LADY CAR;

—OR.—

THE SEQUEL OF A LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER IV. 4

Continued.

It was rather as a droll little problem, which it was necessary to study, that Mr. Beaufort looked at Tom; but for that reason and to free himself a little from the ever increasing presence of his wife's solicitude in respect to his work, and eager anticipation of something from him, he took during the holidays the greatest interest in the boy; going out with him, sometimes riding, sometimes to the meet, when Tom's eagerness was scarcely to be restrained. Mr. Beaufort himself did not hunt. He was not an ungraceful horseman for a moderate and mild canter; but if he had ever been possessed of sufficient energy to follow the hounds, that energy had long left him. He did not dislike, however, to ride to the hunt, or drive his wife over, Tom accompanying them upon his pony. Lady Car thought it was nothing less than devotion to her son which induced him to depart from his studious seclusion on account of the boy. She was very grateful to her husband for this, yet deprecated it greatly. "You are very, very good to Tom; but I can't bear to think of all the sacrifices you are making for him, Edward, wasting your time which is so much too valuable to be thrown away upon a little boy."

"I wish my time was more valuable, to show you how willingly I would give it up, for anything belonging to you, Carry, not to say for your boy."

"Oh, thanks, thanks, dear Edward; but I can't have you burdened with Tom."

"I like it," he said. "I like—boys." It was almost too much for him to say that he liked this particular boy. "And Tom interests me very much," he added. Carry looked at him with a wistful curiosity. A glance of color passed over her face. Was it possible that Tom was interesting to such a man as Edward Beaufort? She felt guilty to ask herself that question. She had been afraid that Tom was not very interesting, not a child to attract any one very much who did not belong to him. To be sure the child did belong to him in a sort of a way.

"So you like school, Tom?" said Beaufort, looking down from his tall horse at the little fellow on his pony, keeping up with him. Had Beaufort been a more athletic person he would have appreciated more the boy's determination not to be left a step behind.

"Well," said Tom, reflectively, "I like it, and don't like it. I think lessons are great rot."

"Oh, do you?" said his tall companion.

"Don't you, Beau? They don't teach anything a fellow wants. What's the good of Latin, let alone Greek? They're what you call dead languages, and we don't want what's dead. When you've got to make your living by them it's different, like Hall's sons that are going to be the schoolmasters when he dies."

"Did you think of all that by yourself, Tom?"

"No," said the boy after a stare of a moment, and some hesitation. "It wasn't me, it was Harrison major. His father's very rich, and he's in trade. And Harrison says what's the good of these things? You never want them. They're only an excuse for sending in heavy bills, Harrison says."

"He must be a great authority," said Mr. Beaufort gravely.

"He knows a deal," said Tom reasoning, for he had some doubts whether Harrison major's opinions would have been received with the deference they deserved. "He's the biggest fellow in the school, though he's very small in learning. But he doesn't mind. He says fellows that are to have plenty of money don't want it."

"That's a frequent opinion of people in trade," said Beaufort. "I would not put too much faith in it, if I were you."

"Eh?" cried Tom, opening his big light eyes under his dark brows more widely than ever, and staring up into his stepfather's face.

"You will have plenty of money, I suppose?" said Beaufort, calmly.

"Oh, don't you know? I'll be one of the richest fellows in Scotland," cried the boy.

"Who told you that, Tom?"

"I don't know. I can't tell you. I know it, that's all. It was perhaps only nurse," he added with reluctance; "but she's been to my place, and she knows all about it. You can ask her if you haven't heard."

"So you've got a place besides being so rich?" Beaufort said, in calm interrogation, without surprise.

Tom was very much embarrassed by this questioning. He stared at his stepfather more than ever.

"Hasn't mother told you? I thought she told you everything."

"So did I. But all this about your place I never heard. Let's have the rest of it, Tom."

"Oh, I don't know that there's much more," said the boy. "It's a great big place with a high tower, and a flag flying when I'm at home—like the Queen—the acres upon acres in the park. It was my father's, don't you know? and now it's mine."

"How old are you, Master Tom?"

"Eleven in April," said Tom, promptly.

"Then it will be ten years before you have anything to say to your place, as you call it. I've seen your place, Tom. It is not so very much of a place—as for a flag, you know we might mount a flag at Easton if we liked, and nobody would mind."

