LADY CAR;

—OR.—

THE SEQUEL OF A LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER III. 3

Continued.

"It has all been delightful," she said. "To have you back through all your schoolboy time and at college is so nice that I know I have been persuading you to make the most of it for my sake. But, Edward, you must not humor me any more. I feel that it is wasting your time."

"No," he said, "when one has to pick up one's thread it is best to do it thoroughly. This will all be of service, every word of it."

"I see you mean to begin with a retrospect," she cried, brightening again.

"Not so much as a retrospect," he said with a twinge of conscience, "but one's early ideas, though they are often absurd, are very suggestive."

"Oh, not absurd," she cried. It wounded her to hear such a word applied to anything of his.

But little Tom had come home for his holidays, which showed that it was four or five months in the settling down. They had taken possession of Easton' in the end of August. Tom came home very manly and grow up after his first "half" at school. He was close upon eleven, and he had a very high opinion of his own position and prospects. His school was a large preparatory one, where things were done as much as possible on the model of Eton, which was the goal of all the little boys' ambition. It was a little disappointing after the first genuine moment of pleasure in coming home, and the ecstatic sense of being a very great man to little Janet, to find that after all Janet was only a little girl and did not understand the half of what he told her. He felt the want of male society very much on the second day, and to think that there would not be a fellow to speak to for a whole month damped the delightful prospect of being his own master for that time, which had smiled so much upon him. Janet, it is scarcely necessary to say, gave a boundless faith to her brother, and listened to the tale of his achievements, and of what the fellows did, with an interest unalloyed by criticism. Her mouth and her eyes were full of a round O! of wonder and admiration. She never tired of hearing of the feats and the scrapes and the heroic incidents of school. To dazzle her so completely was something; but a mind accustomed to the company of the nobler sex soon made it apparent that he was bored.

"There's a lot of houses about," he said. "Aren't there any fellows down there, or there"—he pointed to distant roofs and groups of chimneys appearing at intervals from among the leafless trees—"that one could speak to? It's awfully dull here after knowing so many at school."

"There are some children at the white house with the blue roof," said Janet, "but they're not good enough, nurse says; and I don't know nobody to play wiys," the little girl added rather wistfully—the made all her "th's" into "y's" still—"I only take walks."

"Children!" said Tom contemptuously. "I wasn't asking about children. I mean fellows at school. If they're at a good school they're good enough. I'll soon find out. When a fellow has been out in the world, and goes to school, you don't suppose he minds what nurse says."

"Oh, but nurse says a great, great many yings," said Janet. "She says Easton's a little poking house, and that we should be in our own family place. What's a family place? Do you know? It is something fayer is buried in," the little girl added after a moment, with a little thrill of solemnity. Tom burst into a laugh in the pleasure of his superior knowledge.

"You are a little ass, Jan! Of course I know. The family place is a grand one, with a big tower and a flag on it when I'm at home—like the Queen at Windsor! The worst is I'm never at home; but I shall be when I'm big, and then shan't we have times! I've told a lot of fellows. I'll have them up to my place in Scotland for the shooting, don't you know."

Janet only gave him a look out of her large light eyes. "Girl's don't shoot," she said. "I don't want to be at your shooting. Tom, do you remember fayer? He's buried there."

"Oh, humbug! he's buried in the churchyard, where all the dead people are buried. Of course I remember him. What's that got to do with it? I remember having a ride on his big black mare, such a big tall beast, and nobody will ride him except me and—him, you know. He was behind when I rode him, and she carried us both as easy as a lamb. Old Duncan told me so—as easy as a lamb—because she knew who was her master!" the boy cried, with the color mounting up into his cheeks.

He began to switch the chairs with a little cane he had in his hand, and bade them to "get on" and "gee up," to Janet's considerable disturbance, for she had already learned that a boy's boots were apt to be muddy, and that chairs covered with brocade and carved and gilded were not meant to be ridden or to gee-up.

"Don't, Tom," she said; "they're moyer's pretty chairs."

"Oh, bother!" said the boy, "where's mother? I want to tell her lots of things, but I won't if she's so particular about things and stays so long away."

"She's in the library with Beau," said Janet; "they are always in the library. It is so pretty. Moyer likes it better than the drawing room. But they will soon come in for tea."

