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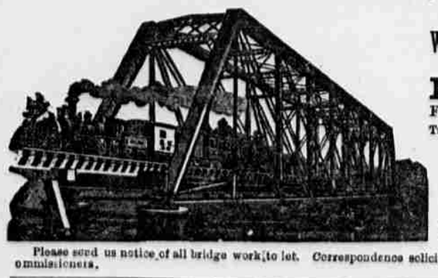

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CHAPTER X—CONTINUED.

"I fancy Mr. Carruthers is a communist," said Beatrice mischievously.

"Then my expressed opinion of your shrewdness suffers."

"But what are your views, Frank?" asked Horace.

"I have none in particular. I am willing to be guided by the best authorities—yourselves, for instance. Tell me why you hate radicals so?"

"They are so—so—un-English."

"Ah. Then I detest them. Now you know what I am. I am English. Are you English, Horace?"

They told him solemnly they hoped and believed they were English to the backbone; but they told themselves they were Englishmen with insular excrescences rubbed off by foreign travel.

"Yes," said Frank, "it's a great thing to be English. Few people realize what it means. I do most thoroughly."

"That's right," said Horace. In spite of the landowner article, he was growing quite easy about his guest.

"I would pass a law," said Frank gravely, "making it penal for any Englishman to learn a word of a foreign tongue. Every time an English child conjugates a French or German verb he retards the millennium."

"The millennium!" said Beatrice, astonished.

"Yes—my idea of the millennium—which is when the whole civilized world speaks English. If we could only converse in our own tongue, every nation would be forced to learn it, and so hasten the happy day. Wherever the English language gets a good footing, it conquers."

"Of course you speak only your own language?" said Beatrice. She was by now getting quite interested.

"In my ignorance of what was right I learned one or two others. I am trying to forget them, but I can't do so."

"Well, in what other way would you show your patriotism?" asked Horace, who was amused.

"I would cling to every bit of foreign land we acquired, whether gained by force, fraud, purchase, or discovery. I wouldn't think whether it paid to keep it or not. It must benefit the original owners to become Anglicised; and whatever place it is, it is sure to come in useful some day."

"No wonder you hate radicals," said Herbert, approvingly.

"Well, what else?" asked Beatrice. He had been for the most part addressing his remarks to her, so she had a right to ask.

"Lots more. But, as we are all so English, let me ask you a question. Doesn't it sometimes jar upon your mind to think that we are obliged to anoint full-blooded Germans as our kings and queens? How much English blood has the prince in his veins?"

That was a very startling question. The Talberts immediately began to run down the royal family tree. Frank took a piece of bread.

"I'll show you by an illustration," he said. "You'll be frightened. Here's James the First," he pointed to the bread. "Here is his daughter Sophia," he cut the bread in half. "Here's George the First," he cut the bread again. "Here's George the Second," cutting again. "Here's George the Third," cutting again. "Here's Edward, Duke of Kent," cutting again. "Here's the Queen, God bless her!" cutting again. "Here's Albert Edward, heaven preserve him!" He cut the bread for the last time, and sticking the tiny morsel that remained on a fork, gravely handed it to Beatrice.

"It's a mortifying state of things, isn't it," he said, "for those who are so thoroughly English as ourselves? Don't you sympathize with the Jacobites, Miss Clauson?"

"I think you are talking rank treason," said Beatrice. She scarcely knew whether he was in jest or earnest. Perhaps he didn't know himself.

The dinner proper was just over. Whittaker came in with the crumb brush and swept away James I. and his descendants through the female side. As soon as the wine was placed on the table the door was opened and little Harry trotted into the room. He was allowed to make his appearance for a few minutes at this time whenever there was no company. The Talberts, remembering their theory, put up their eye glasses to note the paternal instinct their guest might display.

"Halloo!" he cried, "another pleasant surprise." No doubt he meant to imply that Miss Clauson's presence at Hazlewood House was the first.

"Now, who is this?" he asked as the boy ran to Beatrice's side. "Will he come to me? I am really fond of children."

Tempted by the irresistible bribe of grapes the boy trotted round the table. Frank picked him up, kissed him, tickled him, stroked his golden hair, and admired him greatly, but showed none of those emotions which the Talberts imagined they would detect. In fact, the way in which he met the boy removed their base suspicions entirely. They were glad of this, although it plunged them back into darkness. They felt very friendlily disposed towards their cousin and were glad to be able to think him as honorable a man as themselves. Probably they never really doubted this.

