

Meadow Brook

MARY J. HOLMES

(Sunny Bank Farm)

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

On waking next morning her resolution was partially shaken, and might, perhaps, have been given up entirely, if in looking from her window, she had not seen a slight white gleam within her denoted jealousy, by whose aid she could do almost anything. The governess had arisen early, as was her usual custom, and gone forth into the garden, where she came unexpectedly upon Mr. Delafield, who, after expressing his pleasure at meeting her, very quietly drew her arm within his own, and then walked with her several times through the garden, casting often admiring glances toward the drooping figure at his side.

Ada went forth into the garden to meet them, nodding cordially to Rosa, and bestowing her sweetest smile upon her guardian, who would his arm round her waist and playfully kissed her forehead—a liberty he would not dare to have taken with Rosa, who, thinking that of course she was not wanted, made an effort to withdraw her arm. But Mr. Delafield's arm was strong, and he pressed it closely to his side, at the same time giving her a look which bade her stay.

"Why don't you ask Miss Lee about your Boston friends?" said Mr. Delafield, when they had taken a few turns in silence.

Ada tossed her head scornfully, and replied, "I don't think I had any acquaintances in common with Miss Lee, unless, indeed, it were her old aunt;" and with a little hateful laugh she leaned across Mr. Delafield, and asked, "How is she? Richard, you would like to know."

I was provoked at her manner, but I answered civilly that my aunt was well, adding, as one would naturally do, "Herbert Langley, I suppose you know, is dead."

The news was unexpected, and coming as it did, it produced upon her a singular effect, blanching her cheek to a marble whiteness, while her lips quivered spasmodically. Mr. Delafield was startled, and stopping short, demanded of her what was the matter.

"Oh, nothing much," she answered, recovering her composure, and pressing her hand upon her side, "nothing but an ugly pain, which is gone now. I have felt it often lately," and her face looked as unruddied and innocent as if she really thought it was the truth she had uttered.

Breakfast being over, I started for my room, accidentally dropping upon the stairs a handkerchief which had been given me by Anna, and which had her name, "Anna Lee," marked in the corner. In honor of Ada's return, there was no school that day, and as the morning advanced and the heat in my chamber grew oppressive, I went with my book to the sitting room and took a seat by an open window, where I soon became so absorbed in reading as not to observe Mrs. Lansing and Ada, who came out upon the piazza and sat down quite near me, but still in such a position that neither of us could see the other. After a time they were joined by Mr. Delafield. I resumed my book and forgot my neighbors entirely, until my attention was roused by the sound of my own name. It was Mrs. Lansing who spoke, and she asked, "What kind of folks are those relatives of Miss Lee?"

"Oh, about so so," answered Ada, and Mrs. Lansing continued, "And she was then at school, I believe?"

"At school?" repeated Ada, apparently in surprise. "Mercy, no! Why, she was a grown-up woman, as much as twenty-two or twenty-three years old."

"There, I thought so," answered Mrs. Lansing, who, the reader will remember, had, at my first introduction, taken me to be twenty-five. "I thought she must be more than eighteen, didn't you, Richard?"

"Eighteen?" repeated Ada. "It isn't possible she calls herself eighteen. She dare not do it in my presence. Why, she had been a teacher, I don't know how long, and besides that, 'twas said that she had once been engaged to a Dr. Clayton, who for some reason flitted her, and was then a married man as much as thirty years old. Eighteen, indeed! I'd like to hear her say so."

I was confounded, but supposing she had mistaken me for Anna, my first impulse was to go out and tell her so, but fearing lest she should think I had intentionally listened, my second thought was to go away where I could hear nothing further, and then, when Mrs. Lansing questioned me, as I felt sure she would, I fancied it would be an easy matter to exonerate myself from the falsehood Ada had put upon me. I had reached the hall and was half way up the stairs, when Mr. Delafield, who had arisen and was walking back and forth on the piazza, espied me, and called me back.

