

A HAPPY HOUSEHOLD.

By MARGARET LEE,

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CHAPTER XV.

A few days after Mr. Pounce's dinner-party Rose met Powers at an afternoon reception. "I heard of your conquest," he said, with a quizzical glance and a quick sense of bewilderment when Rose started and flushed prettily. Her silence was perplexing. "The old gentleman is completely fascinated. I understand you had the head of the table and ate from his most sacred china. Is it true that you were the only young guest?"

"Yes, he asked a number of grand-ma's friends to meet us. It was very nice. They discussed old times and I enjoyed the collections. I go there every morning for an hour or two to look at his treasures. They are beautiful."

"So I am told. He doesn't approve of me. I am an idler. I don't paint on anything or model clay. I can't write prose or poetry, and I am not in business. I am a good-for-nothing. He is regarded as the most curious object in his own possession. I am glad you like him, for his sake. The man has foreworn humanity for worship of art. You may arouse his better nature; perhaps he will discover that there is something living that is worthy of attention and admiration."

"Perhaps we are not capable of judging him," Rose said, gently. "He must be quite an old man, now."

"Yes, and so rich that he can't spend his income. However, he does buy pictures at good prices."

Rose repeated some of Mr. Pounce's ideas of art and artists, and Powers seemed interested in the old man's views.

"He is perfectly correct in some respects. A majority of our men forget that they are Americans, and swallow everything French—good, bad, and indifferent. They come back covered with their thin French veneer, and think they honor us when they insult our taste with their weak reproductions of bad French models. I remember one of them dining with me. He treated me to little French sentences, and turned his long periods with quotations from French writers. I can hardly give you the ludicrous side of it. The conversation had a general family resemblance to the bill of fare."

"Didn't you protest?"

"No. I have outgrown that sort of thing. He had acquired the knack of connecting his words; so that I lost the point of his best stories. I rejoiced; but it nettled him not to be fully appreciated."

"I suppose he thought in French."

"Undoubtedly. I can assure you he hasn't fared sumptuously at my expense since."

"Were his pictures good?"

"They were like him and his conversation. You know a man puts himself into his work. However, Miss Minturn, we have some men who realize that genius has a body and legs as well as wings, and that it must occasionally creep. They will be the founders of our Academy. They can see as much in the violet at their feet as if it bloomed three thousand miles away. They are the men that our members of the Croesus Club should take care of."

"If they only would! I cannot imagine what a man wants with so much money!"

"Why, avarice is a passion, or a disease, like love and jealousy. These men go on rolling up wealth like a snowball till they die of exhaustion trying to move it. There is a fine field for large-hearted patrons of living genius. But somehow or other they don't come forward."

"Perhaps the American spirit of equality is against anything that suggests patronage."

"Why, those old Italians like Lorenzo di Medicis knew how to treat men of genius! They assisted them to produce great work without wounding their pride and sensibility. A man must have time and opportunity to become great. One drawback lies in the fact that wealth is not stationary with us. An Astor or a Vanderbilt might give the world a famous painter."

"A stock company that would take all his pictures and allow him a good income would be more American and modern."

Powers looked amused.

"Isn't that Miss Van Ness standing near the window?" said Rose.

"You are right. She looks like a drop-curtain."

"I suppose it is an imported dress."

"No doubt. Something French designed for the American market. No French woman would tolerate such a costume. Are you going now?"

"I must. I have an engagement; but you needn't leave these beautiful palms and flowers."

"Indeed, yes. I want to walk down the Avenue. There are so many pretty houses to admire."

"You're still determined to go home?"

"Oh, yes. In a day or two, we leave town."

"I should think common sense would have something to do with the matter. For instance, only consider the value of that piece of property. The people who control it could sell it and buy a township in a country place. Those orphan children could have space and ideal surroundings and every facility for learning useful occupations. As it is, they only half live. Suppression is the corner-stone of their existence."