Tom's black brows had gathered, and his eyes looked with that fierceness mingled with fear which belongs to childhood, into his stepfather's face. He was very wroth to have his pretensions thus made light of, but the habitual faith of his age alarmed him with a sense that it might be true.

"We'll mount one this afternoon," his tormenter said; "it will be fun for you and me, taking it down when your mother goes out for her drive, and hoisting it again when she comes back. She deserves a flag better than you do, don't you think? Almost as well as the Queen. The only danger is that the country people might take Easton for the Beaufort Arms, and want to come in and drink beer. What do you think?"

"I say, Beau, are you in real earnest about a flag?"

"To be sure. I don't know what you have on yours at the Towers, but I have a famous blazon on the Beaufort one. We'll get a square of silk from your mother and paint it as soon as we go in. I forget what your arms are, Tom."

"I don't know," said the boy humbly. "I never heard anything about them. I didn't know you had arms on a flag."

"Ah!" said Beaufort, "you own there are a great many things you don't know yet. And about matters that concern gentlemen, I wouldn't advise you either to take nurse's opinion or that of your young man whose father is in trade."

Tom rode along by his stepfather's side in silence for some time. He felt much taken down—crushed by a superiority—which he could not resist, yet very unwilling to yield. There was always the uncomfortable conviction in his mind that what Beaufort said must be true, mingled with the uneasy feeling that Beau might be chaffing all the time, a combination confusing for every simple mind. He felt instinctively that a flag at Easton would turn his own grandeur, which he believed in so devoutly, into ridicule; for Easton was not much more than a villa, in the suburbs of a little town. At the same time he could not but feel that to haul it up and down when his mother went out or came in would be fun; and the painting of the flag with a grand muddle of paints and means of construction in general still greater fun, and the most delightful way of spending the afternoon.

"I say, Beau," he asked after a long interval, "what's in your arms, as you call them? I should like to know."

"You should not ask what's in them, but what they are, Tom. A fellow of your pretentions ought to know. Fancy a chatelaine in ignorance of such a matter."

"What's a chatelaine? You are only laughing at me," cried the boy, with lowering eyebrows. "It's a thing mother wears at her side all hanging with silver chains."

"It's the master of a place—like what you suppose yours to be. My arms are rather too grand for a simple gentleman to have. We quarter the shields of France and England," said Beaufort, gravely, forgetting who his companion was for the moment. Then he laughed again. "I'm sure, Tom, though I have not a castle I have a flag almost as grand as the Queen's."

All this was rather humbling to poor Tom's pride, and confusing to his intellect, but he came home full of plans of painting and putting up this wonderful flag. There was an old flagstaff somewhere, which had been used for the decorations of some school feast. Beaufort, much amused, instructed his small assistant to paint this in alternate stripes of blue and white. "The colors of the bordure, you know, Tom." "Oh, are they?" cried Tom, determined to pretend to understand. And Lady Car found him in the early afternoon, in a shed appropriated to carpentering behind the house, delightfully occupied about the task, and with patches of blue and white all over him from shoe to chin.

"What are you doing, Tom?" she cried. Janet following stood transfixed with her eyes widening every moment—half with wonder—half with envy. What she would have given to paint the staff and flag, in imitation of Tom.

It's the colors of the bordure," said the boy. "I am doing it for Beau."

"The colors of what?" Lady Car was as ignorant of heraldry as Tom himself.

"Have we got a bordure? and what's our colors? and I want to know what are the arms, mother. I mean my arms; for I suppose," the boy said, pausing in his work to look at her, "yours are just like Beau's now?"

"What does the boy mean?" said Carry. "Janet, you must not go too near him, you will spoil your frock. Tom, your jacket will never be fit to be seen again."

"I don't care for my jacket. Mother, look here. Beau is going to put up a flag for you like the Queen, and I'm doing the stick. But I want to know about my own shield, and my colors; and if I've got a bordure, and if we're in quarters, or what. I want to know how about the flag at the Towers."

Lady Car made a step backwards as if she had received a blow. "There was no flag at the Towers—I mean there were no arms upon it—there was no—who put such nonsense into your head, Tom?"

"It is not nonsense. Beau told me—he's going to give me a lesson how to do it. He knows all about it. He says it's no use asking nurse or Harrison, major whose father is in trade. It's only gentlemen that have this sort of thing. Mother, have I got a bordure?"

