

# DOUBLY MARRIED

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

## CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

The dinner passed off pleasantly. So did the whole evening and the following day. The colonel became charmed with his surroundings.

The days went by. Once or twice he began a hesitating allusion to his departure. The second time the squire, who was lighting his pipe, turned suddenly upon him with a red face, and between his angry puffs said:

"No more o' that, lad; or you and I'll quarrel. What! Tired of us already?"

Colonel Drew stammered. Of course his uncle must know how he liked the place—the place which was more like home than any other. After his poor father's death, the home soon after provided over by a stepfather had imbibed his life; India he had never liked. He paused suddenly, fearing lest he should have offended his uncle, but the squire was regarding his nephew with half closed, twinkling eyes. He was silent for a moment, then he stopped, knocked at the ashes from his pipe, and gave a curious chuckle.

"Ah, I bet you'll like the old place even better by and by!" he said, taking up his hat. "Now I'm going to ride round to the rectory on business. You dance attendance on the women folk for one morning. It won't do you harm, and it pleases them. Mind me, Geoff—if you want peace in the house, you must be in the women's good books, especially when there's two of 'em. You can get round one; but two—well, a wise man doesn't attempt it!"

"They will not like my staying on," began the colonel uneasily.

"Not like it? Well, all I can say is you've put my nose out of joint; I'm nobody now. Good-by."

"I am ungrateful," said Colonel Ware to himself. Then he went to find Mrs. Drew.

Lillian was giving out the stores, as was the old-fashioned custom maintained at Heathside Hall. The cook was filling them up on a big tray. When Colonel Ware entered, he heard the clank of the keys as Lillian shut the door of the big cupboard.

"Oh, it's you," she said with slight surprise. Then, womanlike, seeing that he was annoyed, or the prey of some emotion, she at once assumed her armor of amiable commonplace, and asked if he remembered the room. "Surely you used to creep about the cupboards when mother was meddling with the sweets? I did, and so did Lillith after me."

"Yes," answered the colonel absently, drawing a deep breath. He felt oppressed, weighed down. "I shall never forget any day spent here—any room in the house, any tree in the garden; but I doubt that I shall see Heathside again. I have decided to go at once."

Mrs. Drew looked at him seriously. "Why this sudden determination?" she said. "Are you not rash? Tell me, what is it?"

"I cannot understand your father—he is so peculiar. He asked me to stay, but I was in such a strange way. He said—"

"Oh, don't think of what he said!" said Mrs. Drew kindly. "I assure you both he and dear mother could not like you better if you were—their own son."

She said the last words slowly—but voice tell. It was one of those moments when Lillian Drew felt that she had been a disappointment.

But the colonel heard the words in a different way. It was as if he had been blind, and suddenly saw what the squire and perhaps others had seen before him. Both he and Lillian were free. They were cousins certainly; but—

He turned and looked firmly and passionately at his cousin. Her delicate profile was visible; Lillian was looking wistfully away into the park. He laid his hand lightly on hers; she turned. What a sweet face it was! There were lines drawn by mental pain; but there was such serenity—it was like gazing at an unstained sky.

"I will do what you think best—go, or stay," said Geoffrey Ware, in his ordinary voice and assuming his ordinary manner—"whatever will be best for us all."

"I will not dictate anything but what is right."

"Naturally," said the colonel. "I will obey you, cousin, in all but one point that I understand; but that I reserve."

"Something about the estates?"

"Yes."

Lillian frowned, and considered for a moment. She thought her cousin odd, quizzical, hasty, and often incomprehensible; she would temporize for to-day, at least. This afternoon she would consult the rector, if she could get him alone; she believed that she was empowered to refuse any transfer of property to herself. In any case, there would be some way out of such a transaction.

"Do you accept my proposal—for me to pay number two in affairs to be decided—excepting in one particular?" said the colonel emphatically.

Again Lillian hesitated. Then she said slowly:

"Yes."

The colonel said no more, but abruptly left her.

"What is the matter with him?" said Mrs. Drew to herself. "Oh, men, men are different! It is bad enough with men who speak out; but it is worse with men who won't. What are their secrets, and when you do find them out?"

"Nothing worth knowing, or nothing you want to know." How fortunate it is to have that dear boy Willie Macdonald!"

Mrs. Drew's thoughts fled to London, where Lillian's letters were—Lillian's name with Willie Macdonald's post-



very near to us to take such trouble. Are you my poor father's sister?"

The blood rushed to Mrs. Drew's face. It was an awful moment.

"Don't think badly of him if you are," he said; the excitement of passionate feeling stimulating him, weak though he actually was. "Oh, don't! I know we had quarreled with his family when he married mamma, and no one ever wrote or took any notice of him. But, if you only knew, all of you, how good, how clever he was, and how he suffered, you could not remember him unkindly now that he is dead."

"Stop, Gerald!" cried Mrs. Drew, as the speech seemed to pierce her to the very quick. "I am not your dead father's sister—only a friend."

