

# Meadow Brook

BY  
MARY J. HOLMES

(Sunny Bank Farm)

## CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

On awaking 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-robed figure within the demon jealousy, by whose aid she could do almost anything. The governess could, arisen early, as was her usual custom, and come 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 coldly to Rosa, and bestowing her sweetest smile upon her guardian, who wound 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 nurse," and with a little hateful laugh she left 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 untroubled 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 filled 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—"for any other woman should stoop to a falsehood, or seek to deny her age, he 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, Angeline. Go on, Rosa," interrupted Mr. Delafield, in a voice which we both obeyed, she resumed her needlework, while I continued: "I had taken my seat by the window ere you and Miss Montrose came out here, and not thinking it necessary to leave, I remained without, however hearing a part of your conversation until I caught the sound 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, and something about "letting the matter drop—she did not wish to harm me, and had said what she did inadvertently, without ever dreaming 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.

Glancing 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; and 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 glare 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 were you 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 head

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. You 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 be hereafter."

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 willow 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 her 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 feigned indifference which I 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 my very happily, did the winter pass away, for it was enlivened 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 Magdalen

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 low 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 thus 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 Ferozeshah 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 Banelo, 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.

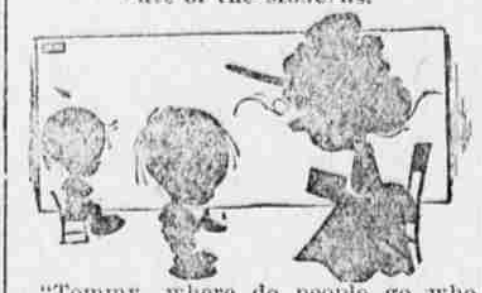
The largest bean field in the world is in Southern California. It covers 1,500 acres and it takes forty tons of beans to sow it.



Then and Now.  
"When I was courting my wife," said the sad-faced man, "we were two souls with but a single thought."

"How about you at the present writing?" asked the inquisitive youth.  
"We still have but a single thought," replied the proprietor of the sad visage. "We both think we made fools of ourselves."

## Fate of the Moderns.



"Tommy, where do people go who deceive their fellowmen?"  
"To Europe."

From Bad to Worse.  
Doctor—Did those powders I gave you have the desired effect?  
Patient—No; my insomnia is worse than ever.

Doctor—Is that so?  
Patient—Yes; why, I can't even go to sleep now when it is time to get up.

A Philosopher.  
"Wouldn't you like to be able to write a great novel?"  
"And lose all my pleasure in reading novels? I should say not!"

Signs in the Window.  
He—They say the eyes are the windows of the heart. Now, when I look at your eyes—  
She—I hope you notice the signs in the windows.

He—Signs? What signs?  
She—"No admittance except on business."—Philadelphia Press.

## AIDING THE SELECTION.



Now there arose a quarrel among the little band of captives, who were surrounded by the hungry cannibals. They were trying to induce some one of their number to offer himself as a sacrifice.

"Let them take you," said one of the captives to another. "You are so tough that they will break their teeth on you, and give the rest of us a chance to escape."

"Sir!" said the captive addressed. "You are very fresh. I must say."  
"Take the fresh one," commanded the chief of the cannibals.

Her Specialty.  
He (at the reception)—And you neither sing nor play?  
She—No.

He—Then I suppose you either read or paint?  
She—No; my specialty is giving imitations of the society young man.

He—How's that?  
She—I merely sit around and try to look intelligent.

Not Going.  
Miss Screecher—Papa is thinking of giving my voice a trial.

Mr. Bluntleigh—Well, I hope for your sake he'll not select a jury from among your neighbors.

Considered as an Investment.  
"Do you think your flying machine is safe?"  
"Safe!" exclaimed the inventor. "I should say so! Why, my lectures are paying me 60 or 70 per cent on my original investment."—Washington Star.

Funny Part.  
City Nephew—Wouldn't it be funny, Uncle Nicodemus, to pull the old mule's tail?  
Uncle Nick—I can't say about the funny part of it, but it 'ud be dinged apt to be fatal.—Baltimore American

Another Variation.  
Ethel—There, I've forgotten to attend a function to which I was invited. How careless.

George—You should have an engagement calendar.  
Ethel—Oh, George, this is so sudden.

Apt to Be Charitable.  
The impromptu speaker may be all right in his way," said Deacon Jones, "but as for me, give me the minister who writes his sermons every time."

"Why?" asked Deacon Smith.  
"He is more likely to realize their length," was the significant reply.

Popular Phrases.  
"What is a sharp intake of the breath?"  
"It generally precedes a rapid output of talk."

Protected Herself.  
"Why does Manners take his wife with him everywhere that he goes?"  
"So that he won't have to explain to her where he has been if he leaves her at home."

As Others See Us.  
"You always say the wrong thing at the right time, Henry," said Mrs. Packem. "Now, I always think twice before I speak."

"Yes, my dear," replied the meek and lowly Henry, "but you are one of those rapid-fire thinkers."