"Moyer," said little Janet, "please buy him a bordure."

Poor Carry was not fond of any allusion to her former home. She was glad to laugh at the little girl's petition—though with a tremor that was half hysterical. "I don't know anything about it," she said. "I will buy him anything that he wants, that is good for him; but, oh, dear, what a mess he is in! Your lines are not straight, and you are all over paint. Do come away from that painted boy."

"Oh, moyer, let me stay?" cried Janet, possessiong herself of a strong brush.

It was perhaps those black brows of theirs that gave them such an air of determination. Carry did not feel herself able to cope with the two little creatures who looked at her with their father's eyes. She had to yield oftener than was good for them or than she felt to be becoming. She took the usual expedient of hurrying in to her husband to consult him as to what it was best to do. He was in his library, and she had no doubt he was hard at work. It was generally with some little difficulty and after some delay that on ordinary occasions he had to be gently beguiled into his own same room after luncheon, but he had gone to-day with an alacrity which made Carry sure he had some new ideas to put down. And her heart was light and full of satisfaction. He was seat at his table leaning over it, so busy that he did not hear the door open, and she paused there for a moment, happiness expanding her breast, and a smile of tender pleasure on her face. She would not interrupt him when he was busy with any trivial matter of hers. She stood and watched him with the purest satisfaction. Then she stole in quietly, not to interrupt him, only to look over his shoulder, to give him perhaps a kiss of thanks for being so busy. Poor Carry! What she found when she approached was that Beaufort's head was bent with every appearance of profound interest over a large emblazoned book, from which he was drawing on a larger scale upon a big sheet of paper the Beaufort arms. She breathed forth an "Oh!" of sinking disappointment; and he turned his head.

"Is that you, Carry? Look here. I have got a new toy."

"So I perceive," she said. It was all she could do to keep the tears from showing in her eyes; but he would not have seen them, having turned back to his work again.

"A moral purpose is a feeble thing," he said, over his pencil and compasses. "I began it as a lesson to Tom, to take him down a bit; but I find it quite interesting enough on its own account. Look here. We are going to rig you up a flag, as Tom says, like the Queen."

Poor Carry! How her tender heart went up and down like a shuttlecock, as she stood with her hand on the back of his chair. Her eyes full of bitter tears of disappointment; the thought that it was out of interest in Tom and love for her that this futile occupation had been taken up melted her altogether. How could she allow, even in her own mind, a shadow of blame to rest on one so tender and so good! She laid her hand upon his shoulder and patted it softly, like the mother of a foolish, delighted child. "Dear Edward, I almost grudge that you should think of so many things for me," she said.

"My dear, it was not primarily for you, but as a lesson to Tom," he said, fixing the leg of his compass firmly in the paper. "You must take him to—his place, as he calls it, Carry. But, I confess that for the moment I had forgotten my object. To give a moral lesson is a fine thing; but it's nothing to the invention of a new toy."

To be Continued.

Monument in the Philippines.

In a cemetery in the Philippines is a most exquisite Italian marble monument above a soldier's grave. The soldier was a fine young fellow from the West who lost his life honorably. A few weeks before his death his mother went to an appraisers' sale in the great building in Greenwich street and made several purchases. In the catalogue she noticed this entry—"Parts of a Monument." Curiosity tempted her to make a modest bid, and the goods were knocked down to her for a song. When the box was opened at her home it was found to contain the complete parts of a Carrara marble memorial which could not have been bought in New York for less than $1000. At first it was like a white elephant on her hands, but by some strange perversity of fate her darling boy was killed shortly after, and the marble was shipped to the Philippines. — New York Press.

TOTES WOUNDED BROTHER ALL NIGHT.

John Thomas, a woodchopper, occupying a shanty on Washington Mountain, near Pittsfield, Mass., with his brother Frank, went to the woodpile to split wood. Thomas could not see well and one swing of the axe missed a block of wood and the keen edge plowed through Thomas' rubber boot and split the foot nearly in halves.

His brother bound up the foot and through two feet of snow and five-foot drifts Frank Thomas started for civilization carrying his brother on his back.

From 9 o'clock Sunday night until 4 o'clock Monday morning Thomas carried the wounded brother four miles. He finally reached a rural telephone and telephoned to a surgeon. The Pittsfield surgeon feared to make the attempt to climb the mountain.

