



LORD & LADY

By Florence Mayhew

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

Gladys does not know how she comes to think of Lady Renton in this extreme; she has never appeared to her before for counsel in her domestic difficulties. But she wants to hear a woman's views of the business, and she knows Elinor to be perfectly trustworthy, and capable, moreover, of delivering a sound judgment. So she drives as fast as she can to Nutley, and turns with alacrity into the familiar gates. But as she enters the gravelled drive—a much narrower and shorter drive than the one to Carroby House—she perceives another vehicle standing before the front door. Not a private carriage, but a hired coach—on the top of which are two leather portmanteaus—while the driver is even then preparing to descend from his box and help the servant to carry them into the house. Gladys' heart stands still. She reins in her ponies suddenly, and addresses a gardener, sweeping away the dead leaves, in a scared and frightened voice:

"What is that gardener? Who has arrived?"

"Mr. Brooke, my lady," replies the man, touching his shabby hat. "He is just arrived from India. He is not been passed here a minute, my lady."

Gladys gives a tremendous tug to her reins that sends the ponies rearing on their hunches. The groom is at their heads in a moment.

"Stand out of the way! Let me turn them round," she cries, imperiously.

"You can't turn them here, my lady; there isn't room for it. You must drive past the house, my lady, and out of the other gate," says the man in a voice of alarm.

"Let go their heads, I say! I shall turn them here," exclaims the Countess, as she suits the action to the word. The two men jump out of the way—the ponies chafe and champ—the hind wheel of the phaeton gets into a ditch, whence it is rescued by the superhuman efforts of the groom, and then her ladyship plunging through a clump of American shrubs, which she seriously injures, and is once more in the open road, with her servant behind her wondering what strange countesses are made of.

Gladys almost wonders herself as she goes spinning back to Carroby. She is quite amazed to find she has got out of that drive, and that ditch, and those bushes, all she thanks heaven for is that she did get out of them, and saved herself from the ignominy of driving up to Mr. Brooke's house at the very moment of his return. She forgets the Earl and Miss Russherton, and everything else, in the terrible excitement of this meeting. She feels as if she had just escaped from some great danger—some agonizing death. And yet, through all the sensation of relief, there is the glad pain ringing in her heart, "He has come back again."

Whatever may happen in the future—however he may have pledged and bound himself to return—for the present he is here—close to her—and alone. She shall see him—she shall see her husband again, and when he sees her all must be right. He cannot resist her tears—he will be melted by her misery. He will take her to his heart, and the wretched past will vanish like a dream. Why did she run away at sight of him? Why had she not the courage to drive straight up to the house, and greet him as a cousin should do?

What must the servants think of her extraordinary behavior? Will they comment on it, and trace it to its true source? All these thoughts flit through the Countess' brain until she feels beside her self with mingled joy, and shame, and fear.

Her poor little steeds are made to feel the variations of her temperance so plainly that they become rather unmanageable, and the groom has to descend again and soothe them. Lady Mountcarroll becomes impatient. She tosses the reins down and leaves her seat.

"Take them home, William," she says. "I am tired of driving to-day. I shall walk back through the park."

The servant obeys orders, and Gladys is left to herself. This is just what she desires.

Her mind is in too perturbed and perplexed a condition for the society of anybody—even two ponies and a groom. It is full of Jemmie—nothing in heaven or on earth but Jemmie. And she thinks she would like to go to work off the terrible excitement under which she is laboring by looking at Moonlight Dell, Moonlight Dell—where he kissed her—first confessed he loved her. Moonlight Dell—where he parted from her, and left her to a life of agony and remorse. Oh! if she can only stand once more with Jemmie in Moonlight Dell, and look up in his dear eyes, and tell him of all the pain which she has suffered on his account. Gladys feels sure—quite sure—that they will cement their love anew over the anguish of the past. It is of no use fighting against her feelings any more. She has tried it and failed; and therefore it is not at all likely that Jemmie shall have succeeded.

The task is too hard for them. They cannot live asunder. They must build up a sweeter friendship, for themselves than heretofore. And full of such thoughts as these, with her eyes beaming and her cheeks glowing with anticipation, Gladys tells up the hill that leads to Moonlight Dell. She looks down the slope toward the sullen pool of water. Its borders are already occupied by two figures, pacing up and down—two figures, so much occupied with one another as to be unaware of her approach—the figures of Miss Russherton and Lord Mountcarroll.

Gladys regards them for a moment in amazement. Then, with a heart swelling with a sense of injury and wounded pride, she turns swiftly back again, and guides the horse by a less frequented and more circuitous path.

