

# A HAPPY HOUSEHOLD.

By MARGARET LEE,

Author of *Divorce—A Brooklyn Bachelor—Lorimer and Wife—Etc.*

## CHAPTER IV.

The friends occupied connecting rooms in the hotel, and, not feeling sleepy, put on dressing-sacks and held council of war.

"I had no idea that she was so handsome," said Miss Everett. "Larry never alluded to her appearance in his letters; he only mentioned her incidentally, as he did her grandmother."

"He is clever, Mollie."

"Indifferent, I think. He can't possibly see very much of her. I wonder who makes her dresses! That shade of blue is so lovely and becoming, and the drapery was very artistic. I couldn't make up my mind whether it was India silk or satin."

"Satin, I'm sure. They are not well off. Did you notice how old everything looks? Perfect antiques! Isn't Mr. Minturn a teacher? Your brother pays him, I suppose for his services."

"Daphne, you puzzle me. I really know nothing about the arrangements. I am anxious to see more of the family; these people interest me."

"I suppose your mother could tell you something about their means."

"Oh, yes. To-morrow we'll make more notes."

Everybody was to rise early the next morning, as the drive to the mountains would occupy several hours, and the lunch was to be eaten with appetite in a charming glen through which a mountain stream ran merrily murmuring. When the carry-all appeared, Rose was sitting beside her father, and laughingly insisted upon keeping her place, as she intended to take the reins when the road was smooth. Everett sat with his sister and Miss Van Ness. The elders were comfortable in the middle of the vehicle; and off they went with full baskets and light hearts.

When Rose was driving, her father could lean backward and talk to Mrs. Everett, and the conversation and laughter from the rear seat were unflagging.

At the entrance of the glen the party alighted, and Everett assisted Mr. Minturn to care for the horses. Rose led the way to the opening in the wood—a lovely spot, shaded by giant pines, fragrant with their balsam and carpeted with their needles. A few benches were in sight, and the rippling stream furnished soothing music. The wild flowers on the banks, admiring their own reflections and nodding to them in the breeze, excited Miss Van Ness. Rose offered to gather some, and sure-footed and self-reliant, took her way over the mossy rocks and wet, slippery roots and grasses.

Everett joined his sister, and saw the proceedings with surprise and alarm. Miss Minturn was intent on her object, and perceived, almost within reach a gorgeous cluster of the coveted blossoms. She put her foot on a small flat, deceptive rock and as she stretched for her prize the stone turned. However, as it moved, Miss Minturn sprang forward to a large solid boulder, and busily secured her flowers.

"Bravo!" shouted Everett.

She turned and waved her bunch at him, and then looked about her. The treacherous little stone had rolled over, and there was a decided prospect of wet feet in either direction.

"Stay where you are!" called Everett, and hastened to the rescue.

They had a great deal to say to each other while he found and placed a stepping-stone.

"You are lucky to be so sensibly dressed. If your skirt had been an inch longer you would have tripped in it and injured yourself badly."

"I was very fortunate," she said, gently. "You see, I am used to climbing."

He noticed that the flush of fright still made roses of her cheeks, and her hands were trembling.

"Shall I take them?"

"Oh, no! It will attract notice. I'll feel shaky for a few minutes; so let us go back slowly. Did father see me?"

"No. He is fussing with a fire. He thinks mother would enjoy hot tea."

"Then you take these flowers to Miss Van Ness, and I'll find daddy."

"Thank you, I've just had three hours of Miss Van Ness. So you took that climb to gratify her?"

"Yes, but I've often done it to please myself. I'm strong and active."

"Very true."

"Isn't it charming here?"

"Very. How does it happen that I haven't seen this little paradise?"

"It takes so long to get here, and you count the hours."

"That's so. I shouldn't be here now."

"You'll work all the better to-morrow for this rest and distraction."

"How do you know?"

"Because daddy has often described the potency of a complete change for the mind."

"I hope he is right. Only a few weeks more, now, and my fate will be decided."

"Can't you manage to need my services?"

"I'll call you in a few moments."

"How lovely!" cried both girls, as Rose gave them the flowers. "Are you hurt?" asked Miss Everett. "We noticed how slowly you returned."

"Not at all."

"Mr. Everett seems out of sorts," said Miss Van Ness. "I think he is hungry."