There was a troubled look on his face, and fixing his piercing black eyes upon me as if he would read my inmost thoughts, he said, with something of bitterness in the tones of his voice: "I did think I had found one female who, on all occasions, spoke the truth; but if what Ada has said is true, I am mistaken; though why you"—and his hand involuntarily clutched my arm—"or any other woman should stoop to a falsehood, or seek to deny her age, be she a hundred or less, is a secret which heaven knows, perhaps, but I do not."

I felt my face flush with indignation, and turning toward Ada, who, not having expected a scene like this, was very pale, I said, "It is not necessary, Miss Montrose, for you to repeat what you have asserted concerning me, for I accidentally overheard it, and I thank Mr. Delafield for giving me an opportunity to exonerate myself from the charge you are pleased to bring against me."

"Been listening," muttered Mrs. Lansing.

"Silence, Angelina. Go on, Rosa," interrupted Mr. Delafield, in a voice which we both obeyed, she resuming her good words while I continued: "I had then my seat by the window and you, Miss Montrose, came out here, and, without thinking it necessary to leave, I remained without, however, hearing a word of your conversation until I caught sight of my name. Then, indeed, my

senses were sharpened, and I heard Miss Montrose's statements, which I am sure she would never have made were she not laboring under a mistake."

Here Ada, who was not in the least prepared for the occasion, began to stammer out something about "letting the matter drop,"—she did not wish to harm me, and had said what she did inadvertently, without ever thinking of making trouble. She didn't see why Richard wished to make it such a serious matter, for she was sure she didn't care whether I were forty or eighteen."

"But I care," he said, grasping my arm still tighter, "I care to have justice done. I had supposed Miss Lee to be frank, ingenuous and truthful; and if what you assert is true, she is the reverse, and should suffer accordingly, while, on the contrary, if she be innocent, she shall have an opportunity of proving herself so."

By this time Ada had collected her scattered senses, and resolving to brave the storm she had raised, replied, "Certainly, Miss Lee has a right to clear herself if she can, and prove that she is really Rosa instead of Anna Lee."

"Rosa instead of Anna! What do you mean?" thundered Mr. Delafield, while I was too much astonished to speak.

Ada was not very deep, and in all her plotting she had never thought how easy it would be for me to prove the falsity of her assertion by writing home; so with the utmost coolness she replied: "I mean this: there were two Lee girls living at the house of their uncle where I occasionally visited; one was Anna, a young lady of twenty-two or twenty-three; the other was Rosa, a school girl of fourteen or fifteen. The oldest of these two I have every reason to believe stands before us—at least this, which I found upon the stairs, would indicate as much," and she held to view the handkerchief which I had dropped and had not missed.

Glaucing at the name, Mrs. Lansing said: "I have observed a similar mark upon several of her garments, and rather wondered at it."

This was true, for Anna had dealt generously with me, giving me many of her clothes, some of which bore her full name, while others had merely the initials. I was about to tell of this, when Mr. Delafield prevented me by asking if I could prove that I was what I represented myself to be, and that I was a mere school girl when I saw Miss Montrose in Boston.

"Yes, sir, I can," I answered, firmly; "by writing home I can prove it, if in no other way. But Miss Montrose knows better than to confound me with Anna, whom she surely has reason for remembering."

Fearful lest her darling secret was about to be divulged, Ada roused up, and in a tone of angry defiance, answered: "Yes, I have reason for remembering you, for you did me good service by taking off my hands a worthless, drunken fellow, about whom the Bostonians were annoying me. I thank you for it, Miss Lee, and only wonder how you could suppose I would forget you. I recognized you the moment we met at the table, but I did not then dream of your calling yourself eighteen when you are certainly twenty-six."

I was confounded and remained speechless, while with renewed strength my accuser continued: "Perhaps you will deny having been a teacher at that time, when, according to your statement, you were only fourteen."

"No," I answered, "I do not deny that; I had taught, but I was only thirteen when I did so, as any one at home will testify."

"Thirteen! how improbable!" exclaimed Mrs. Lansing, while Ada continued, "And what of your engagement with Dr. Clayton? I heard it from the lips of your aunt; but perhaps she told me a falsehood," and she looked maliciously at me, while with a stamp of his foot Mr. Delafield said sternly, "Ada, you have no right to question her about that."

