



Holdenhurst Hall
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CHAPTER IX.

RECALLED TO SUFFOLK.

As soon as breakfast was over Uncle Sam left his horse to go to Chapel Court, Aunt Gertrude retired to her room to attend to her correspondence, and Miss Marsh and I were left alone. "Where shall we go this morning?" asked Miss Marsh; "I am tired of the park and we have driven all over Kensington more than once." Miss Marsh had lately learned to address me as Ernest, which had greatly delighted me, and determined me to endeavor to call her Constance. "Whichever way you please, but if it is agreeable to you we will go to Richmond. We have plenty of time," I said, consulting my watch, "it is barely 10 o'clock, and we do not lunch till 2. I was never there, but I have often heard that Richmond is the most beautiful suburb of London."

"By all means," replied Miss Marsh; "I will order the carriage and get ready at once." And she rose instantly and tripped lightly from the room.

American ladies prepare their toilettes with a despatch quite unknown to their English sisters, though certainly with no less care and elaboration, and I had only written a telegram to my father, acknowledging the receipt of his letter and promising to reply to it that evening when Miss Marsh again entered the room fully equipped for a drive, no button of her glove being left for me to fasten.

I looked up at her with some surprise. "You are soon returned," I observed.

"Too soon?" she asked, fixing upon me her steadfast eyes.

"No, how could that be?" I said, and drew her arm through mine and led her downstairs.

"Good morning, Mr. Ernest," exclaimed a voice belonging to a tall form which stood in the shadow of a hall door; "I am fortunate in not having just missed you," and turning I beheld the Rev. Dr. Evan Price.

"Pray, don't let my unexpected presence startle you," continued the Vicar of Holdenhurst; "I bring no ill news. Being summoned to London on business which may end in my appointment to the curacy of All Souls' North Brixton, your father has asked me to call to return home at once for a day or so. He would like you to catch the train which leaves St. Pancras at 11.45, and travel via Cambridge."

This information annoyed me greatly. I could not find it in my heart to keep away from my father when he desired my presence, though to forego my visit to Richmond with Miss Marsh was a bitter disappointment to me. For a moment I stood in doubt how to act.

"Of course you will go," remarked Miss Marsh.

"I fear I must," I replied, in a voice which but ill concealed my vexation, but I will return to-morrow or next day at latest. I am sorry to leave you in this abrupt manner, and I am sure my father would be the last to desire such a thing without very good reason for it."

We adjourned to the drawing-room, where Miss Marsh invited Mr. Price to accompany us, an invitation which he accepted with great promptitude and cordiality. He was a man of the present and considerable tact, gifted with the power of talking interestingly but interestingly about everything in general and nothing in particular. Indeed, nothing was more admired by the feminine world of the two Holdenhursts than the genial affability of the Rev. Evan Price. This handsome and gallant cleric had not been in the house ten minutes before I learned that he was to have an interview with the Bishop of London at Fulham at 3 o'clock, until which hour he was at leisure (which being interpreted signified that he intended to stay until then); that after the said interview he would return to pay his respects to Mr. Samuel Truman—in other words that he would come back to dinner. When I quitted the drawing-room, leaving Mr. Price and Miss Marsh together, I was more depressed than I had ever been before, and half-regretted that I had not decided to remain. I felt like a runner who, having kept ahead of his competitors in a long race, faints when near the goal and sees the prize he regarded as his own most eagerly seized by other hands. I am almost ashamed to record how the tears started to my eyes, but I forced them back, summoned all the courage of my nature—not at that time very much—and after a severe mental struggle fell into a strange mood compounded of pride and fierceness.

It was with some difficulty that I contrived to speak to Miss Marsh alone. She left, but I succeeded in doing so, and again assured her of my regret at the unexpected interruption of our arrangements, and I laid special emphasis on the great pleasure it would give me to return to Kensington at the earliest possible moment, at the same time desiring her to inform my uncle and aunt of the hasty summons I had received from my father.

