LADY CAR;

—OR,—

THE SEQUEL OF A LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER VII. 8

Continued.

"Oh, that humbugging game. Do you think I'm a baby or a girl? I hate your tennis. It isn't a game for a man."

"Quantities and quantities of gentlemen play. Beau plays. Why, the officers play," cried Janet, feeling that nothing more was to be said.

Tom could not refuse to acknowledge such authority. "Well, then, it isn't a game for me, playing with girls and children. A gallop across country—that's what I like, and to see all father's old friends, and to hear what they thought of him. By Jove, Janet, father was a man!—not one to loung about in a drawing room like old Beau." Here the boy's heart misgave him a little. "Beau's kind enough," he said; "he doesn't look at a fellow as if—as if you had murdered somebody. But if father had lived—"

"I wonder—" Janet said, but she did not go any further. Her bright eyes, wondering under her black brows, were round with a question which something prevented her from putting. The possibility of her father having lived confused all her thoughts. She had an instinctive sense of all the difficulties conveyed in that suggestion. She changed the subject by saying unadvisedly, "How bad you look, Tom! Were you ill last night?"

He pushed her away with a vigorous arm. "Shut up—you!" he cried.

"You are always telling me to shut up; but I know you were to have taken Miss Ogilvie to dinner—that pretty Miss Ogilvie—and when you did not come, it put them all out, I heard Hampshire telling nurse. He said something about 'your boosing, Mr. Tom,' and nurse fired up. But afterward she cried—and mother has been crying this morning; and then you look so bad. Do tell me if you were ill, Tom."

He did not reply for some time, and then he burst out: "Mother's such a bore with her crying! Does she think I'm to be a baby all my life?"

"Do you know," said Janet, "you're very much like that portrait of father in the hall—that great big one with the horse? Mother looks frightened when she passes it. He does look a little fierce, as if he would have scolded dreadfully," the girl added, with the air of making an admission.

"I had rather have been scolded by him," cried the boy. "No, he wouldn't have scolded, he would have known better. A man like that understands fellows. Jan, we're rather badly off, you and me, with only a woman to look after us, and that Beau."

"Do you call mother a woman? You might be more civil," said Janet; but she did not contradict this assertion, which was not made for the first time. She, too, had always thought that the ideal father, the vague impersonation of kindness and understanding, who would never mock like Beau, nor look too grave like mother, was something to sigh for, in whose guard all would have gone well. But the portrait in the hall had daunted Janet. She had felt that those black brows could frown and those glowing eyes burn beyond everything that her softly nurtured childhood had known. She would not betray herself by a word or even a thought if she could help it, but it could not be denied that her heart sank. "I wish," she said quickly, "you'd leave off breakfasting, Tom, and come out with me for a walk. What is the good of pretending? One can see you don't want anything to eat."

"Walk!" said Tom. "You can get that little sap to walk with you. I've get to meet a fellow—Blackmore's his name—away on the other side of the town at twelve. Just ring the bell, Jan. In five minutes I must have Bess at the door."

"It's twelve o'clock now. Don't go to-day. Besides, mother—"

"What has mother to do with it?" cried Tom, starting up. "I'm going, if it was only to spite mother, and you can tell her so. Do you think I'm tied to mother's apronstring? Oh, is it you, Beau? I—am going out for a ride."

"So am I," said Beaufort, entering. "I thought it likely that would be your intention, so I ordered your horse when I ordered mine. Where did you say you were going? I caught somebody's name as I came in."

"He said he was—a friend of my father's," said Tom, sullenly.

"Ah! it is easy for a man to say he is the friend of another who cannot contradict him. Anyhow, we can ride together so far. What's the matter? Aren't you ready?" Beaufort said.

"He has not finished his breakfast," said Janet, springing to Tom's defense.

