is relieved when she descends to the dining-room to find it full of guests, and Lady Renton and Mr. Brooke among them. She has to apologize for her late appearance, and her furtive manner and uneasy laugh pass muster as excuses. She dare not lift her eyes to Jennie's face, but she looks brightly under the pressure of his hand when he comes forward to greet her, and the Christmas roses in her bosom rise and fall like living things.

"Are you glad to see me, Gladys?" he whispers. She does not answer, but her breast heaves, and her white teeth clench themselves upon her lower lip to hide its trembling. Mr. Brooke regards her in silence, and interprets her agitation aright.

"My darling," he says in a low voice, as he leads her into the dining-room. After this the Christmas dinner passes, for two people there at least, like a troubled dream. Gladys eats nothing, and her hand shakes so she can hardly keep up the semblance of eating.

"I have not thanked you yet, Jennie, for your roses. You see, I hope, that I am wearing them, and I like them more than all my other presents put together," she says, when later they find themselves together again.

"Had I dared I would have sent you something better," he replies. "You could not, had you tried. You know you have taught me yourself to love flowers. It would seem silly, so I am going to ask you to take this," she says, in a ring set with a single diamond, to him, "and wear it in remembrance of this Christmas Day."

"I thank you for the thought, Gladys," he answers; "but I would rather not." "Mountcarroll did not give it to me," returns Gladys, quickly. "It was a present from my father on my sixteenth birthday, and I wore it till—till last July. Please take it, Jennie. I wore it for three years, and I would like to think you wore it now."

"If that is the case I will accept it," replies Mr. Brooke, gravely, drawing the ring upon his little finger, "and it is needless to tell you I shall value it, Gladys. I need something to comfort me," he continues, raising his weary eyes to hers, "for I am going away."

"Going away! Where?" she asks, in dismay. "I have decided to go up to London, and study for the bar. I think I have told you it was the profession for which my father intended me. And it is one—luckily for me—which a man may enter at any age."

"But you have no need of a profession," says Gladys, breathlessly. "You had relinquished all thoughts of embracing one. What has made you alter your decision?" "Can you ask me, Gladys?" "I mean—why should you not stay at Nutley, as you have always done? There is plenty to occupy you there, if you want occupation?"

"Because Nutley is too near Carronby," he answers, simply. "Besides I have more need of a profession now than ever. I must have something to divert my thoughts, and I know of nothing better than hard work. I ought not to have come here to-night, Gladys. I am too weak even to stand in your presence. I should not have done so, had it not been for the last time."

Mr. Brooke has not taken up his residence again at Carronby, but he walks, or rides, over there every day, and he never leaves Gladys in ignorance of where he may be found. It does not strike either of them that these meetings are very like clandestine ones. So it is not remarkable that, as Lady Mountcarroll, looking charmingly girlish and dainty, wrapped in her costly furs, trips down the path that leads to Moonlight Dell, she should come upon Mr. Brooke, arrayed in brown velvet and knickerbockers, with his gun in his hand, standing by the side of the pond, and gazing thoughtfully into the water.

"What are you dreaming of, Jennie?" she asks, as she reaches his side and slips her hand through his arm. He presses the little hand fondly and answers: "Wondering if I should not be wiser to throw myself into that water and end all my troubles at once, Gladys?"

He has drawn her to him, and thrown his arm around her shoulders. So they stand—sheltered from observation from the house by the rising ground on either side—and he holds her closely to him, looking down into her lovely face.

"Sometimes," she says, with a shiver, "I wonder if anything is worth the life I lead. The title, or the fortune, or any of the possessions for which you say we girls would sell our souls. But I did not know then what I know now. I did not believe the world could hold anything I should value more."