Miss Marsh was as gracious to me as the most exacting lover could ex-

pect of desire, waiving my apologies as unnecessary, promising to convey my message, regretting my sudden departure, hoping for my speedy return, and permitting me to retain her hand in mine longer than is customary in the farewells of mere friends. She also suggested that I might write to her if I did not return in two days; a suggestion which I assured her I would most certainly adopt, at the same moment resolving to do so under any circumstances. I would have given the world if only I might have kissed her, but I did not dare to do so. Uttering a final farewell, I regarded her with great earnestness for a few moments, then released her hand and hurriedly left the house.

The course of my life seemed to have changed entirely in fourteen days. Never before had my mind been filled by so many or such conflicting ideas. Before my uncle came to Holdenhurst I had been idle and careless; now my head ached from consideration of affairs of which I could conceive no satisfactory issue. One thing, however, was clear to me. In only a few days I had grown to love Miss Marsh with a devotion more intense than I had supposed my nature permitted, and short as our acquaintance had been I was already asking that lady, before obeying my father's urgent call, to become my wife but not that formidable barrier between us—her wealth. Her eyes' speechless messages, an occasional phrase or word from her lips, or, rarer still, her gentle touch, had assured me that my suit would accord with the dictates of her own heart. But my pride was as great as my love, and I felt strongly that I could never ask a woman of enormous wealth to become the wife of the portionless son of an impoverished squire. Without commercial training, and with no natural aptitude for business, there was absolutely no hope for me to raise myself to her social plane by any effort in my power to make, and in bitterness of spirit I alternately cursed her wealth and my poverty. Visions of the perfect happiness which might be mine were either of these difficulties removed served only to increase my depression. As my uncle's carriage sped toward St. Pancras, Browning's remarkable line,

"Money buys women," kept ringing in my ears, tormenting me like an evil spirit. Then there was that smart young cleric, the Rev. Evan Price. With the Rev. Evan Price I had very little to do, and our communications had always been of the most friendly character possible, but heaven, how I hated him now! and with what fondness I was contemplating his extreme poverty when the thought that he was probably at the point of greatly increasing his income and of residing permanently in London promptly pushed me for my uncharitableness, and I winced. In the chaos of my ideas I did not forget Annie Walsey, the unfortunate play-fellow of my childhood, whose youthfulness had always prevented me regarding her as an aunt; nor did I forget my grandfather, anxious and alone, as far from home as could be; nor my indulgent father, now expecting my return, but I do not much doubt that these considerations were of a minor sort, and that the central figure in my mind which occasioned my cerebral disturbance was Constance Marsh, and no other.

My uncle's horses were good ones, and soon conveyed me to the Midland terminus, but I had no time to spare. Having bought my ticket, I sought for an empty compartment, for I felt averse to starting strangers, after the manner of English travelers, for three hours; while to listen to conversation in which I was not interested would have been simply unendurable. There being no compartment without passengers I selected the one which contained the fewest—an old lady, attended by a young maid. In my abstraction I left my Gladstone bag on the platform, where, after the train was well in motion it was noticed by my uncle's groom, who contrived to thrust it through the window so that it fell on the floor at the feet of the old lady, causing her to shriek appallingly.

I apologized for the clumsiness of the servant, and for my own forgetfulness, which had caused the incident, but despite all I could say, and the careful ministrations of her maid, the old lady continued to roll her eyes, to pant, and to utter strange sounds, until at last I thought she had suffered some serious injury. When she perceived that I was really alarmed the old lady recovered herself with surprising suddenness, and remarked that the bag had not touched her, but that it nearly fell on her feet, in which case it would have been impossible to tell what might have happened. She then requested her maid to hand her a certain flask. This command was more easily given than obeyed, for the flask, it appeared, was at the bottom of a closely-packed portmanteau, which had to be emptied before the article wanted could be got at. The lady scolded her maid terribly because of the delay, and when the maid timidly ventured to observe that the flask had been the first thing to be placed in

the portmanteau in accordance with her own repeated injunctions, went into violent passion, and declared that she never had and never would allow a servant to answer her. When at last the flask was obtained the old lady at once applied it to her lips, the odor of brandy pervaded the carriage, and her rubicund features relaxed into a smile.

