

LADY CAR; —OR— THE SEQUEL OF A LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XIII. 16
Continued.

"Yes," said Tom, "it's all over with me. Just come of age and lots of money to spend, and all the world before me, as you might say—but I'll never have the heart to make any stand again. To think that all I've got, and might have done so much with, is to go to a woman that never had sixpence in her life, and knows no more than a dog how to behave herself! As for hurting her, it wouldn't hurt her, not a bit—and if she'd had the chance she would have done just as bad by me. Law," cried Tom, with bitter contempt, "what's the good of law when it can't protect a fellow before he's come to his full senses! To think I should have tied such a burden on my back, and for myself forever before I came of age. It's horrible," he cried, with the earnestness of conviction.

"Oh, Tom, perhaps it will not be so bad," said Janet, putting her hand within his to show her sympathy. She was very doubtful what it was that made him so despairing, and she had been vaguely impressed with the fact that this time what Tom had done was something terrible; but neither her own trouble, nor any doubt about his conduct (which was so seldom blameless) could quench the sympathy with which she responded to his appeal.

"Oh, yes, it will be quite as bad and worse—and I'm a ruined man," cried Tom. "Done for! although it was only last week," he said, with a piteous quiver of the lip, which a half-grown moustache nearly shaded, "that I came of age."

Janet felt the pathos of this appeal go to the bottom of her heart. She did not know what to say to comfort him, and she could not keep her eyes from straying after Charlie, who at all had been very kind, who had gone away at her prayer like the most complete of gentlemen. She was very thankful to be released, yet her eyes followed him with something like pride in his docility, and in the vigor and strength and magnanimity of her first lover. Though she was much afraid of him, Janet forgave him kindly as soon as he was gone. The tears came into her eyes for Tom's distress, while yet, with a thought for the other, she watched him with a corner of her eye over Tom's bowed head. He turned round and took off his hat to her before he disappeared under the low arch, and Janet, in politeness and regret, made the faintest little bow and gave him a last glance. This made her pause before she answered Tom.

"It's all Beau's fault," said Tom, as if he had been talking of stolen apples. "She would never have been any wiser, nor madder either, if it hadn't been for Beau with his confounded law. And I don't believe it now," he said; "I won't believe it. Think, Jan—to be married and done for, and no way of getting out of it, before you're twenty-one!"

"But wasn't it your own doing, Tom?"

Then Tom got up and gave vent to a great moral aphorism. "There is nothing in this world your own doing," he said; "you're put up to it, or you're led into it, and one tells you one thing and another another. But when you've been and done it after what's been told you, and every one has had a hand in it to lead you on, then they all go, and you have to bear it by yourself. And everybody says it's your own doing. And neither the law nor your friends will help you. And you're just ruined and done for—before you ever had begun at all."

"Oh, Tom," cried Janet, "come home—and perhaps it will not turn out so bad after all."

"It can't turn out anything but bad—and I'll just go and drown myself and be done with it all."

"Oh, Tom, Tom!"

He got up from her with his hands deep in his pockets and his gloomy head bent. "Leave me alone," he said, pushing her away with his shoulder, as in the old nursery days. "Where's dinner? But I'll dine at the club, you can tell Beau, if they'll have me there."

CHAPTER XIV.

There could be no doubt that Beaufort behaved throughout this business in the most admirable way. He made the best of it to Lady Car, who lay and listened to him as to the playing of a pleasant tune, sometimes closing her eyes to hear the better. She had got her death wound. Tom had never been the son she had dreamed. He was his father's son, not hers, and to see him succumb to the grosser temptations had been misery and torture to her. But the story of that fraud, so fully intended, made with such clear purposes, was one of those overwhelming revelations which go to the very heart. If a woman is unhappy in her married life, if she is tricked and charmed by fate in every other way, there is still always the natural justice to fall back upon, that the husband will be left to her—her children, her home, her life—her life, to be her own again; but when she has seen the reflection of herself, some flower of her planting, some trace