"And does it, Gladys?" he whispered. "You know it does." He bends his handsome boyish face close to hers. She sees the tender light kindling in his eyes as his lips draw nearer to her own, and yet she does not shrink from him nor draw her lips away. And then he lays his mouth against an infant's, nervous and sensitive as a woman's, pure almost as a girl's—upon her mouth, and presses on it his first kiss of love. It lasts but a moment, but it seals their fate. They will never go back to friendship now. Gladys says nothing; but she lays her head down on his shoulder, and wishes it could last forever.

Her companion, too, is silent as herself. But, after a while, he says, in a low tone of happiness: "You love me, darling?" "Oh, yes, I love you! What is the good of denying it? You must have guessed it long ago. But it can never be any more than love between us, Jennie, so the less we speak of it the better."

"You must either be mine, or I must leave you altogether. You must give up Mountcarroll, or you must give up me."

"The time is past for my promises or your reproaches, Gladys. You have tortured me long enough, and, once for all, I will endure it no longer. If you suppose I am going to live my life as a hanger-on at Carronby House, wronging my cousin with every look I give you, every word I utter? No! I have courage to take you from him, to wrest you from his arms, and defy him to do his worst, for your love is mine, and love gives me the right to you; but what I do henceforth I will do openly. I will not share even your kisses with him or any man. You must make your choice between us."

Gladys stands opposite to him, rooted to the spot by the vehemence of his words. "Choose between you and Mountcarroll," she falters.

"Yes, choose between Mountcarroll and me," he repeats. "Either stay at Carronby and be his wife, or leave Carronby forever and be my wife. You cannot keep both of us!"

"Oh, Jennie," she says, sobbing, "I cannot lose you!" At this assertion, and the sound of her tears, Mr. Brooke's mood completely changes. All the fire and the vehemence die out of his face, and there is nothing left there but a look of triumph and overwhelming tenderness. He draws nearer to the weeping girl and takes her in his arms.

"I knew it," he says, with a long-drawn sigh of relief. "I knew that your heart would speak for itself. No, you cannot lose me, Gladys, and I cannot lose you. How we have suffered this past fortnight. What would it be to spend a lifetime apart from one another? Think how young we both are, and what a long vista of years, in all probability, stretches out before us. Picture to yourself, rising in the morning without the prospect of meeting during the day, and lying down at night without a hope for the morrow. Gladys, it would kill us. It would be a trial beyond human endurance."

"Oh, yes, I cannot—cannot—lose you," she repeats, clinging closely to him. "Then listen to me, dearest. The sooner this struggle is over the better. I shall have no peace now till I have taken you beyond his reach. No, don't sob so, dear, and tremble. Of what are you afraid? Do you think my arms are not strong enough to defend you? That my heart is not a sure enough haven—that my love is too weak to keep and wear that which I won?"

"No, no! only it is so sudden, and I am frightened."

"You shall never feel fear again when you have given me the right to protect you, Gladys. But try and understand what I am about to say to you. To-morrow morning you will receive a note from Elinor, asking you to come over and stay a couple of days at Nutley, which will give you the opportunity to send over what luggage you may require to take with you in a light cart, which I shall be on the lookout for, and see unobscured, without exciting suspicion from the house. At three o'clock—are you listening to me, darling?"

"Yes, yes, Jennie!"

we will go straight to Aylmer—it will be safer than taking the train at Carronby, where we might meet some one who knows us—and thence to London, and the morning after shall see us safely landed in Paris. Will that suit you, Gladys?" he asks, in conclusion.

"Anything," she murmurs, "so I am with you."

"Oh, my darling!" he exclaimed passionately, "you shall never regret the sacrifice you make for me. We will be so happy, Gladys. Think of the long days spent together—always together—in France, or Italy, or Spain—on the shores of the Adriatic, or in the isles of the Mediterranean Sea—wherever your fancy may dictate to you, it will make no difference to me, so long as you are mine, and I am with you."

"I will not keep you waiting, darling. I will come."

"Good-by, my own angel," he says, with a last kiss; "after to-morrow there shall be no tears."

