SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Lord Gaston Verner is a handsome, but unscrupulous member of society. He has tired of his young and beautiful wire. To rid himself o her he has contrived to throw into her company Lord Wyvis, a man of his own unscrupulous set. Lady Verner discovers his object and determines to avoid public scandal at any cost. At a reception given by Lady Baring, Lady Verner meets Lord Wyvis and intimates her husband's determination. He promises to go away. Verner watches the couple at their tete-a-tete and sees Lord Wyvis kiss Lady Verner's hand. He sets to quarreling with her, though he knows the hour of departure has long since passed, and he has manazed so the company knew of her meetting with Lord Wyvis. Lady Baring's mind is poisoned against Lady Verner and she treats her very coolly. On the way home Lord Verner stops at his club, and Lady Verner, instead of going home, goes to Lady Carysfort's home and tells her of her trouble, disclosing that Lord Verner has sent a diamond mark to a woman whose name she does not know. She believes that it is in order to marry this woman that Lord Verner wishes to get rid of her.

cape from my present life. A housekeeper you said? Why, auntie, that would suit

me admirably. Don't you recollect how you

used to call me a born manager long ago,

before—before I married?" Once again her face grows sad, smileless. "Tell me about

it," says she, looking at Brends.
"Auntie will tell you. Auntie, you have
the letter in your desk over there. The one

"She'd disagree with you even if you had

Lady Barker who wants a housekeeper. It

is a friend of hers. Probably he is impossible too, but he can scarcely be as impossi-ble, because," ingenuously, "he is a man!" "A man!" says Rhods.

"An old man, I suppose," says Lady Carysfort. "At all events Lady Barker

said nothing about his age, and I'm sure she would have done so had he been young,

b-cause she--" Lady Carystor: pauses, being charitable. Brenda finishes the sen-

"Breause she detests youth," says she, promptly. "She hates everything that has

nothing to do with herself, and certainly youth has not much to do with her. Oh,

yes, this Mr. Drayton—that is the name of the man who wants a housekeeper—is un-

"A housekeeper! What should I have to do?" says Rhoda. She speaks slowly;

she is evidently thinking.
"To see after the servants, and, in a

bachelor's establishment, see that the flow-ers and silver were all right."

"Yes. An aucient one. At least, that is

Verner. "Darling auntie, don't be augry or effended with me. I could not do it. I

round to next spring he would want you.

any moment, or you could run over to see

smile: "Really, auntie, I think I had better decide upon it. But-references. One

decide upon it. But—references. One wants references with servants." She looks

at Brends, and both, as it compelled to it,

Brenda; she laughs even more excitedly as she says this, and then all suddenly covers

her face with her hand, and begins to sob

deserve my wages. If I fail I can but come

"Come back? But would you?"
"I will promise you so much. I shall come back if my dusies prove too much for me. Auntie, you know this man's address. Sit down and write to him. Write to him now, this moment. You will be sufficient

elerence; and-I must go out of town out of his way-in a day or two at Intest."

She would have drawn Lady Carvsfort

toward the davonport, but the latter holds

"I am so far determined," says Rhoda, with a steady glance, "that rather than go

"Oh, hush, child! Hush! Don't talk

"Others talk. I shall do," says Rhoda,

compressing her white lips. There is some-thing in her face that trightens Lady Carys-

tort. "Help me now, auntie, il you mean to help me at all. He has gone away for a

week. When he comes back he shall find me gone. Gone forever!"

"Auntie wili belp you," says Brenda.

"I hope I shall not," says Rhodn, laying

keeper for, so early in this year? If he

wants one to keep his house in order during

the shooting season, why not wait until August to get one?"

pears he is not a society man. He has been

living in the East for years. He is an ex-

"But at his age!"

'August is not so far distant, and it ap-

who is very pale and distressed determined on taking this step?"

back to Gaston again I should-"

"A word, Rhoda," says Lady Carysfort,

bitterly.

passionately.

back to you.

"A nice servant you will make!" cries.

break into pervous irrepressible laughter.'

hink I could manage that

tence, being anything but charitable.

doubtedly a modern Methusalch.

"He is a bachelor?"

digestion of an ostrich. But it is not

from Lady Barker!"

Brenda gives way to mirth.

CHAPTER X.

Is it worth a tear, is it worth an hour, To think of things that are well out-worn: A little space of time, ere time expires,

A little day, a little way o' breath, "But bow, darling? How can I help you?" says Lady Carysfort distractedly. It is terrible to her to see this girl, so dear to

is terrible to her to see this girl, so dear to her, in such sad straits. "You mean to leave him, Rhoda?"

"Yes, yes. And at once. I shall not return to his house again. It would kill me to see him. Oh!"—with a long, long shudder-"I would rather starve in a garret than

have to live with him again." "But what is to be done?" says Lady Carvafort helplesly, throwing wide her bands.

At this moment the door is opened, and a charming head is to be seen. It is

"Not in bed, Brenda?" says Lady Carys-Sol in bed, break.

Fort, with a little frown.

"Na. Forgive me, auntie. I knew was in trouble, and how could I go bed? I thought"—she steals up to Rhoda and slips her band into hers—"I thought that perhaps I could help her."

, no," says Lady Carysfort, impatient-

"On, no, says Lady Carystor, impatientic. She waves the girl to the door, but
it had a catches Brenda and holds her.

