LADY CAR;

—OR,—

THE SEQUEL OF A LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

Lady Caroline Beaufort was supposed to be, as life goes, an unusually fortunate woman. It is true that things had not always gone well with her. In her youth she had been married almost by force to a man unlike herself in every way—an uncultured, almost uncivilized, rich boor of the neighborhood, the descendant of a navvy who had become a millionaire, and who inherited all the characteristics of his race along with their money, although he had never known anything of navvydom, but had been born a Scotch country gentleman with a great estate.

It is supposed her father and mother, Lord and Lady Lindons, believed it to be for her real good when they placed poor Car, fainting with fright and horror, in the arms of Mr. Thomas Torrance, a man whose manners made themselves wince, though they were forced into no such constant contact with him, for they were far from being wicked parents or bad people in any way. But providence had been good to her, and while she was still young her husband had died. If he did not justify Lord Lindons' expectations in his life, he did in his death. For he left everything in his wife's hands; not only had she the excellent jointure which her settlements secured her—a jointure without any mean and petty clause as to marrying again, but everything was left in her hands—the control of the property during little Tom's minority, and almost every advantage which a queen-mother could have. Tom was a little fellow of six, so that a long period of supremacy was in Carry's hands, and the rough fellow, whom she had almost hated, from whom her very soul had shrunk with a loathing indescribable, had done her the fullest justice.

And then, after a very short interval, she had married again; she had married the lover of old days who had been dropped, who had been ignored when Lord Lindons came to his title and the prospects of the family had changed. How much Lady Caroline knew or did not know of the developments through which Mr. Beaufort had passed in the meantime no one ever discovered. She found him much as he had been when her family had dropped him, only not so young. A man who had made no way, a man without reproach, yet without success, who had kept stationary all the time, and was still a man of promise when his contemporaries had attained all that they were likely to attain. Beaufort was poor, but Lady Car was now rich. There was not the least reason why they should not marry unless he had been fantastic and refused to do so on account of her superior wealth. But he had no such idiotic idea. So that Lady Car was considered by most people, especially those who had a turn for the sentimental, as a very lucky woman.

She was amazingly, passionately happy in her second marriage—at first. If she saw any drawbacks, she closed her eyes to them as passionately determined to admit nothing that went against her bliss—but perhaps she did not see anything. And, after all, there was not much to see. Mr. Beaufort was a gentleman. He was a man of great cultivation of mind; an excellent scholar, understanding every literary allusion that could be made, never at a loss for a happy phrase or quotation, quite an exceptional man in the way of culture and accomplishment. He was extremely good looking, his manners were admirable, his character without reproach. Nothing seemed wanting in him that a woman could desire. And, notwithstanding the uncomfortable episode of her first marriage, and the two black browed children, who had not a feature of their mother's, he was Lady Car's only love, and, so far as anybody knows, or as was ever known, she was his. By how many devious ways a pair may be led who are destined to meet at last! He in various wanderings over the world; she, in the blank of her dreadful life, through all her martyrdoms, had all the time been tending to this. And now they were happy at last.

"No," she said, "Edward; don't let us settle down; I can't; a house would not contain me. I want the grand air, as the French say. I should be making horrible comparisons, I should be thinking"—she stopped with a shiver—"of the past. Let us go abroad. I have not been abroad since we parted; it will look like taking up the story where it dropped."

Beaufort gave a half conscious glance toward the spot outside where the back browed children were playing. He felt, perhaps, that it would not be so easy to take up the story where it had dropped; but he assented, with quiet gentleness soothing her. "I am always fond of wandering. I have done little else all my life—and with you!"

"Yes, with you!" she repeated. She was accustomed to the children and did not think of the anachronism of their presence at the moment of taking up the story. "You shall take me to all the new places where you have been alone, and we'll go to the old places where we were that summer together; we'll go everywhere and see everything, and then when the novelty is exhausted we shall come back and make a home of our own. And then, Edward, you shall be left free for your work. How we used to talk of it that summer! You have not done much to it yet?"

"Nothing at all," he said, with something like a blush.