So in reply to his question as to whose child this merry, laughing boy was, they told him the history of his appearance, and how Beatrice had begged that he might be kept at Hazlewood House.

"I don't wonder at it," said Frank. "I wish some one would send me another just like him."

Beatrice gave him a look of gratitude. Every word that confirmed her in possession of the child was welcome to her. She had not yet looked at Mr. Carruthers in any way which carried emotion with it. Her glance was a revelation. Till then he had no idea of what dark gray eyes could express.

Frank picked him up and kissed him.

She soon left the men, but to rejoin them when they took a stroll round the grounds. Frank was here shown many clever little devices by which the Talberts perfected the out-of-door arrangements. He learned how they checked the consumption of corn and hay in the stables; how they regulated the amount of coke used for the hothouse. Indeed, as he was quick of comprehension and in detecting peculiarities of character, he was not so very much surprised when, having returned to the drawing-room, he greatly admired a fine piece of knotted lace, to hear that the uncompleted piece of work was not Miss Clauson's, but wrought by that accomplished artist, Uncle Herbert.

CHAPTER XI.

"MORBID'S THE WORD!"

Thanks to the remarkably fine air of Oakbury, and to an absolute cessation of anything like hard work, Mr. Carruthers soon lost his jaded appearance. At the end of ten days he declared himself to be in rude health, and his looks did not belie his words. Certainly those worthy housewives, his cousins, had taken great care of him. They fed and fattened him; insisting that he should take beef tea at intervals, and that his cure should be hastened by his drinking plenty of that old '47 port for which their father's cellar had been noted. Close as the "Tabbies" were in their housekeeping arrangements, they grudged the stranger within their gates nothing.

In less than a week Frank had taken the measure of his cousins—of his male cousins, at least. He had even ceased to be seized with an almost irresistible desire to go into a secluded corner and chuckle when he saw these great men engaged in some duty which is supposed to appertain peculiarly to womenkind; or when he heard their simple consultations on the price of meat, groceries, or other household commodities. Being, like Mr. Mordle, gifted with a vein of humor, he found the Talberts most interesting characters; but had he found their eccentricities wearisome, the kindness they showed him would have compensated for the discomfort. For in spite of the exclusiveness which they were compelled by circumstances to adopt, they were amiable, lovable men. So Mr. Carruthers took them as they were, and liked the two brothers better and better the more he really understood them.

But Beatrice was another matter. He had studied her with even more attention, but felt that the result of his studies was unsatisfactory. So far as she was concerned he knew he had got at nothing like the truth; except on one self-evident point, that she was very beautiful. When first they met her beauty struck him, but it was days before he finished finding new and fresh personal charms; perhaps he never ceased finding them. Under certain circumstances such discoveries are endless.

Frank Carruthers' studies of Miss Clauson's outward shell should therefore have been very pleasing to that young lady, had the result been made known to her, and had she cared twopence to find favor in the student's eyes. For the rest he was in a puzzle, which he spent many hours trying to solve. Miss Clauson little thought, as she looked out of the window and saw Mr. Carruthers lying on the turf with his straw hat tilted over his eyes and a thin blue stream of smoke curling up from his cigarette, that he was neither sleeping nor projecting a new political article for The Latterday, but thinking entirely of her own sweet self.

They had seen a great deal of one another during the last week. Frank was not a man who loved twenty-mile walks, or cared to rush from one end of a county to another to look at a rock or a waterfall. His idea of a holiday he summed up in the word "loafing."

"A good loafer is a great rarity," he told Miss Clauson. "Loafing proper is an art which cannot be acquired. I have met with many spurious imitations, but the real article is hard to find. Show me the man who can spend a whole day like this, and you show me one who can get very near to happiness."

"Like this" meant lying on his back as described.

"But you do something—you smoke," said Beatrice.

"Yes, for the sake of appearances. In these days of hard work a man mustn't be absolutely idle."

Of course she ought to have laughed at the feeble joke. But she did not. She looked down at him from her chair, and her gray eyes were annoyingly serious. In glorious August weather, when the sky is a cloudless blue, when all the trees, except the spendthrift chestnuts, are in full beauty, when roses are still budding, breaking into bloom, and succeeding their fallen fellows, a young lady has no right to look seriously at the man by her side. Certainly not Beatrice Clauson, with her beauty and fortune.

