



LORD & LADY

By *Annie Maynard*

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. But, as they sit together in the evening, he tells his sister quietly that Lady Mountcarroll is worse, and persuades her to write a letter to Mrs. Fuller mentioning the circumstance and advising her not to delay her visit to Carrony longer than necessary. When the epistle is signed and sealed, Lady Renton is surprised to see her brother take it in his hand, and hear him say he will post it himself.

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. The night is bright as day. The moon shines, cold and clear, and the firmament of heaven is studded with stars. As he strides along to Albany, which is about three miles distant, he cannot help wondering why the earth should be so beautiful and life so sad. His life is over. He has ended it to-day. The wild words he uttered have sealed his fate and hers. They will never meet again. And why, he asks himself, did it ever happen? Who planned it, and permitted it, and made it so easy, only that it might be the means of breaking both their hearts? Why did he ever meet Gladys, or having met her, loved her, and, having loved, been called upon to resign her? It all seems so hard, so incomprehensible to him. Life is so short, and there is so little happiness for any of us in it. Why did he let his go? Was it a god or a bad angel that prompted him to refuse her sweet offer of herself? In his present state of mind Jennie cannot decide. He tells himself he has tried to do the right thing and failed. During this moonlight walk, when the stars are the only listeners to the confession of his weakness, Mr. Brooke does not mind avowing that he tried hard, very hard indeed, to love Miss Temple.

Gladys 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. Georgie Temple was very beautiful and very fascinating, and she showed the young Englishman every attention. He might have had her for the asking, if he could have screwed up his courage to ask; but somehow, whenever the words were nearest to his lips, another pair of eyes rose up between him and Miss Temple, and caused them to die away upon his tongue. "It is my fate," he thinks, as he marches rapidly along. "It will be Gladys—Gladys, to my life's end. If I am condemned to live to old age I suppose I shall marry. One cannot sit down and cry over a grief like this forever, but no wife will have the power to drive this first, best love from my heart. When she looks her sweetest at me I shall think how much less sweet she is than Gladys. When my children climb my knee I shall sigh to miss those violet eyes and that dear sensitive mouth I love so well. In fact, my life—whether it be short or long—will be one unbroken yearning to get back to her whom I have given up to-day forever! How can I bear to live at Nutley with the chance of meeting her out driving or walking each day of my life? The anticipation will make a coward of me. I shall have to go away again. And yet to leave Nell, who is so bound up in me! It seems awfully cruel. My life is cruel, whichever way I look at it."

He walks straight to Albany, and straight home again, and the rapid exercise enables him to sleep. But with the morning comes back the old pain. It seems to Jennie as if, in telling Mountcarroll of his love for Gladys, he had pronounced his own death warrant. Of course he does not go near Carrony House. If he leaves Nutley it is to ride in exactly the opposite direction. He occupies himself more over his own farm and estate than he has ever done before, and Lady Renton notices the change, but does not speak of it. She surmises that something unpleasant has occurred between her brother and her cousin, and she tries to make it up to Jennie by visiting Gladys often herself, and bringing home all the news she can glean of her. Through Elinor, he learns that General and Mrs. Fuller have arrived and taken charge of their suffering daughter, and that a second summons has been sent to Sir Francis Cardwell to come down and see his patient.

As Jennie rides his favorite flyer next day he sees Mountcarroll and Miss Russherton, as usual, side by side. Agnes is mounted on the beautiful chestnut mare, Goldy, which the infatuated Earl exchanged with her, but Mountcarroll himself bestrides a new animal, a powerful-looking hunter of gigantic build, another of Miss Russherton's recommendations, Jennie supposes. As he encounters the pair he touches his cap to them, but the civility meets with no response from either side, and he turns humiliated away. He could not have treated his cousin so in public (he thinks), not if he had had fifty quarrels as bitter as this one.

When he has moved to some little distance he turns and watches them. He does not like the look of Mountcarroll's horse. He can see by the way it lays back its ears and shows the whites of its eyes every time it is approached by another animal that the brute is vicious—very, very vicious. "You are very good, my dear lord, but you go home to-morrow, and my daughter goes with us. All her cry throughout the day and night has been that I should take her home. It is but natural, you know. This is a great sport to a young man, and the poor child longed for the comfort and support of her own family. So we have made all our arrangements to return to London to-morrow morning."

"There was a girl once, Gladys, who offered to give up the world, and everything she owned for me, for my sake," she has guessed her daughter's secret (if the General has not), and does not think that an interview with the quondam Mrs. Brooke at this juncture would conduce to the support of the widowed Countess's dignity.

"I am sorry to refuse your request, Lord Mountcarroll," she says, stily, "but Gladys is (as you are aware) very weak of health, as well as broken in spirit, and I should be quite afraid of the effect of her seeing any one at present connected with the past. She feels her bereavement terribly."

This is added in the mother's pride, lest the man before her should imagine that her daughter is secretly triumphing in her release.