CHAPTER XV.

To return to the moment of Mr. Brooke's arrival at Nutley—Lady Renton is as much taken by surprise at his appearance as Gladys was to be.

"Mamma, mamma! here is Uncle Jemmie."

"Uncle Jemmie, my dear. Impossible."

"She has not heard from her brother for a couple of months, and has quite decided that he intends to spend his Christmas in California."

But Hughie is positive.

"It is Uncle Jemmie. I can see his face looking out of the window. Oh, do let me go!"

The child flies to the front door, and his mother follows, to find him already in the arms of his uncle.

"Oh, Jem, this is a welcome surprise," she exclaims, as he turns to greet her. "I was feeling quite unhappy at the prospect of a solitary Christmas day. My dear, dear boy. How glad I am to see you safe home again."

"If you are glad to see me, dearest Nell," he replies, "what must I be to get home to you again? But don't stand out here in the cold. I will be with you as soon as I have settled with the coachman. Run in, Hughie, till I come and show you what I have brought you from India."

And it is at this moment that Gladys turns her ponies' heads into the gate, and sees the coach standing before the door. The commotion she makes in trying to retreat again, and the smothered exclamations of the groom and gardener, attract the attention of Mr. Brooke. He raises his head from the money in his hand, and catches sight of the back of the phaeton as it plunges through the plot of American shrubs.

"Who is that?" he demands of his valet, standing by.

"I think, if you please, my lord, it is the Countess, from Carroby House. I think her ladyship is driving, sir. Shall I go and tell her you are here?"

"No, no!" said his master, hurriedly, but the blood mounts to his forehead as he sneaks, and the hand with which he drops the fare into the driver's palm trembles like a leaf. Then he whistles carelessly, and divests himself of his great coat in the hall, and walks into the drawing-room with an assumption of being perfectly at his ease.

"My darling boy!" exclaims his sister as soon as she has rejoined her. "I cannot say how delighted I am to see you. I had given up all hopes of your being with us at Christmas, Jemmie. You know I have not heard from you since October, and I thought the attractions of California had been too much for you, and we should not see you till the spring."

"I hope I have not put you out, Nell. I always meant to be home for Christmas, you know, and I had nothing particular to tell you the last month."

"You have enjoyed yourself, I hope?"

"Very much; but it palled a little at last. I seem to have lost my taste for balls, and we couldn't go 'skikarrin' during the monsoon."

"I thought you would go to Simla with the Governor's staff."

"I did think of it; but I gave up the idea. I left home, as you know, with one intention, and that being accomplished, there was no farther need of delay."

"I am glad it is accomplished," says Elinor, softly.

"Now, let us talk of something else," says Jemmie, anxious to change the subject. "What's the news of Nutley? Everything right on our extensive domains?"

"Everything."

"And how are the cousins?"

"Mountcarroll and Gladys? Oh, very well!"

"That's all right," he answers, heartily.

"At least," continues Elinor, correcting herself, "Mountcarroll's very well, but his wife is not."

Jemmie starts.

"What's the matter with her?"

"Nothing particular, I believe, but she is not strong, and she is very thin. I thought I might as well prepare you for seeing her, Jemmie, for she is certainly changed, and it might be a surprise to you."

She then went on to tell her brother all that the reader is already acquainted with, including the rumors concerning Lord Mountcarroll and Agnes Russherton, which, she, too, had heard.

Jemmie is naturally indignant, and declares that the scandal must be stopped.

"When shall you go and see them?" asks his sister.

Mr. Brooke looks uneasy, and begins to stammer.

"I don't know! I cannot tell. Tomorrow, perhaps, if I have time."

"Tomorrow is a hunting day. The hounds meet at Wordley Cope. I suppose Mountcarroll and Miss Russherton will be there. I believe they have not missed a meet this season."

"Does not Gladys hunt, too?"

"Oh, no. She has given up riding altogether. She tells me she is not strong enough. Shall you ride to hounds tomorrow, Jemmie?"

"Perhaps I may. I am not sure. I should like to find out a little more about Mountcarroll and Miss Russherton first, for were I to see them together, and at all confidential, I am afraid I couldn't keep my hands off him."

"Oh! Jemmie, remember he is your cousin."

"I remember more plainly that Gladys is my friend."

"Right not the world misinterpret your civility on her behalf?" demands Lady Renton, hesitatingly.

He stops short and regards her fixedly. Her eyes droop, but his are steadfast.