"Why, as you say, they would make a little town by themselves. They could farm, and carry on business, and work at trades. I wonder the idea hasn't suggested itself to the managers. This is such a progressive period!"

"Progressive in talking and writing about reforms, yes; but you would be amazed at the old-fogism that obtains."

"Think of all the scientific articles that are published."

"I know, but science inside the covers of a magazine doesn't work miracles. Just look at the buildings they monopolize one of the most valuable sections of Manhattan Island! When they were built they were isolated; ground was cheap. Now the city has grown beyond them; but there they remain. Asylums and hospitals are necessarily overcrowded, and so add materially to the high death-rate. They should be removed beyond the city limits, and the owners would gain in money and the children and patients in health. Science declares against such buildings as these immense hospitals. Wood-son ones, isolated, and of small dimensions, that could be burned occasionally, are recommended by modern scientists. I tell you, applied science is the useful thing. It is sad and yet laughable to read the ideas of sound, advanced thinkers, and then look about and see the slow, happy-go-lucky world, taking its own time to investigate and try their benefits."

"The world is just like a conservative man or woman—very hard to convince."

"Precisely."

"Father claims that selfishness is the root of the evil. People won't advocate changes that may interfere with their personal welfare. He gave up a lucrative professorship because he was convinced that the methods that he had to pursue were wrong. But, you see, he could afford to have the courage of his convictions. He was an exception."

"I understand you. Perhaps I can tell you my reasons for adopting a life of leisure. To begin with, I was educated after the English plan. Private tutors fitted me for college, and while I held my own creditably, I didn't exhibit any strong leaning to one special line of work. My father left me a very comfortable income, and I have never been convinced that I should invest my principal in a business that I did not understand, or risk it in wild speculations that promised a higher rate of interest. I find life very entertaining and pleasant, and I can spend time sensibly and profitably if his tastes have been properly directed and his mind cultivated. I have been reflecting seriously upon the pleasures and comforts of a home out of town, such as yours, for instance."

Rose looked up with a bright smile.

"You should come to see it, and then you will be able to judge better of its advantages."

"The whole thing is easily stated. A man must live in town if he has his living to earn. If his income is assured to him, he can make his home where he pleases."

"And he can concentrate his energies on making a home very beautiful and happy."

Powers was silent and Rose grew serious. He accepted her invitation to enter when they reached the hotel, and she led the way into the little parlor, half wondering why he had come in with her. She had a letter from Everett to answer and a dinner dress to think about, and the short afternoon was nearly over.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Powers, as she faced the bright fire. Her attitude was charming and her expression full of repose. She turned her glance to his and laughed merrily, stretching out her hand. Powers took a cent from his vest-pocket and gravely put it in her pocket.

"I was debating between a black lace dress and a white one. Mollie may prefer white."

"That was a very sensible investment. Do you know the dinner-party had gone entirely out of my head?"

"I never forget a dinner engagement! You must be quite abstracted. I'll take a cent's worth."

"I am abstracted and distracted. Miss Minturn, the fact is that I love you."

"There—you mustn't say another word about it. I am sorry I asked you."

"Why must I be silent?"

"Because I can't listen to you. See here!"

Rose drew off her long gray glove and held out her hand. The ruby flashed in the fire-light. Powers spoke with suppressed passion.

"That boy has got ahead of me!"

"He isn't a boy any longer, Mr. Powers. I think you forget that he is twenty-five. He seems much older than that to me. I suppose because I know so little and he knows so much. I wish you wouldn't look so grieved over the matter."

"I didn't realize that my youth was gone."

"That isn't so. I really thought that you and Mr. Everett were the same age."

"You are kind to say so."

Powers had risen and was near the door when he said abruptly:

"I don't believe you will see me at dinner. I'll send some excuse."

"I feel so bewildered. I thought you only cared to chat with me. I was sure you would be pleased with my engagement."