that she has been. And when she has to confess to herself that the child of her affections, the thing that has come from her, the climax of her own being, is, in fact, all unworthy, a creature of the dunghill, not only base, but incapable of comprehending what is good and true, that final disenchantment is too great for flesh and blood. Nature, merciful, sometimes blinds the woman's eyes, makes her incapable of judging, fills her with fond folly that sees no imperfection in her own—and that folly is blessed. But there are some who are not blinded by love, but made more keen and quick of sight. She lay silent and listened while Beaufort performed that melody in her ears, feeling a poignant sweetness in it, since at least it was the most beautiful thing for him to do, yet with every word feeling more and more the anguish of the failure, and the depth of the death wound which was in her heart.

"There are boys who torture cats and dogs and tear flies asunder, and yet are not evil natures," Beaufort said; "they have not the power of realizing the pain they cause. They want imagination. They know nothing of the animals they hurt, except that they are there in their power to be done what they please with. My love, Tom is like that—it is part of the dreadful cynicism that young men seem to originate somehow among themselves. They think they are the subjects of every kind of interested wife, and that such a thing as this—Beaufort to name Tom's act more distinctly—is nothing more than a sort of balance on their side."

Lady Car opened her eyes, which were clear with fever and weakness, lucid like an evening sky, and looked at her husband with a piteous smile.

"My dearest," he said hastily, "I am saying only how they represent such things to themselves. They don't take time to think—they rush on to the wildest conclusions. The thing is gone before they see or realize what it is. And then, as I tell you, they think themselves the prey, and those—those others the hunters—and take their revenge—when they can."

But it was hard to go on with that argument with her eyes upon him. When she closed them he could speak. When they opened again in the midst of his plea, those eyes so clear with fever, so liquid, as if every film had been swept from them, and only an all-seeing, unquenchable vision, yet tender as the heavens, left behind—he stopped and faltered in his tale, and then he took refuge in that last resort of human feeling—what was to be done? The expedients by which a wrong can be made to appear as if it were right, and trouble and misery smoothed away, so that the world should believe that all was well?

The conclusion, which was not arrived at for some time, was that which old Lord Lindons took credit to himself for having suggested before, "and which might have put a stop to all this," he said, with a wave of his hand. It was Africa and big game for two or three years, during which "the young woman"—the family spoke of her as if she had no name—should be put under careful training. It had been ascertained, still by Beaufort, who conducted himself to everybody's admiration, that "the young woman" had no bad antecedents, and that so much hope as there could be in such a miserable business might be theirs. Tom was so thoroughly broken down by the discovery which humbled his clownish pride to the dust, and made him feel almost as poor a creature as he was, that he gave in with little resistance to the dictates of the family council. No unhappy university man, however, was beguiled into accompanying this unlikely pupil. He was given into the hands of a mighty sportsman, who treated him like a powder boy, and brought Tom, the lord of the Towers, the wealthiest commoner in the North, the experienced man of Oxford, into complete and abject subjection—which was the best thing that could have happened to him.

The "young woman" was less easily subdued. She wrote to her relations that it had been all a mistake, but that family reasons had made it impossible for her husband and herself to disclose the true state of affairs before. That, instead of being Mrs. Francis Lindons, she was Mrs. Thomas Francis Lindons Torrance, of the Towers, her dear husband being the son of Thomas Torrance, Esq., of the Towers, and of Lady Caroline Lindons, the daughter of the Earl of Lindons, from whom dear Tom took his second name, as they might see in any pedigree; that her mother-in-law and all her new family were very nice to her, and that she was going off upon a visit with Lady Edith Erskine, who was her aunt, and dear grand-mamma the Countess. And she ordered for herself at once new cards with "Mrs. T. F. Lindons Torrance" upon them, which she thought looked far more distinguished looking than the original name. But when Mrs. Tom became aware that dear grand-mamma and her dear aunt meant to conduct her to an educational establishment, where she was to pass at