## CHAPTER VIII.

The promised letter from Lady Renton arrives at breakfast time. Gladys, pale, hollow-eyed and nervous, feels like a criminal as she takes it in her hand.

"Who is that from?" demands Mountcarroll, looking up from his buttered toast and pigeon pie.

"Only a note from Elinor. She asks me to spend a few days at Nutley, but—I shall not go."

"You had much better go, my dear. You're looking a perfect ghost. The change will do you good. Don't forget we go to London the first week in May, and I want you to look your best for the season. Why, I haven't trotted you out anywhere yet, and you have to do me credit, you know."

"I will try," she answers, with a faint smile. But she sends no answer to Lady Renton's letter. Nor does any light cart take luggage over to Nutley in the course of the morning.

It will be time enough to explain all that, she thinks, when she meets Jennie in the park. At three o'clock she walks to the place appointed, shivering as if she had the ague. Mr. Brooke is there before her, his handsome face flushed with the pleasures of anticipation. As soon as he perceives the direction in which she is advancing he hastens to meet her.

"My darling girl! How good of you to be so punctual. Everything is ready, Gladys. Two minutes will take us to the carriage. But how is it that you sent no luggage over to Nutley? Has it gone to the station? I have been looking out for it all the morning."

"Yes—no," says Lady Mountcarroll, sinking down upon the Lovers' Seat. "But, oh, Jennie, wait one moment. Don't go just yet. I want to speak to you first."

She is so ghastly pale, and the lines which broken her night's vigil are so apparent beneath her eyes, that Mr. Brooke, regarding her, becomes alarmed.

"Are you ill, dearest? How white you are, and how you tremble! Oh, Gladys, surely you are not afraid to come with me. Indeed, you need not be, for I will defend you with the last drop of my blood to my life's end."

"I am not afraid," she stammers, "but—but—my father?"

"What of your father?"

"I cannot consent to leave my father," goes on Lady Mountcarroll, hurriedly. "It would break his heart to hear I had done this thing. And you know it is wrong, Jennie, very—very wrong. We shall be a disgrace to everybody, and there will be a divorce—and just think what your sister will say, and Mountcarroll, and all the world, and—"

"Do you mean me to understand that you have changed your mind?" asks Mr. Brooke, in a low voice.

"Oh, no. I shall never change my mind—I shall always love you! How could I leave off loving you? But to run away together! It will be such an awful scandal. And I was only married ten months ago."

She nestles her face against his, and tries to kiss him. Hitherto she has found a kiss a panacea for every ills. But Mr. Brooke pushes her face angrily away, and moves from his position.

man, and his sister has been made to feel it all more than one occasion, although there are ten years between them.

## CHAPTER IX.

May has arrived, the Earl and Countess of Mountcarroll have taken up their quarters in their town house in Berkeley square, and the festivities of the season begin. Ball succeeds ball and dinner succeeds dinner, and the days are filled up with boating parties, garden parties, lawn tennis parties and afternoon receptions.

As soon as her court duties are concluded Gladys rushes from place to place—feverishly happy outwardly—intensely miserable at heart; but resolved to dance, and to dine, and to flirt, until she has danced, and dined, and flirted Jennie Brooke back to his old position of friend and cousin, and freed herself from the bonds in which he has entangled her. Never was there a more enthusiastically pleasure-seeker than the beautiful Lady Mountcarroll—never a hostess more sought after, and followed, and admired—never a more consistent worshiper at folly's shrine! And yet she grows more hollow-eyed and hectic-looking every day. Strangers who see her for the first time vote her beautiful, but add: "How very delicate she looks!" Her father and her sister reprobate with her on her reckless disregard of health and strength, but still she rushes on her wild career, allowing herself no time for rest, or thought or retrospection. The fact is, Gladys, who did not find her love strong enough to outbalance the advantage of her position, is indignant that the unwelcome intruder refuses to accept the fiat of banishment which she passed upon it, and keeps its place, regardless of her wishes or her feelings. She cannot stamp it out—nor tread it out, nor drive it out. There it remains, through dances, and dinners, and drives—indolently seated on its throne of light—a glorious radiance shed amid the gloomy surroundings of her artificial life. The poor child lives at last—lives in the strongest, bitterest, gladdest sense of the word—loves for ever.

