LADY CAR;

—OR.—

THE SEQUEL OF A LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER II. 2

Continued.

They all came home, as people say—though it was no home to which they were coming, though they had been very much at home in this Swiss villa. It was rather a depressed and downcast family party that arrived after a brief but rough crossing of the Channel and all the wear and tear of the journey—Lady Car, very pale, with lines on her forehead that showed all the freshly awakened anxiety with which the sight of her native country, involving, as it did, the renewing of many responsibilities and of life in its commonest aspect after a long holiday, had filled her; little Janet, very fretful and tired, almost paler than her mother, with her black brow, and black hair, and big blue eyes accentuating the whiteness of her face; Tom, distracted with the confinement and the impossibility of any play or commotion beyond that which could be carried on within the limited space of a railway carriage, exasperated and exasperating; and an attendant group of tired maids, rendered half frantic by his pranks and the impossibility of keeping him in order.

Next morning the whole party was revived and cheerful. The children, when they burst into the room, after a long enforced waiting in the temporary nursery which looked to the back, and from which they saw nothing but chimneys and the backs of other houses, rushed to the large window of the room in which Lady Car was breakfasting, with a scream of pleasure. To look out upon the busy road full of carriages and people, and the trees and space of Hyde Park beyond, delighted them. Little Tom stood smacking the whip which was his perpetual accompaniment, and making ejaculations. "Oh, I say! What lots and lots of people! There's a pony! but he can't ride a bit, that fellow on it. Where's he going to ride? What's inside those gates? Is it a palace or is it a park, or what is it? I say, Beau!—what a liar he is, Jan! he said there was nobody in London—and there's millions!"

"Tom," said Lady Car, "if you say such things you will be sent away."

"Let him talk," said Beaufort; "he is quite right from his point of view. You must remember, Tom, that, though you're a clever fellow, you don't know everything; and there may be millions of people in London though there's nobody."

They both turned upon him incredulous faces, with that cynicism of childhood which is as remarkable as its trust, overawed by a sense of his superior knowledge, yet quite unconvinced of his good faith. Their faces were very like each other—rather large and without color, their eyebrows shaggy and projecting, their large round eyes a fleur de tete. Janet's little red mouth, which was her pretty feature, was open with suspicion and wonder. Tom's bore an expression of half-assumed scorn. He was a little afraid of "Beau," and had an alarmed belief in him, at the bottom of much doubt of his meaning and resistance generally.

"You seem to have a great budget of correspondence this morning, Car."

"From the house agents there seem to be houses to be had everywhere. Instead of any difficulty in finding one, we shall only be troubled where to choose. What do you say to Richmond? The river is so lovely, and the park so delightful for the children, and—"

"If Tom is going to school, as I suppose he is, there will only be one child to consider, and little Jan is not difficile."

"Am I to go to Eton straight off, mother? I want to go a good long way off. I don't want to be near home. You would be coming to see me, and Jan, and kiss me, and call me 'Tom,' and make the other fellows laugh."

"What should you be called but Tom?" said Lady Car, with a smile.

"Torrance!" cried the child with pride, as who should say Plantagenet. She had been looking at him, smiling, but at this utterance of the boy Lady Car started and turned burning red, then coldly pale. Why should she? Nothing could be more fantastic, more absurd, than the feeling. She had done no harm in making a second marriage, in which she had found happiness, after the first one, which had brought nothing but misery. She had offended against no law—written or unwritten. She had wiped out Torrance and his memory, and all belonging to him (except his money), for years. Why should the name which she had once borne, which was undeniably her son's name, affect her so deeply now? The smile became fixed about the corner of her mouth, but the boy, of course, understood nothing of what was passing in his mother's mind, though he stared at her a little as if he did, increasing her confusion. "The fellows never call a fellow by his christened name," said Tom, great in the superiority of what he had learned from various schoolboys on their travels.

"You'd better come and have a stroll with me, Master Tom," said Beaufort. "I'll show you Piccadilly, which is always something; as for the park, you wouldn't care for it; there are no riders in the Row now. You see, as I told you, there's nobody in London. Come, get your hat, quickly."

"Me, too," said little Janet, with a pout of her small mouth.