It was not long before the old lady exhibited symptoms of an intention to open a conversation with me, but I checked her by taking from the Gladstone bag which had occasioned this flutter a thick folio volume of manuscript—the book I had found in the copper box when I was getting out of the Holdenhurst deers for uncle Sam. I had brought this book with me to London, intending to carefully examine it and read so much of it as was English during my stay in my uncle's house. But if I could find no convenient opportunity to do so at Holdenhurst while uncle Sam and aunt Gertrude were there it is certain I could not in London, with Miss Marsh in the same house engrossing all my attention, and the book had not only been in my possession for nearly a fortnight without being opened, but had narrowly escaped being lost. Settling myself comfortably in a corner of the carriage I determined to study the volume until I arrived in Bury St. Edmund's, and thus keep off any advances the tyrannical old lady might make toward a conversation, and divert my thoughts from my affairs.

The manuscript was still very damp, and great care was necessary in separating the leaves without tearing them. It appeared to be nothing more than the commonplace book of my ancestor Roger Truman (for so he and others of his period wrote our family name). The handwriting was large and distinct, but the letters, though uniform, were quaint and peculiar—they approximated more nearly to modern than ancient forms. A large number of pages were devoted to records of chemical experiments, with notes of the results, and here and there a few lines in some Eastern language of which I was ignorant even of the name, though I guessed it was Turkish, from the writer having lived in Turkey. I examined each page in regular succession, and found that they were all of similar character, until I had exhausted about 200 pages, or nearly a third of the book. The pages were now filled with close writing, unbroken by paragraphs, and the headline, "Record of a Wasted Life: Roger Truman, his history; written with his own hand, A. D. 1671," absorbed my attention, and I became oblivious of the voluble tongue of the old lady lecturing her maid, and, however uninteresting it may be to other readers, read with absorbing interest what I copy in the three following chapters.

CHAPTER X.

RECORD OF A WASTED LIFE; WRITTEN WITH HIS OWN HAND, A. D. 1671.

November 12.—All men being at all times like to die, the rebuff no less than the sick, it falleth out that but few men are troubled by contemplation of that circumstance; and indeed I have ever noted, but more particularly such as hold by the Mohammedan faith, that the inevitable is generally accepted with stoicism or indifference, and that death by natural progression hath no terrors at all. That such is my own case this present writing shall testify. He who hath exceeded the span of life allotted to man by the Psalmist; he who for many years hath lived among a strange people in a strange land; he who, having become a recluse, perceiveth now his physical and mental powers to grow feeble day by day; who, hoping for nothing, feareth naught, is not tempted to lie. He who lies, lieth for his advantage, or for what he conceiveth to be such. To this dictum I will admit no exception—and I have had large acquaintance of men of divers nations and qualities, so speak knowingly. And for what purpose should I record of myself that which is untrue, seeing that my earthly course is so nearly outrun; that certainly this record will go unread of any until after I am in my grave, and may perhaps moulder to dust ere other eyes than mine shall look upon it? Should I in such circumstances wittingly chronicle the thing which is false, then of all lies lied by lying man from the first man to the latest born on earth, this record would be the farthest removed from truth; its gross impertinence would at once astound and appal, and the Master Liar would praise among his angels against at being eclipsed by his lieutenant. I write only to assist my mind in reviewing past experiences and not to convince any man of any matter, my business with men being past, and there remaining nothing for me to gain or lose by them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOUR CAPTAIN LAWTONS.

It is an odd fact that there are now four Captain Lawtons in the United States regular army—all young men, not one of whom is related to the late General Henry W. Lawton, who made the name illustrious in Cuba and the Philippines. One of these, Captain Louis B. Lawton, is to be retired for desperate wounds received in China, where he distinguished himself not only for extraordinary heroism, but for sagacious action in a dangerous situation. After an exceptionally brilliant service he must now give up his chosen career, because of those honorable wounds. In any other country extraordinary honors would await such a man.—Cleveland Leader.

Paving experiments are to be made in Havana with vitrified bricks, granite squares and sandstone blocks.



IN WOMAN'S REALM

The Charm of the Veil.

The European has awakened to the fact that veils, if not always graceful and becoming, are convenient in all styles. So the veil is an established mode in fashionable Paris, and its pace may be said to be officially set—two years and more after the American women introduced it as a vogue.

