

TRIUMPH OF THE PARIAH

"Lentry grange is let." The news aroused more than faint interest in the sleepy country town. "It wants doing up badly. It will cost them a lot of money," said the practical-minded.

"I hear they are taking it just as it is." "Oh!" The value of the newcomers depreciated. "Yes," continued the latest informed, "they are either poor or mean. They are taking the grange because it is so cheap."

"Who are they?" asked another. "Nobody knows exactly. There is a man and his wife and a daughter. Another girl in the place! We are already overcrowded."

"What name did you say?" "The name conveys nothing, for it is simply Green."

"How is one to infer anything of people of the name of Green?" "How, indeed?" "Shall you call?" "Well, one must not rush at them. I shall wait and see who calls."

"Of course, if Mrs. Billington calls it will be all right." "Yes, we must certainly wait for Mrs. Billington."

Mrs. Billington was "at home" on Thursdays. Mrs. Parkin ventured to produce the newest topic, the advent of the Greens.

"Billington had not yet considered the subject of calling on the newcomers. What horses were they bringing down?" "Oh, none!" Mrs. Parkin announced impressively. "They do not mean to live in any style whatever."

"I really cannot undertake to call on people of the name of Green without being specially asked to do so by intimate friends. They are probably nobodies."

Mrs. Parkin reported this speech to her daughter, and added in solemn tones: "My dear, it would never do for us to call if Mrs. Billington does not. We have to know some undesirable people because of your father's position professionally, but we must not identify ourselves with the outsiders. It has been a little difficult to become one of the inner circle. No, we cannot be too careful."

"They have come, mother, and I have seen the girl. She's awfully pretty, with lovely hair, and such a pretty hat! In fact, all her clothes make one feel dowdy."

most inclined to call herself, out of sheer curiosity, only it would never do to lower herself in Mrs. Billington's eyes. Mrs. Spurt was so taken up with her sister's return from India, with her children, that she could not be expected to take an interest in obscure newcomers. So there was no one to give the inner circle a lead.

Meantime the vague suggestion that there was something odd about the inmates of Lentry grange began to take root, and by the time the Archdeacon's wife returned from town she was informed that there were "some rather queer people" established at the grange—a father and daughter, who were supposed not really to be father and daughter, and an imaginary mother, whom nobody had ever seen.

"My dear, I hope you do not expect me to call!" she asked the Archdeacon. "Well—er—I did—rather expect it. I have called myself and they were not at home, and Mr. Sparrow has called, but only saw the daughter. He asked her to help in the Sunday school, and she agreed to do so. Miss Rollins, you know, is giving up her class."

"My dear Cyprian was that wise, if she is an undesirable person?" "Come, come, my dear, we do not actually know anything against them. It is scarcely in keeping with Christian principles." "Yes, of course not. Don't preach to me, please, Cyprian. I cannot bear more than your Sunday discourse."

"Through which, I fear, Mr. Green slumbers," murmured the Archdeacon. "It seems to me that if you and Mr. Sparrow have both made your parochial visits, I am not called upon to place them on my private visiting list. I will introduce myself to Miss Green at the Sunday School, and will ask her to assist at the Mother's Tea next month."

The Archdeacon only looked half satisfied, but said: "Very well, my dear," and Mrs. Cyprian Walsh did not call upon the Greens.

"We have been here six months, and our doorbell has rang twice." "Di Green's eyes twinkled with merriment. "I did not quite expect this; it is rather hard on you, daddy."

"My dear, I am afraid I am wofully indifferent to the sociability of Little Meddleton. If it pleases you and serves your purpose you need not worry about me. So long as I am with your mother or in the garden I am quite happy. Besides, there is young Dr. Mellor to talk to when one gets the chance. But he is desperately busy. Are you getting what you wanted?"

"Not altogether. I intended to be an onlooker. I find myself a pariah." "My dear!" protested Mr. Green. "Yes, distinctly a pariah. It is an interesting situation. If my interests are not entirely detached from Little Meddleton, I might be tempted to resent the unfriendliness of its inhabitants. By-the-by, I was in Drew's library yesterday and was compelled to overhear a conversation between Mrs. Billington and Mrs. Longley. One cannot be out of earshot of Mrs. Billington's high pitched tones."

