

# LADY BOUNTIFUL.

A STORY WITH A MORAL FOR SOCIAL THEORISTS TO ACT UPON.

## CHAPTER XLV.—Concluded.

It was most unfortunate that next day Miss Kennedy had such a dreadful headache that she found herself prevented from going with the rest. This was a great disappointment, and at the last moment old Mr. Maliphant could not be found, and they had to start without him.

How they performed the journey, how Harry managed to let most of the party go on before, because of his foolish pride, which would not let him form one of a flock all going out together, and how he with Captain Sorenson and Nelly came on after the rest, may be passed over.

When he got to Portman Square, he found the first detachment already arrived, and, to his boundless astonishment, his guardian, Lady Davenant, arrayed in her black velvet and the jewels which Angela gave her, looked truly magnificent. Was it possible, Mrs. Bormalack thought, that such a transformation could be effected in a woman by a velvet gown? She even looked tall. She received her friends with unaffected kindness, and introduced them all to Lord Jocelyn.

'Mrs. Bormalack, your lordship, my former landlady, and always my very good friend. Professor Climo, your lordship, the famous conjurer. And I'm sure the way he makes things disappear makes you believe in magic. Mr. Fagg, the great scholar; of whom, perhaps, your lordship has heard. Mr. Josephus Coppin, who has been unfortunate.' Lord Jocelyn wondered what that meant. 'Miss Rebekah Hermitage, whose father is minister of the Seventh Day Independents, and a most respectable Connection, though small in number. Captain Sorenson, your lordship, who comes from the Trinity Almshouse, and Nellie his daughter; and Mr. Goslett. And I think that is all; and the sooner they let us have dinner the better.'

Lord Jocelyn shook hands with everybody. When it came to Harry, he laughed, and they both laughed, but they did not say why.

'And where is Miss Kennedy?' asked her ladyship. And there was great lamentations. 'I wanted your lordship to see Miss Kennedy. Oh, there's nobody like Miss Kennedy—is there, Nelly?'

'Nobody,' said Nelly. 'There can be nobody like Miss Kennedy.' Lord Jocelyn was disposed for conversation, retained the mastery over his fingers, and began to prepare little tricks, and presently conveyed oranges into Lord Davenant's coat-tails without moving from his chair. And Daniel Fagg, whose cheek was flushed, and whose eyes were sparkling, rose from his chair and attacked Lord Jocelyn, note-book in hand.

'Is your lordship,' he began, with a perceptible thickness of speech—Lord Jocelyn recognized him as the man whom he had assisted at Stepney Green, and who subsequently took dinner with the girls—is your lordship interested in Hebrew scriptures?'

'Very much indeed,' said Lord Jocelyn, politely.

'Low me to put your lordship's name down for scription, twelve-and-six? Book will come out next month, Miss Kennedy says so.'

'Put up your book, Daniel,' said Harry, sternly, 'and sit down.'

'I want—show—his lordship—a Hebrew scription.'

He sat down, however, obediently, and immediately fell fast asleep.

Said Lord Jocelyn to Captain Sorenson: 'I remember you, captain, very well indeed, but you have forgotten me. Were you not in command of the "Sussex" in the year of the Mutiny? Did you not take me out with the 120th?'

'To be sure—to be sure I did; and I remember your lordship very well, and am very glad to find you remember me. You were younger then.'

'I was; and how goes it with you now, captain? Cheerfully as of old?'

'Ay, ay, my lord. I'm in the Trinity Almshouse, and my daughter is with Miss Kennedy, bless her! Therefore I've nothing to complain of.'

'May I call upon you some day, to talk over old times? You used to sing a good song in those days, and play a good tune, and dance a good dance.'

'Come, my lord, as often as you like,' he replied, in great good humor. 'The cabin is small, but it's cozy, and the place is hard to get at.'

'It is the queerest dinner I ever had, Harry,' Lord Jocelyn whispered. 'I like your old captain and his daughter. Is the hard-hearted dress-maker prettier than Nelly?'

Next to the captain sat Rebekah, looking prepared for any fate, and not unduly uplifted by the splendor of the scene. But for her, as well as for nearly all who were present, the word dinner will have a new and exalted meaning.

The length of the feast, the number of things offered, the appointments of the table, struck her imagination; she thought of Belshazzar and of Herod; such as the feast before her were those feasts of old; she tasted the champagne, and it took away her breath; yet it seemed good. Mr. Goslett seemed to think so too, because he drank so many glasses. So did the others, and being inexperienced in wine, they drank with more valor than discretion, so that they began to talk loud, but that was not till later.