## (To be continued.)

## The Ostrich Feather Industry.

As is well known, feathers, especially those of the ostrich, are used more from year to year as ornaments for hats and dresses. The color scale of the Paris syndical chamber glitters in all the glaring colors of the rainbow, and a number of changeable ones were incorporated likewise, all of which are applied to feathers.

Vienna and Berlin strive with each other for the control of the ostrich-feather market. The Vienna manufacturers are adepts in the art of imparting an excellent appearance to even the worst raw material. Even the so-called spadonnas, the hairy tips of the tall feathers of the young ostrich, which are of inferior value, they understand how to beautify by dyeing and plating as if they were prime No. 1. By plating means the patching together of single pieces to obtain a full first-class feather, and almost every feather, even the costliest, is plated. This applies principally to the feathers of Vienna "manufacture."

The Berlin ware, however, is still honest, and for this reason its manufacturers have a difficult strife with those of Vienna. The Berlin manufacturers thoroughly understand the bleaching, dyeing, steaming and curling of the feathers, and besides they use a superior raw material.

It is astonishing to read of the quantity of ostrich feathers annually used in the civilized world. Newspaper articles sometimes speak in exalted terms of the recent time, with its extensive use of feathers by rich and noble ladies, but the total amount used at that time fades from view when compared to that used at present. The data of the six annual auction sales held in London in 1894 show that in all of them 398,774 pounds were disposed of at a value of £584,000.—Philadelphia Times.

## Rebuked by a Heathen.

Mrs. Yang Yu, wife of the Chinese minister at Washington, is a very bright woman, besides being a very pretty one from the Chinese point of view. Her repartee is something incisive, and she has managed more than once to vanquish high society ladies who thought themselves vastly her superiors in every way. She dresses in exquisite taste, in Chinese costume, of course. She pinches her feet, to be sure, for she is a poor heathen, or at least is only tutored with our civilization. Of course one or two American women pinch their feet, too, to say nothing of waltzes; but they are not heathens, so it is all right. Mrs. Yang Yu was attending the reception of a cabinet officer's wife the other day.

"Please tell her that I think she has a very pretty gown," said the hostess to the interpreter. The interpreter repeated the message to his mistress, who retorted quickly, "And I think your gown would be very pretty if you did not squeeze yourself so at the waist." Mrs. Yang Yu may take delight in laughing these fine ladies for their follies and barbarisms.—Pathfinder.

## Solitude in Arctic Regions.

Some curious details of life in the polar regions have been obtained from members of the Nansen expedition. They all dwell on the feelings of delight which they experienced in once more meeting other human beings. So tired did they become of seeing the same faces and hearing the same voices, day after day, that in the end a feeling of irritation was produced. Finding it almost impossible to endure the sight of one another, they would set off on long walks over the ice, each man by himself. It was an astounding thing, one man said, to see his comrades striding away over the ice from the ship, each in a different direction, and carefully avoiding his fellows.

She—Dearest, am I the first girl you ever loved? He—Little sweetheart, the man who could look into those trusting blue eyes and tell a falsehood is not fit to live. So prepare ye each to bear the truth. You are.—Ottomanat Bagdad.