"Let her stay," says she. "After all it
must be known and I should like my own
people to have a true version of it. The
fact is, Brenda, that I cannot live any
leaves with Sic Caston. He "flushing "has longer with Sir Gaston. He" flushing "has made it impossible, and we are now thinkfing, anotic and I, of how I am to get away from him so effectually that he will not be able to find me."

"Yes! An excellent move," says Miss Bowen, who detests Sir Gaston. "Well, I chall think, ton." Perhaps, Rhoda-after all-it would be

what I think," said Brenda. "I'm sure, Rhoda, any bachelor, however old, would be preferable to the dirty school children." er for you to sue for a divorce," says y Carysfort, though with hesitation. "There is one thing preterable to both," says Lady Carysfort. "Go abroad, Rhoda. Take a trip to the Holy Land, or Thibet, or shall never do that," says Rhoda desome far away place like that. I can give There is only one thing that induces a woman to sue for a divorce, that is her love for any her man. Now you the money, and after a year or so who can tell what may happen?"
"No. I shall not do that," says Lady da is heart-whole. "That is out of the

Then why not leave him openly. It can be done now it seems. That last case—you remember it—has decided that a woman need not live with her husband unless she

I could do that-but I could not endure the comments of my friends. And besides, he would torment me in many ways and make my life a burden to me. No. I want

to disappear altogether."
"To go abroad?" "Ye-es-No; I don't much care where I am, so that he cannot find me. The worst

tit is," says she with a ruetul smile, "that I have not much money. "Darling child! Don't let that trouble

yon. You know that I _____ "
"I know that you would give me your last penny," says Lady Verner smiling, yet with a rush of tears to her eyes. "But I with a rush of tears to her eyes. "But I don't feel inclined to accept it. . No. want to work. I want to be so busy that I

shall never have to think." "You to work, Rhoda?" cries Brenda, who is herself a confirmed idler."
"Yes. Bard, actual work. Work that silf-be worthy of payment. That is the only real work, and I want to go in for it!

I-I had thought of getting an appointment as a schoolmistress in some village, where quite little chiidren would be my pupils." She sighs softly. It had been a sorrow to her that no little they tender nestling thing had been given to her by heaven. It would have filled the void in her empty heart. But heaven had denied her that best gift. "Ah! It you had had a little one of your own," says Lady Carysfort mournfully, who

is indeed in creat grief at this moment. "It I had!" The beautiful young face that agentie. I think now it is better that I should be as-as lonely as I am!" "Oh, Rhoda!" cries Lady Carysfort, bursting into tears, "that you-you should

have to talk like that. My pretty girl!" "No, now, don't ery," says Rhoda, has grown very white again. She lave her lovely arms round Lady Carystort's neck, and tondles and kisses her into equanimity once more. Brends, looking on, and being a little person of considerable strength of tells herself that Lady Carystort should be the consoler on this occasion and Rhoda the sufferer; instead of its being exactly vice versa. "But what are you thinking of Rhoda?"

cries she, speaking briskly, as a corrective to Lady Carysfort's emotion. "To be a 'schoolmarm,' and to little, nasty, stupid, dirty children? Oh, no; it would not do at There must be something better. "But what is there?" asks Lady Carys-

fort, in a despairing tone.
"Well. You should know, auntie."

"We shall all help you. Auntie," engerly,
"Where is Lady Barker's letter?"
"Here! It is here, dear," says Lady
Caryslort in a low tone. She goes to a
davonport and opens it. "I give in, Rhoda! "Yes, you. I don't know," anxiously,
"If it would sound horrid to Rhoda; but I'm
sure I should like it better than slapping and scooling a lot of dirty, little children."
"I shouldn't slap them," says Rhoda with It shall be as you wish. But this man, Mr. Drayton, he wants a housekeeper the day after to-morrow; you should go down to him in the morning if you still insist on "No. You would give them toffee un-

limited, until their stomsche ached, and then the clergyman of the parish would dismiss you. But this other thing—" "What is it?" asks Lady Caryslort. "That will suit me," says Rhoda, "Tonorrow I shall go. Of course, if I do not suit him I can come back to you again,

"Why, nuntie, you should remember but it is, better than L It came in this "Oh! I hope you will come back," says Lady Carysfort, tearfully. sounds like a fresh supply of someher arm round her neck and kissing her. "But what can this man want a house-

" says Lady Verner, whose naturally spirits rise now and again to the sur-"Oysters for choice. But you can't oysters in summer time, even with the intentions. Go on, Brends, what in this morning? You should pene-

Why that letter from Lady Barker." ys Brenda, staring at her aunt, as if "And true" cries the latter, wakening

"They go on you see like that, until eyes and senses fait them. Now, in his old age he is settling down in his native place. At least that is what I have been led to supinto sudden remembrance. "But a house-keeper! Khoda to be a housekeeper!" "I would ra her be a housekeeper than a teacher of A B C," sa s Brenda. "And, besides, this would be such a hyper-excel-

at sort of housekeeping." You say very toolish things at times, ner, with a quick breath that is nardly a sigh and yet resembles it. "I am glad to Brenda," says Lady Carysf rt, almost angrily. "Your cousin would not dream of such a thing as you spea" "t." know that he is an old man. There is nothing more to think about."
"Good gracious," says Miss Bowen,
"why, it is only just begun. Nothing to
think about! Way your clothes, Rhoda? been listening eagerly long and earnestly o' would dream

Do you suppose you can go down to Kings-lands—that's the name of his place—and pose as a competent housekeeper in white velvet and diamonds?"