"So much the better," cried Lady Car. "I should have been jealous had you done it without me—you could not do it without me. You shall not touch a pen while we are away, but observe everything, and investigate mankind in all aspects, and then we'll come home—and then, Edward, what care I shall take that you are not disturbed—how I shall watch and keep off every care! You shall have no trouble about anything, no noises or foolish interruption, no one to disturb you but me. And I will be no interruption."

"Never, my love," he said, fervently; but this was the only thing to which he responded clearly. He had not, perhaps, the same intentions about that great work as once he had. He did not see it in the same light, but it gave him a certain pleasure to see her enthusiasm.

Accordingly they went abroad, for something more than the longest honeymoon, the black browed children accompanying them more or less—that is, they performed certain journeys in the wake of the pair, and were settled here and there, at suitable centres, with all the attendance of skilled nurses and governesses which wealth makes it so easy to procure—while Lady Car and her husband pursued their further way, never altogether out of reach.

The years of the honeymoon flew like so many days of happiness. They went almost everywhere where a sea voyage was not indispensable, for Lady Car was a very bad sailor. They avoided everything that could have been troublesome, and were quite old married people, thoroughly used to each other and to all their mutual diversities of feeling and ways of thinking before they returned home. They were both vaguely aware that the homecoming would be a trying moment, but not enough so to be afraid of it or resist the conviction that the time had come when it was no longer possible to put it off. It was before they returned home, however, in the first consultations over their future dwelling, that the first real divergence arose.

CHAPTER II.

"We must think of where we are going to live," Lady Car said; "we have never discussed that question. The world is all before us where to choose—"

The boat lay faintly rocking upon the little wavelets, from which the ruddy reflection of the sunset was just fading. The beautiful outline of the mountains of the Savoy side stood out blue and half cold against the glowing west, the Dent du Midi had still a flush of rose color upon its pinnacles, but had grown white and cold, too, in the breath of its great bosom. Evening was coming on, and, though there was still little chill in the air, the sentiment of the September landscape was cold.

He was seated in front of her, with his oars resting idly in the rowlocks. It was a lovely night, and they were close to their temporary home, within a few minutes of the shore. "Where are we going to live?" he said. "Then you don't think of going to your own house?"

She started a little. He would never have found it out had they been on solid ground, but the boat responded to every movement. It was only from this that he knew he had startled her, for she recovered herself immediately, and said: "Would you like that, Edward?" in a voice which she evidently meant to be as easy as usual, but from which consciousness was not altogether banished.

"Well," he said, "my love, it will be the time of year for Scotland, and I suppose there is plenty of game; but I neither like nor dislike, Car. I have not thought about it. I suppose I had taken it for granted that your own house would be the place to which you would go."

"I never thought of it as my own home," she said, in a low, hurried tone, which he could scarcely hear. "Oh, no, no. I could not go there."

"Well," he said cheerfully, "then of course we shall not go there. I don't care where we go; wherever you are there is my home. I had not known one till I had you; it for you to choose."

She said nothing more for a time, but leaned a little over the side of the boat, putting down her hand into the darkening ripples. "After all, the lake is as warm as if it were summer still," she said. It was she who had introduced the subject, but something had blown across her, a breath from the past, which had taken all the pleasure out of it. She shivered a little again, with a contradictoriness of which she was unaware. "There must have been snow somewhere, I think, up among the hills.'

"It is you who are blowing hot and cold, Cary," he said, smiling at her. "I think myself it is a perfect evening. Look at the last steamer, passing along against the line of hills, with its lights and crammed with tourists from stem to stern. Shall we go in? There's time enough before it gets here, but I know you don't like the wash."

The night was gradually stealing into the vacant place of the day. The steamer came on with a rush of purpose and certain destruction, and roused her from her thoughts to a little nervous tremor. "I wish you would take the oars, Edward, as you say, and let us go in, please. I know it will do us no harm; but—"

"You are frightened all the same," he said, leisurely settling to the oars.

"It is like a spirit of evil," she cried.

He took the boat in, making haste to free her from that little nervous thrill of apprehension, though with a laugh.