Rose smiled archly and hurried off to her duties as hostess. Everett joined her, declaring himself to be a most accomplished amateur butler, and succeeded in decorating the table and arranging it perfectly. The edibles disappeared, the moments passed unheeded. Everyone was surprised when Mr. Minturn proceeded to turn the carry-all and bring the horses from the improvised paddock.

"Come, Miss Mollie, don't you want to help me drive? All down hill and the sun setting; you will enjoy it."

Miss Everett was delighted and Rose found the exchange interesting.

Miss Van Ness replied when directly addressed, and Everett was in a deep reverie. The strange silence might be the result of several causes acting together—slight physical fatigue, the soporific atmosphere, the stillness of nature at dusk.

The dreamy, meditative drive ended. The sight of the hotel was the signal for general speech.

"Now, can't you come over in the afternoon to-morrow?" asked Mrs. Everett. "No formality, I beg of you. Mr. Everett may arrive on the morning train, and you will have so much to say to him that I am sure the time will pass pleasantly."

"Certainly. We can leave home directly after lunch," said Mr. Minturn. "Then we shall look for you early."

Rose had a view of the quartet as the horses started. Everett holding his hat and watching her as if still in his reverie. The next day he sought her as soon as his work was finished. She was not visible on the lower floor, nor in the garden, so he ran up the broad staircase and discovered her in the wide hall, which was fitted up with easy-chairs, a desk, book-cases and her sewing-table. She was bending over the lounge, on which was spread out a white silk gown with delicate lace draperies.

"Gracious! Are you going to wear that?"

"Yes—do you think your father will approve of it? I am sure some of these folds are ripped. Oh, there's the place! It won't take long to tack them. Would you prefer a color? Daddy likes me best in white dinner dresses."

"Why, you'll look like Cinderella at the ball, won't you? Do you want the scissors?"

"Yes, thank you. Go on and tell me what I can do for you. Did your brain work all right this morning?"

"On the whole, yes; but I want to ask you something. Do you care to go to Newport now?"

"Go to Newport now! What are you thinking about? I have no desire to go to Newport—no intention of going there."

"But suppose mother invites you to join the party?"

Rose held her needle in the air for a moment, shook her head, and then carefully put the point in the lace folds.

"You couldn't be tempted, eh?"

"No, indeed. I've been to Newport for several seasons."

"You have?"

"Oh, yes. Grandma has several friends that live there all the year round. I like it best in early spring. Then, it is exquisite there. Once the crowd comes, it is like being in the city. I don't like human nature wholesale."

"You don't?"

"No—it is too much for me. It affects me like an exhibition of fine pictures. One cannot do justice to them. If I could take them one at a time, I should enjoy each and find its beauties and appreciate them."

"I'm glad I spoke. They are going to spring this invitation upon you to-day, and feel quite sure that your father will decide to let you accept it."

"Oh, well, daddy never decides anything for me. Besides, he always goes with me when I leave home. We wouldn't be happy separated."

"May I stay to lunch and drive over with you?"

"Of course. I suppose you want to see me as Cinderella."



Morro Castle, Guarding Mouth of San Juan Harbour, Puerto Rico.

ture formed by the young people.

"It isn't there."

"Is that fair?"

"I don't want to wear it to-day."

"Oh!" Everett's tone was inscrutable.

"Don't you think those are very nice?"

"Which means that the one is too nice."

Rose gave him a steady look.

"You might not think of it as I do."

"But you wouldn't take any risk."

Mr. Minturn had approached, and was looking over the ornaments. It was evident that he had not seen them for some time. Rose put her hand in his, and he pressed it gently. "The fact is, Everett, I had the piece made for Rose, and in the associations lies the charm. It makes its appearance on family festivals. It is not as showy as these diamonds, nor as valuable."

Everett recovered himself.

"You have a favorite here?"

She nodded and smiled.

Everett put his finger on it and met her glance. Her eyes dilated; she blushed with satisfaction.

"You see, I was wise to run no risk."

"So you succeeded," said Mr. Minturn, strolling toward the door. "Lunch is ready, and I hope you are as hungry as I am."

"When may I see the first choice?" asked Everett, holding the second, while Rose replaced the cases and locked the safe.

"If you will come to tell us that you have passed, I'll put it on in your honor."

"You will?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll do my best to see it."

CHAPTER V.