"I say," cried Tom, "do you have tea here always , not in the nursery? Oh, I say! I am not going to stand that. I know what they do at afternoon tea. You have a small piece of bread and butter, or perhaps, at atom of cake, and you mustn't make any crumbs or enjoy yourself at all. You should see our teas at school. There is sometimes this kind of jam, and in summer the fellows have strawberries—as many as ever they like—and this half Summerfield major was allowed cold patridge."

"For tea!" cried Janet, with ever so many notes of admiration.

"Oh, his people send him such whopping hampers," said Tom, "he could never get through it all if he didn't have it for tea."

"Nasty meat!" said little Janet, with a grimace; "but the jam is very nice," she added, with a sigh. "There is no nursing when you're gone. Moyer gives us very nice tea and plenty of cake; but she thinks I am better down stairs, not always with nurse."

"And do you think so? You were always a little—"

"It's nice when mother talks to me and not to Beau," said Janet, with reluctance. The grievance of the many times when this was the case was implied, not put into words. "But when there is you and me it will be very nice," cried the little girl. "There is a nice plain little table in the room not covered or anything. It had a cover on, but that come off, and I am allowed to have it to paint pictures upon and play at anything you like. We'll have it between us in the room as if it was a little party," cried Janet, "and they will never mind us, as long as we don't make much noise."

"But I want to make a noise. I want to have a real square meal. It isn't good for a fellow, when he's growing, to be kept short of his grub. I want—"

"Oh, Tom, what a horrible, horrible word!"

"Much you know!" cried the boy. "Fellows' sisters all like it to have the same words as we say. But if you think I'm coming back from Hall's, where they have all Eton rules, to sit as quiet as a mouse in the drawing room, and have afternoon tea like an old fogey, I sha'n't, and there's an end of it!" cried Tom.

Lady Car came in as he gave forth this determination in a loud voice. She came in very smoothly, as was her wont, with the soft trail of her satin gown on the soft, mossy carpet, on which her light steps made no sound. In her eyes was still the dreamy smile of her pleasure in all the details and chronicles of a schoolboy life, so elevated and attuned, its poisms and its worries and its high purposes. She was imagining to herself a form in which it might all be set forth in chapters or cantos. "The Dawning Genius" would be the title of the first. She saw before her the spiritual being, all thought and enthusiasm, making a hundred chimeras divine—the boy-part, their heir of all the ages, the fine flown of human promise. Half the adoring wife and half the woman of genius, she came in softly, with delicate chimes of verse already sounding in her mind, and the scheme of the poism rising before him.

Not the prelude. Oh, no; but the development, the dawn (a far more lovely word), the dawning of genius, of which in its time it might be her delightful mission to record the completion, too.

She was roused from this vision by the noisy boyish voice. "I sha'n't, and there's an end of it," cried Tom, and she raised her dreamy eyes, startled to see the boy standing in this form and defiant, his legs apart, his sturdy little square figure relieved against the window. How different from the ideal boy of whom she had been dreaming! the real boy, her son.

They both looked at her with an alarmed aspect, not knowing what would happen. Poor Carry was the gentlest of mothers. She never punished them, never scolded, but yet no one could tell why they had always the air of being afraid of her. They looked at her now as children might have looked who were afraid of being sent into solitary confinement, shut up in a dark closet, or some other torture. Tom's voice fell in a moment, and Janet came out in defense like the little woman in the weather-house, where the little man skulks indoors, disconcerted by the good weather. Janet came forward with a little hand raised. "Moyer, it was not naughtiness. It was because he has been out in the world, and knows things different from me."

"Yes?" said Lady Car, smiling upon them, "and what are the things this man of the world knows? To be sure, dear, he must be greatly in advance of you and me."

The children were all the more abashed by this speech, though its tone was so gentle. They stared at her for a moment with their father's face, dark and stolid, the likeness intensified in Tom by the sudden alarm of his look. She had put out her hand to him, to draw him close to her. "What is it," she said, "my little boy?" She was, to tell the truth, rather afraid of him, too.

"It's nothing," said Tom. "It's something she's said."

"Oh, Tom," cried Janet, with a sense of injury. "Moyer, he says they have such nice teas at school—strawberries and sometimes cold partridge, and whopping hampers."

"Dear!"