"Not any ladies to-day, only two fellows, as Tom says, taking a stroll together."

"In a moment, Beau!" cried Tom, delighted, rushing to get his hat. "I told you, Jan, old Beau's a gentleman—sometimes," the boy added, as his sister ran after him to see what arrangements of her own she could make to the same end.

"You are very good to them, Edward—oh! very good. How can I ever thank you?" said Lady Car, with tears in her eyes. Her nerves had been a little shaken by that shock, and by the vain perception that stole over her of two parties in the family, two that would become more distinctly two by the progress of years, unlike in nature and constitution, and even in name. It is not necessary to insist upon the family name of children traveling with their mother. No one had been much the wiser during these years of wandering. But Tom's "Torrance!" was a revelation, and opened before her possibilities unknown.

"Good, am I? That's all right, that's something to the credit side, but I was not aware of it," said Beaufort, in his easy way; "all the same," he added, laughing. "Master Tom will want looking after if we are to make anything of him. He will want a tight hand, which, I fear, does not belong either to you or me."

It cost Lady Car a pang to hear even this mild expression of opinion about her boy. A mother says many things, and feels many things, about her children which no one else may say before her. She looked at him wistfully, with a faint smile, which was full of pain. "He is only a child," she said, apologetically, "and then he will get that at school." She could not contradict him, and she could not argue with him. Poor little Tom! he was her own, though he might not be all she wished him to be—the plea rose to her lips unconsciously that he was fatherless, that he had drawbacks to contend against, poor child. What a plea to form even unconsciously in her mind. She looked at her husband with such a troubled and wistful appeal that his heart smote him. He laid his hand upon her head caressingly, and stooped to kiss her.

"To be sure," he said; "the boy will be all right, Car. He has plenty of spirit, and that is the best thing after all. Ready, Tom? Come along, then. I'm ready, too."

CHAPTER III.

The house was found after a great many not unpleasurable researches—little expeditions, now and then, which Lady Caroline and her husband took together, with reminiscences of their first honeymoon travels, which had been so sweet.

The house was near one of the charming little towns of Surrey. It was on the slope of a hill, a house partly antique for beauty, and with a new part built on behind, happily out of sight, for comfort. Carry had all the delight of a bride in furnishing her house—nay, of a bridegroom, too, for one of her chief cares was to fit up a study for Beaufort, in which every taste should be satisfied. Though she was by nature so gentle and yielding a woman, she it was who was the purveyor of everything, who had the purse in her hands. The only thing upon which Beaufort had made a stand at the time of his marriage was this—that the money which was hers should remain with her; that he should have nothing to do with its expenditure. He had his own little income, which was very small, yet sufficed for his personal wants. Her drawing room was fitted up according to all the new lights. But even the anxiety to secure everything right in the drawing room was secondary to her anxiety about the library, which was to be Beaufort's room, the future centre of all his occupations.

It did please him, or, at least, he graciously declared it did, with an enthusiasm perhaps a little strained, but Carry, who was half crying with joy and pleasure, never found this out, if, indeed, there was anything to find out. She ran about the room, pointing out everything—all the details of the arrangements, the drawers for papers, the portfolios for prints, the shelves that could be filled at pleasure, the space that still was vacant to be filled up. Everything that heart could desire was in this dilettante shrine. There was a little picture on the mantelpiece, an original, a lovely little Fra Angelico, in the daintiest of carved shrines, which good luck had thrown in their way in Italy—a gem for an Emperor's chest. He gave a little cry when he saw this. "Carry, your own picture — the one you love best!"

"I shall love it better here than anywhere else," said Carry, falling a-weeping and a-laughing with a joy that was not hysterical, but only driven to the bound of all things to find expression. She was so happy! She had never in all her life been so happy before.