"You forgot that we are all free to love what is lovable and admire the beautiful. You are not more responsible than the sunshine or the lily. Whatever I may suffer I don't want you to think any more about what has passed between us. So far as your engagement is concerned, I could not but approve of it. Perhaps I may bring myself to be able to congratulate you. I can't do it now."

He left the room and shut the door after him. Rose sat down, quite overwhelmed by this unlooked-for revelation.

CHAPTER XVI.

"You are the dearest daddy in the world, I am sure!" said Rose, looking up from a letter and meeting her father's glance. "You are not in the least bit jealous of Larry; you don't object to my spending hours with his letters."

"I think they must be very unusual love-letters, judging by the bits you read to me."

"They are so interesting. He is so busy, too. This is the sixth of May. I count the days now."

"Yes, the months have gone very imperceptibly. May will vanish like smoke, and in June we must be looking for nice rooms in New Haven. You will enjoy everything."

"Isn't he good to try for so many prizes?"

"He might as well, considering his strength and ability. His early advantages will help him now. Culture shows in a prize essay and makes it tell. A year has made material changes in his prospects. It is amazing how much will happen within a short period."

Rose smiled sympathetically and indulged in a charming reverie. Her father noted how she put the voluminous letter in her pocket, and presently wandered out in the garden to watch the new foliage and enjoy the early blossoms. Later, he saw her seated under her favorite tree, the letter open in her hands. He strolled off in an opposite direction. Her happiness was something to think of—a beautiful treasure that he never grew weary of contemplating.

In the afternoon he saw her intercept the boy with the mail, and return empty-handed to her garden bench. She made no effort to hide her anxiety, when he joined her, bringing with him the New York papers and his own letters.

"Come, my pet; examinations are no joke, and Larry is in earnest."

"There must be something the matter. He always telegraphs, you know, when he cannot write."

"It takes a few minutes to do that."

"Has he written to you?"

"No."

Rose began to stroll about the garden, and finally took refuge in the barn, where she could nurse her fears unobserved. Mr. Minturn lost sight of the papers and followed her. She was going over her letters of the previous day. She looked up somewhat reassured.

"There were examinations yesterday."

"I thought so. Then again, his letter might be overlooked; so many little trifles might occur to cause delay either in writing or sending it."

"It hasn't happened before."

"Ah, you have been very fortunate. Two love-letters a day, telegrams past counting, and boxes of flowers and sugar-plums innumerable, not to mention a library of books."

"I suppose I am spoiled. Let us go for a ride. I'll try to be sensible. How good you are to me, daddy!"

She put her arms about his neck and sobbed like a baby.

"There now, that will help you. A cry does us all good at times. Why shouldn't I feel for you, little one? Get on your habit, and we'll take a look at the hills before dark."

Rose went rather quickly toward the house, intending to enter by the front door and reach her own room without attracting notice. A wagon was stopping at the gate, and Everett was getting out an dmaking an agreement to be called for later in the day.

Rose felt her heart bound with joy and relief. "How silly I am!" she thought, as she hastened to meet him. "What a lovely surprise!" she said, gleefully, as she put out her hands. Then, as she reached him, his face was tense and colorless, while his voice was low and unnatural, yet full of suppressed anxiety.

"Is my father here?"

"No." A disappointed expression passed over his features.

"Something strange has happened. He has disappeared. We can find no trace of him."

Rose led Everett into the great, cool house, and summoned Mr. Minturn. She sat very quiet and self-possessed while Everett told his story.

"He certainly wasn't contemplating self-injury."

"Why should he?" said Rose, gently. "He had no trouble of any kind. Perhaps he has wandered off under a sudden mental derangement."

"That is my one hope. I remember that last summer when we were here he spoke of his head troubling him, and told me that he didn't sleep. You see, I have been so busy lately I have scarcely seen anything of my own people. I can only build on my knowledge of father's habits. He was very careful—temperate to an extreme. It is terrible to see his name in the public papers—to think of him, so upright, so sensitive, so proud of his family, subjected to the analysis of the press—its scrutiny!"