least the next two years of her life, the young woman rebelled at once. She had never heard, she declared, of a married woman going to school; that her place was with her husband; that she had passed all the standards, and learnt to play the piano, and had taken lessons in French; that no woman, unless she were going to be a governess, wanted more; and, finally, that she flatly refused to go. It was more difficult, much more difficult, than with Tom, to convince the young woman by the logic of circumstances, for she was still more ignorant than Tom, and thought his giving in ridiculous, and did not see why, with him or without him, she should not go and take up her abode at the Towers "and look after things," which she felt must be in great want of some one to look after them. She was made to yield at last, but not without difficulty, declaring to the last moment that she could not be refused alimony, and that she would take her alimony and go and live independent at home till her husband came to claim her, rather than go to school at her age. But Beaufort managed this, too, to the admiration of everybody. He brought to bear upon the young woman pressure from her 'ome, when her old mother, under his skilful manipulation, was brought to see the necessity of going to school, and declined to receive her rebellious daughter. This was at the cost of another allowance from Tom's estate, for it was not fit that Tom's mother-in-law should continue to earn her bread poorly without her daughter's assistance, in a poor little confectioner's shop. Beaufort managed all this without even betraying the income of this poor old woman, or where she lived, to the researches of the Lindons, for Lady Car was very tender of her boy's name, even now.

And she was taken home—to Easton, which she loved, and said she was much better, and was able to be out on her husband's arm, and sit on the lawn and watch the sun setting and the stars come out over the trees. But she had got her death wound. She lay on the sofa for months, for all one lingering winter after another, smiling upon all that was done, very anxious that Janet should go everywhere and enjoy everything, and that Beaufort should be pleased and happy. She asked nothing for herself, but gave them her whole heart of love and interest to everything that was done. She had her sofa placed where she could see them when they went out, and smiled when Beaufort said, always with a slight hesitation, for he thought it was not right to leave her, that he was going to ride over to the club, or to spend a day in town. "Do; and bring us back all the news," she said. And when Janet went away with compunction to go to balls with her grandmother, Lady Car was the one who explained away all objections. "Quite pleased to have you go—to have Beau to myself for a little," Lady Car said sometimes, even a little vexing her child; but when Janet was gone, urging Beaufort to the pleasure he longed for, but he did not like to take. "It is just what I wanted, that you should go to town, and you can bring me back news of my little Den." Sometimes they were even a little piqued that she wanted them so little—poor Lady Car!

And thus quite gently she faded away, loved—as other people love, not as she loved—cherished and revered, but not as she would have revered and cherished; with a husband who read the papers and went to his club, and got very gracefully through life, in which he was of no importance to any one, and her only son banished in Africa, shooting big game. Janet was a good child, very good, but her mother never knew how near this child was to her in the shadowy land where people may wander side by side, but without the intervention of words or some self-betrayal never find each other out. Perhaps had Janet found the courage to fling herself down at her mother's side, and say all that was in her heart, the grasp of a warm hand might have brought her back to life. But Janet had not the courage, and everything went on in its daily calm, and the woman whose every hope had faded into blank disappointment, and all her efforts ended in failure, faded away. The first summer Lady Car still went out to dine, and walked a little about the garden with her husband's arm; the next day she was carried out to her sofa on the lawn. All went so very gradually, so very softly, that no one noted. She was very delicate. When that gets to be fully recognized, there seems no reason why it should not go on forever; not so happy a state as perfect health, to be sure, but no reason why there should be any change.

One evening she was out of doors longer than usual—a soft, lingering summer night—so warm that even an invalid could get no harm out of doors. She loved to see the daylight gradually fade away, and the stars come out above, and over all the wide champaign below a twinkle of little human lights here and there. She took almost a childish pleasure in those lights, thinking as much of the villages and scattered houses—identifying their humanity low down among the billows of the wood or the sweep of the upland slopes, and by its little lights—as of the stars above. "The greater and the lesser lights," she said, and then murmured low to herself, "Compensations," under her breath.

"What do you mean by compensations, Carry?"

"I do not much believe in them," she said. "Nothing can compensate for what one loses. It is better not. Looking to the east, Edward, see there are no lights, but only that

slivery, misty grayness, where any glory might lie hidden only we see it not. Now I have come so far as this, I think I like that best."