Do you suppose you can go down to Kingslands—that's the name of his place—and pose as a competent housekeeper in white velvet and dismonds?"

Lady Verner stares at her.

"Clothes?" says she.

"Yes. It is a terribly material thought no doubt, and rather destroys the romance of the thing, but I suppose you will have to get housekeeper's frocks (whatever they may be like), if you mean to carry it out?" She leans forward, unconsciously, and looks keenly at Rhoda. There is undue auxiety in her gaze. It would be plain to any observer that she is desirous of Rhoda's acceptance of this chance offered her. This chance—that will take her out of Loudon, and out of the way generally of all her—acquaintances.

"I mean it." says Rhoda, thoughtfully. She is evidently thinking of something else. Of those clothes.

"Oh, well, I promise you it shalt not be sky blue," says Lady Verner, still laughing though her eyes are filled with saddest tears—tears born of the wreckage of all her young life. "But not drab either, I think. Why not black, auntie?"

"Black—plain, severe. The very thing," cries Brenda. "And in black you always look your loveliest."

"Ah! That is the last thing to be considered. In black, however, I shall feel well dressed, whatever the shapes and forms of the gentlement of all they clustering glories of the country—has preferred its allent cestasies to all the glittering glories of the country—has preferred its allent country—has preferred its allent country—has preferred its allent occurs and she has seen so little of the country—has preferred its allent ownsures; since her marriage.

Well, if he accepts her as his house-keeper she will be able to please him, she town of course of element may care with her soon) that the fact of being born in the purple, as it were, and the associations connected therewith, would necessarily destroy one's qualifications to any may be as evidently in her family, government rather than servicude being the use with the people and we have given at rial. But sometimes old men are hard

dressed, whatever the shapes and forms of the garments may be. To-morrow, then, we must set forth to find me raiment fitting for my new vocation." She is laughing naturally now. "To-morrow." "It sounds dreadfully near," says Brenda, with a quaver in her voice.

"Not dreadfully. Delightfully!" says her cousin. She walks deliberately to one of the long mirrors, and gazes at her charming yet as she leaves the train and enters the fly

she knows that her whole life she has pined

her heart is given to that old explorer just her heart is given to that old explorer just at present. No doubt this young man is a friend of his staying with him at present. What a pity. She grows nervous again, and clasps her hands together and leans back in the fly, giving herself up a prey to miserable doubts. Auntie had in a measure assured her that Mr. Drayton would have no guests until August, the 10th or 11th of August, and she had told herself she would have time between this and then to study his

This is a depressing thought, but it fails to conquer her. There are other things that can please, and given brains and courage, what is it a woman dare not do? And the woman who has had to satisfy herself as to the duties required of her own servants is surely in the best position of all to know



MAY THEM THAT OWN HER BE FORGIVEN, SAID PETER.

figure in a deliberate sort of way. "Velvet and diamonds to-night; sackcloth and ashes to-morrow! A thorough change, at all Strangely enough, from first to last of this

should be fretting all the time, thinking give it up."

"Oh, no! I shall not give it up," still gazing at herself in the mirror. "How preity I am." she says suddenly. "Preitier so little that her mind refuses to trouble it-

what a burden I was to you. No. This plan that Brenda has proposed to me seems desirable. A housekeeper to an old man. "Of course, he can't be toothless," says brends. "Because he says he wants to than Lady Daleworth, I think," naming society beauty.
"How can you make such a comparison?" entertain some men for the autumn shoot-August is the month. From August

says Lady Carysfort.
"Haven't you heard that her portraits are And it isn't so far away either. He lives in Yorkshire. We could go to see you at being withdrawn from the windows?" says

any moment, or you could run over to see as."
"Not for mine to take their place," says as "Not for mine to take their place," says Lady Verner decidedly. "I am glad now that I never allowed anything of that sort. My chances of a situation as housekeeper or decide myon, it. schoolmistress would have been so greatly diminished if I had done so. I should have been so universally known. And so you think me prettier than Lady Daleworth? So pretty, and all for naught! So pretty, and yet I could not keep even my own he band at my side. I." slowly, giving a last, lingering, annoyed glance at hersel

mirror, woman." "must be a most detestable "Oh! Rhoda, don't go, don't!" cries she, She moves away. "It is he who is detestable!" says Lady Carvsfort, fondly and indignantly,

passionately.

"What do you mean?" says Rhoda, gently, yet with firmness. "What a silly child you are! A servant is a happy creature nowadays compared with a wife—a wife "Oh, he!" says Brends,
She is looking with admiration at Rhods. such as I am! Why, I go from misery to calm. No more! I desire no more. To be and as she looks an idea strikes upon he fertile brain. at rest; that means everything, and I think I could be so are a good housekeeper as to

"Whatever you do, Rhoda," says she "don't leave your diamonds behind you."

"Yes. Take them with you to-to Kings-"What should I do with them there? A

servant with diamonds! It would be a burle-que in petto."
"For all that, take them! They are valu-

able. They were your poor mother's," says Lady Carysfort. "They are your own. Brenda is quite right. Why should you leave them benind you?" "For Gaston to sell and squander. True! I shall not do that. I shall take them," says Lady Verner, with a frown.