Thomas got horses, attached them to a stoneboat and hauled the wounded woodchopper into Pittsfield, where his foot was sewed up. Only the superb physical condition and the grit of his brother saved John Thomas' life.

OVER THE TELEPHONE.

"Hello? Is this the information editor?"

"Yes."

"Who is the President of Nicaragua?"

"Wait a minute, and I'll—"

"But I want to know who's President now—not who's going to be President a minute from now!"—Chicago Tribune.

PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR

New York City. — Simple aprons that are attractive at the same time are the best possible ones for busy women. Here are two that are different in style, but both of which serve their purpose admirably well. The one to the left is somewhat simpler and is extended to cover the back of the skirt as well as the front, consequently it keeps the skirt protected

at the back as well as the front. The apron to the right includes a frill and somewhat more elaborate pockets. It is held by ties also and is attractive as well as practical. In the illustration the plain apron is made of sateen, but the apron with the frill is made of white lawn.

The plain apron is cut in one piece. It is circular and finished with a belt. The bib is separate and attached to

the belt, and the pockets are arranged on indicated lines. The fancy apron also is circular, but is finished with a frill and is gathered at its upper edge to make a slight fulness. It is finished with a belt to which ties are attached.

The quantity of material required is, for plain apron, two and a half yards twenty-four, one and three-quarter yards thirty-six or one and a half yards forty-four inches wide; for the fancy apron two and three-eighth yards twenty-four, one and five-eighth yards thirty-six, one and three-eighth yards forty-four inches wide.

Green Velvet Bag.

A touch of quick ribbon work for the last-minute gift is suggested by a strip of sage green ribbon velvet (satin backed), intended to be worn as a belt, and embroidered with rococo ribbon in a continuous vine stretching for eighteen inches along the centre of the belt and in design and color a forget-me-not of blue with green leaves almost the color of the velvet belting. No fastening is provided, but the velvet is left quite long, suggesting a bow to suit the wearer.

The New Tailor-Mades.

Many of the new tailor-mades are of cloth of most delicate coloring, such as cream, saxe blue, wistaria, apricot, pearl gray or even blush pink, the coat worn over a one-piece gown and not a blouse and skirt. Huge metal buttons figure on many of them, silk frogs appear on the front of some of the coats, some lace up the sides and handsome tassels seem never out of place.

The Short Coat.

The re-entry of the short coat is making one of the most entertaining features of the styles. Paris has out and out taken a stand for it, but here it is still tentative. The vogue of the short wrap is, however, well assured for the coming season.

Universally Becoming.

A novelty which is becoming to nearly all women is the guimpe of palest rose tulle or mousseline. It is less trying than that of cream or white, and gives sufficient brightness near the face.

Turbans Are Large.

New turbans are all large and generally are simply trimmed.

Gold Wire.

Fine gold wire is entwined through curls, while immense cabechons of dull coloring appear in the hair.

Wide Scarfs.

The new scarfs this years are wide, perfectly flat and very long, many reaching to below the knees in front.

Short Coats Predicted.

While the short coat has little vogue now it is predicted that it will be the leader in the styles next season.

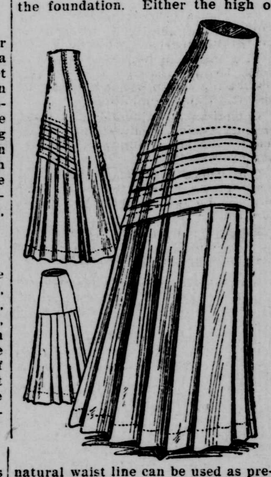
Without Collars.

One-piece dresses made without collars are often supplied with that very necessary article in a separate neckpiece made of gold net, finished with a velvet bow at the front.

Skirts With Tucked Over Drapery.

Walking skirts with short drapery giving an apron effect are new and smart. This one includes a full length box pleat at the back, which is graceful and will be found adapted to all skirting and suiting materials. In the illustration it is made of broadcloth finished with stitching, but it is just as well adapted to thinner materials; it will be charming made from linen or cotton poplin or anything of the kind.