Yet she looked and spoke gravely. "You wrong yourself talking such nonsense, Mr. Carruthers."

He raised himself on his elbow. "I don't talk nonsense. I am speaking of my idea of enjoying a holiday. When I work it is another matter. I trust I work to the best of my ability. When I idle, I idle to the best of my ability."

"Your idea of human happiness is a humble one."

"Is it? Then give me yours in exchange."

Beatrice was silent. She even turned her head away.

"Well, I am waiting for the definition." There was no trace of levity in Frank's voice as he spoke. His manner was as serious as her own.

"I have none to give," said Beatrice.

"None—at your age! Are your dreams all gone? Young ladies do dream, I believe. They dream of being queens of society, of marrying rich men; if they are romantic, of marrying poor men; they dream of a life of religion; of having a mission to perform. Which is your particular dream?"

"I have none," she said coldly.

"You must dream. You are sleeping now, and all sleepers dream at times. Only in the wide-awake, bustling world do people forget their dreams. They work on and on, and to some the day comes on which one of their old dreams is realized. Alas, by that time they have almost forgotten that they ever dreamed it, or they find it realized too late."

Beatrice sat silent with her eyes cast down.

"Perhaps I have not guessed the right dream for you," continued Carruthers. "I forgot you were such a learned young lady. Your dream may be the fame of the scholar or the writer."

"I have no dreams," she repeated. He looked her full in the face.

"Can you say also 'I have had no dreams?'" She made no answer. As he looked at her he thought that even at this moment she seemed far away in dreamland. He told himself that if Miss Clauson brought herself to assert that she had never dreamed she would be breaking the—he couldn't remember which commandment—the one about lying. By the by, is there any commandment to refrain from falsehood, except the indirect one as to "false witness?"

"Not even of rank, riches, fame, power!" he said in a lighter tone. "Miss Clauson, you are incomprehensible."

She chose to turn the subject. "I am going to the village now," she said.

"With your permission I will accompany you."

She made no objection. It is a curious fact, that in spite of his glorification of the noble art of loafing, Mr. Carruthers was always ready to go walking with Miss Clauson wherever and whenever she permitted it. But no man is consistent for twenty-four hours at a stretch.

"I have no dreams," she repeated.

Mr. Carruthers, in his attempted study of Beatrice's disposition, found it very hard to hit upon the word which would, so far as he as yet knew, describe its chief characteristics. That a strong element of sadness was mixed up in it he felt sure. It was just possible that this was introduced by the unfortunate differences between herself and her father. Having learnt that she had been a guest at Oakbury for eight months he was shrewd enough to make a pretty correct guess at the true state of affairs. But there was more than sadness to account for. There was apathy. However the Talberts viewed it—whatever high-bred charm they fancied was vouchsafed to Miss Clauson by the bestowal of that reserved calm manner of hers, Frank knew its true nature was apathetic. It seemed strange that an intellectual girl like this had no desire, or no revealed desire, in life—no ambition, social or otherwise. From the very first he judged her character by a high standard—quite as high as that by which he judged her beauty. As their intercourse grew more familiar he found he had no reason to abate either. Naturally, Frank Carruthers, fellow of —— college, Oxford, was a clever man, and after taking so much trouble about the matter, should have been able to sum up a weak woman's character correctly.

So, after a great deal of reasoning, he came to the conclusion that he had found the word to suit her. Beatrice was morbid. Every one knows that the best cure for morbidness is to awaken the patient's interest in his or her fellow-creatures—in even one fellow-creature will sometimes do.

Therefore, it was very kind of Dr. Carruthers, after such an exhaustive diagnosis, to set about endeavoring to effect a cure. A good action will sometimes bring its own reward.

His view of the case was greatly strengthened by noticing that Beatrice never appeared to better advantage than when she had her little boy with her. It was the interest she took in this tiny fellow-creature which mad her for the time display those qualities which all unmarried men, with right ideas, so exalt in a woman—affection, kindness and forbearance with children. Single men, if they are good and poetical—synonymous terms, I hope—are apt to think that a woman never looks more charming than when she has a child or children with her. Sometimes, after marriage, they have been known to express a wish that the association need not be so eternal.

But although Mr. Carruthers decided that Beatrice was morbid, he had still to account for the appearance of the disease in a mental constitution which ought to have been the last to have succumbed to it.