CHAPTER XL

Give me again my hollow tree, A crust of bread and liberty. It is a glorious day! Hurrying through the country in the down train, Rhoda's eyes (still sad and tear-smitten because of that late sorrowful parting with Lady Carvsfort) eager appreciation of the exquisite glimpses Nature at her best now afforded her.

Swift as the train flies northward it can t altogether hide from her the loveliness of field and lawn and branching trees Here there flashes to the eyes, for all too short a time, the pale green foaming of a tiny entaract that dashes tumultuously over ank and rock and all impediments into the cool, still basin far below.

And now her eye catches sight of one o

England's niany homesteads—a warm, cory cottage, nestling among its stacks and bee hives, and set about with beech trees in full foliage and behind them many firs, tall and stately, some dark of hue, "and some a glad light green. yellow cornfields, ripening for the

coming harvest, make a brave color among all the other tints that Mother Earta has brought to fullest life; and sweetly smelling cocks of hay, and tragrant breaths of sweetbriar, and some late honevsuckle delight dows of the carriage; while as for the sing-ing of the birds, could one have thought so many little feathered minstrels were alive

The birdes sang, it is no nay,
The sperhawk and the popinjay,
That loy it was to hear;
The throstle cock made eke his lay,
The woode dove upon the spray,
She sang full loud and clear.

A rest—a sense of great peace falls on Rhoda. It is almost too good a thing to find herself here, alone in this comfortable com artment, fiving last from all her carea. Up to this it had seemed to be only that she was flying toward fresh troubles, but the lovely day, the balmy winds, the sights and sounds of nature have all acted with a beneficence upon her tired heart

and soul. Still leaning forward to catch each passing breath of air, she tells herself that now

eventful journey of hers, her thoughts have not once traveled to her husband. She has "It is all too ridiculous," says Lady
Carysfort, with a frown that fades into a
tear. "But it is only for a moment—a
were seene in a short-lived drama. You will
eventful journey of hers, her thoughts have
not once traveled to her husband. She has
been time to her track, perhaps—
all through her flight) she throws him not self about it. Poor woman! What had she not suffered at his hands before she, with her sweet spirit, could thus cast him so en-

tirely from her. On travels the fly over the dusty roads. The sun is at its best. Even lying back in the fly, shrinking from the burning sun beams, their heat reaches her, and the ourney has been long and tedious and Lady Carvafort's sandwiches have never one been touched. Her glad, happy mood dies, and again despair seizes on her.

Of course, Mr. Drayton will not engage her! She must have been mad to dream o it! What old man would care for a house-keeper under 60? He will not trust her; that fatal gift, youth, still presses heavily on her, and will for many years, and so-Oh, that she were old-quite old, and less-less-well, if she could only be a little less good looking, and staid, much more staid in appearance-more to the manner

born of housekeepers, how far greater her chance of gaining this engagement would

All old men are crotchety. Many object to a voung face. Auntie had drilled all this into her in her desire to keep her at home, or else send her abroad to be happy on her (auntie's) money; but Rhoda would none or these things. She would be independent or nothing-that is-her husband's

Here, the fly turning into a more brilliant part of the country, her spirits rise again A last tond hope has come to her. Old Mr. Drayton may be half blind. He may no be able to see very well. Explorers frequently suffer from desert blindness, that is, presumably, sand in the eyes; and therefore he may not notice that she is at this side of the fifties! She is almost on the point of hoping her desired master is suffer-ing from some new form of ophthalmia, when the fly draws up at the entrance gates of Kingslands.

CHAPTER XIL And dares't thou then To beard the lion in his den, The Douglas in his hall?

She rouses herself from her reverie to ook with interest at the gateway of the place that may yet prove her City of Retuge. The huge granite pillars of the gate, surmounted by griffins rampant, look imposing, and the deep, dark avenue beyond is, too, all it should be. On this hot July day, the coolness, the duskiness of the

drive, talls like a pleasant touch upon her tired spirit. It is indeed delicious here. Leaning out of the miserable fly (that creates faint regrets for comfortable carriages left behind) she lets her eves dwell on all the sweetness round her. The overhanging branches of the huge limes that guard the avenue on either side, the grove of rhododendrons, in full flower, over there, the delicate dark shadows, moving amongst the greenery all about, each and everything

has its charm for her.

What a grand old place! Those trees must have been mere babies many hundreds of years ago! And the turf—how soft, how well kept—and the avenue itself——! "Looks as if it were swept with tea leaves

"Looks as if it were swept with tea leaves every morn," says she to herself with an appreciative smile.

She breathes rapturously as if to inhale as much as possible of the perfumed air around her. After a moment or two a sudden turn brings her to an open space, treeless, full out from which stretches a green expanse; it gives a handsome glimpse of the park beyond; and crossing this open space between the limes moves the figure of a young man, as if to throw a touch of lite

young man, as it to throw a touch of life into the lovely picture.

He is decidedly a young man. Rhods, on first catching sight of him, had looked eagerly, thinking that perhaps here—on view, as it were—is—well—employer!

