



CHAPTER X.
WOMEN OF THE FUTURE.

From that day the doctor's peace was gone. Never was a quiet and orderly household transformed so suddenly into a bear garden or a happy man turned into such a completely miserable one. He had never realized before how entirely his daughters had shielded him from all the friction of life. Now that they had not only ceased to protect him, but had themselves become a source of trouble to him, he began to understand how great the blessing was which he had enjoyed and to sigh for the happy days before his girls had come under the influence of his neighbor.

"You don't look happy," Mrs. Westmacott had remarked to him one morning. "You are pale and a little off color. You should come with me for a 10-mille spin upon the tandem."

"I am troubled about my girls." They were walking up and down in the garden. From time to time there sounded from the house behind them the long sad wail of a French horn.

"That is Ida," said he. "She has taken to practicing on that dreadful instrument in the intervals of her chemistry. And Clara is quite as bad. I declare it is getting quite unendurable."

"Ah, doctor, doctor!" she cried, shaking her forefinger with a gleam of her white teeth. "You must live up to your principles—you must give your daughters the same liberty as you advocate for other women."

"Liberty, madam, certainly! But this approaches to license."

"The same law for all, my friend." She tapped him reprovingly on the arm with her sunshade. "When you were 20, your father did not, I presume, object to your learning chemistry or playing a musical instrument. You would have thought it tyranny if he had."

"But there is such a sudden change in them both."

"Yes, I have noticed that they have been very enthusiastic lately in the cause of liberty. Of all my disciples I think that they promise to be the most devoted and consistent, which is the more natural since their father is one of our most trusted champions."

The doctor gave a wistful impatient look. "I seem to have lost all authority," he cried.

"No, no, my dear friend. They are a little exuberant at having broken the trammels of custom. That is all."

"You cannot think what I have had to put up with, madam. It has been a dreadful experience. Last night, after I had extinguished the candle in my bedroom, I placed my foot upon something smooth and hard, which scuttled from under me. Imagine my horror! I lit the gas and came upon a well known tortoise which Clara has thought fit to introduce into the house. I call it a filthy custom to have such pets."

Mrs. Westmacott dropped him a little courtesy. "Thank you, sir," said she. "That is a nice little side hit at my poor Eliza."

"I give you my word that I had forgotten about her," cried the doctor, flushing. "One such pet may no doubt be endured, but two are more than I can bear. Ida has a monkey which lives on the curtain rod. It is a most dreadful creature. It will remain absolutely motionless until it sees that you have forgotten its presence, and then it will suddenly bound from picture to picture all round the walls and end by swinging down on the bellows and jumping onto the top of your head. At breakfast it stole a poached egg and daubed it all over the door handle. Ida calls these outrages amusing tricks."

"But what can we give them for supper?"

"Oh, something with a nice, fast, rollicking, late at night kind of favor to it. Let me see! Champagne, of course—and oysters. Oysters will do. In the novels all the naughty people take champagne and oysters. Besides, they won't need any cooking. How is your pocket money, Clara?"

"I have three pounds."

"I have one. Four pounds. I have no idea how much champagne costs. Have you?"

"Not the slightest."

"How many oysters does a man eat?"

"I can't imagine."

"I'll write and ask Charles. No, I won't. I'll ask Jane. Ring for her, Clara. She has been a cook and is sure to know."

Jane, on being cross-questioned, refused to commit herself beyond the statement that it depended upon the gentleman and also upon the oysters. The united experience of the kitchen, however, testified that three dozen was a fair provision.

"Then we shall have eight dozen altogether," said Ida, jotting down all her requirements upon a sheet of paper. "And two pints of champagne. And some brown bread and vinegar and pepper. That's all, I think. It is not so very difficult to give a supper after all, is it, Clara?"

"I don't like it, Ida. It seems to me to be so very delicate."

"But it is needed to clinch the matter. No, no, there is no drawing back now, Clara, or we shall ruin everything. Papa is sure to come back within the 24 hours. He will reach the door at 10. We must have everything ready for him. Now, just sit down at once and ask Harold to come at 9 o'clock, and I shall do the same to Charles."