The automobile is responsible for many fads; one of the latest is an elongation of the already long automobile veil. The new veil, to be fashionable, must not be less than seven yards long. A tall woman wears one even longer, so that the ends float across the bottom of her dress. These long veils have wide hems, usually headed with a fine needlework stitch. They are plain for the most part, although fashion shows a tendency to decorate them with big polka dots.

Seen and Heard by a Woman.

According to the recent discussion at the dressmakers' convention in Chicago, the stout woman will not be really happy this season so far as the style of her summer gowns is concerned. Fullness in the skirts and large, flowing sleeves are the cry, and stout or thin, the gowns must be made after this fashion if one would be up to date. Red, that bright red which is such a pleasure to the sight in cold weather, but too bright for summer heat, is the correct shade at present for coat linings—particularly the automobile linings. Strangely enough, the only reason which seems to be given for this particular shade being used in summer garments is the suggestion that "bright red pleases the men, and they like to see a woman wear red."

A lecturer who has a very fine lecture on "The Decadence of Pure English," gave this address before a woman's club, says the Woman's Home Companion. At the close of the talk a very much over-dressed woman of the "fuss and feathers" type came up to him and said: "I did enjoy your talk ever and ever so much, and I agree with you that the English language is decaying awfully. Hardly no one talks proper nowadays, and the land of the future what the next generation will talk like if nothing ain't done about it."

The "Simple Life."

We are hearing a great deal nowadays about the simple life, and we need to hear a good deal more. But we women all know, don't we? that it is one thing to establish an ideal and another to live up to it in detail. Here, as ever, lies our strength and our weakness. It is we, after all, not the good Pastor Wags or not any other man, who have to work out our own salvation from the fettering riches that hold us back from our highest usefulness and happiness. We have to call upon the strength of our minds to order these little things so that neither they shall suffer nor the great things, but so that they, being in order and fit subordination, shall add their beauty to life. To do it we need to take the broad view. However busy our hands may be with little things, our minds must see them in the large, in the full sum of their little relationships. We need to let the life of eternal space in upon the confusing clutter that distracts us. In that illumination we shall, by slow degrees, find a place for every genuine duty, put it in its place and with a firm hand keep it there. We shall see at once that we need a large supply of patience—that we cannot expect to learn how to live until just before we die, if then; but that by being steady and still we can move on and up a little at a time. The comfort will be that we shall move others up with us—Those We Love Best, Those We Love Next Best and Those of Whom We Are a Part. We shall see the righteousness of play and rest and take our share—may, plan and look out for our share—with a thankful heart. And our happy husbands and children will rise up and call us blessed.—Harper's Bazar.

Value of a Direct Gaze.

The effect of a full, straightforward gaze on the person to whom one is speaking is not, as a rule, sufficiently considered. And yet there is nothing in personal intercourse that carries more weight than a direct gaze. It is the medium for sympathy, the mental telegraph that brings speaker and hearer in touch with each other. Every one has experienced the gene of talking to a person whose wandering glances betray their part of interest, but one often fails to analyze the subtle attraction of an attentive eye that stimulates and inspires one all unconsciously while one converses, says the New York Tribune.

Children should be taught early in life to look fearlessly and confidently into the eyes of anyone who addresses them; the habit will be of good service to them in after years. The prevailing idea that shifty eyes betoken duplicity, however, while a steadfast regard shows an honest disposition, is not a correct one. Shyness is responsible in many cases for an averted

Household Matters

Care of Flatirons.

Flatirons in the average household are too often sadly neglected. They are very apt to be left on the back of the stove, where they can never become thoroughly cold, and where in time they lose their power to regain heat. Like all iron and steel instruments, they possess that peculiar quality called temper. Irons that are heated to a high temperature, and then, as soon as the worker is through with them, but in a cool place to become thoroughly cold, will last for many years. Irons grow more valuable with time, if good care, in some other respects, is taken of them. For instance, they should be kept in a dry place, where they are not subject to rust or moisture. Flatirons that have lost their temper and become rusted or roughened should be disposed of, and not left to take up valuable space on kitchen shelves. New irons cost little, and it is poor economy to use old ones that are past their usefulness.

For the Invalid.

