



CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

Seven years had gone by since Clarice Danebrook had played tennis on the lawn under Lady Lashmar's windows, and nothing had come of her ladyship's hopes in that direction.

She had been very fond of Lord Lashmar in her mild, almost infantine way, and she had set her heart upon being a peeress.

The new admirer was Lord Carminow, a marquis, and one of the most dissipated young men in London or Paris; a young man who, a year before he met Clarice, had the reputation of being industriously engaged in drinking himself to death.

After three weeks' acquaintanceship he proposed to Clarice Danebrook and was accepted with a kind of haughty carelessness on the part of the young lady, as if she took this coronet as her due and despised the giver.

Clarice took her chance and enrolled herself forever among the marchionesses of England. She endured three and a half years of a most intolerable existence before Lord Carminow finished that business of drinking himself to death.

She had three slaves, who were always in attendance upon her—Barber, the patient and homely maid of thirty years' service; Celestine, the expert Abigail, with deft fingers and faultless taste in the confection of a cap or the arrangement of a drapery.

Not of her own accord, but very reluctantly, had Lady Lashmar accepted her step-son's protegee in this intimate familiarity. The girl had been forced upon her by circumstances and officiousness of her other dependents.

Her life had been easy enough of late years, easy even to pleasantness. The rule of the uncompromising Middleham had been made very light for her, when that autocratic personage found that she was willing, industrious and conscientious.

Yes, it was a fine face, but far from a pleasant one, Stella thought. There was the lancid expression of his grandmother's old Northumbrian nose—the Fitz Hollis—who claimed to be descended in a direct line from those Norsemen who swooped like a flock of sea birds on that bleak coast in the dim beginning of English history.

He gave her a distant bow as she passed him, a salutation which she acknowledged with an almost imperceptible bend of the long, slim throat, while the look in those dark eyes of hers expressed absolute dislike.

"Your protegee has improved!" he said. "She is not half so ugly as she was seven years ago."

CHAPTER X.

As the years rolled on Stella was almost happy. The afternoon hours of every day were spent with Gabriel Verner. He was old and feeble, and sometimes prosy, but he was a mine of information; he loved learning for learning's sake, and he loved Stella.

She spent at least half of every day in Lady Lashmar's rooms, and was often summoned late at night to sit beside her ladyship's bed and read till three or four o'clock in the morning.

It was nearly a week since the arrival of the visitors, and Stella had enjoyed more liberty during that interval than she had known since she became her ladyship's reader. She had only been called upon to write a few letters in the morning, and to read to Lady Lashmar after ten o'clock in the evening.

It was the end of September and Lord Lashmar and a little lot of distinguished visitors were expected at the castle, some intent on the slaughter of the pheasants, others only desiring rest and respite after the fatigues of a London season.

Lord Lashmar arrived, fresh from a yachting excursion in the Hebrides, bronzed and bearded, broad shouldered, muscular, the manliest of young men, with a fresh open air look about him, yet intellectual withal.

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"Pray don't call her my protegee. You know she is a legacy from poor Hubert, and I am sure his Quixotism has imposed upon me."

ness before now. She fetches and carries for those two lazy old maids of yours—Barber and Celestine—I suppose?"

"Of course I would, dearest. What have I to live for but your society? Life is a blank when you are away from me. The Bishop of Southborough is to be here in a week or so, with his two daughters, pretty, fresh young girls, and both musical. I should not object to either as a daughter-in-law. Then there is old Lady Ranbury's daughter, the Diana of Northamptonshire, a frank, open-hearted girl and a superb horsewoman. She comes with Mrs. Mulciber, an old friend of mine. Then there is Mr. Nestorius. The rest are all your own invitations. Did I tell you that Lady Carminow will be here for a week or two? She wanted to run in and out as she used when she was a girl, but I have insisted upon her sending over her trunk. She will help to amuse Mr. Nestorius."