The two invitations were dispatched, received and accepted. Harold was already a confidant, and he understood that this was some further development of the plot. As to Charles, he was so accustomed to feminine eccentricity in the person of his aunt that the only thing which could surprise him would be a rigid observance of etiquette. At 9 o'clock they entered the dining room of No. 2, to find the master of the house absent, a red shaded lamp, a snowy cloth, a pleasant little feast and the two whom they would have chosen as their companions. A merrier party never met, and the house rang with their laughter and their chatter.

"It is 3 minutes to 10," cried Clara suddenly, glancing at the clock.

"Good gracious! So it is! Now for our little tableau!" Ida pushed the champagne bottles obtrusively forward in the direction of the door and scattered oyster shells over the cloth.

"Have you your pipe, Charles?"

"My pipe! Yes."

"Then please smoke it. Now, don't argue about it, but do it, for you will ruin the effect otherwise."

The large man drew out a red case and extracted a great yellow meerschaum, out of which a moment later he was puffing thick wreaths of smoke. Harold lit a cigar, and both the girls had cigarettes.

"That looks very nice and emancipated," said Ida, glancing round. "Now I shall lie on this sofa. Sol now, Charles, just sit here and throw your arm carelessly over the back of the sofa. No, don't stop smoking. I like it. Clara, dear, put your feet upon the coal scuttle and do try to look a little dissipated. I wish we could crown ourselves with flowers. There are some lettuces on the sideboard. Oh, dear, here he is! I hear his key." She began to sing in her high, fresh voice a little snatch from a French song, with a swinging tra-la-la chorus.

The doctor had walked home from the station in a peaceable and relenting frame of mind, feeling that perhaps he had said too much in the morning, that his daughters had for years been models in every way, and that if there had been any change of late it was, as they said themselves, on account of their anxiety to follow his advice and to imitate Mrs. Westmacott. He could see clearly enough now that that advice was unwise and that a world peopled with Mrs. Westmacotts would not be a happy or a soothing one. It was he who was himself to blame, and he was grieved by the thought that perhaps his hot words had troubled and saddened his two girls.

This fear, however, was soon dissipated. As he entered his hall he heard the voice of Ida uplifted in a rollicking ditty, and a very strong smell of tobacco was borne to his nostrils. He threw open the dining room door and stood aghast at the scene which met his eyes.

The room was full of the blue wreaths of smoke, and the lamplight shone through the thin haze upon gold topped bottles, plates, napkins and a litter of oyster shells and cigarettes. Ida, flushed and excited, was reclining upon the settee, a wineglass at her elbow and a cigarette between her fingers, while Charles Westmacott sat beside her, with his arm thrown over the head of the sofa with the suggestion of a caress. On the other side of the room Clara was lounging in an armchair, with Harold beside her, both smoking and both with wineglasses beside them. The doctor stood speechless in the doorway, staring at the bacchanalian scene.

"Come in, papa, do!" cried Ida. "Won't you have a glass of champagne?"

"Pray excuse me," said her father coldly. "I feel that I am intruding. I did not know that you were entertaining. Perhaps you will kindly let me know when you have finished. You will find me in my study." He ignored the two young men completely, and closing the door retired, deeply hurt and mortified, to his room. A quarter of an hour afterward he heard the door slam, and his two daughters came to announce that his guests were gone.

"Guests! Whose guests?" he cried angrily. "What is the meaning of this exhibition?"

"We have been giving a little supper, papa. They were our guests."

"Oh, indeed?" the doctor laughed sarcastically. "You think it right, then, to entertain young bachelors late at night,

to smoke and drink with them, to—oh, that I should ever have lived to blush for my own daughters! I thank God that your dear mother never saw the day."

"Dearest papa," cried Clara, throwing her arms about him. "Do not be angry with us. If you understood all, you would see there is no harm in it."

"No harm, miss! Who is the best judge of that?"

"Mrs. Westmacott," suggested Ida slyly.

The doctor sprang from his chair. "Confound Mrs. Westmacott!" he cried, striking frenziedly into the air with his hands. "Am I to hear of nothing but this woman? I will endure it no longer."

"But it was your wish, papa."

"Then I will tell you now what my second and wiser wish is, and we shall see if you will obey it as you have the first."

"Of course we will, papa."

"Then my wish is that you should forget these odious notions which you have imbibed, that you should dress and act as you used to do before ever you saw this woman, and that in future you confine your intercourse with her to such civilities as are necessary between neighbors."

"We are to give up Mrs. Westmacott?"

"Or give up me."