"So far as what, Carry?" Something cold and chill seemed to come over them like a cloud. "It is growing chilly; you ought to come indoors, my love."

"Yes, presently. I have always been fond of the lights—like a baby; but look the other way. You would say at first there was nothing to be seen at all; but there are all the shades of grayness from one tint to another, and everything lying still, putting out no self-assertion, content to be in God's hand. And so am I, Edward."

"Yes, my love."

"Quite content. I have had everything, and—nothing. The heart of it has always been stolen from me, all the lights put out; but the dark is sweet, too; it is only dim, dim, not discernible—don't call it dark."

"Carry; whatever you please, dear."

"Edward, do you know what this means—the peace that passeth understanding?"

"Carry, my darling, you break my heart. No—how should I know?"

"I think I do," she said softly. "It lies upon your heart like the dew, yet nothing to bring it, no cause, a thing that is without reason, what you would call irrational altogether—that passeth understanding. Edward, if ever you think afterward, remember that I told you. I think that I have got it—I wanted other things, but they were not given me. I begin to think that this—is the best."

"My dearest, let me carry you in; it is getting quite dark and chilly."

"You are tired of my little sermon, Edward," she said, with the faint, tender smile which he divined rather than saw.

"I—tired? of anything you may say or do? But you must not be longer out in night air. Come, Carry, let me lift you."

Whether her mind had begun to wander, or if it was a prevision, or what moved her, no one could ever tell. She resisted a little, putting her hands on his arm. "You must not forget," she said, "to give my love to Tom."

Beaufort called loudly to her maid, who was waiting. "It is too late, too late for her to be out! Come and take the cushions," he said, in the sudden panic that had moved him.

"And my little Den," she said, "my little Den—they will perhaps as they get older—Edward, I am afraid I feel a little faint."

He took her in his arms, his heart sinking with a sudden panic and blind terror, as if the blackness of darkness was sweeping over him. But they succeeded in getting her to her room and her bed, when she said good-night and kissed him, and dropped sweetly asleep as they thought—but never woke again. They found her in the morning lying in the same attitude, with the same smile.

Thus Lady Car ended the tragedy which had been going on unseen, unknown to any one—the profound, unrivaled tragedy of her life. But so sweetly that no one ever knew the tragedy it had been. Her husband understood more or less the failure of her heart over her children—her son—but he never even questioned that it was he himself that had given the first and perhaps the deepest blow; though not the coup de grace, which had been left for Tom.

Poor little Janet was summoned home from the merry house to which she had gone, where there were many entertainments going on. She was roused out of her fatigue of pleasure, out of her morning sleep after the ball, to be told that her mother was dead. They thought the girl's heart would have burst. The cry of "Moyr, Moyr!" her old child's cry, sounded to those who heard it like something that no consolation could touch. But to be sure, her tears were dried, like all other tears, after awhile.

The End.

Map Making.

The earliest maps of which we have any knowledge were made in Egypt. They were wooden tablets, on which were traced land and sea, roads, rivers, highways, etc. Marinus, of Tyre, 150 A. D., was the first to attempt a map on scientific principles. The maps in use by the Greeks and Romans were fairly accurate, so far as they went, but those in use during the Middle Ages were alarmingly inaccurate. It is only within recent years, say, since the middle of the last century, that it was possible to make a complete and reliable map of the world; and even yet the best map is subject to slight changes.—New York American.

Costs of Office.

On the day after his election the chief magistrate of a certain town in the Midlands, who enjoys the reputation of being rather "near" in money matters, was asked for a subscription to the local football club.

"I really can't do it," he replied. "Just look at the outlay I've already been put to through accepting office!" And he produced a small ledger, inscribed on the cover, "Mayoralty Expenses." On the top line of the first inside page was the entry, "Dress suit, \$19."—Reynolds' Newspaper.

Smallest Electric Motor.

A German mechanic has built the smallest motor in the world. It is used as a scarf pin and is run by a battery in his pocket. He keeps it in constant operation.