"No doubt, Mr. Nestorius is impressive, and a widower. Lady Carminow would make him a capital wife."

"That is all nonsense. Clarice is full of romance."

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"So you are still at the old work, Verner?" he said, "and with a very promising pupil. Will you present me?"

"No, sir; it is time for me to go back to the castle."

"Nonsense, child," said Verner, "you told me her ladyship would not want you till eleven o'clock. Sit down and let me tell Mr. Nestorius what a capital Grecian you are."

"It used to be Edgar in the old days," demonstrated the statesman, putting down his hat and seating himself at the table, covered with books and manuscripts, loose sheets of that vast work which was still in progress.

"But in those days you were an undergraduate and I was a don," answered Gabriel Verner, shaking his gray head, which was always just a little remoulous, "and now you are a great statesman and I am a nobody."

"The Interpreter of the Stagrite must always be renewed," said Nestorius, his hand upon a pile of manuscript on the old man's desk.

Stella looked at him with wondering, earnest eyes, as he sat beside the old tutor's desk. He was a man for whom life was on the wane. He had passed the floodtide of life and fame, and strength and beauty. After some brilliant successes, he had lived to hear himself called a failure; and he had retired from the political arena, ostensibly forever.

"Yes, he and I were friends, though my original friendship was with her ladyship's side of the house. Poor Lashmar interested me; he was a remarkable young man."

"Pray don't call her my protegee. You know she is a legacy from poor Hubert, and I am sure his Quixotism has imposed upon me."

"Yes, he told me his scheme of education and how receptive he had already found your young mind, what great things he hoped from its later development, and all these hopes were cut short by his untimely death. But I am glad to see that Mr. Verner has carried on his pupil's work."

"Mr. Verner has made my life happy," said Stella. "I should have been quite miserable without him."

"Yes, I have heard that you are Lady Lashmar's reader. Lady Carminow told me about you. And now, if you are going back to the castle, we may as well walk together, and you can tell me a little more about yourself and your studies."

The offer of such escort would have been an honor to a young person of much loftier rank than her ladyship's reader. Stella put on her hat without a word, waited meekly while Nestorius and Verner talked for another quarter of an hour; and then the old man followed his visitors to the gate of the little garden, with its chrysanthemums and late-lingering roses, and stood watching them as they walked down the village street, the statesman tall and erect, the girl slim and straight and tall beside him.

(To be continued.)

Saved His Master.

To the many war stories of which a horse is the hero must be added a remarkable incident that comes from Rhodesia in the Sunday Magazine.

A little band of Englishmen was on one point of being surrounded and cut off. The order, "Save yourselves!" was given.

Helpless on the ground, within forty feet of two leveled rifles, and almost within reach of a band of men carrying assegais, the officer had given himself up for lost, when, to his intense surprise, he saw his faithful horse rush toward him and adopt a position which protected him from the weapons of his enemies.

His first thought was that the animal had gone mad, but seeing that it showed unmistakable signs of comprehending the danger to them both, Captain Grey made an almost superhuman effort to reach his back.

The shot had paralyzed his right side; fortunately he could seize the reins with his left hand, and then by putting a foot in the stirrup he managed somehow to gain the saddle. One word—"Go!"—and the horse had darted into safety with rocket-like speed, carrying his bleeding master on his back.

Dragon Fly Dines on Mosquito.

There are two natural enemies of the mosquito, the dragon fly and the spider. The latter, as we know, wages constant warfare upon all insect life, and where mosquitoes are plentiful they form the chief diet of their hairy foe.

Lake of Inklike Color.

In the middle of the Cocopah hills, in Arizona, is what is known as the Lake of Ink. Though supplied by beautiful springs of clear water the liquid of the lake is black and of an inklike character.

Colonial Compulsory Education.

In the Empire theater, Earl's court, London, an educational congress was held recently in connection with the woman's work section, educational division, of the Victorian era exhibition, of which section the Countess of Warwick is president.