## The Farmers and the Highways.

During the last two weeks meetings have been held in different parts of the State to protest against the renewal of the State Bureau of Highways. Resolutions have been adopted, and legislators have been petitioned to vote against any bill continuing the bureau in existence. These meetings and petitions have emanated from farmers. That farmers should object to the bureau is difficult to understand. The farmers would be the chief beneficiaries, were the suggestions of the bureau carried out. If the roadway connecting a farmer's property with the neighboring town, or with the point where he ships his goods, should be so improved that he can carry twice as heavy a load on his wagon, or can reach the market in one-half of the time now needed, it is evident that he has achieved the same result as if his farm had been bodily moved one-half the distance toward the town, with a corresponding increase in its value. He markets his products to greater advantage, and saves in the wear and tear of horseflesh, wagons, and harness. The proposed State highways will relieve the rural districts from a portion of their taxes, since the expense of construction and maintenance is to be defrayed by a tax on the cities as well as upon outside lands.

It is a curious fact that throughout the country the movement in favor of improved highways has found its chief opponents among the farmers. This was the experience particularly in New Jersey. In the southern part of that State is a large level tract of land, the soil of which is sandy. It is inhabited by market-gardeners, who haul the produce from their small farms to Philadelphia, and there sell it. The roads were heavy and the hauling difficult. Many of the farmers would arise before daybreak, hitch their horses to the wagons that had been loaded over night, and drive slowly and painfully to the market, which they would reach about night-fall. The next day the same toilsome journey was reversed.

Several of the more enterprising residents saw that there was an extravagant waste of time and value in this, and urged the construction of improved highways. They were opposed in this by less progressive, who were in the majority. There was no road-building material within less than two hundred miles, and they feared that the expense of so long a haul on the railroads would be more than they could meet. The good-roads advocates persevered, however, and finally won the day.

The first practical operations for improved highways began in Essex County, in the northeastern part of the State, more than twenty years ago. That county, although only twelve miles square, has since built more than two hundred miles of fine telford and macadam roads, many of them being boulevards. The experience of Chester Township, in Burlington County, is interesting, and typical of that elsewhere. A Mr. Harrison offered to build ten miles of good rock road for forty thousand dollars, provided they would bond the town for that amount. In order to secure the required vote in favor of the bonds, it was necessary to increase the length of the road to eleven and one-half miles. This was done, and the road constructed. The rock was brought many miles by rail, and then carted overland in wagons. In spite of these difficulties, Mr. Harrison turned back \$225 to the town treasury, so that the road cost only about \$3,400 a mile. The road was built three years ago, and there has been no expense for repairing since. The bonds are being paid off at the rate of \$1,000 a year, so the tax is insignificant.

One farmer relates that he lived two miles from a stone road leading to Camden. Two horses hauled his load of wagon to and from Camden along the stone road; but when he reached the two miles of road leading to his farm it was necessary to double up his team, and even then he often had to throw off a portion of his load in order to reach the farm. It took him longer and was more fatiguing to the team to come over those two miles than to cover the whole ten miles to Philadelphia. Before the building of the stone roads twenty-five baskets of potatoes were considered a load; now eighty-five or one hundred baskets are carried, and two horses will haul a combined weight of wagon and load of four and one-half tons.

The construction of these improved roads has vindicated itself in New Jersey, and the farmers, who formerly opposed the movement, are now its strongest advocates. A State law has been enacted by which one-third of the cost of construction is met by a State tax, while the cost of repairing must be defrayed by the counties. If such results have been accomplished in New Jersey under such unfavorable conditions, what could not be accomplished in this State? General Roy Stone, the United States Commissioner of Roads, declares that California should have the best roads in the Union. Road material is abundant in every county of the State, and is easily accessible. Water for sprinkling can be obtained

without great expense, and the conditions for good roads exist here to the same extent that they are lacking in New Jersey. The State Bureau of Highways has done good work in pointing out the defects in the present system; they will do far better work if their duties are expanded and not continued simply advisory.—San Francisco Argonaut.

## "Running with the Engine."

Laurence Hutton, in "A Boy I Knew," in St. Nicholas, gives some glimpses of boyhood life in New York in the middle of the century. In the January number, after describing a private playground in St. John's Square, Mr. Hutton says:

The old gardener, generally a savage defender of the place, who had no sense of humor as it was exhibited in boy nature, sometimes let the boys rake the dead leaves into great heaps and make bonfires of them, if the wind happened to be in the right direction. And then what larks. The bonfire was a house on fire, and the great garden-roller, a very heavy affair, was "Engine No. 42," with which the boys ran to put the fire out.