"That's how the fellows talk," said Tom. "That's not the right thing for a girl."

"Was the cold partridge in the whopping hamper?" said a voice behind. "Carry, I don't wonder the boy's indignant. You have sent him no hampers. A first half at school, and not so much as a big cake. I feel for Tom. Never mind, old fellow, you see she never was at school."

They had both turned round their anxious faces to him as he came in. They were instinctively jealous of him. Yet both turned with a certain relief, or at least Tom did so, who was aware that Beau was one of his own faction, a man, against the sway of the everlasting feminine. Janet took the hand which the mother had stretched out toward her boy and clung to it, drawing herself close into Lady Car's skirts. Beau was not of her faction in any sense of the word. The little girl pulled her mother's face toward her, and whispered her tale into Carry's ear.

"To have your tea upstairs! Why doesn't he want to be with us, dear, after being away so long? You shall have what you like best, my dear children, if you really prefer the nursery to the drawing room and my company."

"He says they have this kind of jam," said Janet in her mother's ear, "and do whatever they like," she added after a pause.

Lady Car gave her husband a look which the children noted though they did not understand. There was a slight appeal in it, and some relief. He had said that she must keep them with her, as much as if he had not been there; that he would not separate her, not for an hour, not for a meal, from her children; and she had thought it her duty to have them there, though their presence and his together kept Carry in a harassed consciousness of the two claims upon her. They concluded that mother was not angry with great relief; but they did not understand the guilty satisfaction of Carry in finding that they liked the nursery the best.

CHAPTER IV.

The time of Tom's holidays was rather a holiday also for Beaufort, who, having got a certain amount of amusement out of his notebooks and their mine of school life, was beginning to be bored by himself, and to think, under his breath, what a little prig and ass he had been in his boyish days, and how astounding it was that Carry should take it all in with such undoubting faith. He was a little philosopher in his idle way, and Carry began to be a sometimes disconcerting but often amusing problem to him. He laughed softly sometimes when he was by himself to see how seriously she took him, and how much his youthful superiority impressed her. It had not been his intention when he again took up the notebooks to increase, as he had certainly done, her admiration and, consequently, her expectations of himself. He had hoped, if anything, to beguile her a little from the pursuit of results, to make her less in earnest about the great work on which she had set her heart. But this expedient had not succeeded. She was more than ever bent upon the fulfilling of that early promise which was so beautiful and so wonderful in her eyes. Beaufort was half flattered, half

He took advantage of Tom with a little secret chuckle to himself behind books. Tom amused this philosopher, too. He liked to draw him out, to watch the movements of character in him, even to speculate as to what kind of a man it had been that had produced this child. He must be like his father, Beaufort said to himself, without any sentiment even of animosity toward Carry's husband. Certainly he had got the better of that man. He had obliterated Torrance, as it were, from the face of the earth; but he had no such feeling as Carry had about Torrance's life and Torrance's money. He took it all much more calmly than she could do, not even thinking of the consciousness of the mission which made him own all his comfort and happiness to Torrance. Tom, however, was the subject of various speculations in his stepfather's mind. If this was what the little Torrance was modified by Lindons, what must the original have been? And what would this one turn to; an ordinary country gentleman, no better or worse than his neighbors, or what? A vague sense in his mind was that there might be future trouble to carry in the child's development moved him mildly, for the distance between childhood and manhood seems so long looking forward, though so short when we look back, and any such danger must be far in the future.

To be Continued.

A YOUNG HERO.

Sidney Finley, a pantry boy on the ill-fated steamer St. Croix, heroically dived overboard when the first boat to be lowered was swamped and rescued Mrs. L. A. Wallace and her baby. After his brave act he was dashed against the ship's side and knocked unconscious. Before he could be extricated his wrist was broken. Talking about the disaster to a San Francisco Call reporter, he said:

"I was on the upper deck when I saw the boat keel over and noticed a woman with a baby in her arms in the water. I was the handiest man on the deck and I simply went overside I pulled her out, but I must have got a crack on the head while doing so for when I awoke I was in the bottom of the small boat with my wrist broken. I think a woman called Mrs. J H. Crover caught me as I was going down."

Some of the passengers on the St. Croix were so impressed with the heroism of the boy that they have decided to see if he cannot be given a Carnegie medal.