"But I am glad she did," I said, "for as I live, I have never been engaged to any man."

"Nor in love with one either? Will you say you were never in love with Dr. Clayton?" persisted Ada.

It was a cruel question, but I could not deny it, and I remained silent, while I cowered beneath the burning gaze of Mr. Delafield, who still held me fast, but who now loosened his hold, and slightly pushing me from him, leaned against the pillar with folded arms and dark, lowering brow, while Mrs. Lansing and Ada exchanged glances of triumph. They had by my silence gained a partial advantage over me, but as long as I felt the clasp of Mr. Delafield's hand, I was strong to defy them. Now, however, that had failed me, and girl-like I began to cry, telling them "they could easily test the whole matter by writing either to Boston or Sunny Bank."

This alternative had not occurred to Ada before; but now she readily saw how easily I could prove my innocence, and as she met Mr. Delafield's inquiring glance, she turned very pale and laid her hand upon her side as if the pain had returned.

"Rosa," said Mr. Delafield, "you would hardly wish for me to write you so guilty, and as you seem willing that we should do so, I am inclined to hope that Ada may be mistaken. Come, stand by me"—and reaching out his hand he drew me to his side—"and tell me all the particulars of your acquaintance with Miss Montrose, and also about that sister with whom you are confounded, and you"—turning to the other ladies—"are not to speak until she is through, when Ada can make any correction or explanation necessary."

It was an act of justice which I owed to myself, I knew, and wiping my eyes, I was about to commence, when Ada, rising up, said, mockingly, "With the honorable judge's permission I will leave, as I do not wish to hear the falsehoods which I am sure will be uttered."

In a firm, unflinching manner I told both my story and that of Anna, who, I said, had eloped with Herbert Langley, and was now a broken-hearted widow, living with his mother in Boston. At this part of my narrative Ada's hand

was pressed convulsively on her side, while with parted lips and pale cheeks she leaned forward, looking at me anxiously; but when she saw that I did not speak of her ever having been engaged to Herbert, the color came back to her face, and with a sigh of relief she listened more composedly, admitting that "she might have been mistaken; I looked so much like Anna that 'twas not impossible."

This I knew was false, but I did not contradict her, and proceeded with my story, until suddenly recollecting the incident at the theater, I turned to Mr. Delafield and asked "if he remembered it?"

He thought a moment, and then the arm, which had gradually been winding itself about my waist, clasped me to his side, while he exclaimed, "Remember it? Perfectly; and you are that little girl. They called you Rosa; and this is why your face has puzzled me so much. I see it all now. You are innocent, thank heaven!—and the hand which, heretofore, had held Ada fast, now rested caressingly upon my head and parted back my curls, as he said, more to himself than to me, "and you have remembered me all this time." Then, turning toward Ada, he said, sternly, "We will hear you now."

Ada was caught in her own snare. She had thought to prevent me from doing her injury by branding me as a liar, and now that I was proved innocent it filled her with confusion, and she remained silent until Mrs. Lansing came to her aid by saying, "I do not think Ada meant to do wrong; she probably mistook Rosa for her sister, hence the blunder."

This gave Ada courage, and crossing over to me, she took my hand, begging my forgiveness and saying "she had been mistaken—she certainly did not mean to do me so great a wrong, and she hoped I would forget it and try to look upon her as my friend, for such she would henceforth be."

During the progress of my story Ada had alternately turned red and white, particularly at the points where I touched upon Herbert. This did not escape the observation of Mr. Delafield, and suspecting more than Ada thought he did, he half seriously, half playfully asked her "why she had evinced so much feeling whenever Mr. Langley's name was mentioned."

Instantly the color left her face, which wore a livid hue, and her hand went up to her side as if the cause of her agitation were there, while with a half-stifled moan, she said, "Oh! oh! the pain!"