He felt a fond superiority as he rowed her in with a few strokes, amused at her sense of danger. And it was not till some time later, after they had climbed a somewhat rugged path to their villa among the trees, and had looked into the room where little Janet lay fast asleep, and then had supped cheerfully at a table close to the broad window, that the subject was resumed. By this time all the noises were stilled, a full moon was rising slowly, preparing to march along the sky in full majesty in the midst of the silent tranquillity of the night; there was not a breath of air stirring, not a cloud upon the blue heavens, which were already almost as clear as day by the mere resplendence of her coming over the solid mountains, with their many peaks, which "stepped along the deep."

They sat looking out for some time without saying anything. Such a night is in itself a sort of ecstasy, especially to those who want nothing, and with whom, as with the whole apparent world stretched out before them, all is well.

"And to think we shall have to leave all this presently and enter into the fret and care of settling down!" he said, with a half laugh. "I interrupted you, dear, to-night when you were talking of that. I suppose it was that I diverted your thoughts. Since it is not to be your Towers, where is it to be?"

"Not my Towers," she said, with a little half reproachful look at him and a sudden clasping together of her lightly interlaced fingers.

"Well, let us say Tom's Towers; but in present circumstances it is very much the same."

Once more a little shiver ran over her, though there was no chill at all in the soft air that came in from the lake and the moonlight. But her voice was a little uncertain with it, as if her teeth had chattered. "Don't talk of it," she said; "I want no place at all, or any quarters, but a house, a pretty house, just big enough for us and them, somewhere, wherever you would like, Edward."

"I shall like what you like," he said.

"But that is not what I wish at all; I want you to tell me what will please you. You would like to be within reach of the great libraries, within reach of what is going on. No one can write what is to live without being within reach—"

He shook his head. "You are too partial in your estimate of what I am likely to do: so long as I am within reach of you—and thank God nothing can put me out of that!—I don't know that I care for anything more.

"Then, Carry, my love, do just as you please. I shall come with you, like Tom and Janet, to see the new place. If you choose one that's very ugly and out of the way, we will all protest. But so far as I am concerned, it can't be ugly while you are here," he said, putting his hands upon hers with a tender pressure. Then added, with a look of solicitude, putting away the cigarette he was smoking, "Why, you are in a fever, Carry. Your poor little hands are like fire. I hope you haven't taken cold on the lake."

"I never take cold, ' she said, smiling. "I suppose it is mere silliness, thinking that this time is over, and that we are going back to the world."

"If that vexes you, my darling, don't let us go back to the world."

"Edward, you make me wild, you are so indifferent! You speak as if nothing mattered, as if we could go on and just please ourselves and think of nothing else forever."

"Well, my love, I tell you nothing matters to me except yourself, and I don't think the world would mind much. But don't be vexed, Carry. I know the boy must go to school and all the rest of it. We'll do our duty like men—I mean like women, which is far more thorough. And, for my part, I'm not a bit afraid of the world. Even London I can face quite tranquilly with you by my side, especially as at this time of the year there's nobody there."

To be Continued.

Not What You Thought.

A man with an inflammable nose recently created excitement on the Boulevard St. Michel, Paris. He was lighting a cigarette when his nose became suddenly ignited, and it and his beard were soon on fire. The man jumped about in great pain, and was carried through a horrified crowd to a druggist's shop, where the blaze was extinguished. It was then found that he had a celluloid nose.—Detroit News.

NEWSY GLEANINGS

The American Playgoers honored the memory of Clyde Fitch.

Three midshipmen were dismissed from the Naval Academy on charges of intoxication.

White ducks shipped from China to a Long Island fancier turned black during the voyage.

Government troops defeated a party of revolutionists in a small skirmish at La Libertad.

Charles K. Hamilton made two sensational flights in a Curtis aeroplane at San Diego, Cal.

President Madriz ordered the arrest of several leaders in Managua, who opposed his regime.

President Taft sought to compel the Senate to redeem some of the Chicago platform pledges.

Germany is sending commissions of experts to all parts of the world in an effort to develop trade.

The new comet discovered by Professor Innes in Johannesburg was visible in New York for a few minutes.

Albert T. Patrick, in a new move to win freedom from Sing Sing, accused Judges and officials of conspiracy and bribery.

Washington, D. C., officials are accused by a Berlin newspaper of employing poker tactics in connection with the German tariff agreement.