"My dear Mrs. Longley, have you read 'Developments'?" "No? Then you really must; it is most clever, most amusing. Everybody is reading it; even the archdeacon sat up late over it."

"I don't know the book," said Mrs. Longley. "Who is it by?" "Nobody knows. It is believed to be a man, but the anonymity has been strictly preserved. I believe it to be a man. At any rate, it is a book I highly approve of. Besides, if the archdeacon approves—"

"I came away after that. Think of it, daddy, the archdeacon and Mrs. Billington both approve of 'Developments.' There's fame for the anonymous author!" "Diana left the room with a merry laugh."

When Mrs. Sparrow was at last able to pay a belated call, Little Meddleton was so firmly convinced of the impossibility of the Greens that her gentle protest, "Miss Green seems so very nice and quite a lady," was unavailing.

"Did you see Mrs. Green?" asked Miss Baxter, who kept a keen eye on the morals of Little Meddleton. "Well, no, I didn't. Miss Green said she could not see visitors," faltered Mrs. Sparrow.

"Ah!" ejaculated Miss Baxter, glancing across at Miss Lizzie Baxter, who set her mouth in a hard line. Mrs. Sparrow made one more brave effort. "Her Sunday school class are devoted to her, simply devoted, and they were such naughty boys, you know."

on a pretty woman than on a plain one," and Mrs. Cyprian Walsh shook her head mournfully. Mrs. Walsh must have whispered her doubts to the reeds and rushes, for not long after this Di had to upbraid the baker's son for fighting.

"If you please, miss, it were for you," he replied sturdily. "They was a-saying that you didn't teach us the right stuff. Bill Jenks said his aunt had heard it said, and that they talked of turning you away from the school. So I just knocked him down and pommelled him. Just let them send you away, and I'll never go to school nor Bible class nor church no more, no, nor will the others, sither, and we'll make a row outside the school all the time, so as nobody will hear themselves speak."

"Jim," said Di quietly, "If you fight and make rows people will think that I am teaching you wrong ideas. Now, Jim, I depend upon you to show them that I am not." She held out her hand to him. Jim wrung it and turned very red.

"All right, miss," he said, and they parted. The interview made Di thoughtful. "How wicked people are!" she said to herself, "not only have they cold shouldered us, but they have actually said gratuitously nasty things about us. Little Meddleton will end by making me vindictive."

The interest created in the spring by the arrival of the Greens was as nothing compared with that aroused in the autumn by the rumor that a Lord Sandys was coming to Little Meddleton for the hunting.

He had taken Avery Hall, so would be in their midst. The Greens and their shortcomings were quite forgotten. Mrs. Billington was full of importance. She intended Hilda to come out at the Hunt Ball, and she meant to give a dance herself.

Lord Sandys would be a most desirable parti for Hilda. She intended to be most attentive to him. "I wonder if we shall get to know him," speculated Miss Parkin. "We have never yet known a lord. I suppose he will be very grand and uppish. Perhaps he will not think us good enough to know, as papa is only a lawyer."

"My dear, said her mother, "wait and see. I dare say you will meet him at the Beaton's and the Archdeacon's, then it will be quite easy to call, and we should refer to them as our oldest friends here. You have known dear Hilda since she was in the nursery."

As soon as it was known that Lord Sandys had arrived, the avenue to Avery Hall was well trodden, and the pile of cards on the hall table speedily increased. But he was only to be seen, wending his way home on his tired horse, after a hard day with the Meddleshire hounds.

One Saturday morning, however, Mrs. Parkin looked out of her window in the High Street and saw a sight which took away her breath. In one direction was walking Lord Sandys, and in the other "that objectionable Miss Green." As they drew near Lord Sandys raised his hat, and Miss Green looked up into his face with the familiarity of an old friend.

"The forward minx!" exclaimed Mrs. Parkin, pressing against the window to witness all she could. Gracious! He had turned and was walking with her. How shocking! Mrs. Parkin paid a round of calls that afternoon.

"Only think of it! These pushing Greens have called on Lord Sandys!" "I call it great impertinence!" ejaculated Mrs. Walsh; "however, he would find that they are not received and will give them the snub they richly deserve."

Lord Sandys and Di Green meantime, were sitting together at Avery Hall with amazing ease and friendliness. "Look at that pile of cards, Di," he exclaimed ruefully; "I came down here to hunt and to see you, not to run around paying calls."