GOOD SCHEME.

Tall Office Boy—"What's the old man giving you his good cigars to smoke for? Does he want you to cut out cigarettes?"

Short Office Boy—"Naw! His wife is coming down to make a touch before she goes shopping, and he wants her to think he is out."—Chicago News.

FASHIONS OF THE DAY

New York City.—Waists that are made with trimming portions of contrasting material are always pretty and attractive, and this one is exceptionally so. It includes the narrow, deep chemisette that makes a feature of the season and can be made either with or without the sleeve puffs. It is girlish and youthful, yet dressy in

effect, and it is adapted both to the frock and to the separate blouse. Crepe de Chine with trimming of moire velours and chemisette and deep cuffs of tucked chiffon make the waist illustrated, but all seasonable materials are appropriate and the design also can be made available for the simpler washable fabrics. For these last the lining would preferably be omitted, but silks and the like are better when made over a foundation. The sleeves illustrated are new and

smart, but plain ones are equally correct, and can be substituted when preferred.

The waist is made with a fitted lining, which is optional, and consists of front and backs. It is tucked becomingly, and the trimming portion is arranged over it. The sleeves can be faced with contrasting material to form the deep cuffs or made of one throughout, as liked. When the puffs are used they are arranged over the lining.

The quantity of material required for the sixteen year size is two and five-eighth yards twenty-one or twenty-four, one and five-eighth yards thirty-two, one and one-half yards forty-four inches wide, with one-half yard of silk and five-eighth yard eighteen for the chemisette and deep cuffs.

Women Wear Bangs.

It seems as though the bang has come to stay, regardless of criticism. The bang is intrenched for the season, and in a large measure it will be becoming. It compels women to lift from their foreheads that low-hanging mass of hair, now the fashion, and substitute it with a tiny, wavy fringe. The bangs are not cut from the hair, but are purchased at stores where hair goods are sold.

Outdoor Costumes.

Wide wale and chevron serges make up some of the smartest one-piece outdoor costumes. Velvet in conjunction with fur will become familiar as the season progresses.

Very Modish.

All the pretty, faded, washed-out dyes continue to be modish.

Evening Coats.

The changeable moires — chameleon is the name given by some—and the soft failles are used for evening coats. Trimmed with fur or embroidery, they are very effective.

A New Cabochon.

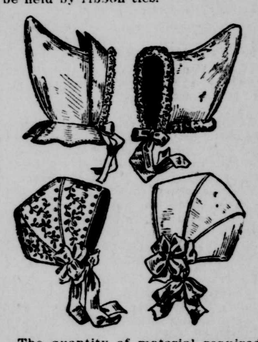
It is of stiff feathers arranged in pinwheel fashion. Rows and rows of these little quills are arranged in concentric circles, and the cabochon is sufficiently ornamental to allow the wearer to forego other trimming.

Child's Caps.

Close fitting caps are always in demand at this season of the year, and here are two that are warm and cozy at the same time that they are essentially attractive and becoming. The Brownie cap can be made either with or without revers at the front and with or without the cape portion. It is pointed at the top, is always picturesque and it is absolutely simple to make. Velvet and broadcloth, velveteen and ribbed silk, fur cloth and all materials that are used for children's caps are appropriate. In the illustration the cap with revers is trimmed with a little frill of lace at the front edge, while the plain one is edged with fur, and both styles are equally correct.

The melon cap is quite different in effect, but also is absolutely simple and easy to make. It lends itself to embroidery with exceptional success, and can be used both for immediate wear and for the warmer weather made of thinner material, such as handkerchief lawn, embroidered and lined with thin silk. In this case the fancy cap is made of white broadcloth and the plain one is made of the same material in brown.

The Brownie cap is seamed at the upper and back edges, and when the revers are used they are joined to the front edge. The lower edge can be finished with the cape or with trimming. The melon cap is made in three sections, which are so shaped that they fit the head snugly and smoothly. Both caps are designed to be held by ribbon ties.



The quantity of material required for the medium size (four years) is for the Brownie cap, five-eighth yard twenty-one or three-eighth yard fifty-two inches wide; for the melon cap, one-half yard twenty-one or one-fourth yard fifty-two inches wide, with one-half yard of silk for either lining, seven-eighth yard of fur and one yard of ribbon to trim Brownie cap, two and three-fourth yards of ribbon for melon cap.

FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

Equal Suffrage Gains in Canada.

The suffragist movement appears to be gaining strength every day in Canada. Recently the Ottawa Equal Suffrage Association addressed letters to the wives of all the members of the Provincial Parliament asking their help in passing an equal suffrage bill. Attention is called to the fact that the suffrage has been granted women in both New Zealand and Australia, and the question is raised why the women of Canada should be discriminated against by their fathers, husbands and brothers. Even more significant than the issuance of the letters is the fact that all the women addressed, with the exception of three, have replied, promising to use their influence with their husbands in Parliament to secure the passage of the suffrage bill desired.—New York Press.

Frogs and Fashions.

The clever girl seeking after things new has discovered that the bullfrog has hopped into fashion. That is, it's his skin that is in favor. Bullfrog skin in its natural color, and also dyed, is now being put to the most novel of uses. It is not only employed for belts, pocketbooks, card-cases and chatelaine bags, but it is used for vests, cuffs and collars, and many a clever girl will wear this autumn a bullfrog-skin hat. It may not sound so, but a little turban of bullfrog skin in a greenish-brown shade, with upstanding loops of dark green velvet ribbon for its trimming, makes a very smart hat. A bullfrog-skin hat is being made up for a New York girl, who plans when she wears it to carry an umbrella of greenish brown silk, with a very realistic looking bullfrog forming the top of the handle. In looking for distinctive details to add to one's toilette, the bullfrog umbrella must not be overlooked.—Grace Margaret Gould in Woman's Home Companion

New Games for Grown-Ups.

Intuition—An intellectual game. Very useful for establishing your wife's mental and judicial supremacy. small tumbler, a cereal with cream. The idea is to first select some problem. The idea is to first select some problem. There are plenty of them around if you have been married a few years; it doesn't make any difference what it is. Then you must try to find the correct answer. After ransacking your brain until you find something that looks to you like a logical answer, you discover that she has already reached the opposite conclusion by the swift and easy process of intuition—which gives her the game.

Peace—A new game and very hard to learn. Dreadnoughts are trumps, the object being to bankrupt your opponents and control the trump suit. A great game for nourishing the war instinct without bloodshed; and, while the originality of the idea naturally delays the development of the game, it already possesses the splendor and extravagance of its ancient rival. Some go so far as to say that peace may in time become almost as popular as war.

The English Housekeeper.

The Housekeeper, for all her deference to the tenants, was a despot, and none of us dared to rebel against her rule, and disturb the order she maintained. To anybody coming in from the not too respectable little street the respectability of the house was overwhelming, and I often noticed that strangers, on entering, lowered their voices and stepped more softly. The hush of repose hung heavy on the public hall and stairs, whatever was going on behind the two doors that faced each other on every landing. We all emulated her in the quiet and decorum of our movements. We allowed ourselves so seldom to be seen that after three months I still knew little of the others except their names on their doors, the professions of those who had offices and hung up their signs, and the frequency with which the Church League on the First Floor drank afternoon tea. On certain days when I went out towards five o'clock, I had to push my way through a procession of bishops in aprons and gaiters, deans and ordinary parsons who were legion, of dowagers and duchesses who were as sands on the stairs. I may be wrong, but I fancy that the Housekeeper would have found a way to rout this weekly invasion if, in the aprons and gaiters, she had not seen symbols of the respectability which was her pride.—Elizabeth R. Pennell, in the Atlantic.

Informal Week Ends.

If you intend to give a week end party do not fail when you write your guests to name the train that you wish them to take; at this season of the year by far the best hour to have them arrive is between 5 and 6 o'clock.

Of course, says a writer in Vogue, you must be ready to receive them, and if you have children it is well to have them with you in the library or living hall. You should, if possible, have a wood fire burning brightly and the room should be lit by candles only or by shaded lamps. Have the tea tables already in the room, and avoid as much as possible having servants do any of the waiting at this time.

One tea table should be low—not more than twenty-two inches—and this should be covered with an embroidered white cloth and have on it at the back the teacups and saucers and in front a large silver tray, containing a tea kettle, teapot, cream pitcher, sugar bowl and tea strainer. A still more convenient kind is the tilt table, having the usual pie crust top and graceful legs, terminating in claw and ball feet.