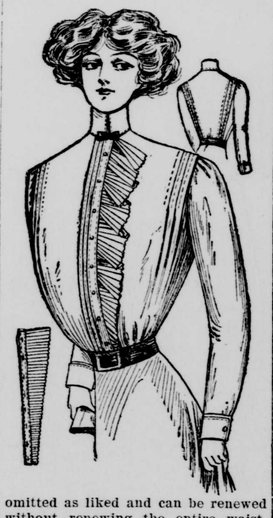
Floods, reported throughout France, were especially severe in Paris, where they threatened the subway and the foundations of the Eiffel Tower.

Members of the Pittsburg Presbytery stopped the prosecution of William C. Lilley, the former treasurer, who admits a $20,000 shortage in his accounts.

New York District Attorney Whitman announced that the Grand Jury investigating high food prices will inquire what interests control the cold-storage warehouses.

Smart Frills of Fashion

New York City.—Shirt waists made in tailor style, but finished with a frill at the left of the front, are new and smart. This one is so made that the frill is removable and can be used or



omitted as liked and can be renewed without renewing the entire waist. The tucks over the shoulders are arranged close to the armhole seams in conformity with the latest style and on exceedingly becoming lines. There are two tucks at each side of the box pleat at the front, and when the frill is used it is attached to an additional band, which is buttoned into place.

Linen with the frill of handkerchief lawn makes the waist illustrated, but there are a great many fashionable waisting materials this season. Shirt waists of thin materials made in tailored style are greatly liked, the familiar madras and fabrics of the sort are more beautiful than ever, and such a waist as this one is equally appropriate for silk and flannel.

The waist is made with fronts and back. The tucks are laid on indicated lines, and a neck-band finishes the neck. The collar is of the high turned-over sort, attached by means of buttonholes and studs. The sleeves are of regulation fulness, but are finished with bands and rolled over cuffs that are held in place by means of links. The frill is of graduated width and can be pleated or gathered.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and one-fourth yards twenty-one or twenty-four, two and three-fourth yards thirty-two or two yards forty-four inches wide, with three-eighth yard twenty-one or twenty-four, one-fourth yard thirty-two, one-eighth yard forty-four inches wide or one and three-eighth yards of ribbon four inches wide for frill.

Chenille Trimmings.

If, as fashion-makers forecast, this season is to be one of sumptuous and dignified beauty rather than any showiness of clothes, the arrival of chenille is most opportune. It is extremely soft and elegant, and comes as a smart relief from floss silk and soutache.

Scant Skirts.

In spite of the many rumors to the contrary, the newest skirts still give the scant effect about the feet.

Roumanian Embroidery.

Roumanian embroidery appears on many hats, blouses, frocks and coat suits.

Neck Ornaments.

Neck chains and pendants have seldom been more to the fore than at the present time, and they are by no means confined to evening wear, though they are perhaps seen at their best with a decollete dress.

Suede Gloves in Fashion.

Smart women seem to have laid aside the white glace glove in camphor. Suede is the thing. It is worn for street in its heavy texture, with wide stitching on the back, and is worn in the evening in the pale golden tones that are very becoming to the arm and hands.

Large Muffs Favored.

Muffs will be larger than ever, according to the best authorities. Immense pillow and rug muffs will be on sale and the sizes will run as high as twenty-eight and thirty inches. There seems to be a sort of rivalry between the milliners and the furriers, and the latter are trying to produce a muff that will compete with the gigantic hats that have for some time been the fashion. It looks as if they would succeed.

Circular Knickerbockers.

Knickerbockers are always in demand during the cold weather. They mean perfect protection against searching winds and are thoroughly comfortable and satisfactory to wear. They are well liked for the exercise suits that have become general and are, in fact, generally desirable. They can be made to take the place of petticoats for skating, tramping and any out-door sports. These are circular, which means that they are smooth over the hips, while they are comfortably full about the knees. They are closed at the sides and are easily adjusted. Serge is much liked for their making, flannel is used by a great many women, and those who do not care for so much warmth like pongee, sateen or silk, and often they are made with removable linings of lawn, the linings being made exactly like the outside, but finished separately.

The bloomers are circular, the leg portions being joined at front and back, and they are fitted by means of short hip darts. The front and back portions are joined to separate bands

and the openings are finished with over-laps.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-four, three yards thirty-two or two yards forty-four inches wide.

Hat More Modest.