Then she embraced him, kissed him, laid him gently back on his pillow, and went out, influenced by some new ardor which was like the passion of the soul which seizes upon those that do great deeds, heroic actions—those who are, as it might be, beings beyond and above men, and who seem to hold the world up upon their patient shoulders—up nearer to heaven.

## CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Rawson, watching the doorway somewhat anxiously as he talked to the good dame about her garden and played with the children, saw Lillian come down the little passage with a godlike merriment on her gentle face, and dreed.

"There is a point on which I must beg your help," she said. "The dear boy—he must not, he cannot, stay there; he must come to the Hall."

"What?" said the rector, stopping short. He had expected much, but scarcely such a proposition as this. "Are you mad, Lillith? But it is impossible, utterly impossible!"

"Why?" asked Mrs. Drew, speaking as firmly as Mr. Rawson himself. "Pray is not my home my home?"

"Scarcely yet! Would you—I was going to say—desecrate the house where your father and mother have lived in simple purity all these long years by bringing the child of a man like Captain Drew and of that actress into it?"

"You are unjust, Mr. Rawson."

"I did not mean anything against actresses in particular. An actress can be good—ay, even better than her fellow-women who have not her temptations. I meant this—before that boy crosses the squire's threshold the squire must be told who he is."

"Have I not the right to invite my own guests? Do you deny me the right? I shall ask my Cousin Geoffrey's advice."

"Pray, pray consider what you are about," entreated the rector in a low, earnest voice. "He is your cousin and your father's heir, I know; but until the other day he was comparatively a stranger to you."

"Gerald!" said Mrs. Drew, turning pale. This second family seemed to haunt her very life.

The rector bowed his head.

"Of course they do not know here," he said. "He is being nursed at the halliffs. But the question now arises—what to do with him?"

"Let me go to him—at once!" exclaimed Mrs. Drew.

"Stay, stay!" said the rector. "For what good? It was wrong of the boy to run away; he knew my address, but he knows neither your name nor who you are. Why should he ever learn? Far better to let me arrange matters, as I have hitherto done. We can talk over how and when, when the lad is well. But I thought you ought to know."

"I must see him," said Lillian resolutely, turning to leave the orchard.

The house of the rectory farm halliff was a stone's throw from the rectory itself. Leaving the orchard by a door in the wall, they crossed a narrow lane and went along a field path which led to the low-thatched cottage with its shady garden.

"You wait here for a minute," said Mrs. Rawson to Mrs. Drew.

After a while the rector's footstep was audible in the passage. Mrs. Drew stood up, her heart beating as it always would beat when her life story was brought back to her on the subject, please."

The colonel's dark face flushed, and, old as he was, his pulses beat faster. What did this mean?

"I have given you confidences, I never gave to living soul before, Lillian," he said warmly, as he had given the gate of the corps for Mrs. Drew to pass in. "It is but a fair return. Surely you must know I will do my duty by you—stand by you till death if needs be? You are my kinswoman, as well as—" he stopped—what was he going to say?—"as well as a claimant to the estate," he stammered. That was certainly not what he had had on the tip of his tongue, he confusedly felt.

Then she told her story, and the colonel impatiently swinging his stick, listened.

"You are an angel, Lillian," he said, as they emerged into the park. "No, it is not compliment; I never heard of a woman with such generous intentions."

He said but little more; he was on guard. By the time they reached home he had pledged himself to help Lillian as far as his honor would permit. She had tried to excite his enthusiasm without avail; he had, without seeming to do so, thrown cold water on her romantic suggestions.

"Everything that can be done in reason shall be done," he assured Mrs. Drew, as he bade her good night; and with that she had to be satisfied.

She had expected an easy victory; but the colonel had frozen or hardened freshly at each assault.

"That is a man who would never forgive," she told herself, with a new awe of him. "Yet this morning he was so different; who else has ever troubled about us? Grandmother and grandfather? They took all poor mother's money when she was acting—yes, and sold her things besides; then, when she got ill, there was no money at all, so everything she had went. Mother tried to keep some back, but they were like foxes after chickens—you couldn't hide a thing from them. They haven't got her a proper doctor. Then they beat her and locked us up; I fought my way out—look here!" he showed long, jagged wounds on his hands and arms. "That kind person gentleman who found me in the field thought I had been fighting somewhere."

"Stop," said Mrs. Drew, feeling sick at heart. "Don't think of it any more, Gerald, my boy. You are with friends now."

"But what about mother? Oh, you will send some one to my mother?"

"At once, dear boy," Mrs. Drew began, but Gerald stopped her.

"You won't be angry if I ask you something?" he said. "You must be some one."

"It is only a temporary truce," remonstrated Col. Ware.

Col. Ware stayed some days; but he remained the Col. Ware she had consulted that night, scarcely the Cousin Geoffrey of the first part of his stay at Heathside. He visited the sick child with Mrs. Drew, and was kindly, if a trifle austere, in his manner to him. Then he called upon the rector one morning, when his cousin thought he was about the place somewhere with her father. He briefly stated the cause of his visit to the rector.