The more he tried to account for it the more he was forced to accept, as the primary cause, one thing—a thing, even in these early days, most unpleasant and unpalatable to him. But he could not ignore the fact that young ladies who are victims to what is called an unfortunate attachment do sometimes grow morbid and try to make their friends believe that life for them is at an end.

So one evening, shortly after his arrival at Hazlewood House, Frank asked his hosts, of course in the most casual, disinterested way, many leading questions about Miss Clauson—why she was not married, or at least engaged, and so forth. The Talberts returned their old answer that it was time she thought about it, but perhaps she took after themselves, and was not of a marrying disposition. This Mr. Carruthers ventured to doubt.

"She may have been disappointed in love," he said, carelessly. All the same he refilled from the claret jug the glass from which he had been drinking 1847 port.

"My dear Frank," said Horace, with grave dignity, "Miss Clauson would never permit such a thing to happen."

"Certainly not," said Herbert.

"Permit what? Permit herself to fall in love?"

"No; permit herself to be disappointed in love. She is far too—too well bred for such a thing to occur. When she makes her choice it will be one of which we all approve; so disappointment is out of the question."

"That's highly satisfactory," said Frank. "A well regulated young woman is the noblest work of—well, of modern times."

They were by now getting accustomed to him, and although rather shocked at Beatrice's being called a young woman did not show it.

"Then her choice is not yet made?" continued Frank.

"Not to our knowledge, and, I may add, not to Sir Maingay's."

Mr. Carruthers asked no more questions. He strolled out into the garden and talked quietly to Miss Clauson until the stars showed themselves in the sky.

Having ascertained that Miss Clauson was under the charge of no other amateur doctor, Mr. Carruthers could, of course, set about curing her disease without any fear of outraging professional etiquette.

CHAPTER XII.

A HORSE! A HORSE!

It must not be supposed that no mention of any friends or acquaintances of Miss Clauson's implies that she led an isolated life at Hazlewood House. She had, indeed, plenty of both. It could hardly be otherwise, as the Talberts were very great on the subject of the interchange of social civilities, and kept a visiting book as carefully as any lady could have done. One of Miss Clauson's friends came several times across Frank Carruthers' path about this period.

This friend, or acquaintance, was a fine, hulking young fellow of about twenty, the heir to, and hope of, one of the families of position. A great, good-natured, broad-shouldered boy, who would doubtless in a year or two develope into something that a mother might be proud of, and a young lady feel happy to have for a suitor. He was an Oxford undergraduate, and for a while had been one of Frank's pupils. So when he came up to Hazlewood House one morning, of course to see the Talberts, he was much surprised at finding the celebrated Oxford coach sitting at his ease just like an ordinary unlearned Philistine. He hung about the place until Beatrice appeared, and, after a while, Frank heard him ask her when he might call and go riding with her.

Although Mr. Carruthers, when inquiring into Miss Clauson's likes and dislikes, had ascertained that she was fond of riding, he had not as yet seen her on horseback. Perhaps the sharpest shaft in Love's quiver was kept to be shot the last.

The Talberts were not great at horseflesh. In the first place, they loathed a horsey man, and although, as part of a gentleman's education, they had learned to ride well, they preferred in their maturer years the carriage seat to the saddle. They had a pair of well-matched carriage horses, and recently a horse had been bought for Beatrice. After it was purchased she did not, however, make much use of it. She could not ride out unattended, and when a groom went with her it necessitated his using one of the carriage horses. So she only rode when her uncles were not going to use the carriage, or when some chance escort like young Purton offered himself.

At present her horse was in the hands of the veterinary surgeon, so there was no chance of young Purton's being gratified. Nevertheless, the account of the animal's progress toward recovery was good, and Miss Clauson hoped it would be returned to her very soon.

After this interview Mr. Purton used to ride up to Hazlewood House every morning, to learn if Miss Clauson's horse had come back. He was very anxious to hire or borrow another one for her use, but his offer was firmly declined. Perhaps, after all, Beatrice only cared for riding in a comparative way.

Frank Carruthers, when he met the young fellow, dressed in the most natty and approved equestrian costume, used to laugh and jest with him, and ask for the latest bulletins anent the convalescing steed. He knew that young Purton had once or twice ridden into Blacktown to see what progress the invalid was making.

For his own amusement Frank would address humorous questions, clothed, for the benefit or distress of his late pupil, in elegant Latin and Greek, until young Purton fled incontinently, or boldly asserted that he ought not to be tormented before his time.