"Oh, nonsense! at twelve o'clock!" said Beaufort, with a laugh. And presently, notwithstanding the youth's reluctance, he was carried off in trumph. Janet, much marveling, followed them to the door to see them mount. She stood upon the steps, following their movements with her eyes, dimly comprehending, divining with her feminine instincts half awakened. Tom's sullen, reluctant look was more than ever like the portrait, which Janet paused once more to look at as she went back through the hall. She stood looking for a long time at the heavy, lowering face. It was a fine portrait, which Torrance had boasted of in his time, the money it had cost filling him with ill-concealed pride. It was the first thing which had shaken Janet in her devotion to the imaginary father who had been the god of her childhood. Tom was not so big; he was not tall at all—not more than middle height, though broadly and heavily made. It was very like Tom, and yet there was something in it which made the girl afraid. As she stood gazing with more and more uncertainty upon the pictured face, Lady Car came quickly into the hall—almost running—in evident anxiety and concern. She stopped suddenly as Janet turned round, casting a half-frightened, shuddering look from the picture to the girl before it. There was something like an apology in her nervous pause.

"I—thought Tom was here," she said.

"He has gone out riding—with Beau."

"With Beau?" Lady Car breathed something that sounded like, "Thank God!"

"Is there anything wrong—with Tom?" said Janet, gazing round upon her mother with defiance in her eyes.

"Wrong? I hope not. They say not. Oh, God forbid!" Lady Car put her hands together. She was very pale, with a little redness under her eyes.

"Then, mother, if there's nothing wrong, why do you look like that?"

"Like that?" Lady Car attempted a little laugh. "Like what, my dear?" She added, with a long-drawn breath, "It is my foolish anxiety; everybody says it is foolish. It is plus forte que moi."

"I wish you would not speak French. Tom," said Janet, "is well enough, though he doesn't look well. He ate no breakfast; and he looked as if he would like to take my head off. Isn't Tom—very like father?" she added in a low voice.

They were standing at the foot of the picture, a full-length, which overbore them as much in reality as imagination, and made the woman and the girl look like pigmies at his feet. Carry gave a slight shiver in spite of herself.

"Yes," she said faintly; "and, my dear—so are you, too."

Janet met her mother's look with a stolid steadiness. She saw Lady Car's eyes turn from the picture to her own form and back again, half sorry, half pleased. She had very little understanding of her mother, but a great deal of curiosity. She thought to herself that most mothers were pleased with such a resemblance—so at least Janet had read in books. She supposed her own mother did not care for it—perhaps disliked it because she had married again.

"You never told us anything about father," she said, "but nurse does a great deal. She told me how he—was killed. Was that the horse?"

"Yes," said Lady Car, with a trembling which she could not conceal.

"It is because you are sorry that you are so nervous?" said Janet, with those dull, light eyes fixed upon her, which were Torrance's eyes.

"Janet!" cried her mother, "do not ask me about it." She said in a low, hurried voice, "Is it not enough that it was the most terrible thing that ever happened? I cannot go back upon it."

"But afterward," said the girl, impelled by she knew not what—some influence of vague exasperation, which was half opposition to her mother and half disappointment to find the dead father, the tutelary divinity of this house to which she had been so eager to come, so different from her expectations—"afterward—you married Beau."

"Janet!" Lady Car cried again, but this time the shock brought back her dignity and self-control. "I don't know what has got possession of you, my dear, to-day. You forget yourself and me. You are not the judge of my actions, nor can I justify myself before you." She added, after a time, "Both Tom and you are very like your father. After a while he will be master here, and you perhaps mistress till he marries. Your father—might have been living now" (poor Carry grew pale and shuddered even while she pointed her moral)—"if he had not been such a hard rider, so—so careless, thinking he could go anywhere. Do you wonder I am anxious about Tom? You will have to learn to do what you can to restrain him, to keep him from those wild rides, to keep him—" Lady Car's voice faltered, the tears came to her eyes. "I believe it is common," she said, "that a young man, such as he is growing to be, should not mind his mother much. Sometimes, people tell me, they mind their sisters more."

"Tom does not mind me a bit," said Janet, "Oh, not a bit—and he will never marry. He does not like girls."

"Perhaps he will change his mind," said Carry, with a faint smile. "Boys often do. Will you remember what I have said, dear, if you should ever be mistress here?"

"But how can I be mistress? Where will you be? Why should there be any change?"

"The house is Tom's, not mine. And I shall be at my own house at Easton—if I am living."