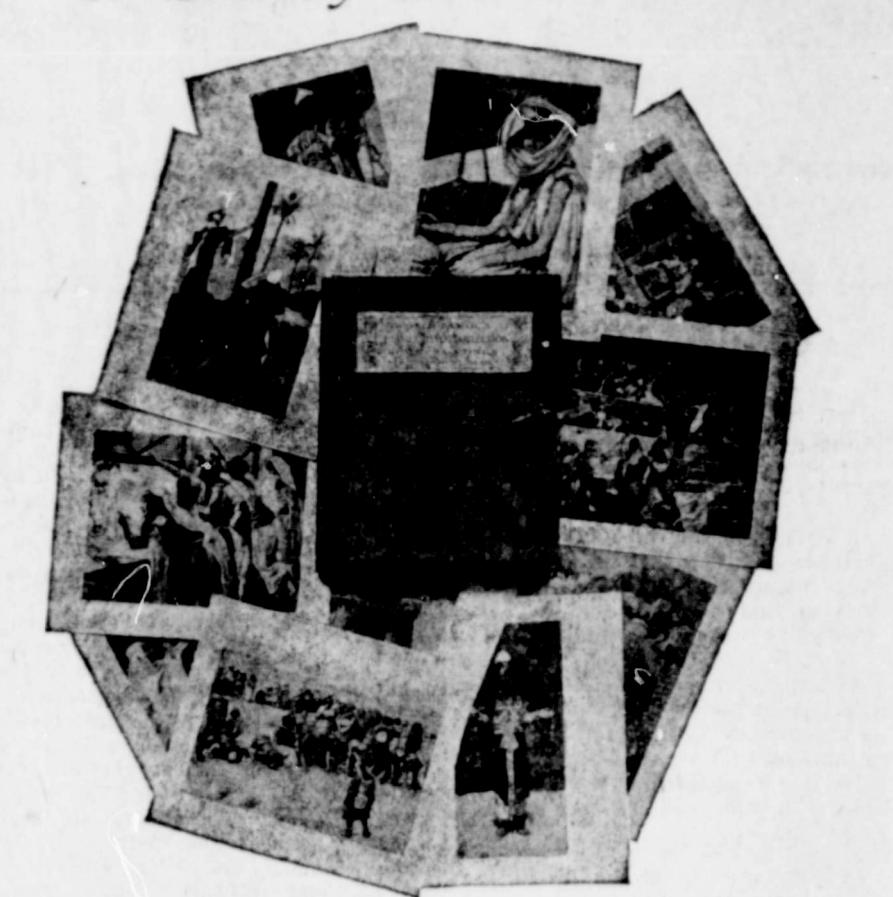
"I observe that the hunting comes first," she remarked demurely, which caused him to stretch out his arm. Di took up the tray of cards and began reading out the names.

"Yes. They have all honored you. I see. Val, I fear you do not thoroughly appreciate the honor that Little Meddleton has done you. No sooner are you here than they fly to lay their pastebards at your feet. We had two

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had known they were Creighton Greens, I should have called."—Maud Morin in The Lady's Realm.

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The Cardinal Walking. The recent visit of Cardinal Logue to this country has given rise to an endless number of anecdotes regarding him, his wit, his personality. Here is one that is worth repeating: On a certain Sunday his Eminence preached at the Cathedral and was resting in the afternoon. One of the cathedral clergy, a Monsignor and a New Yorker approached the Cardinal and asked him what he would like to do with the rest of the daylight.

"I'd like to take a little walk," said he, "for since I landed they have never let me put my feet to the ground, but have carried me everywhere." It is a short half mile to Central Park, and thither the cardinal, led by his friend, walked with the step of age. After about half an hour, the guide, seeking to spare the Cardinal undue fatigue, said he would take him back whenever he said so. But the Cardinal, still going feebly, would not for the world shorten his friend's walk. He admired the Park and could not see too much of it. So round and round and across lots they traveled.

They visited all the spots of interest and took all the views; the Cardinal gradually gaining strength and speed in his stride in a manner amazing, almost terrifying, to the Monsignor. At the end of two hours and a half of steady jogging the Cardinal, eyeing his wornout companion, said gently: "I believe after all I shall have to spoil your pleasure, for my snuff has given out." He has not been asked out for a walk since.

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