Of course Mrs. Lansing asked what she meant, and Ada, in answering her, managed to dwell so long upon "the horrid pain, which she feared would become chronic," that Mr. Delafield could not reasonably expect an answer to his question. Still, I think he was not satisfied, and when I saw the mischievous look in his eye, as he told her "she must certainly be blistered," I fancied that he, too, understood her as I did.

That afternoon we were again assembled upon the piazza—Mrs. Lansing, Ada and myself—the former nodding in her large wicker chair, while the latter sat upon a little stool at my feet, and with her elbow upon my lap was looking up into my face with the childish simplicity she knew so well how to assume. She was just asking me to assure her again of my forgiveness, when Mr. Delafield joined us, and coming up behind me, leaned over my chair, while he handed to Ada a little oblong package, saying, "I was in the village just after dinner, and seeing the doctor, I asked him about your pain. As I expected, he prescribed a blister, and at my request he prepared one, which you are to apply at night when you go to bed."

I could not see him, but I absolutely pitied poor Ada, who began to realize that the way of the transgressor is hard. The tears started to her eyes, while with a look of dismay she exclaimed, "Oh, Richard, how could you? I never was blistered in my life. It will kill me. I can't do it," and she cried aloud.

Very gently Mr. Delafield soothed her, telling her that so far from "killing her," it would certainly "cure her," he knew it would, and he insisted upon her trying it. At last, as an idea, perfectly natural under the circumstances, dawned upon his mind, she looked up very submissively at him and said, "To please you, I'll try it; though the remedy, I think, is worse than the disease."

I hardly know whether he had any faith in her words—I certainly had not, and when next morning she came down to breakfast in a loose wrapper, with a very languid look, I could not bring myself to ask her concerning the blister, which the living night had drawn nicely—on the back of the forehead in her room. As I expected, Mr. Delafield soon made his appearance, and after inquiring how his prescription worked, and if it had pained her much, he said, looking toward neither of us, "How would you like to ride on horseback with me out to Mr. Parker's plantation? I have business there, and do not wish to go alone."

"Oh, charming!" exclaimed Ada, jumping up and clapping her hands in a manner but little suited to a blistered side; "that will be grand, and I can wear my new riding dress, which fits so nicely!"

"Why, Ada, what do you mean?" said Mr. Delafield, with great gravity. "My invitation was intended for Miss Lee. You can't, of course, think of riding on horseback with a blister. You must have forgotten it," and his keen eyes rested upon her face with a deeper meaning than she could fathom.

She turned very red, and for an instant, I think, half resolved to acknowledge the deception she was practicing. But Richard Delafield was one who despised a falsehood, and she dared not confess to him her error, so she turned away, saying with a feigned indifference which ill accorded with the expression of her face, "Surely, I forgot all about it."

Alone in her room, however, she shed tears of anger and mortification as she saw us ride off together, and thought of the happiness from which she was debarred by a fancied blister, which had never come in contact with her flesh. But whether it drew upon her side or the forehead, it in a measure wrought the desired cure, for seldom again did Ada attempt to deceive her guardian. Would it not be well if more of our modern young ladies should be blistered for the same disease that afflicted Ada Montrose?

CHAPTER XVIII.

Rapidly, and to me very happily, did the winter pass away, for it was alleviated by the presence of Mr. Delafield, who was with us so often, that it became at last a serious debate among the blacks as to whether Cedar Grove or Magallowa

Grove were really his home. More than once, too, was it whispered in the village, that little Rosa Lee, plain and unassuming as she was, had stirred in the heart of the "stern old bachelor" a far deeper feeling than Ada Montrose had ever been capable of awakening. And sometimes she, foolish child that she was, thought so too, not for anything he said, neither from anything which he did; indeed, it would have been hard for her to tell why her heart sometimes beat so fast when he was near.