After a great deal of traveling in the most beautiful scenery in the world, and after the excitement of settling down, of furnishing, of arranging, of putting all your future life in order, there is apt to follow a certain blank, a somewhat disconcerting consciousness that all expectation is now over, when you are left alone with everything completed to live that life to which you have been for so long looking forward. Lady Car was very conscious of this in her sensitive and delicate soul, although there was for a long time a sustaining force of expectation of another kind in her that kept her up. All the people in the neighborhood, it is needless to say, made haste to call upon Lady Caroline Beaufort, and she found them a little flat, as country society is apt to be. She went out with her husband a number of times to dinner parties, especially convened in her honor, and did not find them enlivening. She was one of those women who never get rid of the ideal, and always retain a vague hope in coming to a new plan in beginning anything new that the project is at last to be revealed to her. The good society, the spirits d'elite, whom she had so longed for but never yet encountered, she not did encounter here any more than in other places, and a sense of dull certainty settled down upon her, after a while, which was depressing. Such impressions are modified after a time when the idealist finds out that however much his or her surroundings may cost the reputation, there is always a certain pond of goodness and of the agreeable and sympathetic in the dullest mind when you come to know it. Surrey, however, no more than any other place, discloses these homely, comforting qualities all at once, and the pride of disenchantment came. The real light upon the glamor of the imagination may come, and Carry felt herself settle down. It is a process which every dreamer has to go through.

But it was a long time before her mind would consent to the settling down, which took place slowly, but surely as the days and years went on. Beaufort was in reality a little stirred up at first by the revival of so many old plans and thoughts, though it was in his mind, not in hers, that they revived. He was constrained by a hundred subtle influences to resume at least the attitude of a student. Her voice, which was so pretty, the gentle feminine music of a true though small singer, was such a reproach to him as words cannot describe. She had picked up her thread, so slight, so fragile, as it was, and resumed her little melodious strain with enthusiasm not less, but greater, than when she had dropped it in the despair of parting with her lover. Her little form brought back to him faint unsayable echoes of that past which seemed to be a thousand years off. What was it that he had intended to do that she remembered so well, which to him was like a forgotten dream? He could not pick up his thread; he had smiled at himself by turns during the progress of the intervening centuries over the futility of his forgotten ambition. "I, too, used to mean great things," he had said with a laugh and a sigh to the younger men—the sigh had been fictitious, the laugh more genuine. What a fool any man was to think that he could do! What a silly business to think that with your feeble hands you could upset the economy of ages! The conceit, too! but he had been very young, he had said to himself, and youth is an excuse for everything. That any faithful memory should preserve the image of him as he was in those days of delusion, ambition and self-opinion, had seemed incredible to him. He was half affronted, as well as astonished, that Carry should have retained that visionary in her mind, but still her expectation was a curious stimulus. And the first steps into which he was forced by it deluded her as well as himself. He began to arrange his books, to search, as he persuaded himself, for old notes, a search which occupied a great deal of time and involved many discoveries, amusing to him, delightful to her. For weeks together this investigation, through all manner of old notebooks, occupied them both and kept Carry very happy. She was full of excitement as to what each new collection would bring forth. He had a great many notebooks, dating not only from his college days, but even from his school times, and there was rarely one of them out of which some little fossil of the past, some scrap of verse or translation did not come. Carry, delighted, listened to them all as to so many revelations. She traced him back to his boyhood, and found a pleasure beyond description in that record of all his intellectual vagaries, and the hopes and ambitions they expressed. Perhaps had she read them calmly with her own eyes, although those eyes were full of glamor, faint lights of criticism might have arisen and revealed the imperfections. But he read them to her in his mellow voice, with little explanations, reminiscences not disagreeable to himself, and which suggested other and more brightened recollections, all of which were delightful to his admiring wife.

It was not till Christmas, when she suddenly woke up to the passage of time by the startling reminder of little Tom's return from school for the holidays, that she suddenly remembered how much time had passed. To be brought suddenly to a pause in the midst of one's enthusiasm is always disagreeable, and the thought had been moving in Carry's mind for several days before she put it timidly in words:

To be Continued.

Diffidence.

Her Father (irately)—"Young man, do you know you've been calling on my daughter since 7 o'clock?"

The Tarrying Youth—"Yes, sir. But she has been sitting on my hat for the last three hours and I didn't want to tell her."

Her Father—"Then, hereafter, don't keep your hat in your lap. Hang it on the rack in the hall."—The Circle.

APPEAL TO HER.