"Master" is a horrid word. She has had one master too many so far! But there is no sign of age about the tall young man crossing the field with a brace of terriers at

his heels, and therefore he cannot be Mr.

tating, her courage at the last failing her, she has time to see the goodly dimensions

"Is Mr. Drayton at home?" she asks gen-

tly, something in the old servitor's keen

but kindly face giving her strength.
"No, ma'am. Out. But it you will come

in I think I can find him. He is just about

Pottering round the garden! thinks Rhoda. Taking advantage of all the sun-shine to warm his old bones! The elderly butler interests her. His tone is full of

butler interests her. His tone is full of reverence. He is evidently under the impression (and the knowledge comes to her with mingled feelings of comfort and fear) that she is here as a guest of his master's! What a handsome old man, with his grey hair, and his bright dark eyes and his courtly manner. Now, why had she never been able to secure a butler like this? Ah!

No butler like this would have lived with Gaston a week. "Other times, other manners." And, of course, this old man and his master had been boys together—the former had been bred off the estate. There

were no such servants to be had now for

love or money; the last generation had de

A sense of honesty that is more often born in the old blood than the new, com-

pels her to set herself and her position in

"I wish to see Mr. Dravton on business,"

save she, in a calm, distinct tone. "I have come here to-day to-to see if he would like to have me as his housekeeper."

Of course, she ought to have said some-thing about whether she would suit him as a housekeeper. That word "suit" came

back to her long after it had ceased to be of any use to her-and she thought of it as a word that should have been used. Her

own servants, and as a rule she always en-

gaged the cook and the upper housemaid in person, never failed to mention it. Yes, she ought to have looked up the vocabulary wanted for her purpose before starting on her "great emprise."

A look of amazement has gathered on the light huller's teas. It is no distinct this

old butler's Jace. It is so distinct (his amazement) that she colors warmly.

"Master will soon be in," says he slowly.

He is looking at her keenly, but yet there is no smallest diminution of respect in his glance. With a pang of fear she knows

that he has seen her through. He has in-deed lived long enough to recognize a lady under any conditions, and Rhoda wonders

anxiously what will be the result of this

discovery on his part.

But there is no result! Peter (in the

lower regions, Mr. Mangold) never pries upon her in any way from first to last dur-

ing her stay at Kingslands, and from first to last, too, he treats her with all the re-

spect he might pay to a high and valued

Will you please to step this way, ma'am?

"Master is sure to be in to luncheon.

She tollows him as he leads her to a small

sitting room on the lett side of the hall; a

pretty room with a bay window, and pret-tily furnished, too, but with the air of iso-

lation that hes on most rooms (if the smoking room and the "den" be excepted)

in most bachelor establishments. It takes a woman to make a place cosy. It must be a really bad old bachelor who would deny

Peter draws out a chair, a huge armehair

and bowing her into it, moves toward the

door. On the threshold, however, he pauses, hems and haws a bit, examines the

lock of the door, presumably to see if it requires oiling, and finally springs a last

'Housekeeper did you say, ma'am?"

"Yes," says Rhoda, despair seizing hold of her. Why should be be so surprised, unless indeed a housekeeper has already

With her tongue cleaving

been engaged? With her tongue cleaving to the root of her mouth she asks him a

"Has-Mr. Drayton got a housekeepe

"Oh, no, ma'am; certainly not. I was only thinking that—" He breaks off confusedly. "May I bring you a glass of

"No, thank you!" says Rhoda, the smile with which she adorns the retusal so brilli-

ant, because of the relief he has given her,

"A housekeeper—she! May them that own her be forgiven," says he to himself,

piously, as he closes the door behind him. His face is a study as he marches off to his

own quarters.
"He is a picture," says Phoda, leaning back in the luxurious chair that is an abso-

lute comfort after the racketting endured in

the old fly, "one of the old school. Oh,

his master will prove even halt as nice. Ah

he has seen through me. I telt that, I knew it. That class is never to

knew it. That class is never to be hoodwinked. They are the most conservative of all. They cling to old blood and old ways and would knew you

to be a person of birth if they found you in

the East End slums." She starts suddenly, as one does when a grief or a fear forgotten

for a blessed minute or two comes back to

"Oh, what

one again with a sharp pang. "Oh, what will Mr. Drayton be like? How much

longer am I to endure suspense? That good old man will send for him I think—I hope."

In spite of a sense of fatigue heavy on her, she leaves the armchair and begins to pace impatiently up and down the room.

"To know my late! To know it now-now at once! Where can Mr. Daayton be

Oh, not far, surely. Old age travels but by very slow degrees, and—but an explorer. Good heavens! An explorer would think nothing of a day's march. He is sure to be

[To be continued next Sunday.]

A JEWEL SONG.

Hey! for turquoise sky and sea, Emerald grass and leafy tree— Topaz sunlight, onyx shade— Ho! for Spring, the joy ous maid.

Hey! for sapphire ocean blue.

Opal sky and moonstone dew,
Agate night and amber day—

Ho! for Summer bright and gay.

Hey! for garnet bough and vine, Amethyst grape and ruby wine, Golden setting for them all— Hol for brilliant, ead-heart Fall.

Hey! for silver glistening frost, Pearls of snow past any cost, Diamond ice and drystal air— Ho! for Winter cold and fair, Mall. M. Limman, in October St. Nie

"It is now 1:30. There is a return train at

a bale old man, and choleric, and-

tone. If he is not in before that-

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that the old man retires dazzled,

question on Rhoda

sherry, ma'am?"

clear letters before this old man.

the place.'

stroyed them!