And still, occasionally, Rosa dared to hope that her love was returned, else why did each day find him at her side, where he lingered so long, saying to her but little, but watching her movements, and listening to her words, as he would not have done had she been to him an object of indifference. Not naturally quick to read human nature, Mrs. Lansing was wholly deceived by her brother's cold exterior, and never dreaming how in secret he worshipped the humble girl she called her governess, she left them much together. Why, then, did he never speak to her of the passion which had become a part of his being? Simply because he too was deceived. Once, indeed, he had essayed to tell her of his love, and dreading lest his affection should not be returned, he was the more ready to construe her evasive replies into a belief that it was indeed as he feared. Then, too, her shy, reserved manner, while it made him prize her all the more, disheartened him; for not this was he accustomed to being treated, and with that jealousy which seems to be the twin sister of love, he oftentimes thought he read an aversion and distrust, when there was, on Rosa's part, naught save a fear lest he should discover her secret, and despise her for it. Added to this was the remembrance of what Ada had said concerning her former engagement with Dr. Clayton.

(To be continued.)

NEW STORIES OF WELLINGTON.

Related by a Physician Who Knew Him in India.

It is never too late to learn new things about a great man. The Duke of Wellington has been dead many years, yet the recently published "Autobiography of Alexander Grant," friend and physician of the Marquis of Dalhousie, once Governor-General of India, contains a number of new stories of the simplicity, characteristic plain-speaking and indomitable mental courage of the hero of Waterloo.

When the news of the bloody Battle of Ferozshah reached England there was great consternation in the ministry. At best it was a drawn battle, and Sir Robert Peel was much depressed.

"You must lose officers and men if you have great battles," said the Duke of Wellington. "At Assays I lost a third of my force."

When the council continued to consider the battle a crushing reverse, Wellington lighted up suddenly, "Make it a victory," said he. "Fire a salute and ring the bells." And so it was ordered and done; and the immediate heartening of the people proved the soundness of the old soldier's policy.

When Lord Dalhousie was about to go to India he begged the Duke to recommend for the personal staff any young officer in whom he felt an interest. He stoutly refused. "I would as soon recommend a wife for a man as an A. D. C.," said he.

In 1824 the cabinet, when it found itself committed to war with the King of Burma, asked the Duke of Wellington for his advice. He replied at once, bluntly, "Send Lord Combermere."

"But we have always understood that your grace thought Lord Combermere a fool?"

"So he is a fool—an utter fool; but he can take Rangoon."

When the Duke of Wellington was warden of the Cinque Ports the queen went to Walmer Castle for change of air. The clerk of the works preceded her majesty and made some tawdry repairs, at which the Duke was greatly displeased. When the queen went to Strathfieldsaye the same clerk of works preceded her. But here, in his own home, the Duke was beforehand with him and ordered him off.

No alterations were made. The Duke said, "I just got a few tables and a harpsichord, and I asked the neighbors to meet her."

This was so much out of the routine of grand preparations and grand guests that her majesty was much pleased.

The Chinese Belle.

The belle of society in the Flowery Kingdom is she who dates her ancestry back at least 3,000 years. This is a stronger point than her complexion or her figure, of neither of which can she make very proud boasting. The average height of a Chinese woman is about 4 feet 6 inches, but in her trousers and tunics she looks even shorter. Curiously enough, the greatest compliment it is possible to pay a Chinese woman is to tell her she looks older than she is.

Highly-Paid Glove Cutters.

The cutters of the great glove houses at Brussels and in France earn even higher wages than the cutters of the most fashionable tailors of London and New York. So difficult is the art of cutting gloves that most of the principal cutters are known to the trade by name and by fame, and the peculiar knives which they use in the business are so highly prized that they are handed down from generation to generation as heirlooms.

The Champion Pianist.

Camello Bancelo, an Italian pianist, who played the piano for forty consecutive hours; played in that time nearly 300 different pieces and struck nearly 3,000,000 notes.

Large Bean Field.

The largest bean field in the world is in Southern California. It covers 1,500 acres and it takes forty tons of beans to sow it.

GET-UPS FOR SUMMER

MANY DIFFERENT MATERIALS ARE DE RIQUER.

Not in a Long Time Has Fashion Sanctioned So Many and So Varied Weaves—Fine Examples in the Pictured Models.