Mrs. Stubb—"Yes, Mary Ellen says she is dying to get a position as cook on an ocean liner."

Mr. Stubb (in surprise)—"Gracious! Whatever put that in her head?"

Mrs. Stubb—"Why she read that there were three thousand pieces of crockery broken every voyage."—New York Journal.

History Lesson.

Diogenes, dear children, was the man who lived in a tub, and who searched for an honest man. "I'm honest," cried a candidate for re-election. "Where's your tub?" asked Diogenes. "Look at my barrel!" cried the candidate. But Di went on hunting.

In addressing the division of physical and inorganic chemists of the American Association for the Advencement of Science, Dr. W. L. Dudley, head of the department of chemistry of the Vanderbilt University, declared that neon, a newly discovered gas, is the cause of the aurora borealis.

WHAT WOMEN ARE WEARING

New York City.—Waists that are made with narrow square openings are among the smartest of all things. This one can be worn as illustrated or be made adapted to daytime use by the addition of the yoke and long

under sleeves as liked. It is very pretty and very attractive, yet perfectly simple withal and will be found adapted to all the pretty, fashionable thin stuffs. It can be made of one throughout or a combination of materials, as liked, and it is consequently practical as well as essentially smart. In this case chiffon cloth is

trimmed with handsome banding and the sleeves are edged with bead fringe, while there is a girdle of messaline. The tucked portions at centre front and backs would be pretty made from net, with the remainder of the blouse made from crepe de Chine, messaline or other similar material, or the entire upper portion could be made of one fabric, with the plain lower portion of the other. For the yoke and the under sleeves net, lace, chiffon, all similar transparent materials are appropriate.

The waist is made with a fitted lining, on which the various parts are arranged. The upper, tucked portion is cut in sections, the centre front and backs being separate, while the sleeves are cut in one with the side portions, and the joinings are made beneath the trimming. The pulain, lower portion is seamed to the lower edge and the girdle is arranged over it. The long sleeves are cut with upper and under portions, and when the yoke is desired it is applied over the lining.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is two and three-fourth yards twenty-one, two and one-fourth yards twenty-seven or one and three-eighth yards forty-four inches wide, with two and three-eighth yards of banding, three-fourth yard of messaline for the girdle to make as illustrated, one and seven-eighth yards eighteen for yoke and long sleeves when these are used.

One-Color Costumes.

Adherence to one color is observable just now in the new evening dresses. This does not imply the use of one form of material only; several, some substantial, others of filmy tulle or chiffon, mingle to produce the desired effect.

Gobelin Green Again.

The hats of this season will again show that entrancing shade of green known as gobelin. It will be used in thick short plumes and thick long ones, but not in ribbons or moire.

Smoke Gray Popular.

Smoke gray in any of the several shades is becoming a formidable rival to the established favorite purple. Velvet hats of this color are trimmed with soft-toned smoky ostrich plumes or marabout, and a velvet flower in other color, or one of silver tissue, nestling at the base of the feather stem.

For Lingerie Ribbons.

The problem of keeping the ribbons for lingerie in some neat way has been solved by the inventor of a little winding stick, gilded and tied with a bow at each end. It is provided with a series of springs that hold down one end of the ribbon while it is being wound around the stick. It is small enough to be kept in the workbox, and large enough to accommodate several coils of ribbon at once.

Fancy Yoke Night-Gown.

The simple night-gown that is made with square yoke is always desirable one, and this model suits all materials that are used for underwear, for it is just as appropriate for the dainty gown of batiste as it is for the heavy one of flannel or flannelette. It can be made either high at the neck with the rolled-over collar or with square neck, and it can be made with long or three-quarter sleeves, and it consequently suits all tastes and needs as well as all materials. In the illustration it is made of nainsook and it is trimmed with lace banding and frills.

The gown consists of the square yoke, which is cut with front and back portions, fronts and back. It is gathered and joined to the yoke, and the closing is made at the centre front. The sleeves are of moderate fulness and are gathered into bands, whatever their length. The rolled-over collar is joined to the high neck, and when the square neck is used the edge can be finished in any way to suit the fancy.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is seven and

three-fourth yards twenty-seven, five yards thirty-six or four and one-half yards forty-four inches wide, with one and three-fourth yards of banding and two and one-half yards of edging.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN

Better Looking Than Women.