But one morning, to his inexpressible delight, he found the horse reinstalled in the Hazlewood stables; and, moreover, Miss Clauson willing to don her riding gear and allow her cavalier to take her for a twenty-mile ride.

Frank had the pleasure of seeing the two ride away in company, young Purton feeling and showing how immensely superior a being a good horseman, intrusted with the care of a fair lady, is to the best Oxford coach who could let Greek and Latin "run out of his mouth like water, by Jove!"

Miss Clauson's appearance on horseback need not be described; but Mr. Carruthers, after watching her supple, graceful, but, alas! vanishing figure, buried his hands in his pockets and walked about the garden in a seemingly reflective mood. Then for a while he went back to his favorite holiday occupation of lying on the lawn and doing nothing.

Horace and Herbert by this time had finished their housekeeping, or china dusting, or whatever kept them indoors. They joined him, and laughed at his laziness. He tilted back his hat and looked up at them sleepily.

"I say, Horace, where can I buy a horse?"

"A horse?"

"Yes. I had quite forgotten it, but my doctor insisted that as soon as I got better I should take horse exercise."

"I didn't know you could ride."

"Yes, I can. Something, of course, very quiet. Oh, yes, I can ride until I fall off. The worst is that whenever I fall from anything, whether a horse or a ladder, I come on my head as certainly as a shuttlecock does."

"Take one of the carriage horses," said Herbert.

"We can use the dogcart," added Horace.

"Not a bit of it. You wouldn't look well in a dogcart. It's not a dignified conveyance enough. No. I will buy me a horse, and sell him when I leave you. I will not trust myself to a hireling. 'The hireling'—what is it the hireling does?"

"Forsakes the flock," said Herbert.

"The sheep," said Horace, correctingly.

"Yes, to be sure. I am neither a sheep nor a flock, but fear the hireling would treat me badly. So tell me where to go for a horse."

"It seems great extravagance, Frank."

"Extravagance! What is extravagance? Spending more than one can afford. I am rolling in money. I am disgustingly rich. I fear not to meet either my bootmaker or my banker. Besides, in justice to my doctor, I must have his prescriptions made up, no matter what they cost."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COUNTERFEITERS BEWARE.

A Michigan Concern Enjoined.

[From the Rochester Morning Herald.

The following injunction has been obtained by the Hop Bitters Company, of Rochester, N. Y., against Collatinus D. Warner of Reading, Michigan, prohibiting him from manufacturing or selling "German Hop Bitters."

The President of the United States of America to Collatinus D. Warner, of Reading, Mich., his servants, workmen, salesmen and agents, and each and every of them:

Whereas, it has been represented unto the the Justices of our Circuit Court, the Hon Stanley Matthews, and the Hon. Henry B. Brown, at Detroit, within and for said District, sitting as a Court of Chancery that you, Collatinus D. Warner, are manufacturing and selling a medicine named German Hop Bitters in fraudulent imitation of the Hop Bitters made and sold by complainant; your said medicine being devised, circulated and intended to mislead the public into purchasing such counterfeit goods as the manufacture of the complainant.

We therefore, in consideration of the premises, do strictly enjoin you, the said Collatinus D. Warner, and all and every the persons before named, from using the words "Hop Bitters" on any fluids contained in bottles so as to induce the belief that such fluids are made by complainant; and further, from manufacturing, selling or offering for sale any bitters or other fluids in the bottles and with the labels, and in the general form in which you were manufacturing and selling the bitters called by you German Hop Bitters, on the filling of the bill; or in any other bottles, or with any other labels contrived or designed to represent or induce the belief that the bitters or fluids sold by you are the goods of the complainant, until the further order of the Court.

Witness,
The Honorable MORRISON R. WAITE,
Chief Justice of the United States.
At Detroit, this 15th day of July, A. D. 1885.
L. S.] Walter S. Harsha, Clerk.

Prosecute the Swindlers.

If when you call for Hop Bitters (see green cluster of hops on the white label) the druggist hands out any stuff called C D Warner's German Hop Bitters or with other h name, refuse it and shun that druggist as you would a viper; and if he has taken your money for the stuff, indict him for the fraud and sue him for damages for the swindle, and will reward you liberally for the conviction.

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Omaha, Neb., Aug. 15th, 1885. aug.17-3t

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