Rich Tobacco Lands.

There are tobacco lands in this country which are bringing their owners a yearly profit of \$2000 and

PRESIDENT TAFT'S TOUR

Enthusiastic Thousands Greet Him On His Western Trip.

During Saturday forenoon at Portland, Oregon, the President received from 20,000 school children a tribute which brought tears to his eyes. The boys and girls were banked in red, white and blue rows in the grandstand on Multnomah field to form a "living flag."

The President entered the field through a gate at the crest of a hill and the view of the children bursting upon him all at once called out an expression of wonderment and delight. His entrance was the signal for an outburst of cheering from the fresh young voices which continued until Mr. Taft had taken the place arranged for him on a stand directly facing the "flag." Then he witnessed a drill by the children which combined with their cheers inspired him, he declared, as had no other sight in all his travels.

Following the motions of a leader the children stooped from view, then sprang to their feet with a cheer which fairly pierced the ear and waved red, white and blue banners in a perfect storm of fluttering colors.

Then at the command of the leader to spell "Taft" one set of children with a loud shout of "T" held up yellow banners to form that letter. Then came the "A," "F" and the final "T" followed by a crashing cry of "Taft" which seemed to echo back again from the far distant mountains.

During the exhibition the President stood with eyes fixed upon the children. He asked that the spelling be repeated and it was then that the tears came.

The children were a mass of moving colors, which caused Mr. Taft unconsciously to nod his head from side to side in unison with the music and the flowing picture before him. When the drill ended and the children had been called to attention, the President addressed a few words to them.

The Portland tribute was one of the most enthusiastic he has had. The ride through the city was made the occasion of a military display by the United States forces stationed at Vancouver barracks, the troops being reviewed by the President at the conclusion of their escort duty.

On Sunday he preached another sermon, this time at the cornerstone laying of the First Universalist church in East Portland. The President handled the silver trowel and worked hard to see that the stone was properly adjusted. He referred to his various church experiences and in concluding said: "No church in this country, however humble it may be, that preaches the doctrine of true religion and true morality will lack my earnest support to make it more influential whenever opportunity offers."

The President's train left at 10:10 p. m. over the Southern Pacific for Sacramento, Cal.

Mr. Taft attended the morning services at the First Unitarian church in Portland and listened to a sermon by Rev. W. G. Eliot, Jr. Afterwards he was the guest of honor at a luncheon tendered by Senator Bourne. In the early afternoon he visited St. Mary's Roman Catholic school and made a five-minute address to the school children in which he declared that loyalty to the Church meant fidelity to the country.

The line of march followed by the presidential party to East Portland was crowded and there was cheering all along the way.

Later in the day when he was admitted to membership in the Arctic Brotherhood, an international organization, made up of Canadians and Americans interested in the development of Alaska, the President announced that he intended to visit Alaska next summer and to go as far into the territory as time would permit in order that he might come into contact with the people and see for himself what might best be done for their welfare.

The President frankly told the members of the brotherhood that he did not believe Alaska at this time is ready for entire self-government.

"I am as much in favor of popular government as anybody," declared the President, "but I am in favor of popular government only when the conditions exist under which popular government may be a success and work for the benefit of the people and the government at large. When there are limitations growing out of various circumstances we must take other means until popular government becomes possible, and then, of course, it is the best government in the world."

After passing two days in and about Seattle, President Taft went to Tacoma Friday night and received from an audience that thronged the big armory one of the most cordial greetings of his trip. He was entertained at dinner at the Union Club.

Before leaving Seattle the President paid a last visit to the exhibition grounds to view the live stock exhibition. Apparently he found great interest in the exhibit, for he passed more than twice the length of time allotted to it.

Finally, from the judges' stand he made a brief speech amid a chorus of bleats and grunts and howls, complimenting the exhibitors on their fine showing and the progress that had been made in this country in the last 15 years in the way of scientific farming and breeding.

EVIDENCE AGAINST LITTLE

Damaging Testimony of His Wife Will Convict Him of His Wholesale Murder.