Couldn't Bear a Slight.

"I spoke of General Francis E. Patterson," said Mr. Ennis of the Eighth New Jersey. "He was a brave man and a good officer. He was a brigadier general assigned to a brigade, the Third corps. Upon a reorganization of



Mule Driver Seth. No one supposed Seth Hawkins had spunk enough to fire a gun. He had drifted along through a year or so of service without being required to do much more than to drive tent stakes for the camp and mule wagons for the march.

One day, in '63, if I remember right, we were making a forced march to join the rest of our command below Resaca, and some way Seth was put in charge of the hospital train, and drove the ambulance filled with the poor fellows who had been wounded in the skirmish the day before.

Suddenly a shot rang out from the clump of underbrush a little distance from the road; then another, and another! Seth woke up and sprang to unhitch the mules, lashing them forward. Away they went, until the cloud of dust first rolled, then absorbed them, while Seth, suddenly transformed into a man of action, worked like mad to draw the pack mules up in the living barricade around the wagon containing the wounded, and even then under fire from the enemy.

General Grant's Uniform.

Gen. Horace Porter describes the advance on Petersburg in one of his articles in the Century on "Campaigning with Grant." Gen. Porter says, concerning Grant's attitude towards dress: The weather had become so warm that the general and most of the staff had ordered thin, dark-blue flannel blouses to be sent to them to take the place of the heavy uniform coats which they had been wearing.

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the army after Antietam, and while we were on the way to Fredericksburg, a younger brigadier was given command of a division, jumping Patterson, the ranking officer. Patterson was a proud-spirited gentleman, and the slight preyed upon his mind. He seemed to lose interest in his work. No one could get him into conversation for more than a minute or two. He would go off by himself and look like one dazed, as if in great trouble. Orders came for our brigade to move at 5 o'clock the next morning. While the troops were falling in, to move out, a pistol shot was heard in the tent of the general. A member of his staff, fearing an accident had happened, went to his tent, looked in, and there, on his bunk, was the general, still holding in his right hand a revolver, from which one charge had been shot, and in his head was the track of the bullet. The general was dead. He could withstand the shock of a bullet in his flesh; he could be defeated by the enemy; but he could not stand up under the shock of humiliation which the slight conveyed. Little attention was paid to the event at the time; but now it furnishes ample food for reflection. Poor Frank Patterson carried around a broken heart for a few days, and finding it too heavy a burden laid it down with a revolver. General Patterson went out with the One Hundred and Fifteenth Pennsylvania.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Sheridan in Battle. Gen. Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning with Grant" in the Century magazine, says of Sheridan at Appomattox: No one could look at Sheridan at such a moment without a sentiment of undisguised admiration. In this campaign, as in others, he had shown himself possessed of military traits of the highest order. Bold in conception, self-reliant, demonstrating by his acts that "much danger makes great hearts most resolute," fertile in resources, combining the restlessness of a Hotspur with the patience of a Fabius, it is no wonder that he should have been looked upon as the wizard of the battlefield. Generous of his life, gifted with the ingenuity of a Hannibal, the dash of a Murat, the courage of a Ney, the magnetism of his presence roused his troops to deeds of individual heroism, and his unconquerable columns rushed to victory with all the confidence of Caesar's Tenth Legion. Wherever blows fell thickest, there was his crest. Despite the valor of the defense, opposing ranks went down before the fierceness of his onsets, never to rise again; and he would not pause till the folds of his banner waved above the strongholds he had wrested from the foe. Brave Sheridan! I can almost see him now; his silent clay again quickened into life, once more riding "Rienzi" through a fire of hell, leaping opposing earthworks at a single bound, and leaving nothing of those who barred his way except the fragments scattered in his path. As long as manly courage is talked of, or heroic deeds are honored, the hearts of a grateful people will beat responsive to the mention of the talismanic name of Sheridan.

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