Many hats being sent to private customers direct from the French milliners of Paris do not show the exaggeration that advance models here demonstrate.

Her Special Realm

Hotel For Girls.

Miss A. Caroline Macdonald, national secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association in Japan, announces the completion of a hotel for girl students in Tokio. The hotel was built and is to be managed by the Young Women's Christian Association.—New York Sun.

Girls Travel In Arctic Lands.

The London Leader prints a column account of the adventures and discoveries in the Arctic region of Agnes Dean Cameron, the Canadian girl, who arrived in London recently.

Miss Cameron and Miss Brown left Edmonton and pushed on northward to the further confines of the Mackenzie River country. They travelled in all about 10,000 miles.

The girls were practically unattended on their adventurous trip, and declare the scenery to be magnificent, beyond description, the climate delightful and the few people they met most courteous.

Has Woman Improved?

Where is the man who of yore sat on woman?

Is he out of fashion?

Or has he merely subsided?

If you remember, it was his dearest delight to pretend that she couldn't travel without losing her luggage, could never locate her purse when purchasing a railroad ticket, could not command proper attention from servants when away from home, and, in short, was not a fit person to be at large.

Has woman improved or has man become emancipated and ceased his troubling?—New York Globe.

Rules for the Week.

Do everything by the shortest, quickest, easiest method possible.

Do not worry. Do not overwork. Do not rush.

Monday, wash; Tuesday, iron; Wednesday, bake; Thursday, visit; Friday, clean house; Saturday, prepare for the Sabbath; Sunday, rest.

Give eight hours each day to sleep, eight hours to work, eight hours to recreation and reading.

Be beforehanded.

Get as much work done in the forenoons as possible.

Drive your work; do not let it master you. Have pride in it.

Give the home plenty of fresh air and sunshine.

Take a five-minute nap every afternoon.

It will pay. Simple effects are best.

Do not multiply work. Eliminate the unnecessary. Plan your work.

Be systematic.—New Haven Regtster.

How To Keep Young.

How often one hears people exclaim over the youthful appearance of one woman, while another of exactly the same age is placed in the old class. And its true some women have the happy faculty of never growing old. What is their secret?

It is something more than massage or pink powder, for every day you see women with almost babyish skin (thanks to the complexion specialist) and such old eyes. Nor is it clothes, for who has not seen grandma dressed in the raiment of sweet 16? It is something more than mere externals.

The secret of youth prolonged lies in the heart. Women who look young have simply never learned to become sour or suspicious or crabbed or to lose their faith in human nature.

Every time we lose our tempers or permit ourselves to feel envy, suspicious or cynicism we poison our systems, yellow the complexion, cause a net work of fine lines to settle around the nose and mouth and otherwise hasten what is known as the hand of age, but what is really half the time our own bad dispositions showing in our faces.

Look at the so-called old or even middle-aged women you see on the street and read in their faces as easily as if it is written what their lives have been. We make our features, actually shape and form them, by our own thoughts and modes of life.—New Haven Register.

The Wedding Costume.

According to Vogue, white satin wedding gowns remain the bride's ideal. They never lose their charm, whoever the bride may be, or whether she is beautiful or the reverse. In recent weddings the bride has carried her family pedigree in the laces that adorned her gown. A grandmother's veil, a mother's shawl, or flounces passed into drapery, an aunt's fichu draped her corsage, or was cut up into sleeves, for ruthless is the modern bride in cutting into laces which, in her eyes, have no sentiment or value beyond the price a yard paid down, or beyond the decoration needed for the day or hour. Frequent attendance at weddings emphasizes the fact that two features have an unchangeable charm—one, the white satin bridal gown, and the other the smart freshness and becomingness of the white maline bridal veil. That real laces, however, are always the loveliest of trimming for the bride's gown none will dispute. Brides are wearing much less jewelry, and they have found most becoming ways of arranging bridal veils. Better taste is displayed in the selection of the bridesmaid's dress, including gowns, hats and colors, as well as in the selection of the girl friends to act as maids. This latter is a very important feature, now that church weddings are becoming more and more of a pageant and effects are studied and rehearsed, with care as to the smallest detail.

Pioneer of Town Beautiful.