SILVER AT BRUSSELS Drayton.

The stranger, whoever he is, passes quite close to her; at all events sufficiently close for her to see that he is a tall man, well set up, and that his hair is brown—dark brown. It is impossible but that he must have heard the sound of her chariot wheels, but if so he has not cared to see to whom they may belong, so that a full view of his face is denied her. Not that she feels much interest in him in any way. He is not Mr. Drayton, evidently, and every shought of her heart is given to that old explorer just Dr. Soetbeer's Proposition of a Ratio

AT THE MONETARY CONFERENCE.

of 20 to 1 the Great Issue

The American Delegation Is Representative of All the Views.

PEELING IN EUROPEAN COUNTRIES

The financial telescopes of the world will be leveled at the Belgian capital next week, and yet Brussels has witnessed more excittime between this and then to study his household and get into the way of understanding things and placing herself generally. But if he is beginning to entertain already, why, it will be an ordeal, and she is sure to make mistakes, and she will be demissed sent home in discussed. ing episodes than the quiet gathering which is to be termed the International Monetary Conference. Great men from all nations will be there, but it concerns the United States most of all, for the initial is sure to make mistakes, and she will be dismissed—sent home in disgrace.

That word home! It braces her again and strengthens her nerves. Home. Never home again, whatever happens.

And now another turn in the avenue, and she finds herself at the hall door, and with a heart that begins to beat wildly she gets out of the stuffy fly and ascends the broad flight of steps before her.

The door is open, and as she stands hesitating, her courage at the last failing her, steps resulting in the international deliberations were taken by this Government. The move shelved a vexed question just before a Presidental campaign, and it will now be seen how international action will change the problem.

The American delegation consists of ex-Comptroller Henry W. Cannon, Senator William B. Allison, of Iowa; Senator John B. Jones, of Nevada; President E. Benjamin Andrews, of Brown University; of the spacious hall beyond.

Just as she is compelling herself to raise her hand to ring the bell an elderly man, evidently the butler, certainly not the footman, comes out of a room, and seeing her standing upon the threshold, pauses for a second, and then comes forward with a little Congressman McCreary, of Kentucky, and Edward O. Leech, Director of the Mint. All Sorts of Views Represented.

"The delegates," said Mr. Cannon to me before he left for Europe, "certainly repre ent all the views of Americans on the sub-



Senator J. P. Jones.

ject of coinage, and as it would be inadvisable to present all these sentiments we have practically decided upon a compromise. I believe that there is not enough gold to enable us to do without silver, but am strongly opposed to free coinage. Senator Allison takes a middle view on the question. Senator Jones is confessedly a radical free coinage man. Dr. Andrews has written an interesting volume on "The Gold Dol-lar," and his views are almost radically against free silver. Director Leech believes that there is too much silver in the market, and Congressman McCreary is inclined to side with Senator Jones, although by no means so radical on the subject. We have had no conference as yet, but each has had a talk with Scoretary Foster, and our duties have been clearly defined. We have authority simply to discuss and to propose, but no power for final action. I doubt if any of the delegates from other countries will have plenipotentiary authority. The deliberations will in all likelihood be conducted in the English language. The American delegates will argue for bimetallism, and it is likely that our most bitter opponents will be the English delegates, who, I understand, be lieve that we are making a grievous error in purchasing 4,500,000 ounces of silver a outh. They think that to stop coinin this great mass of silver dollars monthly would drive more bullion abroad, and is that way favorably affect the silver market. "No proposition looking to an indorse-ment of free coinage of silver will probably



Hon. J. B. McCreary be submitted by any of the American repre-sentatives. Senator Jones was in Washing-

ton at the time I conterred with the secre taries and I feel sure he will agroe on the 'bimetallism' compromise measure which we will urge for adoption by the con-The Makeup of the Conference. The delegates from other conferences s

far as announced are as follows: Great Britain-Sir William H. Houlds-worth, M. P. for Northwest Manchester; Mr. Bertrom Curne, partner in the bank of Messra, Glynn, Mills, Curne & Ca.; Hon. Sir Charles Freemantle, K. C. B., Deputy Governor of the Mint. Government of India-General Richard Strachev. G. P. S., formerly member of the

Indian Council; Sir Guilford L. Moles worth, K. C. I. E. -Mr. Tirard, former Minister of Finance and President of Council; Mr. L.



E. O. Leech, Director of the Mint. de Liron, high official in the Department of Finance; Mr. de Faville, high official in the Department of Finance. Switzerland-Messra Cramer, Frey and

Lardy, Minister at Paris. Lardy, Minister at Paris.

Italy—Mr. Luigi Luzzatti, Mr. Ramere
Semonelli and Mr. Domenico Zeppa, all
members of the late Parliament, Italy.