Bluefield, W. Va., Special.—The guilt of Howard Little, who was arrested about a week ago charged with the murder of "Auntie Betsy," Justice, George A. Meadows and wife and their three children, seems now to be established beyond a reasonable doubt. Little's wife confessed Saturday to having washed his bloody clothing after the murder and in her affidavit she says also that he left their home about dark on the night of the murder and returned the next morning with his clothes all bloody and torn and said that he would kill her if she told anything about his condition. He borrowed a .32-caliber revolver a few days before the crime was committed and returned it on the following Wednesday with two chambers empty. The body of George Meadows was exhumed and two bullets taken from it by Doctors Richardson and White, were almost identical in weight with the balls taken from shells belonging to the weapon Little had borrowed.

Little's wife also turned over the lantern that he had brought home with him that night when showed file marks as if some one had tried to remove stains. It was seen in the barn next morning folding papers across his knee apparently counting money and he gave \$20 to a woman with whom he had planned to start for the west a few days after the murder was committed with which to buy clothing and prepare for the train. Having done this she returned \$1.80 to Little at which time she swears she threatened her life if she revealed any part of their secret. Requisition papers have been applied for and as soon as they can be secured Little will be taken to Lebanon to await his trial. Threats of lynching are freely made.

Fatal Mine Explosion.

Roslyn, Wash., Special.—At least eight men were killed and three perhaps fatally injured in a gas explosion in coke mine No. 4 of the Northwest Improvement Company here Sunday. When the explosion occurred a column of fire was thrown hundreds of feet into the air, lighting the shaft plant and adjoining buildings. Under the intense heat the shaft crumbled and fell. Cinders were blown in all directions, several buildings in parts of the mining town taking fire. The citizens were unable to extinguish the fires and the Roslyn fire department was called out. The mine in the neighborhood of the shaft was burning fiercely Saturday night, flames shooting up from the shaft nearly 100 feet into the air. The electric pumps which supply the town of Roslyn with water were cut off and the water in the city was very nearly exhausted. It was reported that the shaft was caving in and other explosions might occur at any moment.

News in Fatal Duel.

Moultrie, Ga., Special.—At the old homestead of the late Nathan Flowers in the lower part of the county, Bert Williams is dead. Wright Flowers is dying and it is believed William Flowers is fatally hurt as the result of a terrific six-handed battle with rifles and pistols, news of which reached here Sunday. Sheriff Boyd and a big posse of deputies is on the track of John Hart and his two sons who are charged with the shooting and who are at large, fully armed. The trouble occurred over a dispute about the division of the estate of Nathan Flowers. He died, leaving no children and since his death John Hart, who married a niece, has been living on the home place with Mrs. Flowers. The Flowers boys are nephews while Williams married a niece. Since Nathan Flowers' death there has been a wrangle over the estate, it is alleged, and trouble has been feared.

Professor Harris Guilty.

Warrenton, Va., Special.—Following closely the verdict Saturday of the jury sentencing Prof. J. D. Harris to four years in the penitentiary for voluntary manslaughter in connection with the killing of W. A. Thompson, associate editor of THE WARRENTON VIRGINIAN on April 24 last, the court denied the motion of the defense for a new trial.

Second Week of Celebration.

New York, Special.—The Hudson-Fulton celebration, after a week of pomp and pageantry in New York, has moved up the Hudson and for another week the cities lying to the north will vie with each other in doing honor to the memory of Hudson and Fulton. The Half Moon and the Clermont with the naval escort, now at anchor at Poughkeepsie, will continue their voyage northward, stopping at Kingston, Catskill, Hudson, Albany and Troy, where elaborate local celebrations have been planned.

Wright Breaks Record.

Potsdam, By Cable.—Orville Wright the American aviator, Saturday broke his own and all other records for high flying. He reached the unprecedented height of more than 1,900 feet, although an official measurement was not taken. He had a red letter day in a double sense in his experience as an aviator, taking up Crown Prince Frederick William as a passenger and more than doubling the altitude record which he made recently.