A French skin specialist declares that women seldom have such good complexions as men, and adds insult to injury by expressing the belief that women might be just as good looking as men if they were so inclined. He means by this if they would only keep their skins as clean as men do.—New York Tribune.

Paying Social Debts.

An out-of-town matron whose many friends and relatives in the city hoot at the idea of a trip to her country place, even if solaced by bridge after luncheon, has evolved a system by which she pays off many of her obligations to their hospitality. It is simple, too, for it means merely the purchase of tickets for musicals, theatre and opera, with luncheon or suppers after the performances. To the musicals she takes three of her music-loving friends at a time, with luncheon after at one of the smart hotels, and for the New Theatre and opera she and her husband ask their married friends or some girl and a man, having supper wherever their fancy leads them. In this she feels that she does her share toward returning the pleasures her friends give her without taxing them with a tiresome trip.—New York Tribune.

Don'ts For the Business Woman.

Don't bring your home troubles to the office and air them there.

Don't criticize those who work with you, or those for whom you work.

Don't be late to your work and then expect consideration because you are a woman.

Don't wear overtrimmed and fussy clothes. Wear plain clothes with appropriate blouses.

Don't try to be mannish either in dress or manner. The mannish business woman is out of fashion, fortunately.

Don't sprinkle yourself with heavy scent. Your particular kind of perfume may be exceedingly obnoxious to those about you.

Don't expect to be treated as if you were in society. You are probably doing the work that was done formerly by a man, and if in small ways you are not considered as much as you are at home, remember that you are in business.—McCall's.

Not Boarding.

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"There is no doubt about it, the character of persons boarding has changed mightily within the last ten years," said a bachelor woman. "Formerly one met in boarding houses charming women who had given up housekeeping and gone to boarding as presenting a solution of the domestic problem or else their families having married and moved away they sought relief from domestic cares in a boarding house.

"Now, however, all this is different, and for the most part the women one meets are those who are trying to make a big show on little money.

"It is not difficult to account for this change. Every woman who can afford it lives in an apartment hotel. The hotel offers many advantages over the old style boarding house that it is small wonder it is preferred.

"Many families, too, have moved into the suburbs, where they can get more for their money."—New York Press.

At The Mercy Of the Gardener.

The departing guest who has a box of flowers cut fresh from the greenhouse to take as a reminder of her week-end stay could many a time unfold a tale to her kind hostess as to what that old and trusted retainer, the head gardener, had put in the box. Trusting to his knowledge of what should be cut, and the fact that he knows the flowers are for a gift, the hostess rarely inspects the box, and here is where she makes a mistake. The old and trusted one has ideas of his own, usually based upon the fee the visitor has given after greenhouse inspection, and the box for a poor guest or relation will be scantily filled with what would otherwise be thrown away, as the smaller flowers sap the strength of the plant and prevent a large and sturdy growth of other buds. Once in a while murder will out, and the "riot act" will be read, but nothing can atone, for the mortification of the guest who knows what glories the glass house holds and who finds her box to contain the meanest specimens only.—New York Tribune.

Mother Ernestine.

Mother Ernestine, helper and savior of exprisoners in France, has just ben awarded by the French Academy of Moral Sciences a prize of 15,000 francs for acts of devotion. Mother Ernestine is eighty years old, and ever since she was twenty she has given herself to works of reclamation.

When Eugenie Aglae Moran, as she was once, entered the Order of the Sacred Heart she began her labors in he prison at Rouen. After eight years of this she began to wonder what became of her children after leaving the prison. She rented a room, took two of her ex-prisoners there and launched them in the trade of shirtmaking. Presently a woman of Rouen became interested and helped her. Her charges grew in numbers, and the police authorities decided to allow her the sum of 500 francs. The next step was to put all the young prisoners in Mother Ernestine's charge, and for many years she had a large house at Rouen, with four hundred girls or so in her care and that of the thirty-eight sisters under her. At this place, called L'Atelier Refuge, the girls were taught tailoring, dressmaking, housewifery and gardening. For a long time the state allowed Mother Ernestine a certain sum a head for the maintenance of these girls, but with the troubles between church and government this grant was withdrawn, and the work has been carried on with considerable difficulty.—New York Tribune.