It is more than twelve years since Jessie M. Good started in a small way a work which has grown to large proportions and is making for the betterment and improvement, physical and spiritual, of hundreds of cities and towns all over the country. Miss Good is considered the pioneer of the "Town Beautiful" movement. She then was an assistant in the city library in Springfield. One day she read in a magazine of the formation of a village improvement society in Massachusetts whose purpose was to clean the streets and highways and otherwise make the place presentable to summer visitors, whose presence and patronage as temporary residents was greatly desired. That gave Miss Good an idea. If one little country town could furbish up its streets, adorn bare highways with shade trees, keep litter out of sight and make even the "back yard" attractive, why not others? She started the work at once with a magazine article. The idea quickly was appreciated. Letters came to her by the dozens. Village improvement societies were organized, and in 1901 a convention was called at which was formed the American Park and Outdoor Art Association under the title of the American Civic Association. Miss Good modestly disclaims applause for starting a movement which now embraces the entire country and has done much for the betterment of many places, but those interested in the work continue to regard her as the pioneer in a noble undertaking.—New York Press.

Newest Coat Suit.

There is always a class of women who like the combination of two materials in one coat suit. They have the chance to gratify this preference in the midseason fashion that allows of a rough cloth in the skirt and a thick corduroy in the coat.

The interesting point in these suits is that all the coats are short. They make no pretense of sweeping to the knees and beyond. They are cut off a trifle below the hips. The skirt has also departed from the usual model and is not always plain or in one piece.

A new one has a fitted top, then two narrow circular ruffles. The under one is laid in a group of plaits at each side, and the upper one is slashed on the same lines to show the plaits beneath. It clears the ground, but is not cut off at the extra short length which prevails among the plain and plaited skirts.

Above this goes a croduroy coat that fastens double breasted at the waist with two immense filigree buttons. The fronts meet but do not fasten, from waist to neck, and they are edged with loose handkerchief revers finished with a touch of fur. The collar is a high turnover one fastened in front with a large, soft satin bow.

The sleeves are put in with gathers at the top of armhole and are finished off rather squarely at the wrist with a short cuff and two gold buttons.

This costume is carried out in Robin Hood green, the cloth of the skirt in rough homespun. It is a good-looking costume.

The same model is made up in tobacco brown, and also in that somewhat popular sulphur yellow. In this costume the collar and cuffs are of brown fur.

Corduroy is having quite a little fling. It first came out in the Russian skating suits, and now is frequently seen in the short coats for these cloth skirts.

It is a mistake to put pockets on a coat of this shape, although some of the models have them. They cut off the length and give more size to the hips than the fashion allows.

There is also another objectionable feature in a peplum, which is stitched to the coat an inch or two below the waist line after the manner of other days. We may look upon this with approval later on, but we cannot do so just yet.

We are too enamored of the long, non-fitting lines under the arms that we have had with us for several years. We may accept the short coat; not speedily, but in the near future, yet it is doubtful if the model, with pockets and the peplum will force a wearing now.—Anne Rittenhouse, in the Philadelphia Ledger.

Fashion Notes.

Tunic draperies are more and more used.

Sealskin is the favorite fur for coats.

All the shades of brown are having a renaissance.

Smart turbans are made of seal and lynx in combination.

Rare old cashmere shawls are again in favor for evening wraps.

The separate waist is more in favor than for several seasons past.

With the re-entry of long sleeves bracelets are being worn outside.

Dangling jet tassels are used as a finish to some of the dressy shoes.

Elaborate braiding appears on some of the coats of the dressy tailored suits.

Antique bracelets, set with odd and semi-precious stones, are in great vogue.

Short skirts are decreed for all occasions except for formal afternoon affairs.

The skirt with the separate bodice is declared to be the style for the smart woman.

Liberty silks dyed in shaded tones of red and blue are in great favor for first season girls.

Few costumer for late afternoon or evening are now seen without draperies of some kind.

The bracelet is surely in again, despite the fact that many women cling firmly to the long sleeve.

There is a tendency to shortening jackets to such an extent that a hint of the Eton is noticeable.

The smartest new veils are of silk, fine as cobwebs, and some of them woven in the cobweb design.

Fashion puts no limit upon the width of the muff or scarf. They are as huge as milady dares wear them.

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