"I shall not care what the world thinks," he answers slowly, "so long as I have the approval of my own conscience. And from this moment to my last, Elinor, my protection and all the best of my power will be at the service of my cousin, Gladys Mountcarroll."

He debates with himself after this whether he shall attend the meet upon the following day, or pay a call at Carroby House; and, for a while, his inclinations tend in the direction of the latter.

Gladys may confide in him—he hopes she may—and afford him an opening to espouse her cause. But when it comes to the point his courage comes out at his fingers' ends, and he feels he cannot trust himself to meet her, for the first time after this terrible parting, alone. He has the strength of a giant, compared with what he used to have, in her presence; but he is not yet strong enough for that. So he alters his mind for the twentieth time, and rides to Wordley Cope instead to join the meet. The first people whom he encounters are Mountcarroll and Agnes Russherton, whose horses are standing side by side waiting the signal to be off.

The Earl greets his cousin with all his old cordiality, and Miss Russherton would evidently join her welcome to his. But Jemmie only waves to the lady, while he grasps Mountcarroll's hand with a warm pressure. He may be behaving thoughtlessly and wholly, but Mr. Brooke cannot forget, in this moment of reunion, all the kindness and hospitality he has received from him.

"My dear fellow," cries the Earl, "where do you spring from? I thought you had given up all idea of coming home this winter."

"No, indeed," says Jemmie, "that must have been Elinor's fancy, for I never told her so. I arrived yesterday afternoon as expected, as you may suppose, or I should have written to let you know."

"Well, it's good to have you back again, old boy, for I've missed you dreadfully this season. Have you seen Gladys yet?"

"At that name the tall-tale mounter to Mr. Brooke's forehead, and Miss Russherton perceives it."

"No, I came straight from Nutley."

"You must come back with me after the run and dine with us. Gladys will be glad to see you again. You know Miss Russherton?"

"I have that honor," replies Jemmie, bowing for the second time.

"Ah, she's a famous horsewoman. How many brushes have you taken this season, Miss Russherton?"

"Five; but I owe them all to your ladyship's kindness. If you did not take such good care of me, I should not be in at the death so often."

"By jove! you are better able to take care of me," says Mountcarroll, with unfeigned admiration. "You ride like a bird. It's perfectly wonderful to see her go, Jem, and you'll say as much yourself in another minute."

"I have often had the pleasure of admiring Miss Russherton's horsewoman-ship," replies Jemmie, though gravely.

"But you are not given to so much flatery as his lordship," says Agnes; "and it is just as well, for you would quite turn my head between the two of you. Lord Mountcarroll is terrible—simply terrible—but, luckily for me, I don't believe one-half he says."

"Oh, come now, that's not fair, upon my soul it isn't," exclaims Mountcarroll, "when the truth is that I dare not say half I think about you."

Miss Russherton, who is looking extremely handsome in a dark-blue habit, smiles consciously and looks down, and Jemmie is delighted to have the opportunity to hear the "view below," that enables him to start "flyer" and leave the couple to their own devices.

He cannot help seeing them occasionally, however, during the day, or sneaking to them when they are temporarily thrown together, and Mountcarroll's mode of addressing Miss Russherton is so familiar, and she is so evidently accustomed to be in society by the rest of the field, that Jemmie has no doubt in his own mind that gossip, for once, tells the truth when it connects their names together. The sight of their flirtation in so public a place, and the idea of how sorely Gladys' pride must be wounded by the circumstance, peters his heart sore, and his countenance sad, and when the finish comes he is much more ready to return to Nutley than to go on to Carroby House. But his cousin will take no excuse. It is in vain that Jemmie pleads his hunter's fatigue, or his own lack of suitable apparel. Back to Carroby he must go, and in Jemmie must be done, and never forgive him on this side of the grave.

So he consents, and when they reach Carroby House he follows the Earl into the hall, where the old familiar objects seem to be hushed and indignant, and the family portraits are dancing up and down. A servant relieves him of his hunting cap and crop, and then he stumbles after his cousin into the library, and stretches out his hand toward a black-robed figure standing on the hearth.

CHAPTER XVI.

Gladys might be a spirit newly risen from the dead, as she stands there, with an outstretched hand, to greet him. Her large, scared eyes seem to have dilated supernaturally wide at his sudden appearance. Her face, always a little sharp in its outlines, is thin to attention. Her cheeks have fallen in, and two bright crimson spots glow beneath her eyes. Her figure is slimmer than ever beneath the folds of her velvet dress, and the hand she extends to him is almost transparent. In the shock of seeing her thus, Mr. Brooke forgets his nervousness. He advances quickly, with a word of distress upon his lips, to seize that little, fading hand. But as he does so, he feels it sway and quiver in his grasp, and the next moment Lady Mountcarroll lies stretched unconscious upon the bear-skin rug.