'Do people—rich people—always dine like this?' asked Nelly of her neighbor.

'Something like this; yes, that is, some such dinner, though simpler, is always prepared for them.'

'I was thinking,' she said, 'how differently people live. I would rather live in our way—with Miss Kennedy—than in so much grandeur.'

'Grandeur soon becomes a matter of habit. But as for Miss Kennedy, you can not live always with her, can you?'

'Why not?'

'Well, she may marry, you know.'

Nelly looked across the table at Harry. 'I suppose she will; we all of us hope she will, if it is to stay with us; but that need not take her away from us.'

'Do you know Miss Messenger?'

'No,' said Nelly; 'she has been very kind to us; she is our best customer; she sends us all sorts of kind messages, and presents even; and she sends us her love and best wishes; I think she must be very fond of Miss Kennedy. She promises to come some day and visit us. Whenever I think of Miss Messenger, I think somehow, that she must be like Miss Kennedy; only I can not understand Miss Kennedy being rich and the owner of this great house.'

When the ladies retired at length, it became manifest that Josephus had taken more wine than was good for him. He laughed loudly; he told everybody that he was going to begin all over, classes and lectures and everything, including the Sunday-school and the church membership. The professor, who, for his part, seemed indisposed for conversation, retained the mastery over his fingers, and began to prepare little tricks, and presently conveyed oranges into Lord Davenant's coat-tails without moving from his chair. And Daniel Fagg, whose cheek was flushed, and whose eyes were sparkling, rose from his chair and attacked Lord Jocelyn, note-book in hand.

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'Prettier! why, there is no comparison possible.'

'Yet Nelly hath a pleasing manner.'

'Miss Kennedy turns all her girls into ladies. Come and see her.'

'Perhaps, Harry, perhaps; when she is no longer hard-hearted; when she has made the happy day.'

'This evening,' said Lady Davenant, when they joined her, 'will be one that I never can forget. For I've had my old friends round me, who were kind in our poverty and neglect; and now I've your lordship, too, who belongs to the new time. So that it is a joining together, as it were, and one don't feel like stepping out of our place into another quite different, as I shall tell Aurelia, who says she is afraid that splendor may make me forget old friends; whereas there is nobody I should like to have with us this moment better than Aurelia. But perhaps she judges others by herself.'

'Lor!' cried Mrs. Bormalack, 'to hear your ladyship go! It's like an angel of goodness.'

'And the only thing that vexes me—is it enough to spoil it all—is that Miss Kennedy couldn't come. Ah! my lord, if you had only seen Miss Kennedy! Rebekah and Nelly are two good girls and pretty, but you are not to compare with Miss Kennedy—are you, dears?'

They both shook their heads, and were not offended.

It was past eleven when they left to go home in cabs; one contained the sleeping forms of Josephus and Mr. Fagg; the next contained Captain Sorenson and Nelly, with Harry. The professor, who had partly revived, came with Mrs. Bormalack and Rebekah in the last.

'You seemed to know Lord Jocelyn, Mr. Goslett,' said the captain.

'I ought to,' replied Harry, simply; 'he gave me my education.'

'He was always a brave and generous officer, I remember,' the captain went on. 'Yes, I remember him well; all the men would have followed him everywhere. Well, he says he will come and see me.'

'Then he will come,' said Harry, 'if he said so.'

'Very good; if he comes, he shall see Miss Kennedy too.'

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### THE END OF THE CASE.

This dinner, to which her ladyship will always look back with the liveliest satisfaction, was the climax, the highest point, so to speak, of her greatness, which was destined to have a speedy fall. Angela asked Lord Jocelyn to read through the papers and advise. She told him of the professor's discovery, and of the book which had belonged to the wheelwright, and everything.

Of course the opinion which he formed was exactly that formed by Angela herself, and he told her so.

'I have asked them to my house,' Angela wrote, 'because I want them to go home to their own people with pleasant recollections of their stay in London. I should like them to feel, not that their claim had broken down, and that they were defeated, but that it had been examined, and was held to be not proven. I should be very sorry if I thought that the little lady would cease to believe in her husband's illustrious descent. Will you help me to make her keep her faith as far as possible, and go home with as little disappointment as possible?'

'I will try,' said Lord Jocelyn.

He wrote to Lady Davenant that he had given careful consideration to the Case, and had taken opinions, which was also true, because he made a lawyer, a herald, and a peer all read the documents, and write him a letter on the subject. He dictated all three letters, it is true; but there is generally something to conceal in this world of compromises.