"Oh," said Janet. Carry, though a little roused in her own defense, almost quailed before the look in the girl's eyes. "You will be happier then," she said, with the air of an assailant hurling a stone at his victim; "for you will be all by yourself—with Beau."

"Go upstairs, Janet!"

"I will not," she cried. "You said it was Tom's house, not yours. He would not let me be sent away out of his hall, from father's picture, for—anyone—if he were here."

Carry raised her eyes and saw him standing behind his child. There seemed a dull smile of triumph in his painted eyes. "You thought they were yours—but they are mine," Torrance seemed to say. "Both of them! their father's in every nerve-fiber—nothing to do with her."

CHAPTER VIII.

Apart from these painful struggles with her children, which were quite new to Lady Car, there were many things that pained her in her residence at the Towers.

First of all, there was her nearest neighbor, her dearest friend, her only sister Edith; the dearest companion of her life, who had stood by her in all her troubles, and to whom she had given a trembling support in her struggle, more successful than poor Carry's, against the husband her father had chosen for her. Edith had succeeded at last in marrying her only love, which was a poor marriage for an Earl's daughter. They had, indeed, finally both of them, made poor marriages; but what a contrast between them! Carry living ignobly with the husband of her choice upon Torrance's money, the result of her humiliation; while Edith was at the head of a happy, frugal family carefully ordered, with little margin for show or pleasure, but yet in all the plentitude of cheerful life, without a recollection to rankle, or any discord or complication in all her candid existence. Her father had not been able to force the will of Edith. She had not loved her John any better than poor Carry had loved in her early tender youth the lover of all her dreams, the Edward Beaufort who was now her husband; but Carry had not been able to resist the other husband, the horrible life. Even in that Edith had so much, so much the advantage over her sister! And then—oh, wonder to think of it—John—John, from whom nothing had been expected, except that he should show himself, as he had always done, the good fellow, the honest gentleman, the true friend he was, whether by development of his own respectable mind or by the influence of Edith (though she was never clever like Carry), or by the united force of both, John had long been one of the most important men in the district, member for his county, trusted and looked up to both by his constituency at home and the people at headquarters, who took his advice, it was said, on Scotch affairs more than any one's; whereas Edward—. Carry had long made that poignant comparison in her heart, but to see them together now bowed her to the ground with a secret humiliation which she could acknowledge—not to her sister, who also in the old days had put so much faith in Beaufort's genius; not to Edward himself—oh, no, to humiliate him. He did not seem to feel the contrast at all himself, or, if he did perceive it, he thought it apparently to be to his own advantage, speaking now and then of the narrowness of practical men, of the deadening influence of politics, and of how completely John Erskine's interest was limited to matters of local expediency and questions before Parliament. "And he used to have his share of intelligence," said all unconscious the useless man, whose failure his wife felt so passionately. Then, as if this were not enough, there was Jock, little Jock, who was younger than Janet, only fourteen, but already at Eton like Tom, and holding a place above that of the seventeen-year-old big lower boy. The reader must understand that this history is not of to-day, and that in those times big lower boys were still possible, though it is so no longer. Tom was only a lower boy, and little Jock might have fagged his cousin, had it not been that Jock was in college, on the foundation, saving the money which was not too plentiful at Dalmylian. "A Tug!" Tom had cried with contempt intensified by the sense of something in his mother's eyes, the comparison which made her heart sick. Little Jock at fourteen, so far above the boy who was almost a man. John Erskine, in his solid good sense, so much more important a man than Edward with his genius manque. It went to Carry's heart.

To be Continued.

Something Like a Buck.

The heaviest stag which has been killed this season in Scotland was a royal, which scaled 371 pounds. This immense beast was shot in Arran deer forest by one of Lord and Lady Graham's guests at Brodick Castle. The stags in Arran are remarkable both for size and quality, and the forest carries a heavy stock of red deer, and affords first rate sport. The shooting lodge on the west side of the island, where the best stalking is obtained during the first month of the season, is covered outside with over 200 pairs of deer horns.—London Truth.

The herring catch off the shores of England represents $15,000,000 annually.

Using Old Newspapers.

