



CHAPTER XXIII.

Jennie goes home to Nutley, and eats his dinner as if nothing had occurred. The arrow has overshot the mark this time. He is suffering too much to be able to endure even the idea of sympathy.

Jennie buttons his great-coat over the letter, and walks out into the keen and frosty air. There had been a slight fall of snow the day before, and the country looks like a great twelfth-cake.

Toward noon they came to a low stone wall. Miss Rusherton's Goldy takes it like a bird, but Mountcarroll's horse refuses the leap. The Earl, always irritated with animals, and doubly so to-day, because of Jenny's proximity, spurs him like fury.

Glady's was not there to cast her sweet spells over him, and he believed it to be his duty to unlove her if he could, and he knew of no better way than that of putting another woman in her place.

"Fetch a surgeon as soon as ever you can," Jennie shouts to those above him. "He is still alive—he is only stunned. Get help for heaven's sake!"

"Mountcarroll, dear old fellow, are you much hurt? Speak to me, if it is only one word. This is breaking my heart."

"Floored, by Jove!" he says, faintly, and then, perceiving Jennie, he adds, as though there had never been a word of difference between them: "Jem, you beggar! don't cry; I always was fond of Jem," and closes his eyes again.

"Oh, Mountcarroll!" cries the young man, overcome with grief and fear, "we have been like brothers, Mountcarroll. Say you forgive me! I never meant—I never thought—if you had loved her—"

"It's all right," mutters the Earl, in a low, thick voice. "All right, Jem. I—I forgive you. Don't bother yourself—about me. And with that he stretches himself suddenly in his cousin's arms, gives one strong shiver, and dies!

who was willing to exchange wealth, and rank, and position, for disgrace and ignominy, only so that she might be by his side.

"Ah, Jennie!" she cries, impulsively, hiding her face in her hands, "don't remind me of that!"

He takes possession of these hands, and draws them away and lays his face down in their place.

"But I must remind you of it, darling. The sweetest, proudest hour of my life! I had to hurt you then, my Glady (though heaven knows how I bruised my own heart in doing so), but it was for your dear sake more than my own."

He takes her in his arms, and lays her head down on his breast, and showers his passionate kisses on her eyes and lips, until he hears her murmur:

"Oh, Jennie! I am yours—I always was yours—from the first moment that we met."

"The climate of Venezuela is very warm and the city of La Guayra is said by the naturalist Spears to be one of the hottest places on earth."

The following story illustrative of the climate is told of a young English naval lieutenant on the La Guayra station some years ago who dreamed that he died and went to school.

"They don't seem to mind the heat," remarked the astonished sailor to his cloven-footed guide.

"Oh, not a bit!" laughed the demon. "Why are they so cool and unconcerned?" persisted the lieutenant.

"My young friend, why do you stand looking so forlorn and sad?" "I am thinking," said this foolish chicken, "what a nice feast a big fat worm would make."

The wise old duck nearly lost her balance, and her bill came together with a loud, indignant snap, and she replied in angry astonishment:

"Alas! That is too much the way of the world now. I never get anything to eat without digging for it, and, my young friend, you will go hungry a long time before a worm or anything else will come to you to be gobbled up by such a lazy upstart!"

"Gladys, my child, I have brought an old friend to see you. Lord Mountcarroll has called to say good-by to us before we start for Germany."

"At that name Gladys, who has looked up eagerly from her pillows at her father's entrance, sinks back upon them again white as ashes."

"It is only momentary," whispers the General to the Earl. "The sound of the name upsets her. She will recover more quickly without witnesses. I will leave you alone with her," and, retreating as he speaks, General Fuller closes the door behind him.

Lord Mountcarroll advances to the sofa, and looks down upon the white-robed form that is shrinking from him, and hiding her face with her hands.

"My Glady!" he says at last, in a voice of infinite tenderness.

"They wouldn't let me," he answers. "Elinor has been persuading me it would be too soon; that you would misconstrue my motives, and think me intrusive. But I think we understand each other, Gladys. During the last few interviews we had together there was no reserve between us, was there?"

THE DINING-ROOM.

Colonial Effects in Furnishing and Decorating Are Most Becoming. There is no more barbarous contrivance than the basement dining-room in the ordinary city house.

One who plans the erection of such a house will be wise if he gives his greatest care and attention to the dining-room, for no room is more important, nor contributes more to the character of the house.

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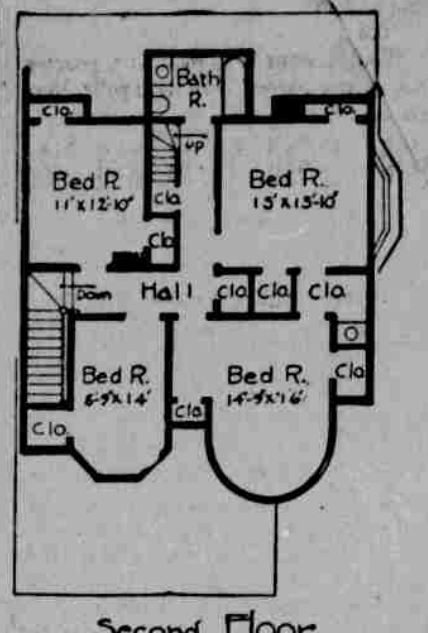
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"None," she answers, with another blush, though her heart sinks to think what he may have come to tell her.