The skirt is made with a gored foundation that fits perfectly over the hips, and to this foundation the straight pleated portion is attached. The tucked drapery is circular, and it and the box pleat are arranged over the foundation. Either the high or



natural waist line can be used as preferred.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is seven and three-quarter yards twenty-four or twenty-seven, four and seven-eighth yard forty-four or fifty-two inches wide; width of skirt at lower edge four and a half yards.

Bead Trimming.

As trimming on daytime dresses and evening robes, beads are used with great success. They are seen in all colors.

WOMAN'S KIND

Useful and Happy.

Try to be useful just where you are. Many of us are fond of imagining how much we should do if our circumstances were other than they are. But that is waste of time. The thing to do is to do as much as you can for others here and now, and so make the most of your opportunities.

Don't be so busy preparing for some vague future time when you will be happy that you have no time to be happy today. The future will soon be the present, and the chances are that, when it does come, we shall still be so busy planning that we shall miss our chance of happiness altogether.—New York Herald.

Life's Truths.

Life's best good is your share; why not take it?

God is never away from home.

Time of human flowering is here.

Wait for the command of your own soul; there is no right for you.

Help all to a higher ideal of life by presenting that ideal in your own personality.

Wonder not at the coincidences of your fortune and your days. Rather wonder that you ever thought them coincidences.

Go through life as a force, not as an apology.

—Mrs. Vance Cheney in Practical Ideals.

College Girls Study Babies.

Saying that it is as important that college women should be taught the scientific care of infants as that college men should study agricultural problems. Dr. Edna D. Day, professor of Home Economics in the University of Missouri at Columbia, has planned for the women students an elective course in the raising of babies. Forty women in Dr. Day's class, practically the entire number, have expressed their desire to begin work at once, and the first step will be taken when the class will visit the Parker Memorial Hospital at Columbia.

Dr. Day will lecture while a nurse bathes a baby. Such subjects as the temperature of the water, when and how often a soap should be used, what kind of towels are most sanitary and what kind of clothing must be used to keep the baby's skin from being irritated will be discussed.

Dr. Day believes that a nursery should be run in connection with the university where women of Columbia could leave their babies through the day.

Art in Lowly Homes.

Several women in the city are trying hard to introduce more artistic conditions into the homes of the poor, and Miss Grace Lincoln Temple is one of the leading spirits in the movement. She believes that women, no matter how little they can afford to spend on the luxuries of the eye and taste, ought to be taught how to get their money's worth in what is genuinely artistic and beautiful, instead of spending it on atrocities of painted china and cheap imitation bric-a-brac. At a meeting of children on the East Side a few days ago Miss Temple illustrated her remarks with an inkstand made in the likeness of a china pig, and warned her little hearers against such hideous incongruities. Miss Lincoln says the results of her efforts and those of her friends already are bearing fruit, and that prints of famous pictures are taking the places of gaudy lithographs or imitation flowers in many homes, parents and children alike being delighted with the change when they realize that representations of real works of art can be bought as cheaply as the tawdry imitation bronzes and "oil painting" with which so many of the poorer class of stores usually are filled.—New York Press.

Workers Cold to Suffrage.

The suffrage movement has made its appearance in Munich, but its advocates are disappointed at the lack of encouragement with which they have been received. The field was regarded as pre-eminently promising from the fact that the women of Munich give themselves to harder tasks than those of any other big city on either side of the Atlantic. They complete with men in almost every line of work. The street cleaning business they have almost entirely to themselves, and recently many of them sought and gained positions as "switchmen" on a new surface line that has just been opened. They are conspicuous in a green uniform suit and a green Tyrolean hat, and the costume of the women "messenger boys" in Munich makes them also marked by all foreigners. More than 30 percent of the hodcarriers employed in the building trade of the city are women, and they climb the ladders in the eight hours of their daily toil as stoutly as any of the men who work with them. The snag the suffragettes in Munich, as well as those in other German towns where similar conditions prevail, have struck is the fact that the women seem thoroughly contented with their lot. They earn fair wages, and, with the practical independence that it gives them, they refuse to be in the least interested in academic questions of equal rights and the ballot.—New York Press.

Why They're Upside Down.

"I'm glad," said the man, "that the season for open trolley cars is nearly over."

His sister raised her eyebrows.

"In every open trolley car I've taken lately," he continued, "I have seen women with medallion pins or some other kind of brooch at the back of their neck, and, three times out of four—yes, nine out of ten—the things have been upside down. I always thought that American women were pretty careful dressers, but I've had to revise my opinion.

my opinion."