With this smaller table a wicker, or Chippendale, plate holder, consisting of three or four little shelves, is required, this being very light and easily carried about. On it there should be a plate of thin slices of buttered bread, another of sliced cake or cookies, a covered dish holding hot buttered toast and perhaps a plate of hot soda biscuits, the size of a silver half dollar. In England these tables are called the curate's assistant, because it is he who generally does most of the fetching and carrying at tea time.

The hostess after greeting the guests makes the tea herself, the children help pass the dainties, and there is a gay informality about it all that makes the time go quickly. While the guests are thus occupied the servant (who has been instructed beforehand to ask for their keys) should be unpacking their bags or trunks. Personal service is something that American hostesses do not always provide, deeming it sufficient to assign each of the guests an attractive bedroom and perhaps a bathroom, but letting them unpack their clothes and turn on the bath; in short, treating them as though they were in a hotel.

It is not necessary to be rich in order to provide this personal service, for a certain hostess in a Long Island country house who is noted for taking good care of her guests has only the children's nurse to put on the lights, unpack and lay out the clothes, draw the baths and perhaps light the fire before the guests are shown upstairs. It does not take her more than half an hour, however, and this time she can easily spare while the children are with their mother.

When you and your guests have finished tea and chatted a bit, take them up to their rooms yourself and before leaving them tell them what time you dine. They should appear in the drawing room, where you are already awaiting them, five minutes before the hour named.

If your guests play bridge and you are a party of four it will not be necessary to invite any other friends for the first night, but on Saturday you should have a dinner for them of from four to eight additional guests, and on Sunday it is well to ask two or three friends who are musical for dinner and make it an informal gathering.

As for the daytime, you can usually provide them with a game of golf or tennis, a motor drive or a ride, and you should always give them an opportunity to go to church on Sunday, even if they do not care to avail themselves of it. If there is to be a dance in your neighborhood to which you expect to take your guests, it is better to mention it in your invitations, as the women may wish to bring more elaborate gowns than they otherwise would. Sunday afternoon tell them there are such and such trains in the morning to which you can conveniently send them, and they will arrange accordingly.

Indeed, systematized, the Friday to Monday visit is not only very little trouble but it may be made a great pleasure to the hostess as well as to those invited. It will usually be found more convenient to order all the luncheons and dinners ahead, and breakfast is more of a success if served to each person in his or her room, for in this way the tedium of breakfast conversation is done away with. The breakfast tray should be attractively arranged with an individual breakfast service, a pretty tray cloth and if possible a spray of mignonette or one flower of sweet scent. A simple menu is orange juice, chilled, served in a coffee, eggs and toast.

Fashion Notes.

Foulard silks, in spots, stripes and checks, are to be much worn.

Trimmings are now being used under gauzes as much as over them.

Gold and silver tissue embroideries and foundations are to be popular.

The old polonaise, which means side drapings, is the most popular tunic.

The cuirass in lace or jet-studded net for evening wear is very dainty.

The tricorne hat, now the rage, was first worn in the reign of Louis XIV.

Slowly but surely the line of the waist is returning to its natural position.

Ribbons play but a slightly less part in this season's millinery than last year.

Newest dancing frocks for girls are made of puffed malines over satin slips.

Satin charmeuse has again taken the place of heavier cloth for dressy wear.

A new watch chain this season is of thin gold, threaded with tiny pearls.

Small children are wearing Russian blouses made in white and colored flannel.

Moire is first among ribbons—satin moires, soft silk moires and taffeta moires abound.

Many of the new sweaters are double-breasted. The shawl collar is seen in the majority.

Parasols are still being carried; some of the smartest for late fall use are of black tulle.

Pink is all the rage; the three favorite shades are coral, bois de rose and ashes of roses.

Leather chatelaine pockets, small and flat and intended to hold only a handkerchief, come in all colors.

Never, perhaps, have spangles, gold tinsel and all glistening trimmings been used more than this season.

Large wings, brush aigrettes and tiny mercury wings are the trimmings most favored for the new turbans.

The bartop is a favorite way of mounting opera bags. With this top it is a simple matter to open the bag to slip the glasses in and out. Bags of this sort are carried by a cord or light chain.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3538-0040.jpg