In her agitation, and combined pain and pleasure at seeing him, she has fainted. An exclamation from Jemmie brings the Earl to her side.

"Mountcarroll! See here! What is it? What has happened to her?"

"By jove! fainted!" says Mountcarroll, with moral indifference. "Now, what's the meaning of this, I wonder?"

"Are you sure she has only fainted? Ring for assistance, for heaven's sake, man! Send for her women, or someone to revive her."

"Why, what should it be but a faint?" remarks the Earl, as he rings the bell, and desires the servant to send her ladyship's maid without delay. In another minute the lady's-maid enters the room, and cries out on seeing her mistress's condition:

"Oh, dear, dear! has my lady swooned again? This makes the third time this week. I can't think what's taken her lately. Please let me attend to her, sir. If you gentlemen will be good enough to leave me alone with her ladyship, I can bring her to in half the time. No, I don't want water nor anything. Nothing but fresh air, and for you gentlemen to go away and leave us to ourselves."

Jemmie follows Mountcarroll reluctantly, and with many a long look cast behind him, nor can his cousin draw him into conversation.

"What's the matter with you, Jem?" demands the Earl, as they descend to the dining-room together. "You're as glum as an owl."

"I can't help thinking of your wife, Mountcarroll. That fainting seems to me a very serious thing, and did you hear what the maid said, that it was the third time it had occurred this week. Won't you inquire how she is before we sit down?" says Jem anxiously.

"Perhaps it will be as well. Here, John, go and ask her ladyship's maid how she is by this time, and if she is coming down to dinner."

The man returns with the answer that Lady Mountcarroll is better, but that she has gone to bed, and will not come again that evening. So the two cousins go in to dinner together rather gloomily, and one of them at least in the lowest of spirits.

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The kindergarten has Dr. Gilman's endorsement, though perhaps there is too much paraphernalia in every-day use. The aim of the kindergarten should be the formation of habits of truth, attention, neatness, courtesy and reverence. And this should be brought about by pleasant processes. Dr. Gilman urges preparation for practical life for public school children, who will not take higher courses. The eye and hand training should be thorough, and while drawing is of great value, more than drawing is needed. The observation of nature should be cultivated, and practical experience provided.

From the needle to the pencil, from the knife to the box of tools, is an easy graduation, everywhere possible, and every young person should be carried through at least three stages of "handicraft." "Look," "do," "think," and "remember," are four lessons that ought to be enjoined upon every scholar, every day through the period of adolescence.

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School Lunches.
In the public schools in Boston 1,600 scholars are daily provided with hot lunches. The food is prepared at a central kitchen, whence it is distributed by express to the various schools. This system is found to be entirely satisfactory. The variety of food is quite large, and the prices very moderate. For 5 cents a choice of dishes is offered, while for 10 the sum of all local epicureanism may be reached.

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In the study of some of the rivers history will prove an important help. It is not enough to know where a river rises, and that it flows in a southerly and then southeasterly direction, continues in a southwesterly course, and so on, until it empties into such and such a body of water. In studying about the Mississippi River, for instance, much would be gained by the scholars learning of the fearful suffering caused by the river's overflowing its banks. Explain the cause of the delta, and the meaning of the word.

Terriers.
There are terriers of all kinds, and very popular dogs they are, too. But why are they called "terriers"? Well, there is in the Latin language a word terra, meaning "earth," and it was seen of most of these dogs that they were good hunters of animals, quick at following them to their holes in the earth and at routing them out of these burrows of theirs. So the dogs came to be known as "terriers," or "earthers." Tray, which was once a pretty common name for a dog, is just short for Terrier.

Birds.
The reason why birds do not fall off their perch when asleep is because they cannot open the foot when the leg is bent. This a hen while walking must close its toes as it raises the foot, and open them as it touches the ground.

Almost every one occasionally wishes that he was a 12-year-old boy, so that he could run away from home.

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After being started on the way they may be left to themselves, if only the teacher shows an interest in their work by an occasional suggestion, or word of encouragement. Being perfectly noiseless, this material may be used in large classes without annoyance.—Helen L. Lewis, in Intelligence.

School Lunches.
In the public schools in Boston 1,600 scholars are daily provided with hot lunches. The food is prepared at a central kitchen, whence it is distributed by express to the various schools. This system is found to be entirely satisfactory. The variety of food is quite large, and the prices very moderate. For 5 cents a choice of dishes is offered, while for 10 the sum of all local epicureanism may be reached.