Lunch being over, Everett withdrew to the porch, and made himself comfortable. Before long a rustling on the stairs attracted him; and, leaning forward, he had a view of Rose in her most becoming dress. Her eyes were shining with delight in her own appearance. Her cheeks flushed as she caught his glance of pleased surprise mingled with admiration.

"Is it a success?"

"Perfect! How did you get your hair up so beautifully?"

"Oh, I watched a hair-dresser one night last winter. She took an hour; I can do it in ten minutes. I'm always first in the field. Daddy takes forever to put his studs in; but he looks like a somebody when he is ready."

"I think he conveys that impression generally."

"So do I. There isn't anybody in the world like my daddy! Oh! there's the carriage! Doesn't Miller look grand! He always assumes extra dignity when he drives us anywhere. You'll see the neighbors run out to watch us pass. A formal dinner-party is an event. I'm so anxious to meet your father. Did he come?"

"Upon my word, I don't know. Wasn't he to come on the noon train?"

istence that my people pursue. With us the word 'home' is a mockery. It means a round of visits, receptions, and outside amusements. To be alone for a day is to be perfectly miserable. It was not so when I was a child. I remember when my parents were always together—companions and happy ones. The accession of wealth had the effect of gradually separating them. They wander apart all over the world. He is absorbed in money-getting; she in what she calls 'society.' They seem to have lost mutual sympathy. I am supposed to adopt a profession and to draw upon my father for what I need over and above my allowance. He is very liberal with me, but we don't appear to have an idea in common. There is a screw loose somewhere; there is something lacking in the education that we think so complete."

"Grandma has her own explanation of what you deplore."

"Your grandmother is a very superior woman. What is her solution of the problem?"

"She says the mothers are to blame. They are careful to dress their children beautifully, and send them to school; but they forget that the heart and the soul are capable of development, and need cultivation as much, as if not more, than the body and the mind. This neglect accounts for our well-dressed, brilliant young men and women, with shallow affections and no particular religious convictions."

"And, she might add, no fixed ideas of morality."

"How can you have morality without religion?"

"Is that your theory?"

"Oh, Mr. Everett, if you lived here for a while, you wouldn't theorize on the subject; you would be convinced by facts."

"Your grandmother educated your heart and soul."

"Yes; as long as I can remember anything I can remember my faith!"

"I thought so. That is what I have been trying to discover—the secret of your daily life."

"You want to see my soul."

"It is presumptuous, I suppose; but Miss Minturn, if you knew the temptations that surround me at home and abroad—the battles that I fight daily with conscience—you would not refuse to tell me your faith."

"It is so very simple, Mr. Everett, I was a little creature when grandma told me that God made me and all the earth. That if I would love Him and try to be good, He would love me and take care of me. You see, it is the same idea that we are taught in regard to our parents. But this belief in the invisible Power that created all things appeals to the soul, and faith grows until we know that through Christ we commune with our Maker. Our spiritual life begins here, and is as real and as beautiful as our mental and physical existence. The triple nature expands, but the spiritual must control; every day we have proof of its immortality."

"And from this faith springs hope—"

"Yes, and love for others. They are the blossoms."

"I wish I stood on your sure ground."

"Why not? It is only to ask, and the blessing comes."

"To you, yes."

"To every one who loves and believes! Mr. Everett, I have never spoken like this to any one!"

"I know that."

"I think you are sincere. It is a comfort to be candid with you. Last year, there was a young student here—a Yale man, too. He was always discussing religion with those who would argue with him. All roads would lead to Rome. He was so aggressive. I could not understand why he wanted to deprive us of our faith when it made us so happy and did not interfere with his comfort."

"Did you reason with him?"

"I had very little to say to him. I always avoid these subjects; but I could not help hearing the conversations. He turned on me one day and spoke sneeringly of us all. He said it was all very well for us, who were cared for like rare exotics, to talk of our faith. We had nothing to try us; we knew nothing whatever of the world of its temptations, its troubles and its sins. I admitted that we were protected, and no doubt profoundly ignorant. But then, I said, 'you know we may have to be exposed, one of these days, to the very evils that you describe. Now, if we hold the faith and cherish it, we believe that when the time comes we shall have strength given us to resist temptation, to meet trouble like Christians, and to overcome sin.'"

(To Be Continued.)

My lord, said the prisoner to the judge, I should like to have my case postponed. My lawyer is ill and unable to attend. The judge took two or three minutes to consider. The case may be postponed he said at last, if you desire it. But I see here that you were taken in the act. What can your counsel have to say on your behalf? That's just what I want to know, my lord, said the prisoner.

