

The Cortlandts of Washington Square

By Janet A. Fairbank

Copyright by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"ANN RIDES WITH ME."

SYNOPSIS—Returning to her home in a small town, Milton Center from a visit to New York, the widowed mother of ten-year-old Ann Byrne announces her wedding to Hudson Cortlandt, socially and politically prominent. Her husband has not returned to her and she is disheartened. With Ann, Mrs. Cortlandt returns to New York, to the house of Hendricks Cortlandt, her husband's brother, with whom the latter is living.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"The deceit would have been less, I have no doubt, had she not had red hair," his brother interposed peacefully, and to her amazement Ann found herself laughing convulsively, in spite of her anger and fright.

Hudson came suddenly down to earth, "Well," he announced, "Minnie will have to choose between us—the child or me. I won't have her, that's flat. . . . If you'll leave her, I'll take you with me—if not, I'm done with you."

Something in her mother's lifted face frightened Ann, and she found resolution for further defiance. "We don't want to go with you," she declared passionately. "You can go off to Europe by yourself. . . . We'll stay here." She ended on a softened note, and she turned her eyes stantly on her new friend. She thought that he received this declaration somewhat coldly, and her heart skipped a beat miserably. He was looking at his brother with an expression that terrified her.

"What do you wish, Mrs. Cortlandt?" he demanded.

"I don't know," she sobbed. "I am so unhappy! How can I go? How can I stay?" She looked imploringly from Ann to her husband, before she buried her face in a minute pocket handkerchief.

Hudson Cortlandt was softened by this walling appeal. "I am willing to look after the girl," he said unconcernedly. "You could leave her in good hands."

Mrs. Cortlandt looked up with a gleam of retreating cheerfulness. "I suppose I might," she murmured.

"I don't see why you worry and her back where she sits from, it will be the same for her as if you had never married me, except that her help will be paid. . . . We will in a week," he added lightly. He was obviously not to be taken seriously.

"You are all perfectly simple after all— isn't it?"

Mr. Hendricks Cortlandt looked at him for a moment, and Ann wondered if it was something in his steady gaze that caused the stronger man to drop his eyes uneasily. At length he said, "I shall be alone here, when you are gone. It is possible that I might, for a time, undertake the responsibility of Miss Ann—with the understanding, of course, that you will later on, relieve me." He turned to the silent child. "Would you like to stay with me?" he asked gently.

Ann felt the tears leap against her eyelids, as she only nodded. She felt miserably certain that he did not want her. He turned to Mrs. Cortlandt. "I assure you, madam, that your daughter will be as well cared for as lies in my power. Perhaps a little girl in my home may prove a blessing. Eh, Miss Ann?"

The child was spared the difficulty of an answer, for at the moment when she felt that a supreme effort of some sort was expected of her, the library door swung open, and a high clear voice cried, "Do I intrude, Hendricks?"

"What?" said Hudson. "It's Clarissa. Ann was conscious of a general dismay, and that it centered mysteriously on her.

She had never known anyone could be so lovely as the lady who appeared in the high doorway. Her hair was warmly brown, and shining; it hung about her face in arched and complicated arrangements, and her eyes were shining and quick and pretty, above her bright pink cheeks. Compared with its brittle elegance her mother's hard country thinness had a common look. She laughed as she came down the room, showing pretty white teeth.

"A faintly grey already, Hudson?" she demanded, sending quick and amused glances from her embarrassed brother to his long bride. "Doesn't it suit your little nose, you know?" She turned to Mr. Cortlandt and her darling look dropped to Ann, who stood pressed close beside him.

"Why—where did you find that, Hendricks?" she queried, her voice suddenly shrill, and all the smiling sweetness gone from her eyes.

"This is Miss Ann Byrne, Clarissa, and fate has sent her to me."

"Yes, indeed?"

"Who is Hudson's granddaughter, but it has been arranged that she is to stay here with me."

Mrs. Remondy swung around to her younger brother, with a great swirl of blue muslin skirts. "So?" she asked. "This is what your mad wedding has done? A child—left here with Hendricks?"

"I believe that I am glad to have her," Clarissa said. "I certainly liked her. . . . Already I am charmed with her."