He went solemnly to Portman Square, bearing these precious documents with him. To Lady Davenant his opinion was the most important step which had yet occurred in the history of the claim; she placed her husband in the hardest arm-chair that she could find, with strict injunctions to keep broad awake; and she had a great array of pens and paper laid out on the table in order to look business-like. It must be owned that the good feeding of the last two months, with carriage exercise, had greatly increased his lordship's tendency to sleep and inaction. As for the case he had almost ceased to think of it. The Case meant worry, copying out, writing and re-writing, hunting up facts, and remembering; when the Case was put away he could give up his mind to breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Never had the present moment seemed so delightful to him.

Lord Jocelyn wore an expression of great gravity, as befitted the occasion. In fact, he was intrusted with an exceedingly delicate mission; he had to tell these worthy people that there was not the slightest hope for them; to recommend them to go home again; and though the counsel would be clothed in sugared words, to renounce forever the hope of proving their imaginary claim. But it is better to be told these things kindly and sympathetically, by a man with a title, than by any coarse or common lawyer.

'Before I begin—Lord Jocelyn addressed himself to the lady instead of her husband—'I would ask if you have any relic at all of that first Timothy Clitheroe who is buried in your cemetery at Canaan City?'

'There is a book,' said her ladyship. 'Here it is.'

She handed him a little book of songs, roughly bound in leather; on the title-page was written at the top 'Saturday,' and at the bottom 'Davenant.'

Lord Jocelyn laid the book down and opened his case.

First, he reminded them that Miss Messenger in her first letter had spoken of a possible moral, rather than legal, triumph; of a possible failure to establish the claim before a committee of the House of Peers to whom it would be referred. This, in his opinion, was the actual difficulty; he had read the case as it had been carefully drawn up and presented by his lordship—and he complimented the writer upon his lucid and excellent style of drawing up of facts—and he had submitted the case for the opinion of friends of his own, all of them gentlemen eminently proper to form and to express an opinion on such a subject. He held the opinions of these gentlemen in his hands. One of them was from Lord de Esnignan, a nobleman of very ancient descent. His lordship wrote that there were very strong grounds for supposing it right to investigate a case which presented, certainly, very remarkable coincidences, if nothing more; that further investigations ought to be made on the spot; and that, if this Timothy Clitheroe Davenant turned out to be the lost heir, it would be another romance in the history of the Peerage. And his lordship concluded by a kind expression of hope that more facts would be discovered in support of the claim.

'You will like to keep this letter,' said the reader, giving it to Lady Davenant. She was horribly pale and trembled, because it seemed as if everything was slipping from her.

'The other letters,' Lord Jocelyn went on, 'are to the same effect. One is from a lawyer of great eminence, and the other is from a herald. You will probably like to keep them too, when I have read them.'

Lady Davenant took the letters, which were cruel in their kindness, and the tears came into her eyes.

Lord Jocelyn went on to say that researches made in their interest in the parish registers had resulted in a discovery which might even be made into an argument against the claim. There was a founding child baptized in the church in the same year as the young heir; he received the village, with the day of the week on which he was found for Christian name; that is to say, he was called Saturday Davenant.

Then, indeed, his lordship became very red, and her ladyship turned still paler, and both looked guilty. Saturday Davenant! the words in the book. Suppose they were not a date and a name, but a man's whole name instead!

'He left the parish,' said Lord Jocelyn, 'and was reported to have gone to America.'

Neither of them spoke. His lordship looked slowly around the room, as if expecting that everything, even the solid mahogany of the library shelves, would vanish suddenly away. And he groaned, thinking of the dinners which would soon be things of the golden past.

'But, my friends,' Lord Jocelyn went on, 'do not be downcast. There is always a possibility of new facts turning up. Your grandfather's name may have been really Timothy Clitheroe, in which case I have very little doubt that he was the missing heir; but he may, on the other hand, have been the Saturday Davenant, in which case he lived and died with a lie on his lips, which one would be sorry to think possible.'

'Well, sir—if that is so—what do you advise that we should do now?' asked the grandson of this mystery. He seemed to have become an American citizen again, and to have shaken off the aristocratic manner.

'What I should advise is this. You will never, most certainly, never get recognition of your claim without stronger evidence than you at present offer. On the other hand, no one will refuse to admit that you have a strong case. Therefore I would advise you to go home to your own people, to tell them what has happened—how your case was taken up and carefully considered by competent authorities—here he named again the lawyer, the herald, and the peer—'to show them their opinions, and to say that you have come back for further evidence, if you can find any, which will connect you beyond a doubt with the lost heir.'