Orange pulp served in glasses may be used to introduce either the breakfast or luncheon. For the invalid's tray the fruit served in this way is especially appropriate. Cut the fruit in half crosswise, and scoop out the pulp, rejecting all the seeds and white fibre. A sharp knife may be made to aid in the process, so that the delicate globules may be broken as little as possible. Sprinkle with sugar and stand the glasses on ice for ten minutes. Pineapple syrup from a can of the preserved fruit may be added to give zest to the flavor. Jellied apples are delicious served with whipped cream. Fill a baking dish with thinly sliced apples which have been sprinkled with sugar as successive layers of the fruit have been added. Turn in half a cupful of water. Fit over a dish, a cover or plate, which will serve as a slight weight. Bake very slowly for three hours. Let the apples remain in the dish until they are cold. Then turn them out.—New York News.

Yellow Piano Key.

Many people who keep their pianos carefully closed find that the keys become yellow. Because dust is injurious to a piano it is a common belief that a piano should be closed when not in use. This is a mistake. The majority of pianos made to-day are constructed so that dust cannot easily penetrate them even when they are open. Keys turn yellow from lack of light, and a piano should be open the larger part of the time. There is nothing like strong sunshine for bleaching yellowed piano keys. Rub the keys with powdered pumice stone moistened with water and then draw the piano up before a sunny window while the keys are still moist. The woodwork of the piano should be carefully covered. This bleaching is a slow process and may need to be repeated several times before the keys assume their original color. Some housekeepers have bleached the keys of their pianos to a beautiful white by simply letting strong sunlight rest fully on them hour after hour and day after day.

Bread Ramikins—Rub together four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, the yolk of one egg, one tablespoonful of melted butter, a little anchovy paste, salt and pepper; spread on toasted bread and brown in the oven.

Beef Salad—Cut into dice half a pound of lean roast beef; pour over a little French dressing; let stand two hours; then mix with one pint of cooked celery or a head of lettuce torn in strips; add more dressing and sprinkle with finely chopped parsley.

Cheese Custards—Grate three or four ounces of cheese; beat three level tablespoonfuls of butter to a cream; beat two eggs; mix the butter and cheese together; then add the beaten eggs and one tablespoonful of milk; beat all thoroughly; turn into a buttered dish and bake in a quick oven until firm in the centre; serve as soon as removed from the oven.

Mock Terrapin—Scald half a calf's liver after slicing; fry the slices, then chop them rather coarse; flour it thickly and add one teaspoonful of mixed mustard, a little cayenne pepper, two hard-boiled eggs chopped, one tablespoonful of butter and one cupful of water; let simmer five minutes; season. Veal may be prepared in the same manner.

Ham Patties—Ham patties give an opportunity to use up scraps of boiled ham too small to slice nicely. One pint of cooked ham, chopped fine; mix with two parts of bread crumbs, wet with milk, a generous lump of butter, and any other seasoning desired. Put the batter in bread pans and break an egg over each. Sprinkle the top thickly with bread crumbs.—Bake till brown.—Rural New Yorker.

Salmi of Lamb—Cook two tablespoonfuls of butter with half a tablespoonful of minced onion five minutes. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour and cook until brown, then pour on gradually one cup of brown stock or beef extract, with a tablespoonful of kitchen bouquet. Season with a quarter teaspoonful of salt, a good sprinkle of pepper and a teaspoonful of table sauce. Day in slices of cold roast lamb and reheated. Serve with peas and mint jelly.



GOOD ROADS

An Eloquent Plea.

SENATOR Latimer, of South Carolina, has come to the front as one of the leading champions of road improvement. In fact, he was elected to the Senate in 1902 on that issue. Last fall he introduced into the Senate a bill for National aid similar to that which Congressman Brownlow introduced into the House, and he has defended it ably and eloquently. In an address recently delivered at the Beacon Society dinner at Boston he said:

"The improvement of the common roads of the country engaged the attention of our ablest statesmen from 1802 to 1832, and during that period about \$14,000,000 was appropriated by Congress for road purposes. All the great minds of that period were one in conceding this question to be of the highest importance in determining the happiness and prosperity of the American people. It is to-day, as it was then, a question which demands the earnest consideration of every American citizen. The mud tax levied on our people by the miserable condition of the common roads, is the most onerous that we have to pay. It will astonish you to know that it costs the people of the United States every year more to transport the surplus products of the farm and forest to the shipping point, than the total cost of transporting all the freight, passengers, mail and express over all the railroads of the United States. In 1893 the railroads received from all sources a little over \$700,000,000. Every dollar of this was returned to the people in the employment of labor, payment for material, in taxes to the States, and in interest on invested capital. The one billion dollars or more spent in cost of transportation over the dirt roads was a total loss, not one cent being returned to the people in taxes or in interest on invested capital. And yet this is only a portion of the loss caused by the poor condition of our roads.