"Charmed?" Her eyes swept Ann from her smiling face to her shabby dress and she laughed in

credulously. "You are making the best of it—that is evident—but why should she stay with you? Can't Hudson assume his responsibilities? If you want a child about—and I am sure I don't understand why you do—there's my Hendricks, or little Fanny Cortlandt."

"That will do, Clarissa," Mr. Cortlandt spoke sternly that Ann shrunk back, frightened. "To what are we indebted for the honor of this visit?"

"I have a love at Wallack's theater tonight; I came in to see if Hudson and my charming new sister-in-law would care to share it with me. It is Madame Rachel."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Hudson. "She is that famous French actress, isn't she? I could be ready in a very few moments—fifteen, at the most!"

Mrs. Remondy swept her with indifferent eyes. "Very well," she said, "I'll be ready in five. . . ."

Mr. Cortlandt seated himself opposite her, leaning toward her with a curious look of an antagonist. "Go with your mother, Ann," he said. "You can doubtless help her hurry."

And so Ann's future was decided. When she was alone with her mother, during the last precious week of their companionship, she found that the only way to avoid mutual tears was not to mention the coming parting, so she obligingly refrained. There were plenty of other things to think about. In the first place she was plunged into an orgy of buying. She and her mother both had completely new wardrobes. The pretty bride bought lavishly, in spite of her imminent visit to Paris.

People came and went during the swift interlude, but the child retained no clear memory of them. Mrs. Remondy was the only one whose initial impression persisted through later familiarity; Ann always remembered the malicious prettiness of her first appearance. At her brother-in-law's request, Mrs. William Cortlandt brought her daughter Fanny to see the newcomer, but the two children were shy of each other, and Ann had no time for contemporaneous intimacy in her last days with her mother. Mrs. Hudson was inclined to like this sister-in-law.

"She is a widow, just as I was," Mrs. Hudson informed Ann. "Except that her little girl is pretty. Fanny is sweet, isn't she? I hope you will try to like her, Ann; she is such a little lady."

Ann clung to her mother in a way that was fluttering but disconcerting. She followed her miserably about the house, and she could not help but button the complicated new frocks, and to pack her boxes into two shabby trunks.

Notwithstanding all their preparations, however, it was not until they clung together at the dock that the mother and daughter suddenly admitted the serious nature of their separation. Mrs. Cortlandt shed a few tears and pretty besought her brother-in-law to be kind to her charge, but Ann hung desperately about her mother's neck, dry-eyed and silent. His looking back on the leave-taking it always seemed to her that in the moment before the gangplank was withdrawn, she grew appreciably older. She never forgot the feel of her mother's cool fresh cheek against her own, or the last lovely glimpse of her, young, agitated and charming, as she leaned over the stern, with the churning side-paddles, crying and smiling together, and waving and kissing both her hands to the old man and the child on the dock.

Her mother had been gone only a fortnight when, one snowy afternoon, Mr. Cortlandt returned home earlier than was his custom. Ann knew at

once, as soon as she had run to meet him, that something terrible had happened, because he was so sorry for her. The compassion in his eyes awakened all the bravery in her soul. The worst had happened; there had been a collision at sea, and a scattered few passengers, picked up by another ship, had returned to tell the tragic tale of the doomed Arctic, which had sunk off the banks, while only two days out from New York. For a time Mr. Cortlandt refused to give up hope, and every day he went to the office of the "Atlas" line; but as time went on he was forced to abandon any expecta-

tion of the rescue of his brother and his bride.

Rack in America, President Pierce then cast about among his supporters for another minister to Switzerland, and in Washington square Mr. Cortlandt devoted himself to comforting a passionately rebellious choir. Her sorrow, he knew, would pass and for himself he felt a curiously poignant regret at the sudden end of his lovely and foolish young sister-in-law—a deeper regret, possibly, than if she had been less lovely and more wise.



They Dipped into All Kinds of Books.

tee the child—recipient of many curious glances and under demure bonnets. She was a big Cortlandt pew, and she was near her own room, where she might lean against the door and share his hymnal, after the fashion of the books were few.

Just about a year ago, when he was a black and white, and a red-faced and joyful-looking man. Between them was their son, Hendricks, named for his uncle, and destined from his cradle, as Mr. Cortlandt well knew, to be his heir.