Sweden—Hon. Fersell, ex-Minister Fin-

Denmark-Mr. C. F. Tretgen.
Mr. Cannon and Mr. Letch are both of
the opinion that one of the strongest plans

to be submitted to the conference will be that of Dr. A. Soetbeer, a financier of note. It is much on the pisn of the proposition submitted by Maurice Levy, the Danish delegate, to the International Conference of 1881, that silver be substituted for gold in payments not exceeding £2, and that silver notes be issued to obviate the necessity of carrying about so much silver. Dr. Soetbeer has modified the old proposition considerably, and believes it will be certain to meet with favor before the conference. meet with favor before the conference Summarized his plan is as follows:

Dr. Soetbeer's Plan for Bimetall First-Recognition of some definite weight of fine gold as the universal foundsion of the measure of value of the mone

second—Maintenance of the existing gold onetary systems of the various cour



Senator W. B. Allison. tries; cessation by them of the further coinage and issue of gold coins under 5.8065 grams of fine gold (20-franc piece); obligations of such countries to retire their smaller gold coins within the next ten

3. Uniform gold coinage charges of 2 per

4. Issue of gold certificates for gold deposited, by the principal mints or central banks, for amounts of 500 grams of fine gold or multiples of that amount. Agreement on a uniform mode of assaying.

5. Retirement within the next ten years

of all bank notes hitherto issued in the country and of other paper money of a value under 5.8065 grams of fine gold, and refusal to issue any longer either bank notes or ther paper money under said value in

6. Retirement of existing silver coins of a higher nominal value than 10 per cent of the value of the lowest future standard gold coin, within the next 15 years, and hereafter exclusive coinage of the principal coins in the value ratio of silver to gold 20 to 1. Coinage of the same only on occount of the Government. Each country to retain its freedom as to the coinage of small divisional coins. 7. Obligation of the Government of each

ountry to receive into its public treasuries the principal silver coins bearing their own stamp in payment of all sums.

8. Obligations of private individuals and



cipal silver coins of the country in payment o an amount equal to three times the value of the lowest standard gold coin.

9. Issues of silver certificates by the principal mints or central banks against the dethe principal silver coins in denominations not lower than one-half of the value of the lowest standard gold coin, and also in mul-tiples of such amount. The immediate spe-cle redemption of the silver certificates in principal silver coins on demand and at all imes at the places of issue. 10. No issue of credit notes payable in

silver only. 11 Liberty of each State to recede from this monetary treaty after 12 months' no

12. Obligations of the several Governments to inform each other at the close of each calendar year of all laws, regulation and proclamations issued respecting the nonetary system.

Secretary Foster Expects a Decision. I had a talk with a New York financier on England's real attitude to the confer-ence and he believed that the interests of India were in many respects like those of America, and that this fact would alone sufice to alter its obstinacy on the side of nonometallism.

Secretary Foster, however, is extremely hopeful of decisive results, but others who have scanned closely the European papers appreciate the fact that there is a tremendous body of hostile feeling to overcome among the leading countries of Europe before any treaty can be agreed upon pro-viding for the larger use of silver. The fluetuations in feeling in Europe are not so easy of measurement. Whether the maniopposition to bimetallism is on the point of giving way is something the Amercan delegates will find out when they reach Europe. On the whole it is safe to say that Dr. Soetbeer's plan for the new ratio of 1 to 20 may, after all, be the entering wedge that will lead to an internations "bimetallism" agreement. W. D.

Simple Remedy for Sprains.

A writer on the subject of simple reme dies says there is no medicine known that approaches hot water in value in injuries in which the skin is not broken. It is strange that this remedy is not more in vogue on the football and baseball fields. Professional players are often disabled for weeks by effects which ought to be counteracted in a tew days. If an injury is so located that treatment can be conveniently applied, as on the hand, the arm or the leg, the affected parts should be instantly pinnged into water as hot as can be borne and kept there for half an hour, and twice that length o time if the accident is serious. When the bath is discontinued the injured parts should have water dressings applied, and these, also, should be kept hot until all the tenderness has been drawn out.

WHAT IS A COLD? The Answer Given in a Lecture by Dr. Hart man at the Surgical Hotel, Columbus

A cold is the starting point of more than half of the fatal illnesses from November to May. A cold is the first chapter in the history of every case of consumption. A cold is the first stage of chronic catarrh, the most loathsome and stubborn of diseases. A cold is the legitimate parent of a large family of diseases, such as bronchitis, pleurisy, pneumonia, and quinsy. To neglect a cold is almost suicide. To fail to provide against this well-nigh inevitable evil is dangerous this well-nigh inevitable evil is dangerous negligence. Pe-ru-na is a safeguard as a preventive, a specific as a cure for all tases of catarrh, acute and chronic, coughs, coids, consumption, etc., etc. Every family should be previded with a copy of The Family Physician No. 2, a compiete guide to prevent and cure winter diseases. Sent free by The Pe-ru-na Drug Manutacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.

THE CLUB WOMEN.

Mrs. Jenny Pettit Liljigren,

The Duquesne Ceramic Club. It was early in January that 20 ladies met in the music room of Prof. Simeon Bissell on Sixth street to discuss the advisability of organizing a club for the advancement of the interests of local china painters. The evening was a disagreeable one, and the representation not very encouraging. Deter-mined not to be balked by the weather. however, a temporary organization was effected. At the second meeting circumstances were more felicitous, and a real live club with a very business-like name result-

ed. Long they deliberated over that im-portant feature—the name. Duquesne instead of Pittsburg was adopted out of consideration for the asthetic, while Ceramic was sandwiched in by the practical to indicate its sphere of usefulness. Mrs. Jennie P. Liljigren was elected President, Mrs. Charles Aull, Secretary, and Mrs. Simeou Bissell, Treasurer.