"Of course, she must do so!" replies Lord Mountcarroll, innocently. "It has been a blow to all of us. I have not slept one night since it occurred."

Gladys believes thoroughly at this period that Jennie has forsaken her. She mourns for him as we mourn for the dead, and no more thinks he can come back into her life again, and make it one long joy, than we look forward to the return of the departed.

He has written her two or three letters, but they are carefully worded, and she cannot, or will not, read between the lines. Her woman's mind is not broad enough to gauge the breadth of his—nor her nature deep enough to understand his nobility. She puts down all his enforced control to coldness, and weeps over his friendly letters as if they were the very grave of love.

Sir Francis has not lost hope; but he thinks it will be a very tedious illness. The cruel blow which sent her with such violence against the table has been followed by symptoms which threaten to prostrate her altogether. So that those about her are very careful to buoy her up with hope—a process which defeats its end, and makes the invalid still more suspicious of her own condition. And, meanwhile, Lord Mountcarroll is saying every day to his sister:

"Cannot I go up to-morrow, Nell? Don't you think I have waited long enough?"

And Lady Renton will shake her head, and answer: "It's only three months, dear boy. It would be scarcely decent to speak to her yet."

And he turns away impatiently to his occupation, only to repeat the same question the morning afterward. At last he says: "I cannot take your advice any longer, Nell. You do not think of her suffering and mine. It is now nearly five months since poor dear Mountcarroll died. Of course, we can't be married."

"Married, Jennie! What on earth are you thinking of?" exclaims his sister. "Do hear me out, Nell. Of course (as I say) we can't be married (though it's beastly humbug) until the year is up; but that's no reason why I shouldn't speak to my dear girl, and make it all right between us. I can't bear the suspense any longer. It is simply killing me. I must have her promise and give her mine, or I shall go out of my mind."

He reaches Cardigan place just in time. It is the middle of July, and the family are packing up to start for Germany, where it is hoped that some particular baths may do Lady Mountcarroll good. Everyone is out except the General, who, knowing no reason to the contrary, ushers the young Earl into Gladys's presence without the slightest preparation.

"See her, my dear fellow! Of course you can see her. Why not? Indeed, we have expected you would call before now; but perhaps you have not been up in town this year?"

"No! My sister and I thought it better not under the circumstances."

"True, true. Very sad. We have all felt it; but Lady Mountcarroll is stronger. Oh! decidedly stronger. Sir Francis says there is a visible improvement, and he has great faith in the German baths, for which we start next week."

"Next week!" exclaims Lord Mountcarroll. "Then I am only just in time."

"Only just in time," laughs the General, "but I am sure Gladys will be pleased to see you."

He has been walking with it great toward the library as he speaks, and now throws open the door without further ceremony.

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

At that sound she knows she has her friend again—not her lover, perhaps, but still her friend, and the color rushes back into her cheeks until they glow like the heart of a crimson rose.

"Why didn't you come before?" she sighs.

"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?"

"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 answers. "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?"

"No," in a very faint voice.

"If it was necessary before, it is doubly so now. Will you wish me joy, dear?"

"Yes. Is it—Miss Temple?"

"Is it Miss Temple?" repeats Lord Mountcarroll, with a laugh. "Is it the man in the moon? Is it any one, could it be any one but the woman I love as my life? You know who that is, Gladys!"

She shakes her head. She does not yet believe in Jennie's fidelity to her.

As he observed the sad, incredulous expression of her face he draws nearer, and kneels down by her side.

"There was a girl once, Gladys, who offered to give up the world, and everything she owned for me, for my sake," she has guessed her daughter's secret (if the General has not), and does not think that an interview with the quondam Mrs. Brooke at this juncture would conduce to the support of the widowed Countess's dignity.

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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. Although it may be made necessary by consideration of economy and convenience, these facts do not make it any more admirable. Architectural limitations are such that the basement dining-room must of necessity have a low ceiling, little natural light, and an unattractive outlook. These are drawbacks very difficult to overcome by any scheme of decoration or furnishing. For various reasons rooms of this kind are dismissed from consideration in this article. City houses are always built with certain restrictions and limitations in mind, and each house must be a law unto itself. But aside from the question of means, the builder of a detached villa house has free reign and can consult his own taste and inclination in the arrangement of the various rooms.

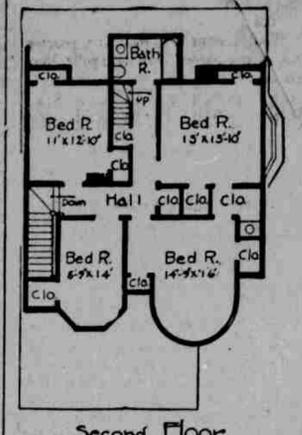
One who plans the erection of such a house will be wise if he gives his greatest care and attention to the dining-room, for no room is more important, nor contributes more to the character of the house. The dining-room is in use but a small part of each day, but it is made the scene of what should be the most formal function of every day life in the household. Nothing is a surer index of good breeding than reserve and elegance at the table, and the character of the room should be such as to emphasize these qualities. In the first place if there is to be gaiety at the table, there must be plenty of light, for a gloomy room will surely be reflected in the conversation and demeanor of those you dine. If possible, there should be windows in more than one side of the room. It is not always possible to command the outlook from the windows of the house, but at least one can avoid having the dining-room windows face one's own outhouses, or the blank walls of some other part of the house. No handsomer room was ever designed than a colonial dining-room, and it will be well to follow their general style unless it forms too violent 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. By far the most effective furniture for the dining-room is mahogany, but this is costly. With mahogany out of the question, pretty effects can be got which will make the room rich, with well-made oak furniture, provided it is simple in design and not disfigured with machine carving and gilded ornaments.