"In this enlightened age no one questions the stupendous advantages which follow a complete system of improved roads. The cost of the work would be paid by the savings of one year. On the improved roads of Europe the cost of transporting a ton a mile is from eight to twelve cents, while in the United States the cost averages twenty-five cents. A reduction of this cost by one-half would save to the American people \$300,000,000 per annum.

"The practical question which confronts us to-day is how is this condition to be met and overcome? Upon whom must the burden of this great undertaking fall? We have tried the present system which was inherited from England, which has not resulted in much improvement in the past 100 years, and in my judgment, will never prove a success.

"It is evident that some change in our method of road improvement must be adopted. The local community is not able to construct roads unaided. Many of the States are not able to do so, and even if they were, there is a feeling, which, in my opinion, is justly founded, that it would be unjust to require them to bear the whole burden. The consumers of raw material and food products throughout the United States are equally interested with the producer in lowering the cost of transportation, as they, in the end, have to pay this heavy tax. As this burden cannot be equitably distributed except by placing it on all the people, and as the most remunerative powers of raising revenue, originally held by the States, are now in the Federal Government, it is only by an appropriation out of the Federal Treasury that the improvement of our roads can be accomplished with justice to all the people.

"The next question which presents itself is as to the power of Congress to make such an appropriation. I think that the power exists by express grant in the Constitution. Basing my opinion on the views of such eminent men as Madison, Monroe, Gallatin, Webster, Calhoun, Clay and Adams, and taking into consideration the legislative history of the country, I hold that the power is clearly established. The power has been exercised whenever Congress thought it wise to do so, and the only question which is really important is, whether or not this is a proper subject for Federal aid. All that is asked by the bill introduced by me is the appropriation of a fund for road purposes. The States are to furnish the right of way, maintain the roads after they are built, and pay one-half the cost. Congress is not asked to invade the States, but simply to appropriate money as an aid to an object for the general welfare and happiness of all the people. There could be no better investment of the public funds than in road improvement. It would enhance the value of farm lands from ten to fifty per cent. An increase in value of \$5 per acre would add three billion dollars to the wealth of the country in this item alone. The congestion of business during the winter months would disappear, and our people could go to the markets at all times. In fact the material advantages which would follow are too numerous to mention and too great to estimate.

"What will we do with the proposition? Will we go on for the next one hundred years as we have during the past, or will we arouse ourselves and make this question a burning issue before the people until the result is accomplished?"



RECIPE

FASHIONS OF THE DAY

Fine heading will be used to outline yokes and armholes.

Granite shawls of embroidered crepe are to be a part of the summer girl's outfit.

Waists made with surplice back and front are very pretty and suitable to wear with shirred skirts.

Renaissance will be very popular as a trimming this summer; the blouse has a design of it in its front panel, with fourteen fine short tucks on either side.

Many skirts have the fullness laid in graduated pleats to the knees. The secret of making these skirts fit well over the hips is to run the stitching midway on each pleat.

A new wrinkle in lingerie blouses is the use of fine lace edging on trunks, but care should be taken not to use too much of it. One blouse tucked in groups of three had the lace in the last tuck of each group.

There is no lack of daring in the veil patterns. Among the latest novelties is a veil of rich brown chiffon appliqued with gilded acorns. A vivid blue one has a border of lozenges outlined in dots of dull sage green silk.

Shopping frocks to be in good taste should be simple. A very pretty one is shown of open-mesh linen, or deep biscuit color, with embroidered dots. The chemisette and tie are of net, and bindings of crushed strawberry on the blouse give the necessary touch of color.