Ann shot a sidelong glance at Mr. Cortlandt; no, he was not smiling. "If that is the reason, I don't mind," she declared happily. "I don't want any one to like me—only you!"

better postpone my party until all this trouble is over!" She wondered why he looked at her for so long a time, before he answered her.

"No, my dear. . . . Youth. . . . We still have the party as planned, no matter what comes after."

Ann beamed radiantly upon him. "And perhaps by the thirteenth of April everything will be all right again," she said hopefully.

Throughout the latter part of March and the early part of April it looked as if Ann's optimistic judgment was justified, for nothing of great importance happened.

It was on the day before the reception that the calm broke in a most startling manner. Major Anderson had been in communication with Washington, and every one knew that he had requested supplies to be sent to him at once, but no one really believed that the troops of the Confederate states would actually attack; the situation had been a threatening one for so long that people had grown used to it. When, however, the news reached New York that Fort Sumter, flying the American flag, had been fired upon, it lighted the city like a torch. Sympathy with the secessionists was forgotten, or discreetly silenced, and indignation arose shrilly from all quarters of the town.

The general impression was, however, that the defenders of the post could easily subdue the attacking party. The papers were full of vainglorious tributes to northern arms and northern courage, and the fashion of the hour was to scoff at this foolhardy attempt of the Confederates.

Therefore, in spite of the fact that the bombardment continued, and that Major Anderson was slow in crashing the forces attacking him, the preparations for Ann's party went on, and notwithstanding the troubled times, on the evening of April 15 the line of family carriages reached all the way from Mr. Cortlandt's door to Fifth avenue; even there it turned, like a column of artillery, and stretched away up that aristocratic street almost to the residential portals of the Brevort hotel.

Ann stood beside her guardian, and in his opinion she was the loveliest thing in all New York, in that budding April weather. Mrs. Remondy received with her brother on the important occasion, and in spite of her instinctive antipathy to Ann, she was forced to confess that the girl did her guardian credit. She said very sweetly to Mr. Cortlandt, that she was extraordinarily lovely. She had written to young Hendricks to come over from Harvard for his uncle's reception, and she wondered what effect Ann's sudden transformation might have on him. She rather expected a soft ten-

MERCHANT GIVES MORE EVIDENCE

W. F. Penny, prominent merchant of Hendersonville, N. C., and a leader in the civic and business affairs of his section, gives unqualified praise to Tansie, which, he states, has restored his health and overcome troubles that had defied treatment for years.

"For many years," stated Mr. Penny, "I was a great sufferer from indigestion and stomach trouble. Ulceration set in and necessitated an operation. Utter lack of digestive power over a long period so weakened me that I was hardly able to attend to my business.

"Tansie seemed to reach the seat of my troubles at once and now I have normal strength and activity in every organ. Tansie is undoubtedly the best stomach medicine I have had."

Tansie is for sale by all good druggists. Take no substitute. Over 40 million bottles sold.—Advertisement.

Only Three Miles.

The pale-looking passenger had shown signs of nervousness throughout the voyage. Approaching the captain one day he asked: "How far are we from land, captain?"

"Oh, about three miles," replied that official.

"Only three miles," said the passenger. "Then it's funny we can't see it."

"Oh," returned the skipper, "that's because the water isn't clear enough."

FATHER JOHN'S MEDICINE

BUILDS NEW STRENGTH and REAL FLESH

NO DRUGS

Quick Relief Coughs Resulting from Whooping Cough with FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR ESTABLISHED 1875

WORMS

in Children and Older Folk

Frey's Vermifuge

It is a safe, old-fashioned remedy for worms. It acts on the stomach and bowels. It is easy to take and does not hurt. It is a sure cure for all kinds of worms.

30 cents a bottle at your druggist, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

E. & S. FREY, Inc. Solely Imported by Baltimore, Md.

Comfort Baby's Skin

With Cuticura Soap And Fragrant Talcum

Keep Baby Clean, Soft and Healthy

Hall's Catarrh Medicine

Will do what we claim for it—cure all your Catarrh or Discharge caused by Catarrh.

More than 1,000,000 women in the United States are engaged in the profession of architecture.

More than 1,000,000 women in the United States are engaged in the profession of architecture.

E. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

More than 1,000,000 women in the United States are engaged in the profession of architecture.