They all shouted as loudly and as unnecessarily as real firemen did; the foreman gave his orders through a real trumpet, and one boy had a real fireman's hat with "Engine No. 42" on it. He was chief engineer, but he did not run with the machine; not because he was chief engineer, but because while in active motion he could not keep his hat on. It was his father's hat, and its extraordinary weight was considerably increased by the wads of newspaper packed in the lining to make it fit. The chief engineer held the position for life, on the strength of the hat, which he would not lend to anybody else. The rest of the company were elected, viva voce, every time there was a fire.

This entertainment came to an end, like everything else, when the gardener chained the roller to the tool-house, after Bob Stuart fell under the machine and was rolled so flat that he had to be carried home on a stretcher made of overcoats tied together by the sleeves. That is the only recorded instance in which the boys, particularly Bob, left the park without climbing over. And the bells sounded a "general alarm." The dent made in the path by Bob's body was on exhibition until the next snow-storm.

## How to Judge Meats.

Many housekeepers find difficulty in purchasing the meats necessary in their families, and not until they are placed upon the table are their defects manifest. A connoisseur gives a few hints that may be of value.

If the flesh of ox beef is young it will have a fine, smooth, even grain, be of a good red and feel tender. The fat should look white, rather than yellow, for when that is of a deep color the meat is seldom good. The grain of cow beef is closer and the fat whiter than that of ox beef, but the lean is not so bright a red. The grain of bull beef is closer still, the fat hard and skanky, the lean of a deep red and a stronger scent. Ox beef is the richest and largest; in old meat there is a streak of horn in the ribs of beef; the harder this is the older, and the flesh is not finely flavored.

Choose mutton by the firmness of its grain, color and firm, white fat. It is not the better for being young. If of a good breed and well fed it is better for age, this holding, however, only with wether mutton. The flesh of the ewe is paler and finer than that of the ram; the latter is very strong flavored, the flesh of a deeper red and the fat spongy.

In lamb the neck should be closely examined; if the flesh is bluish it is fresh, if it has a green or yellow cast it is stale. This is for the fore-quarter test. In the hind quarter, if there is a faint smell under the kidney and the knuckle is limp the meat is stale. Grass lamb is in season in April or May and continues till August. House lamb may be had all the year, but in highest perfection in December and January.

## Big Noses in Favor.

In Japan the nose is the only feature which attracts attention. The nose determines the beauty or ugliness of the face, according as it is big or normal. This is, probably due to the fact that difference in noses constitutes about the only distinction between one Japanese face and another. The eyes are invariably black, the cheekbones high, and the chin receding.

In Japan a lady who has a huge proboscis is always a great beauty and a reigning belle. There are few large noses among the natives, and lucky is he or she upon whom nature lavishes one.

In all Japanese pictures representing the supposedly beautiful woman the artist invariably improves on nature by depicting this feature as abnormally developed.

## Cheese-Rich.

In Valais, Switzerland, a man's riches, it is said, are estimated according to the number of cheeses he owns. By a "cheese-rich" man is meant one as wealthy as Croesus. Said one Valois boy to a companion, "My father is a cheese-rich man." "How many cheeses has he?" said the other. "Oh, at least so many, for we have just made a lot!" "Call him cheese-rich," said the other, smiling contemptuously—"why, my father has that number the year round, and some of ours are a hundred years old!"

## Psychological Liquor Effects.

Brandy, used habitually as a beverage, is said to aggravate a tendency to suicide. Excessive beer-drinking produces suicide indirectly by diseases of the heart and liver productive of melancholy.

The daily supply of milk for the New York market amounts to about 19,000 cans of milk, 170 cans of condensed milk and 40 cans of cream.