"Has your mind changed since then, Gladys?" "No," she falters.

"Neither has mine. You were fond of advising me to marry. I think you did so the last time we met. Well, I am going to take your advice. Does that surprise you?"

mountings. The sideboard, on which are a few pieces of fine glass, reflected by the fire light, affords a welcome. Bright china gives points of rich color for the eye to rest itself.



Second Floor. In the vicinity of New York City, is \$3,500, not including the heating apparatus. In many sections of the country the cost should be much less.

A story of Gail Hamilton. A capital story of the power of a bright woman's talk is related by the New York Tribune.

He wanted to see all there was to be seen, but most of all he desired to meet and have a word with Gail Hamilton; indeed, he confided to a friend that he should consider such a privilege well worth his journey to the East.

It took him several days to summon up his courage, but at last he presented himself at Mr. Blaine's door and asked for Miss "Hamilton."

"That face fell—grew remorseful. "N-no," he stammered, "I didn't meet her—she didn't come down, and the fact is, I forgot to ask for her."

"Oh, I sent up my card, of course, but a lady came down, a Miss Dodge, and my dear fellow, you never say such a woman in your life!"

"I believe we talked on every subject in the world, and she knew everything about every one of the subjects. I was never so surprised as when a lot of people came in and I found how long I had been there, and I didn't want to come away then, I can tell you, and till you spoke, I'd forgotten all about Miss Hamilton. I don't believe she can touch Miss Dodge, anyhow!"

His astonishment and delight when he found that he had entertained—or been entertained by—his angel unawares, were very pleasant to see.

In telling the story the narrator added, "I don't know what it is about Miss Dodge. I can never tell how she does it. I heard her tell the funniest story I ever heard in my life, about a drive she took in the country, when her horse had on a harness that practically fell to pieces."

The accompanying design shows a dining-room which lends itself readily to the treatment described in this article. The width of this house is thirty-four feet six inches, and the depth, including veranda, fifty feet four inches.

Election of United States Senators. In his paper on "This Country of Ours" in the Ladies' Home Journal, President Harrison writes of Congress, and tells how United States Senators are elected.

"The law of 1803," he says, "provides that the Legislature chosen next before the expiration of the term of a Senator shall choose his successor, and that it shall proceed to do so on the second Tuesday after it assembles."

On that day each House of the Legislature must vote separately, viva voce, for a Senator, and enter the result on its journal; the two Houses must at 12 m. the next day meet in joint session, and if it appears that the same person has received a majority of the votes in each House he is declared elected; if there has been no election the joint assembly must take a vote, and if any one receives a majority of the votes—a majority of all the members elected to both Houses being present and voting—he is to be declared elected.

The real sincere women are those whose prayers at night in a cold room are never abbreviated by the conditions of the thermometer.



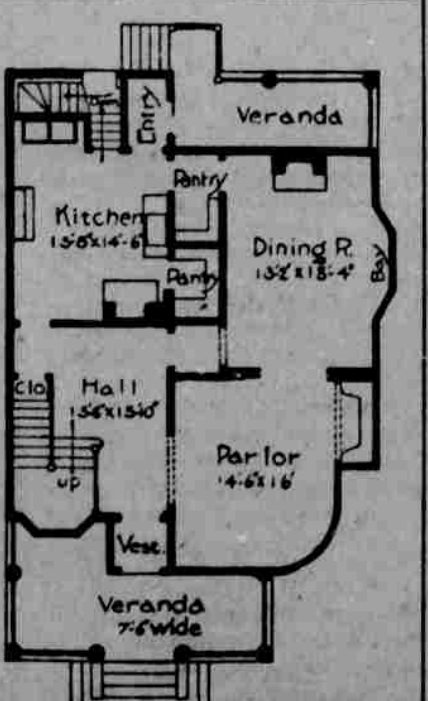
Cooperative Block Plan No. 2. Architects, N.Y.C.

lent a contrast with the remainder of the house. The walls should be warm, red-brown tint, or be covered with some warm-colored paper, with a simple, formal design.

A hard-wood floor costs no more than fine carpet, and is far more appropriate. There is no need for ornamentation other than pure and simple porcelain, glass and silverware, which can be made to do good service, if not huddled away in closets.

It might be thought unnecessary to say this, but one can recall dining-rooms ruined by cheap chromes of fruit and flowers, pictures of dead fish, and other abominations of still life.

The room is finished in oak, with oak floor. The two windows are leaded with diamond-shaped panes, looking out over the veranda. The walls are



First Floor

covered with a paper of yellow brown color, with a stiff, formal design in red brown. This runs to the ceiling, with no frieze, but with oak picture rail about twenty inches below the cornice.

A wise woman is one who does not love a man when she is trying to entertain and please him.