Since then meetings have been held at stated intervals, at which there has been an interchange of ideas in regard to art work that the members have found very helpful. The original 20 active and 10 honorary members of the club have been largely added to and the organization is well on the high road of prosperity, to say nothing of fame and fortune. Meetings are most frequently held in Prot. Bissell's studio, thanks to his kindness.

One aim of the organization is to make a creditable exhibit of work at the World's Fair. In the spring an exhibition was given in the parlors of the Academy of Science and Art. A second exhibition will be given in the near future and, it is said.

it will far eclipse their first effort.

The president of the club is not only an able executive afficer, but an artist of rare ability. She is a native of Illinois, although her childhood was passed near Albany, N. Y. Her family was of good old Puritan stock. A fine education was acquired at the Delaware Literary Institute and Cazenovia Seminary, both located in central New York. Mrs. Liljigren spent several years in the study of art in in New York city, and later under Mrs. Tracelton, of Milwaukee, the well-known china painter. She was married in 1882, and has since resided in the East End.

Expenses of a Club Woman.

As her best friend came into the parlor the club woman laid saide the sheet of paper on which she had been figuring industriously. Drawing an easy chair toward the fire for the visitor, she said:

I've been thinking seriously this afternoon. I never before knew what a lot I spend for these clubs. Mrs. Merriwell asked spend for these clubs. Mrs. Merriwell asked me yesterday to join hers. I wanted to see if I could afford it. I belong to only two now and they cost just awfully. Now you won't tell anybody, will you? This row of figures is for my first club. One dollar yearly dues; that sounds cheap, doesn't lif? We meet every other week, so car fare is \$1.80. I laid out \$10 for books: no, that isn't nearly so much as some of the ladies spent. I'm on one of the committees and I paid I think \$2.25 more car are, postace stamps, stationary and one thing or other. Then we had a public meeting where I read a paper. I you a new gown, of course; it cost \$30. There was the annual excursion where I parted with \$15 more. We were each assessed \$1.25 at different times during the sessed \$1.25 at different times during the year. The cost for the entire year was 145.70. My second club's dues were \$1.1 spent only \$1.75 or books; I wanted to econmize. I paid \$10 for gloves, flowers, lace and fixings to wear with my old blue dress to the annual club banques. Car fare was \$1.50 more. We had an tertainment for the benefit of the club and I was out of pocket \$4 on that. As delegate for the club to a meeting in another city I spent \$25 more and for periodicals of one kind or another in regard to clubs and women \$10. I entertained the members of the club at my home once. Of course I did not need to, but all the other ladies entertain. That cost \$20. My second club's expense account amounted to \$70.33. Together they have cost \$128.05, or about \$2.50 a week. I'm sure I haven't remembered all either.

What They Did at the Conference. Four-fifths of the federated women's clubs of Pennsylvania were present at the convention of State clubs held November 2 and 3 in the new Century Club building, Philadelphia. Miss Mattida Hindman, of Allegcheny, who represented the Traveiers' Club, was the only delegate from this section. Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown, President of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, was present and made an interesting address on the advantages of federation. After that the ladies discussed the desirability of a State federation. As none of the delegates had been instructed what to do in the matter, it was referred back to the clubs, action to be taken at the biennial council to be held at Philadelphia in 1894. The question of how delegates to that council should be entertained was judiciously referred to a committee of the New Century Club. Lunch was served delegates and officers of the New Century Club. The afternoon session was devoted to the discussion of that much mooted question: "Is It Desirable for Women to Engage in Active Business Pursuits?" Miss Hindman was the first lady called upon to speak. Before she finished she had convinced the Eastern ladies that Pittsburg women really find time for intellectual improvement. convention of State clubs held November 2

The Wayne Club's reception closed the MRS. MAY WRIGHT SEWALL Is said to be the oungest member of Sorosis.

and time for intellectual improvement. Eastern women seem firmly to believe that in Pittsburg the men spend their time in the manufacture of smoke, while the women theirs with mop and broom, heroically battling to annihilate it.

Exchange management, spends this week in New York. Tuz afternoon musicale has come to the front again. Its first meeting was held at Mrs. C. L. Magee's home Tuesday.

MRS HENRY DARLINGTON, of the Women's

THE Women's Press Club is about to inagurate a series of social meetings which shall be open to members and a lew invited guests. Luch will be served and a pleasant time is expected generally,

THE Needlework Guild, of which Mrs.

James B. Scott is head, will have its dona-tion day November 17, that is, its members will turn over to the chairman all garments completed for it by them during the year. MRS. MARGARET PEERE, of Sandusky, O., who, it will be remembered, was one of the delegates sens by the Cleveland Women's Press Club to the International Convention of Press Clubs, held in Pittsburg two year

ago, has just published a novel, "Born of Flame." It is issued under the nom de plume "Pique," and is favorably spoken of by the criues. Tue fact that society women in unprece dently large numbers are preparing to spend Thanksgiving in New York will have an unfortunate effect in necessitating the post-ponement of the usual Women's Exchange landy work sale until December. There will be, nowever, the annual display of tooth-some dainties sacred to the day of thanks

Conduct Unworthy a Nobleman

Baron Simolin Bathory, a descendant of

he Lichenberg kings and princes of Poland, went into a restaurant at Riga, lately, and threw glasses at people who passed by the place, and afterward assauletd an editor who criticised his conduct the same as he would that of any other rowdy. The Chamber of Nobility of Kurland has since met and declared him unworthy of his