A hardwood 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. A few good pictures in modern frames, chosen with some idea of the "eternal fitness of things." 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 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. With first story nine feet six inches, and second story nine feet, with attic eight feet, secures a comfortable dwelling, easily heated. The size of the dining-room is shown by the floor plans. 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

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. The ceiling repeats the side wall colors, though the pattern of the paper is not so pronounced. The fire place is faced with dark, brown brick. The furniture is rich mahogany with brass

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. A Smyrna rug in deep reds and blues laid on the polished oak floor adds all more color to the room, and a few choice hunting scenes finish the walls. The cost to build the design, illustrating this arti-



Second Floor

cle, 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.

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A Story of Gail Hamilton.

A capital story of the power of a bright woman's talk is related by the New York Tribune. The bright woman was Miss Abigail Dodge, better known by her pen name of Gail Hamilton. A Western clergyman, cultivated, well read, but not exactly a man of the world, was in Washington for the first time, eager to make the utmost of his holiday.

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." About three hours afterward the friend met him descending the steps of the house, one broad smile of delight and satisfaction. "Ah," exclaimed the confidant, "I congratulate you. So you have met your dear Gail Hamilton. I can see it in your face."

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."

"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 suppose Miss Hamilton must have been out; she didn't mention her, but she began to talk to me, and in two minutes I forgot what I had come for. I never could have believed that any person, man or woman, could know so much."

"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 room was full of people and every one laughed himself sore over it, and yet when I came to think it over, there was really nothing to it, nothing to tell—it was a thing that might have happened to any one, and not have borne talking about. Yet she had entertained twenty people for half an hour with it."

Election of United States Senators.

In his paper on "This Country of Ours" in the Ladies' Home Journal, ex-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. If there is no election the joint assembly proceeds with the balloting, and must meet every day at 12 m., and take at least one ballot each day until a Senator is elected. The Governor of the State is required to certify the election under the seal of the State, to the President of the Senate, the certificate to be countersigned by the Secretary of State of the State."

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



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A Modern Fable.

Once upon a time a young chicken stood with its foot drawn up close to its breast, shivering in the cold, and thinking hungrily what a nice feast a big fat worm would make, but was too lazy to go and scratch it. While it stood thus a wise old duck, whose bill was hard and worn from much digging for its meals, came waddling along and asked:

"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," and having delivered itself of these few sage remarks the wise duck waddled on.

The foolish chicken stood a moment in deep thought, and then, taking its foot from its breast, and shaking its ruffled feathers straight, began to scratch, and it was not long ere it found not only one but a dozen worms.

Moral—He who expects a living to be brought to him will get left. He must scratch for it.

Botany and Color.

It is a remarkable fact in botany that no species of flower ever embraces in the color of its petals the whole range of the spectrum. Where there are yellows and reds there are no blues; when blue and red occur, there are no yellows; and, when he have blues and yellows, there are no reds. Tulips come nearer to covering the whole range of the spectrum than any other species. They can be found ranging through reds, yellows, and purples, but a blue has never been found.

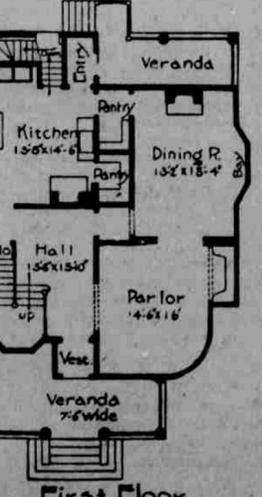
How He Suspended.

A petty newspaper of the Mid, which had long been at the point of death, has just found an ingenious means of closing its career brilliantly. Its last issue contained the following notice: "Taking advantage of the national festivities which will be occasioned by the arrival of the Czar, the illustrious friend of France, this journal will cease to be published."

"Mrs. Higby, what was that bundle you hid under the sofa when I came in?" "Never mind; you don't need to know just yet." "Great Caesar, woman! Have you begun already to make me Christmas slippers out of my old straw hat?"—Chicago Record.

"Did you hear that Charley Dunno had been dropped from our set?" "No; why was that?" "Thank was a fire at his brooding house at high noon, don't you know, and Charley ran out in the street in his dress coat, don't you know?"—Cleveland Leader.

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



First Floor