Oregon and Finland.

Writing from Copenhagen, Denmark, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the International Woman Suffrage Association, in making a comparison between Oregon, which recently declared against woman suffrage at a popular election, and Finland, which has just enfranchised its women, says: "The population of Oregon was, in 1910, 413,456 persons, and certainly something less than 200,000 are women and girls, who must now, because of the recent vote, remain disfranchised. The population of Finland in 1903 was 2,816,298, and 1,420,521 women, and girls who will be women, have received full suffrage, including eligibility to all offices, and that ,too, with only one dissenting vote in four Houses of Parliament. We may truthfully say that the woman suffrage compaigns for 1906 have resulted in universal suffrage for nearly one and a half millions of women, and the temporary defeat of suffrage for a possible 200,000 women. In a broad sense, it does not matter where political liberty comes first; it must come to all, the world over, before our work is completed. Finland offers proof that the cause is moving on.

"We are forced, however, to ask ourselves two questions: (1) Do oppression and denial of rights make men more liberal, broad-minded and generous in their opinions? Apparently they do, as witness the attitude of Finnish and Russian men toward woman suffrage. (2) Do personal liberty and full political rights make men more narrow, selfish and unjust in their opinions? Apparently they do, as witness the action of the men of Oregon. These are conditions worthy of study."

The Modern Martyr.

The common opinion is that real heroines are something unusual and rare. When a woman saves a human being from drowning at the risk of her own life she is lauded as a heroine, and societies give her medals, by way of distinguishing her from the rest of womankind. But what she did wasn't really as brave as what thousands of her sisters are doing every day. The true heroine is she who wears clothes as they are ordained by the little tin goddess of fashion.

The woman of fashion, or she who aspires to be a woman of fashion, going forth in her tight corsets, her enormous hat which won't allow her to lean back comfortably in a car or closed carriage, her high heels that are always catching in something or other, skirts which make it impossible for her to take a normal step, silly little wrist bag that must be clutched constantly or it will get lost, and a head weighed down with pads, rats and false hair under her airship hat—this woman is truly brave. She wears all that toggery, in which she must be exceedingly uncomfortable, and she wears it so placidly, so smilingly, that man thinks—but what does man think when he beholds a fashionably dressed woman? Perhaps he doesn't know that her cloffies are uncomfortable, for he has never worn them, and no woman would ever confess to him how she feels in them. She is braver than the martyrs of old, for the martyrs recanted sometimes, and what woman ever wavered in her smile in the ballroom, no matter how her dress was hurting her.

If women accomplish great things in the future, it will be because of their careful training in discomfort.—New York Tribune.

Fashion Notes.

Sterling silver charms of all kinds are now in favor.

Scarfs are being draped even more elaborately than ever.

An old fad revived permits the wearing of gold slippers.

Belts for street costumes are very wide and have large buckles.

Opals are very stylish, especially when set in a necklace or brooch.

Opera hoods are less in evidence than was expected by fashion prophets.

There is a predominance for the fur trimmed velvets for cold weather wear.

Rhinestones and crystal embroidery are being lavishly employed on evening gowns.

The use of dull silver and gold ornaments on dresses and hats is seen everywhere.

Hairpins of twisted shell, which are square across the top, are among the newest shown.

Bands of gold lace are often worn around the head when the evening gown is decollete.

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

The touch of vivid color on the front of the waist is one of the latest points of fashion. Vivid green on gray, bright pink on tan and orange on white are some of the principal contrasts.

The suede glove is the thing of the hour. It is worn for street in its heavy texture and wide stitching, and in the evening in the pale gold tones that are very becoming to the arm and hands.

As becoming an evening scarf as can be had is made of a length of mousseline de soie, bordered all around with marabout of the same tone, and, if an especially stylish affair, finished with marabout tails.

One of the newest scarfs to appear is of white Brussels net, nearly a yard wide and the usual two and a half yards long, bordered elaborately in the ecclesiastical pattern of the gold bugles, gold spangles and gold beads.

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