New York correspondence:

HITE linens are the leading materials for midsummer fashions, though there is a plenty of other goods of current stylishness, many of them as distinctly summery as the linens. Not often, indeed, is the list of indorsed fabrics so long. Some depend in large degree for their seasonable appearance upon their delicate shading or their whiteness, though these wool goods are

light, too, if not as filmy as materials of the transparency order. Serges, veilings, molairs, canvases and cloths in white meet the eye on every hand, and the look of them betrays admirably the hottest spell. Canvas particularly is favored, its vigorous superior to the suggestion of roughness conveyed by many of its course

neutral shades. The laces most used are white, though a surprising amount of black lace is seen. Dyed laces appear with impressive frequency, yet have not come into the general vogue that some of their uses would seem to warrant. Rubings constitute a newly stylish enrichment of lace, outlining and emphasizing the pattern of the web.

To tell half the attractiveness of summer silk gowns would be a long chapter. Choice is not, as is so often the case, restricted to a few weaves. Pompadour silks are a new addition to an already long list. They are combined with mull or organdie for summer evening dresses, usually in schemes notable for intricacy and beauty. Checked silks are more seen than in early summer, especially in shirt waist suits. Black and white checks no longer are the whole showing, blue and white, green and white and novelty colorings appearing with sound indorsement. A new development in making them appears in the more brightly colored ones, and consists of strappings of some bright shade, usually red or green, accompanied by touches of gilt in buttons or passementerie, the trimmings arranged in military finish. This last should be taken with the caution that the military finish should be a suggestion only. Don't imitate the real soldierly get-up closely! That isn't what the styles now indorse. Taffetas of delightfully soft texture are much used in skirt-and-three-quarter-coat suits. Black is a good choice. Silk grenadines are in pleasing variety, the figured ones making a rarely tasteful showing, and making possible splendid results for the skilful choosers of colors in their trimmings. Foulards are coming for more use than it seemed

SUMMER STYLES FOR THE MAJORITY.

weaves. White gowns of these materials are marked as brand new by finish of red, this coming in piping, cording or stitching. Some of them are set off so strikingly in this manner as to be a bit too conspicuous for lovers of quiet elegance, but red used on white judiciously, and that means in moderate quantity, is entirely safe at least for younger women. As a parade get-up for town, the combination may not be always suitable, but for the resorts, whether for her who spends all the season at some summing place or for a short tripper, it is an admirable selection. Red is similarly added to pongee, appearing in many shirt waist suits. It then hardly seems so dainty as in the red on white, but of the two uses one is no more stylish than the other.

Embroideries, laces and ribbons are employed to embellish such gowns, and often the wool goods is combined with a transparency in some intricate scheme. Nets richly embroidered come in for this mating, and often are beautifully enriched by interweaving of ribbons of harmonious shades. Cape collars are galore, they would have, Satin broche foulards are fine enough to deserve a place on the stylish list, and they are getting it. The wonder is at the apparent reluctance with which women took them up.

Between the dressy and the elaborate summer get-up there is the strongest possible contrast. Taken separately or together, they do not supply any indication of that return to simplicity that has been rumored for several seasons. Certainly most women would prefer to see the highly wrought fashions retained if only their purses would permit. Models from both grades were sketched for these pictures. The gown of the small illustration was heavy red linen, and had a cluny lace collar finished with white tassels. From left to right in the next picture see a light gray voile banded with black silk and finished with gray cord; a white etamine embellished with black velvet, guipure and seed pearls, and a white voile showing white passementerie design trimming and white silk cord ornaments. In the concluding picture are simpler designs; a white habutai silk, tucked and showing valenciennes insert-

SIMPLER ELEGANCE.

and almost invariably are an improving addition. Fichus are numerous, too, no little ingenuity being apparent in the manner of employing them. Laces are put on with a lavish hand, and there is a strong tendency to use them with pendants. Pearl, passementerie and jet are added thus, and some pendants show

tion, and a white etamine whose loose jacket was finished with yak lace and silk cord ornaments. Severely plain models can be had by those who want them, but to use such when some degree of dressiness is called for is to run danger of seeming indifferent to fashion's rulings.