Hints for Teaching Geography.
In the study of some of the rivers history will prove an important help. It is not enough to know where a river rises, and that it flows in a southerly and then southeasterly direction, continues in a southwesterly course, and so on, until it empties into such and such a body of water. In studying about the Mississippi River, for instance, much would be gained by the scholars learning of the fearful suffering caused by the river's overflowing its banks. Explain the cause of the delta, and the meaning of the word.

Terriers.
There are terriers of all kinds, and very popular dogs they are, too. But why are they called "terriers"? Well, there is in the Latin language a word terra, meaning "earth," and it was seen of most of these dogs that they were good hunters of animals, quick at following them to their holes in the earth and at routing them out of these burrows of theirs. So the dogs came to be known as "terriers," or "earthers." Tray, which was once a pretty common name for a dog, is just short for Terrier.

Birds.
The reason why birds do not fall off their perch when asleep is because they cannot open the foot when the leg is bent. This a hen while walking must close its toes as it raises the foot, and open them as it touches the ground.

Almost every one occasionally wishes that he was a 12-year-old boy, so that he could run away from home.

Lake-side Definition.
Miss Trement—It is your Chicagoans' ignorance of English that is so distressing to me. Now, if a man moved from Chicago to Boston would you call him an emigrant or an immigrant?

Miss Wabash—I would call him an idiot.—Chicago Dispatch.

Notes.
West Gardner, Me., has a school house 101 years old, which is still in use.

Boston wants a new girls' Latin school, and asks for an appropriation of \$175,000 for such a building.

San Francisco is about to build a new high school, which is to be one of the finest school buildings in the State.

Scholarships and bursaries, aggregating over £10,000, have just been awarded for the session at the Glasgow University.

Many State Teachers' Associations have lately passed resolutions to fight vigorously the cigarette habit in the schools, and to try to secure effective legislation on this question.

At Perry, O. T., a school house half of soil collapsed and twenty-five school children were entombed for some time. Several children will die from injuries, and Miss Jennie Jones, the teacher is in a critical condition.

The college Greek letter fraternities in the United States have a membership of 100,000, with about 650 active and 350 inactive chapters. They own seventy houses or halls in various college towns and cities.

The annual report of Capt. Praeger, of the Carlisle Indian Training School, shows that last year there were 868 pupils at the institution, representing sixty-one different tribes. Over 500 pupils worked upon farms during the summer, and earned \$19,328.

A Telephone Paper.
Pesth, in Hungary, has a telephone newspaper—the only one of the kind in the world.

It is valuable to persons who are unable or too lazy to use their eyes or who cannot read. It has six thousand subscribers, who receive the news as they would ordinary telephone messages.

A special wire one hundred and sixty-eight miles long, runs along the windows of the houses of subscribers, which are connected with the main line by separate wires and special apparatus which prevents the blocking of the system by an accident at one of the stations.

Within the houses, long, flexible wires make it possible to carry the receiver to the bed or any other part of the room.

The news is not delivered as it happens to come in, but is carefully edited and arranged according to a printed schedule, so that a subscriber at any time knows what part of the paper he is going to hear.

The staff is organized like that of any other newspaper.

After the copy has passed through the hands of the editor, who is liable for its communications, it is given to the "speakers"—ten men with strong voices and clear enunciation, who work in shifts of two at a time and talk the news through a telephone.

There are twenty-eight editions uttered a day. Additions to the first edition are announced as news items.

To fill up the time when no news is coming in, the subscribers are entertained with vocal and instrumental concerts, the wire being in communication with the churches, opera house and music halls. This unique newspaper has been in existence two years.

When the Arab is Disgusted.
Folk that live in big towns must often be surprised at the horror their country cousins express at the impure air the city dwellers breathe. This is, of course, in both cases, due to habit. The city man only notices that the air is bad when it is worse than usual; the countryman, accustomed to the pure, healthy air of his ordinary surroundings, finds the air of the town always more or less bad. Thus it is that the Arab, the child of the desert, wears a worried look when he enters a large town. Then he stuffs his nostrils with cotton, or shelters his nose behind a cloth, and, if obliged to remain overnight, would rather not sleep indoors. But most towns are hardly so bad in any case as the towns an Arab would be likely to visit.

Month Marvels.
The largest month, proportioned to the size of the animal, is that of the frog. The month of the leech is a powerful sucker, which will sustain many times its weight. The tongue of the