"See, Larry, you must be brave, my lad. There is one thing to comfort you—he has done nothing that is wrong. He must have had at least fifteen hours start before any steps were taken to find him. He could go a long distance in that time; and he was provided with plenty of money. If he could pay his way he would avoid special notice."

"Then you are inclined to my theory?"

"Decidedly. Now, what can I do for you?"

"Oh, you must look after Rose for me. I thought it wisest to come and tell her, so that she would understand my position. I have one dread!"

"I know."

"There is nothing to do but lookout for mother and Mollie. Burrows is a trump and Powers couldn't be kinder. All our friends are devoted. It is this terrible weight—this awful uncertainty!"

"My boy, you are fagged out. Rose will get you a nice lunch, and you must eat it and lie down for a few hours. I want to tell you that your father has a powerful brain. A very slight aberration may have caused him to leave the city. He may travel for days apparently, perfectly competent to take care of himself, and the peculiar sense of rest produced by this change will help him. No news, in this case, is good news. The thing has happened often enough to make it probable now. I should cling to this theory and hold out this hope to your mother and sister."

"Then I will take your advice. Mother is nearly crazy. She insists that he is in the river, or lying dead on some roadside. She thinks that he was murdered and robbed."

"Not at that hour in the afternoon."

"What could he have wanted with all that cash? He always carried his check-book, and where he was known he always gave checks. He had a motive, certainly, for drawing that money."

"Could he have gone abroad?"

"Powers has hunted up the passenger lists for yesterday. He didn't go under his own name."

"He would have no object in giving an assumed one."

"No, and, as you say, if he simply craved rest and wandered in search of it, that idea would not occur to him. You have done me more good than I can express. I believe I could eat something, I feel so comforted. Don't tell Rose, but Burrows and I spent a fearful night. We had to go and look at some bodies! After this I shall know how to feel for those whose relatives are missing. It was horrible! And then the shock of joy to find that they were strangers! Yet others will have to recognize them!"

"You must try to see the hopeful side—to marshal all your reasons for thinking that your father is living and possibly in good hands. He has a splendid constitution, and he will mechanically take care of his physical health. I remember a friend of mine who left his home and was gone for two months. He returned in safety with his mind perfectly restored. At that period, however, our detective system was not so well organized as now. But he had been south, out of the line of daily papers, and escaped all notice. It was wonderful!"

"You will have to follow this theory for your mother's sake. You must consider your father's quiet manner and fine appearance. There is every reason to suppose that he is personally safe."

Everett was very much impressed, and Mr. Minturn had the satisfaction of seeing him eat the food that Rose had ordered, and then the young man lay down for a few hours in a quiet room and slept heavily.

Mr. Minturn returned with him to the city, and the days repeated themselves.

To Be Continued.

THE CORNFED PHILOSOPHER.

It is all wrong, said the Cornfed Philosopher, to say that a woman can make a fool of a man. She merely develops him.

HOW IT WORKED.

Did that mosquito lotion do you any good?

Yes; it had such a horrid odor I couldn't stay in the same room with the mosquitoes.

NOT APPLICABLE.

Mr. Spoonamore, asked Miss Quickstep, do you approve of the peace views of the czar of Russia?

Most assuredly I do, answered the young man.

Then don't you think you'd better disarm, as it were?

The views of the czar of Russia do not apply to this country, replied Mr. Spoonamore.

And his arm remained where it was.

A NEEDED REFORM.

Good Minister, during Sunday service—My dear brethren, I have noticed that on rainy Sundays the congregation always rushes out pell-mell the instant the benediction is pronounced. This looks very unseemly, and I have instructed the sexton to stand in the vestibule on rainy Sundays hereafter, and give checks for the umbrellas.