Crushed newspapers are splendid to clean lamp chimneys.

Wet in water they clean out the stove oven splendidly.

They can even be used for an iron holder in an emergency.

Irons not much soiled can be rubbed on old newspapers and thus made fit for use.

To wipe up spilled water or grease from the floor they save the wringing out of a cloth.

Torn in shreds, slightly dampened and scattered over the carpet, they keep down the dust when sweeping.

To clean the sink of its grease and sediment nothing is better, for the greasy paper can be at once burned after use.

Many times folded they will serve as a mat to stand hot and blackened pots or kettles on and thus save soiling the kitchen table.

The kitchen stove is kept bright and clean by rubbing it briskly after the cooking of each meal with old papers and thus saves many polishings.

A Last Day Strike.

The most interesting of recent panics was that caused by Prof. Falb's expectation of the end of the world on November 13, 1899. One paper, unimpressed, incorporated the information in its diary: "November 13—End of the world. November 15—Queen goes to Bristol." But, though we scoffed, some other countries took the matter very seriously.

In several towns in Russia workmen went on strike—because the last day was at hand and they wanted to spend the remaining hours with their families.—London Graphic.

FASHIONS OF THE DAY

New York City.—Girls' dresses that are made in jersey style are exceedingly becoming and exceedingly well liked. This one is novel and attractive and can be treated in two quite different ways. As illustrated the skirt is joined to the jersey portion, making a one-piece dress, but if preferred the jersey portion could be finished separately and the skirt joined to a body lining. White serge with

yoke of baby Irish lace are the materials illustrated.

The dress consists of the jersey portion and the skirt. The jersey portion is cut in tabs at the lower edge which are faced and turned over to form the trimming. The skirt is straight and pleated. The trimming portions on the waist are separate and are attached and the simple sleeves are made with upper and under portions. If the jersey portion is desired separate the skirt can be joined to a second body portion, preferably cut from thin lining material.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (ten years) is five and one-half yards twenty-four or twenty-seven, four and one-half yards thirty-two or three and one-half yards forty-four inches wide with one-quarter yard of all-over lace, one-half yard of silk for piping and trimming.

A French Blouse.

A new yet simple lingerie blouse is made of eyelet embroidery, with scallops turned upward toward the yoke and overlapping it. In the sleeve the edge of the embroidery is reversed, and the scallops turn down over a tucked cuff.

Eight Gored Skirt.

The skirt that is made in sections, or to give a panel effect, is an exceedingly smart one that is constantly growing in favor. This model is eminently graceful yet quite simple. It will be found adapted to all seasonable materials and also to those of the incoming season. One of the pretty novelties woven to give a suggestion of a check is the material illustrated and it is trimmed with buttons and simulated buttonholes, but buttons would be quite correct or the edges finished with stitching or trimmed in any manner preferred. The skirt is in walking length and consequently adapted to the street and to simple indoor gowns. It is graceful and becoming without meaning elaboration.

The skirt is made in eight gores and each alternate gore is made in two sections, the lower being pleated and joined to the upper, which is shaped at its lower edge. The closing is made beneath the box pleat at the back.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is eight and one-quarter yards twenty-four or twenty-seven, five yards forty-four or fifty-two inches wide. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is four and one-half yards.

Latest in Trimming.

Chenille embroidery or filet lace mesh is the latest thing for trimming all kinds of materials, and is suitable for chiffon, for cloth, silk or any of the novelty fabrics. One perfectly stunning piece has on a Caledonian green filet net, a Persian design in dull soft tones, much green used that harmonizes with the net. At the top edge is a narrow black satin band, and at the other a wider band, and an inch above a border design is a very narrow satin fold.

Gray Always Popular.

When in doubt, use gray. Do you know that fancy work positively need not be red, blue or pink? It doubtless has never occurred to you that you may substitute for these popular colors anything else, unless it be, perhaps, orange or dull green.

Bishop Sleeves.

Sleeves fulled into the armholes and gathered below the elbow into deep cuffs are seen in some ultra-fashionable afternoon gowns.

WOMAN KIND

Candy for Children.