Mother—Some men, you know, can be coaxed when they cannot be driven. Married Daughter—Oh, yes! but I should hate to be compelled to resort to persuasion.

## A SISTER'S HELP.

BROUGHT RENEWED HEALTH TO A DESPONDENT BROTHER.

His Health Had Failed and Medicines Seemed to Do Him no Good—Where Others Had Failed, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Met With Great Success.

Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.—Gentlemen,—A few years ago my system became thoroughly run down. My blood was in a frightful condition; medical treatment did no good. I suffered myself with advertised medicines, but with equally poor results. I was finally incapacitated from work, became thoroughly despondent, and gave up hope of living much longer. While in this condition I visited my father's home near Tara. A sister, then and now living at Toronto, was also visiting at the parental home. Her husband had been made healthy through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she urged me to try them.

I tried of trying medicines, I laughed at the proposition. However, later on she provided me with some of the pills and begged me to take them. I did so, and before I had used two boxes I was on the road to restored health. I am commending their good qualities almost every day I live because I feel so grateful for my restoration, and I have concluded to write you this letter wholly in the interest of suffering humanity. I am carrying on business in Owen Sound as a carriage maker. This town has been my home for 28 years and anyone enclosing a reply three cent stamp can receive personal indorsement of the foregoing. This much to satisfy those who cannot be blamed for doubting after taking so many other preparations without being benefited. You may do just as you like with this letter. I am satisfied that but for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would not be able to attend to my business to-day. Perhaps I would not have been alive.

Yours very sincerely,  
Frederick Glover

RIGHTS OF A PEERESS.

There are 10 women in Great Britain who are peeresses in their own right, not by marriage. While they are deprived of some of the rights held by the men who are peers, notably that of a seat in the House of Lords, they share others, such as the right to demand audience with the sovereign, to represent views on public welfare, to be tried by one's peers if convicted of felony. A peeress in her own right retains her title after marriage, no matter how humble her husband may be; but a peeress by marriage, if she becomes a widow, loses her title on re-marrying below her title. Sometimes the husband of a peeress takes his wife's name. For instance, Margaret of Newburgh, the celebrated Countess of Warwick, married John Marshall, and he became Earl of Warwick. Similar instances of the present day are the husbands of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who took the title of Baron. The state robes of peeresses are very gorgeous, consisting of crimson velvet trimmed with ermine in bars, the number of bars indicating the rank. A Duchess has four rows, a Marchioness three and a half and a Baroness two. The trains are two yards long.

The coronet of a Duchess is a circle of gold surmounted by eight gold strawberry leaves, mounted on a crimson velvet cap with a gold tassel. In the coronet of a Marchioness four of the gold strawberry leaves are replaced by silver balls, called pearls. A Countess wears a lovely coronet of eight silver balls, mounted on golden rays, mingled with gold strawberry leaves; a Viscountess a coronet of fourteen silver balls, while a Baroness has six silver balls in hers. These coronets are not worn except at coronation ceremonies of a new sovereign.

IMAGINE HER FEELINGS.

Nobody but a careful housekeeper could imagine them, but others may enjoy the store in their measure. It is related by the Washington Post, and the lady of the story has not long been married.

Of course, among her wedding presents, there were bits of dainty china and cut glass of every description. She is exceedingly proud of her treasures, and has a perfect jewel of a maid, who hasn't broken a single piece, not to speak of chipping it, by far the worse offence.

One afternoon not so very long ago the mistress came home and found the maid out. An hour or so later the domestic returned. Her arms were full of bundles, and she carried a basket. Her face was radiant.

"Oh," she said, "the table was perfectly lovely! It was just exactly the way you fix yours when you have company—candles and everything. It was just too sweet! Everybody thought so."

"What are you talking about?" asked the mistress.

"Why," answered the maid, "the luncheon my sister gave to-day. I didn't have time to ask you, but I knew you wouldn't mind. Nothing's broken. And unwrapping her bundles, she disclosed to her mistress's astonished eyes the very pick of all the cherished wedding china and glass, not to mention sundry pieces of silver. They had adorned the luncheon, and the table was perfectly lovely."

The Sisters of Charity, "Grey Nuns," Gay street, Montreal, write:—"Having made use of your 'Quickcure' in our establishment, we are happy to add our testimony, also in its favor."