"I consider myself to a certain extent Cousin Lillian's guardian," he said; "and, although I wish her to be and to do what her good heart prompts her to be and to do, I have not the slightest intention to allow her to be imposed upon or to make a fool of her self."

"I am extremely pleased to hear it, Col. Ware," said the rector energetically; then they discussed Lillian's position.

"It is only a temporary truce," remonstrated Col. Ware.

Col. Ware, as they parted at the garden gate, "Lillian will see matters in a different light some of these days."

"Oh," said the rector to himself, as he went indoors. "I think I fancy I see which way the wind blows!"

## CHAPTER X.

On the evening before Col. Ware left he asked Mrs. Drew to walk in the garden with him. He had been so practical, matter-of-fact—such a different Geoffrey in fact—during those last days that Mrs. Drew acquiesced unobtrusively, and fell into the trap without warning or preparation.

It was a warm, moonlit night. Col. Ware and Lillian paced the gravel walk, she walked nothing, he silent—so silent that at last she asked him laughing if he had lost his tongue.

"I have something to say to you," he said blithely. "And the truth is I don't know how to say it. I want to marry you—that's all."

Mrs. Drew gasped. His lover-like looks had so entirely stopped since the evening in which she became confidential that her cousin's declaration came with the force of a blow.

"Oh, dear!" she said feebly, leaning back against a handy garden seat. "What—when, oh, whatever can have put that idea into your head?"

"That is just what I can't tell," he answered. "I have felt late that you and I ought to be more to each other, that I ought to be able to dictate to you."

"And I ought to obey," said Mrs. Drew, with a slightly hysterical laugh. "Oh, Geoffrey, I wish you had not talked like this! It has made me feel myself dishonored, as it were. I cannot help it—I do not feel like a widow! I still feel a wife—don't you understand? My husband and I never had any farewell."

(To be continued.)

## Spanish Royal Standard.

The Spanish royal standard is most complicated. The red and yellow of the Spanish flag is said to be derived from this occurrence: In 1378 Charles the Bold dipped his fingers in the blood of Geoffrey, Count of Barcelona, and drew them down the Count's golden shield, in token of his appreciation of the latter's bravery. The shield, so marked, became the arms of Barcelona, which became part of Aragon, and its arms were taken by that kingdom.

Now to the royal standard: In the first quarter, or upper left-hand part of the flag, are the arms of Leon and Castile, the lion and the castle; the second quarter is taken up, one-half by the arms of Aragon, one-half by the arms of Sicily. The upper third of the third quarter (directly under the first) shows the Austrian colors, the lower two-thirds is divided between the flag of Burgundy and the black lion of Flanders; the upper third of the fourth quarter shows the chequers, another Burgundy device, while the lower two-thirds is shared by the red eagle of Antwerp and the gold lion of Brabant, and on the top of all this are two shields, one showing the Portuguese arms, the other the French fleur-de-lis. Considerable of a flag that—Philadelphia Times.

## Some Naval Definitions.

A correspondent of the New York Sun gives the following naval definitions, which may be both useful and instructive:

A fleet is composed of twelve battleships.

A mosquito fleet is composed of twelve or more small boats.

A squadron is composed of less than twelve battleships, and is often part of a fleet, such as the van, center, or rear squadron.

A flotilla is composed of twelve or more men-of-war, some of which may be battleships.

Hence the United States has no fleet; neither has Spain.

Admiral Dewey commands a squadron.

Admiral Montijo also commands a squadron.

Acting Admiral Sampson commands a flotilla.

Almirante Cervera and Almirante Camara each command a squadron.

## Spain's Magnificent Royal Palace.

The royal palace at Madrid is one of the most beautiful structures in the world, being built by an Italian architect in the early part of the last century at a cost of \$5,000,000 and intended to be a rival of the French palace at Versailles. The material is white marble. It is 470 feet each way, with a court 240 feet square, roofed with glass. Few places are more tiresome to visit than palaces, with their long rows of gorgeously decorated chambers, gilt furniture, and everlasting mirrors, but the Casa Real at Madrid is interesting, and contains a remarkable library of 100,000 volumes, also priceless papers, pictures, bronzes, and porcelains.

## Drama of the Dynamite Gun.

Commander of the fort at Santiago, lighting a cigarette: "We will fool the American pigs yet. Is it not so, my Juan?"

Juan: "That we will, my gigante."

Enter U. S. S. Vesuvius. Santiago harbor, L. U. E. The orchestra plays "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night." The Vesuvius does a short skirt dance along shore and then lets go three dynamite shells.

Commander of the fort, dropping his cigarette and his jaw at the same time: "Car-r-r-a-ma! Duck, my Juan! You're busted!"—Detroit Free Press.

## Cellophane Mirrors.

A process has recently been perfected by which thin sheets of absolutely transparent cellophane are silvered similarly to the process formerly used on glass.

The more work a man is willing to do the more others are willing to should.

## WARMTH AND BEAUTY

### THE CORRECT COMBINATION IN NEW FALL WRAPS.

This Season's Coats Being Found Insufficient Protection Against Cold, Are Replaced by Coats and Cloaks. Three-Piece S