The average healthy child of ten or 12 should be able to eat of pure candy the equivalent in weight of two or three lumps of sugar after his midday meal. This, however, should not be given him unless other proper foods in sufficient quantity are eaten and should never be allowed between meals. Butter taffy and molasses candy made at home of pure materials are especially to be recommended and may be consided valuable articles of food.—Woman's Home Companion.

Mourning.

A year is the shortest length of time to wear mourning for a parent. Some persons wear crepe, or crepe trimmings, for a year and then go into second mourning, which is black and white, gray and purple or lavender. Deep mourning may be shortened by wearing crepe for only six months, going into the lighter colors of second mourning at the end of that time. In the latter case any colors might be worn after a year. One never goes directly from crepe into colors.—New York Telegram.

Bring Out Embroideries.

Those who closely observe the new embroideries canot fail to have noticed a revival of the combination of lace and embroidery so popular two or three seasons ago. The designs, too, are similar, for one sees the crescent shape applique, the oval medallions and the long tab-like motifs. Therefore women possessing trimmings of this kind should bring them to light and make use of them as decoration on the new wash dresses.

The blind or satin stitch embroideries combined with imitation baby Irish are the most approved trimmings.—New York Telegram.

Smuggles Trees, Not Trinkets.

Smuggling if trees seems a peculiar action, but several women have engaged in it—not as a business, of course, but on their return from European trips. The trees are these attractive little Dutch cedars for Christmas. In American cities their price is high, whereas over in Rotterdam fine fat little trees in the most showy of majolica pots may be bought cheap. A thrifty matron from the Quaker City who was abroad recognized the possibility of such importations, and she bought a round dozen before she left Holland. When she disembarked on the side with her little forest, she suavely explained that she was passionately fond of green things, and sympathizing friends had presented the plants to aid her in passing the time on the ocean. The customs inspector did not have the courage to suggest the lumber duty applied to such trifles; so in they came. Friends are following Mrs. Penn's example.—New York Press.

Frequenter of Lectures.

The American woman alternates, occasionally combines, her beauty doctors and her mind trainers. Her aim is to get the maximum results out of a minimum of time. She is an inveterate lecture haunter, an unwearied frequenter of musicales and club discussions; but she insists that they be brief. She wants her culture in predigested tablets.

Her aim is to be up to the notch mentally and physically; to look charming, to be the mode in manner and appearance, and to be able to talk no, chatter—intelligently on any topic which may arise, to know a little of it. What more could one wish?

Are there higher aspirations? Of happy dwelling on loved and beautiful themes, of long hours of dreaming over great books, of the exaltation, the ecstacy, of listening.

While music pours on mortals
Its beautiful disdain;

of feeling the sentiment and charm of this wonderful picture or that without hastening to study the especial school to which they belong, or reading what the critics say about them; of these and of the inner and spiritual graces born of reverie and meditation on whatsoever things are lovely, the American woman is as ignorant as a savage.—Delineator.

The Small Waist.

The dressmakers say that the average waist measurement this year is 28 inches. Women with good figures own up to 30 inches, and one dressmaker who sews for well dressed women says that the smallest waist she has fitted in two years is 26 inches.

The doctors and health reformers should throw their hats to the skies in joyfulness. It is they who have preached from the house tops anent the terrifying evils of tight lacing. Fashionable women paid no attention to either class.

When Paris set down the law for a large waist, women followed it like sheep. Whether this reform is permanent or temporary, no one knows, not even the corset makers.

One thing is certain: it remains in style for this winter. The new corsets are built on these lines. There is no use trying to pull them in, for they won't pull; and the woman who wants to lace will have to go back a year or two in corsets and get old models.

American women are not going to the extreme that the Frenchwomen are in padding the front of the gown at the waist line with an oblong pillow to keep it straight. We allow some curve in at the waist line, but precious little in comparison with the curves of other days.

The wonderment of it is that women do not care a rap about the size of their waists. All they fret about is the size of their hips. They will go through any martyrdom to keep these on a straight line at back and sides.

Not much discomfort is experienced in doing this with the new corset. In truth, it is the most comfortable affair that has been invented and perfected in our time. Dress historians cannot go back to a period since Catherine de Medici evolved the boned stay and introduced it to the world, when it was so easy in fit.