"Oh, dear dad, how can you say any thing so cruel," cried Ida, burrowing her tawny, golden hair into her father's shirt front, while Clara pressed her cheek against his whiskers. "Of course we shall give her up if you prefer it."

The doctor patted the two caressing heads. "These are my own two girls again," he cried. "It has been my fault as much as yours. I have been astray, and you have followed me in my error. It was only by seeing your mistake that I have become conscious of my own. Let us set it aside and neither say nor think anything more about it."

[CONTINUED ON THURSDAY.]

A Horse With an Artificial Eye.

A fine looking brown gelding owned by Dr. Walter W. White had one of his eyes injured about two years ago and gradually lost the sight in that optic. The case was brought to the attention of Dr. Ward, the state veterinarian, some weeks ago. It is a difficult matter to secure artificial eyes for horses that will not warp, break or fall out. Dr. Ward knew that the proper article could be procured in England, and in reply to a letter the delicate piece of compound was received a few days ago. It is made of a composition of vulcanite and will not change color or become easily injured. Several days ago Dr. Ward dried up the injured eye and placed a small circular piece of vulcanite in the socket, so as to accustom the horse to the new sensation. The imported eye was put in at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Dr. Ward put a few drops of oil on the disk-like arrangement, and with the aid of a lancet raised the eyelids and placed the eye in position. The artificial adornment looks exceedingly natural.—Baltimore American.

A Torry Vision of Civil War.

We have carefully abstained from even hinting on which side we consider right to lie, either in Belfast or Hull, our desire being only to warn our readers how near both places have been, or are, to murderous civil war. They are being used—we say it to Unionists as well as to Gladstonians—by the habitually of the peaceful order around them, by the tranquillity which an irresistible force alike of opinion and of rifles maintains in England, and forget that, once adequately moved, men fall back almost instinctively upon older ideas and kill one another with as little compunction as they once fought duels. Civil war is a great deal nearer than we think, both in the labor question and the Irish question—or at least it will be if we surrender for one moment that "authority of the whole" which, in any one locality, enforces peace.—London Spectator.

Significant.

The Imperial Institute, which Queen Victoria gave the highest sanction of her approval by opening it, is of great interest to Americans because it is part of a plan to federate and unite the British empire. Should this be brought about, Canada will cease to be a colony and become an integral part of the empire and be given adequate representation in the control of its affairs. The annexation of the dominion would then become a much more difficult matter and might involve a war between the two powers.—Detroit Free Press.

Our Friend the Earl, Ye Know.

Through the death of the late Earl of Derby a blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter is at the disposal of Mr. Gladstone. The honor of wearing this badge is much sought after. It will be gratifying to many Chicagoans to learn that it is likely to be conferred on the Earl of Aberdeen, who was recently in this city.—Chicago Tribune.

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RESOURCES.	
Cash on hand.....	\$5,192 75
Checks and other cash items.....	541 96
Due from banks and bankers.....	19,690 32
Loans and discounts.....	77,883 63
Investment securities.....	82,815 65
Real estate, furniture and fixtures.....	1,077 67
Overdrafts.....	853 09
Current expenses and taxes paid.....	262 19
Miscellaneous assets.....	10 40
	\$199,056 66
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in.....	\$50,000 00
Surplus fund.....	2,500 00
Undivided profits.....	1,464 20
Deposits subject to check.....	135,226 46
Cashier's checks outstanding.....	17 50
Due to banks and bankers.....	8,903 77
Dividends unpaid.....	57 50
Miscellaneous liabilities.....	887 23
	\$199,056 66

State of Penna. County of Luzerne, ss: I, B. R. Davis, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

B. R. Davis, cashier.
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"Swinging down on the bellows and jumping onto the top of your head."

"Oh, all will come right," said the widow reassuringly.

"And Clara is as bad—Clara, who used to be so good and sweet, the very image of her poor mother. She insists upon this preposterous scheme of being a pilot and will talk of nothing but revolving lights, and hidden rocks, and codes of signals, and nonsense of the kind."

"But why preposterous?" asked his companion. "What nobler occupation can there be than that of stimulating commerce and aiding the mariner to steer safely into port? I should think your daughter admirably adapted for such duties."

"Then I must beg to differ from you, madam."

"Still, you are inconsistent."

"Excuse me, madam, I do not see the