His sister sniffed.

"Here," she said. "Take my cameo pin and just fasten it to the back of your coat collar."

With a reckless disregard to possible damage to the coat, the man did as requested. Without a word, the sister proferred him a hand glass, and, leading him to a mirror, told him to gaze at the pin. It was upside down.

"How in thund——" began the man.

His sister assumed the attitude of the teacher of the infant class.

"Now, you see that you'll have to revise your opinion some more," she said. "Putting on the pin which has a top and bottom so that it will be right side up when worn at the back of the neck is an art. I'll grant that few women have mastered it, but you shouldn't be so quick to blame them.

"It's this way. In putting in a pin you use your right hand, don't you? Well, the natural motion is from right to left.

"This is as it should be for the front of the dress, but just as soon as you begin to pin your collar at the back of the neck you must reverse the motion or have the figure on the pin reversed—it's generally the latter. You've got to put it on with your left hand and move from left to right, or, if you use your right hand, remember to move from left to right. Otherwise the figure will be upside down."

The man sniffed in his turn.

"Under these complicated circumstances, I'd suggest that they stop wearing the pesky things," he said.—New York Sun.

The Secret of Economy.

Good taste in interior decoration is not expensive. On the contrary, bad taste is.

And another thing that costs money in the end is haste in buying things.

The woman who has a small dress allowance certainly thinks long and carefully before buying the few articles of dress she can afford. She does not invest in a purple hat merely because it is pretty when she has a green, a pink and a red dress to wear with it. She thinks also of how long each thing is going to last and what it will look like when it is half worn. There are lots of women also who have sense enough to do this, and that is the main reason why the American woman is so well dressed as compared with those of other nations who buy haphazard. But, to return to our muttons, how many women have sense enough to buy their furniture in this thoughtful and deliberate way?

You enter a home of moderate means where nothing matches. Each article of furniture tries to outscream the others, and the whole thing is a horrible nightmare.

You go to another house and the minute you enter the living room the quiet, well matched tones subdue your nerves.

Now let us compare the cost of the two places.

In the artistic home the paper on the wall is plain green cartridge, the cheapest that can be bought; in the other is what is known as "parlor paper," all gilt scroll and embossed effects, and costs twice or three times as much.

In the artistic home the floor covering is green matting to match the paper; in the other it is an imitation oriental rug pattern that cost at least $25 or $30.

The walls of the good taste room are decorated with one or two good prints; the other walls are covered with colored pictures in showy gilt frames.

Then the furniture in the home of good taste is simple and comfortable in design. It comprises a morris chair, a box covered couca with green denim and one or two easy chairs.

The furniture in the other room consists of a showy "set" with a divan and chairs covered with cheap brocade and two or three gilt atrocities with seats done in bright colors. There are expensive portieres which do not match, but cost too much to give away, and a multitude of so-called "ornaments" scattered everywhere.

Even in the window curtains the difference may be seen. In the home of good taste they are a simple net; in the other place a loud flowered lace curtain takes their place.—New York Register.

Fashion Notes.

Large hats are the rule for evening wear.

Sleeves have a decidedly full tendency.

Velvet shopping bags are returning to favor.

Purple stockings are the season's novelties.

Long plumes are to sweep about the new big hats.

White suede gloves are most popular for evening.

Tulle and maline were never more popular than now.

Ermine is being more used than for many seasons past.

The Colonial coiffure is bewitchingly pretty for the evening.

Small bows are replacing the large ones for tying the young girl's hair.

Crystal and gold bugles are used for outlining designs in lace on many handsome gowns.

Turbans with dull gold trimmings and flowers of tarnished metal, are worn for evening.

Sealskin in combination with the soft shades of panne velvet is seen in many a dressy hat.

A favorite pattern in the silk muffers is the polka dot. The dots are large and plentiful.

White homespun and blanket weaves are in vogue for outing suits. They are also being used to make up garments for automobile touring.

Velvet and gilt are much used in Paris neckwear for the season, the velvet in tiny bands and edgings, and the gilt in embroidery, tassels and drops.

Drapery effects are progressing in dressy costumes, taking the form of real or simulated tunics, long full side draperies, panniers and scarf-like folds.

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