An Afflicted Mother

NURSING HER DYING CHILD HER HEALTH GAVE WAY.

Anæmia, Followed by Neuralgic Pains, Racked Her System—Her Friends Fearing That She Could Not Recover, From the Enterprise, Bridgewater, N. S.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Diehl, who live about one and a half miles from Bridgewater, are highly esteemed by a large circle of friends. Mrs. Diehl has passed through a trying illness, the particulars of which she recently gave a reporter of the Enterprise, as follows:—"In the spring of 1896 my health gave way. In addition to my ordinary household duties I had the constant care day and night of a sick child. In the hope of saving a little one it did not occur to me that overwork, loss of sleep and anxiety were exhausting my strength. Finally my child passed away, and then I realized my physical condition. Shortly after I was attacked with neuralgia pains in the shoulder which shifted to my right side after three weeks and settled there. The pain in my side grew worse and after a few days I became unable to leave my bed. In addition to my bodily trouble I became melancholy and was very much reduced in flesh. My friends regarded my condition as dangerous. I remained in bed several weeks; to me it seemed ages. It is impossible to describe the agonies I suffered during that time. A skilful physician was in constant attendance upon me. He said mine was the worst case of anæmia and general neuralgia he had ever seen. After some weeks he succeeded in getting me out of bed and after a few more weeks I was able to do some light household work. But I was only a shadow of my former self; my appetite was very poor and that maddening pain still clung to my side and also spread to the region of the heart and lungs, darting through and about them like lancets cutting the flesh. Every few days I had to apply croton oil and fly blisters to my chest, and had a bad cough. My friends gave up, thinking I had consumption. I, too, really thought my end was near, fearing mostly that the pains about my heart might take me off any day. During all my illness I had never thought of any medicine other than what my doctor prescribed. It happened, however, that in glancing over the Enterprise one-day my eye fell upon the stationer's notice of a cure made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The case resembled mine in some respects. I read and re-read the article. It haunted me for several days notwithstanding I tried to dismiss it from my mind. At last I asked the doctor whether he thought these pills would help me. He looked at me a moment and then remarked 'well perhaps you had better try them. I believe they do work wonders in some cases and if they do not cure you they will certainly do no harm.' That remark opened to me the door of life, for had he said 'no' I should not have used the pills. When I had used two boxes I began to feel better, my appetite improved and there were less of those pains about the heart and chest. The cough too was less severe. I kept on till six boxes were more taken and to make a long story short, I was myself again, appetite good, spirits buoyant, pains gone and I could do my own work with comfort. I have been well ever since and have no doubt that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life and restored me to my family. I am ever ready to speak their praises and in my upon their discoverer.

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and build and renew the entire system. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

FOREIGN RESIDENTS IN FRANCE.

The proud boast of the French critic that every man in the world, if he had his choice, would live in France is partly justified by the recently published comparative statistics of the number of foreign residents in France and of French residents in foreign lands. It appears that there were in 1897 no fewer than 465,870 Belgians living in France, while only 52,000 French lived in Belgium. The Italians in France numbered 286,042, the French in Italy, merely 11,000; 84,000 Switzers in France, 54,000 French in Switzerland. There were 83,330 Germans in France, 24,000 French in Germany; 28,000 English in France, but only 18,000 French in England; 14,000 Russians in France, while the French-Russian alliance has as yet merely attracted 5,200 French to live in Russia. The figures are confined to the European states, and it seems that France in 1897 was the chosen dwelling-place of 1,130,211 foreigners, while the comparatively small number of 517,000 French were living in the other states of Europe.

A QUEER VERDICT.

Upon the Isle of Man, where sheep-stealing is evidently a serious offense, John Dixon was recently sentenced to three years' imprisonment for it. The exact words of the jury were: "Not having satisfactorily accounted to the minds of the jury for the possession of the sheep, we find the prisoner guilty." What puzzles the lawyers is this: Can a man be legally jailed on such a verdict?