Even in its infancy it was pernicious, for de Medici made it a court rule that the waist should be only 13 inches, and women brought all kinds of ills on themselves by adhering to it. Even Elizabeth of England, who introduced the stay into British society, allowed a trifle more latitude, for the beef-fed women of Britain were not as easily compressed as the chocolate-fed women of France.

It is a far cry from these days to ours, and, while the map of the world has been changed, the shape of corsets has remained the same.

The small waist died hard and some women there are who still think the hour glass figure is the mold of form.

But they look hopelessly outclassed by the woman with the healthy figure. It is only in their own minds when before their own mirrors that admiration is to be found.

It is rather remarkable to hear the tirades against the extra long corset by those who have not looked into its comfort and its physical advantages. A great deal is heard of the way the heavy bones bruise the flesh. The truth of it is the bones are not continued beyond the ordinary and comfortable length.

The stiffened coutil or brocade makes the bandage around the abdomen, and it can be pulled as tightly as a woman wishes, for it is no more or less than the bandage that physicians often urge every women to wear.

It supports the sensitive organs and keeps them from being attacked by cold. It gives a strong support to the lower muscles of the back and the end of the spine.

Another comment often heard against the modern way of adjusting the corset is the way that the flesh of the hips and abdomen is drawn up by the hands into the waist of the corset. It is true this is done for the purpose of gaining a better figure, yet physicians endorse it. It keeps the abdomen from sagging, which it is likely to do when it gets fleshy.

Of course, the greatest advantage of all in the present corsets, and the modern silhouette, is this large waist. When a woman does not try to pull in below 28 inches it means that her waist is not constricted, that her digestion has free play, and that her diaphragm is left unhindered.

Of course there is the other side. Ther always is. There are women, usually misguided girls, who attenuate their figures to a degree of absurdity. They do without meals, almost lap their corsets, cut their clothes as though they were building a tube instead of a gown, and are obsessed by the belief that the more they resemble a lead pencil the more fashionable they are. Flesh is bad; none but the Turks uphold it, but the figure that is reduced to a phantom has not beauty or charm in any country at any time.

One wants to reduce curves if they become too insistent, but one must have curves to reduce. It is difficult to make the American figure look like the French figure, for the latter is famous for what is cleverly called false thinness. It has no muscles to take into consideration; it is as soft and pliable as a kitten.

The American figure, or silhouette, must be individual and American women are making it so. They refuse the padded waist line because, as a rule, their figures are quite straight over the front of the waist. As their shoulders are wide and straight, therefore they do not affect the narrow, drooping line that is characteristic of the French.

With the modern corset, tight at the hips, loose at the waist and narrow at the bust, it would be absurd for them to indulge in the old method of padding the shoulders. So they adopt the French method without getting the same effect; that is, they cut the shoulders right into the armhole and no further, put in the sleeves without pleats or gathers, and omit canvas.—New York Times.

Fashion Notes.

Some of the white leghorns have the brims faced with black.

The Russian blouse is one of the prominent features of advance styles.

The coming season is to give much importance to thin stuffs of all kinds.

Flowers for the new hats are lovely when fashioned from tulle, braid and lace.

Gret round bolster muffs are rivals to the flat and large envelope affairs.

High shoes of white buckskin promise to be very popular the coming season.

Dresses of colored embroidery on white will be among the unusual gowns.

Quaint is a bag of white suede in a raised pattern of a swan outlined in brilliants.

Quaint is a bag of white suede in a raised pattern of a swan outlined in brilliants.

The new embroiderd French linens are very attractive and will be used for waists.

Many a gown will have the skirt made up of a series of ruffles of varying length.

The newest black silk stockings are embroidered up to the instep with tiny jet beads.

As long as the tunic remains in vogue border trimming will be continue to be liked.

Silk and cotton and silk and linen mixtures are to be much in evidence in dress materials.

The marabout handbag, which matches the turban, is one of the newest things to arrive.

It is not unusual to find four, five and even six kinds of lace in combination on a single gown.

The newest theatre bags are of gold cloth with a raised embroidery of gold cord in a pattern.

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