'That is good advice, sir,' said the claimant. 'No, Clara Martha, for once I will have my own way. The connection is the weak point; we must go home and make it a strong point, else we had better stay there. I said, all along, that we ought not to have come. Nevertheless, I'm glad we came, Clara Martha. I sha'n't throw it in your teeth that we did come. I'm grateful to you for making us come. We've made good friends here, and seen many things which

we shouldn't otherwise have seen. And the thought of this house and the meals we've had in it—such breakfasts, such luncheons, such dinners—will never leave us I am sure.'

Lady Davenant could say nothing. She saw everything torn from her at a rough blow—her title, her consideration, the envy of her fellow-citizens, especially of Aurelia Tucker. She put her handkerchief to her eyes and sobbed aloud.

'You should not go back as if you were defeated,' Lord Jocelyn went on, in sympathy with the poor little woman. 'You are as much entitled to the rank you claim as ever. More; your case has been talked about; it is known; should any of the antiquaries who are always grubbing about parish records find any scrap of information which may help, he will make a note of it for you. When you came you were friendless and unknown. Now the press of England has taken you up; your story is romantic; we are all interested in you, and desirous of seeing you succeed. Before you go you will write to the papers stating why you go, and what you hope to find. All these letters and papers and proofs of the importance of your claim should be kept and shown to your friends.'

'We feel mean about going back, and that's a fact,' said his lordship. 'Still, if we must go back, why, we'd better go back with drums and trumpets than sneak back.'

'Ah!' said his wife, 'if you'd only shown that spirit from the beginning, Timothy!' He collapsed.

'If we go back,' she continued, thoughtfully, 'I suppose there's some sort of work we can find, between us. Old folks hadn't ought to work like the young, and I'm sixty-five, and so is my husband. But—'

She stopped, with a sigh.

'I am empowered by Miss Messenger,' Lord Jocelyn went on, with great softness of manner, 'to make you a little proposition. She thinks that it would be most desirable for you to have your hands free while you make those researches which may lead to the discoveries we hope for. Now, if you have to waste the day in work you will never be able to make any research. Therefore Miss Messenger proposed—if you do not mind—if you will accept—an annuity on your joint lives of six hundred dollars. You may be thus relieved of all anxiety about your personal wants. And Miss Messenger begs only that you may let this annuity appear the offering of sympathizing English friends.'

'But we don't know Miss Messenger,' said her ladyship.

'Has she not extended her hospitality to you for two months and more? Is not that a proof of the interest she takes in you?'

'Certainly it is. Why—see now—we've been living here so long, that we've forgotten it is all Miss Messenger's gift.'

'Then you will accept?'

'Oh, Lord Jocelyn, what can we do but accept?'

'And with grateful hearts,' added his lordship. 'Tell her that. With grateful hearts. They've a way of serving quail in her house that—' He stopped and sighed.

They have returned to Canaan City; they live in simple sufficiency. His lordship, when he is awake, has many tales to tell of London. His friends believe Stepney Green to be a part of Mayfair, and Mrs. Bormalack to be a distinguished though untitled ornament of London society; while as for Aurelia Tucker, who fain would scoff, there are her ladyship's beautiful and costly dresses, and her jewels, and the letters from Lord Jocelyn Le Breton and the rich Miss Messenger, and the six hundred dollars a year drawn monthly, which proclaim aloud that there is something in the claim.

There are things which cannot be gained. Nevertheless, no new discoveries have yet rewarded his lordship's researches.

(To be Continued.)

## Astronomy in the Tropics.

Valuable scientific discoveries in the line of astronomy are expected from the observatory station which has been located by the Harvard College at Arequipa, Peru, owing to the irregularity of the meteorologic conditions, in addition to the fact that the mornings, with few exceptions, are bright and sunny throughout the year, the rain, during the wet season, falling during the afternoon and evening. The observatory is 8,055 feet above the sea, and is therefore considerably higher than any other station in the world having so extensive an equipment. It is considered, however, that the exceptionally steady seeing is due more to the excessive dryness of the climate than to the elevation.

Frank C. Ives, the champion billiard player, sailed for Havre Saturday morning on the steamship La Bourgogne. He was accompanied by his wife.

He (fishing for loving protestations)—My angel, I do not believe I am worthy to be your husband. She (thoughtfully)—That's just what my mother says.