

THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS.

CHAPTER X.

"I have no other but a woman's reason: I think him so because I think him so."

Shakespeare.

"Where is papa?" she asks, meeting one of the servants in the hall. Hearing he is out, and will not be back for some time, she, too, turns again to the open door, and, as though the house is too small to contain all the thoughts that throng her breast, she walks out in the air again and passes into the garden, where autumn, though kindly and slow in its advances, is touching everything with the hand of death.

"Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave in the earth so chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger lily."

With a sigh she quits her beloved garden, and wanders still further into the deep woods that "have put their glory on," and are dressed in tender russets, and sad greens, and fading tints, that meet and melt into each other.

The dry leaves are falling, and lie crackling under foot. The daylight is fading, softly, imperceptibly, but surely. There is yet a glow from the departing sunlight, that, sinking lazily beyond the distant hills, tinges with gold the browning earth that in her shroud of leaves is lying.

But death, or pain, or sorrow, has no part with Clarissa. She is quite happy,—utterly content. She marks not the dying of the year, but rather the beauty of the sunset. She heeds not the sullen roar of the ever-increasing streamlets, that winter will swell into small but angry rivers; hearing only the songs of the sleepy birds as they croon their night-songs in the boughs above her.

When an hour has passed, and twilight has come up and darkened all the land, she goes back again to her home, and, reaching the library looks in, to find her father sitting there, engrossed as usual with some book, which he is carefully annotating as he reads.

"Are you very busy?" asks she, coming slowly up to him. "I want to be with you for a little while."

"That is right. I am never too busy to talk to you. Why, it is quite an age since last I saw you!—not since breakfast; where have you been all day?"

"You are a pet," said Miss Peyton, in a loving whisper, rubbing her cheek tenderly against his, as a reward for his pretty speech. "I have been at the vicarage, and have pleaded Georgie's cause so successfully that I have won it, and have made them half in love with her already."

"A special pleader, indeed. Diplomacy is your forte; you should keep to it."

"I mean to. I shouldn't plead in vain with you, should I? She has grown somewhat earnest."

"Oh! with me?" says her father, with much self-contempt; "I have given up all that sort of thing, long ago. I know how much too much you are for me, and I am too wise to swim against the tide. Only I would entreat you to be merciful as you are strong."

"What a lot of nonsense you do talk, you silly boy!" says Clarissa, who is still leaning over his chair in such a position that he cannot see her face. Perhaps could he have seen it, he might have noticed how pale it is beyond its wont. "Well, the Redmonds seemed quite pleased, and I shall write to Georgie to-morrow. It will be nice for her to be here, near me. It may keep her from being lonely and unhappy."

"Well, it ought," says George Peyton. "What did the vicar say?"

"The vicar always says just what I say," replies she, a trifle saucily, and with a quick smile.

"Poor man! his is the common lot," says her father; and then, believing she has said all she wants to say, and being filled with a desire to return to his books and his notes, he goes on: "So that was the weighty matter you wanted to discuss, eh? Is that all your news?"

"Not quite," returns she, in a low tone. "No? You are rich in conversation this evening. Who is it we are now to criticize?"

"The person you love best,—I hope."

"Why, that will be you," says George Peyton.

"You are sure?" says Clarissa, a little tremulously; and then her father turns in his chair and tries to read her face.

"No; stay just as you are; I can tell you better if you do not look at me," she whispers, entreatingly, moving him with her hands back to his former position.

"What is it, Clarissa?" he asks, hastily, though he is far from suspecting the truth. Some faint thought of James Scrope (why he knows not) comes to him at this moment, and not unpleasantly. "Tell me, darling. Anything that concerns you, must, of necessity, concern me also."

"Yes, I am glad I know that," she says, speaking with some difficulty, but very earnestly. "To-day I met Horace Bradcombe."

"Yes?" His face changes a little, from vague expectancy to distinct disappointment; but then she cannot see his face.

"And he asked me to be his wife—and I said, Yes—if it pleases you, papa."

It is over. The dreaded announcement is made. The words that have cost her so much to utter have gone out into the air; and yet there is no answer.

For a full minute silence reigns, and then Clarissa lays her hand imploringly upon her father's shoulder. He is looking straight before him, his expression troubled and grave, his mouth compressed.

"Speak to me," says Clarissa, entreatingly. After this he does speak.

"I wish it had been Dorian," he says, impulsively. Then she takes her hand from his shoulder, as though it can no longer rest there in comfort, and her eyes fill with disappointed tears.

"Why do you say that? she asks, with some vehemence. "It sounds as if—as if you undervalued Horace! Yet what reason have you for doing so? What do you know against him?"

"Nothing, literally nothing," answers Mr. Peyton, soothingly, yet with a plaintive ring in his voice that might suggest the idea of his being sorry that such an answer must be made. "I am sure Horace is very much to be liked."

"How you say that!"—reproachfully. "It sounds untrue! Yet it can't be. What could any one say against Horace?"

"My dear I said nothing."

"No but you insinuated it. You said Dorian was his superior."

"Well I think he's the better man of the two," says Mr. Peyton, desperately, hardly knowing what to say, and feeling sorely aggrieved in that he is compelled to say what you say; you know nothing prejudicial to Horace (it is impossible you should), and yet you think Dorian the better man. If he has done no wrong, why should any one be a better man? Why draw the comparison at all? For the first time in all your life you are unjust."

"No, Clarissa, I am not. At least, I think not. Injustice is a vile thing. But, somehow, Sartoris and I had both made up our minds that you would marry Dorian, and—"

He pauses.

"Then your only objection to poor Horace is that he is not Dorian?" asks she, anxiously letting her hand rest upon his shoulder.

"Well, no doubt there is a great deal in that," returns he, evasively, hard put to it to answer his inquisitor with discretion.

"And if Dorian had never been, Horace would be the one person in all the world you would desire for me?" pursues she, earnestly.

George Peyton makes no reply to this,—perhaps because he has not one ready. Clarissa, stepping back, draws her breath a little quickly, and a dark fire kindles in her eyes. In her eyes, too, large tears rise and shine.

"It is because he is poor," she says, in a low tone that has some contempt in it, and some passionate disappointment.

"Do not mistake me," says her father, speaking hastily, but with dignity. Rising, he pushes back his chair, and turning, faces her in the gathering twilight. "Were he the poorest man alive, and you loved him, and he was worthy of you, I would give you to him without a murmur. Not that,—hurriedly—I consider Horace unworthy of you, but the idea is new, strange, and—the other day, Clarissa, you were a child."

"I am your child still—always." She is sitting on his knee now, with her arms round his neck, and her cheek against his; and he is holding her svelte lissome figure very closely to him. She is the one thing he has to love on earth; and just now she seems unspeakably—almost painfully—dear to him.

"Always, my dear," he reiterates, somewhat unsteadily.

"You have seen so little of Horace lately," she goes on, presently trying to find some comfortable reason for what seems to her her father's extraordinary blindness to her lover's virtues.

"When you see great deal of him, you will love him! As it is, darling, do—do say you like him very much, or you will break my heart!"

"I like him very much," replies he, obediently, repeating his lesson methodically, while feeling all the time that he is being compelled to say something against his will, without exactly knowing why he should feel so.

"And you are quite pleased that I am going to marry him?" reading his face with her clear eyes; she is very pale, and strangely nervous.

"My darling, my one thought is for your happiness." There is evasion mixed with the affection in his speech; and Clarissa notices it.

"No; say you are glad I am going to marry him," she says, remorselessly.

"How can you expect me to say that," exclaims he, mournfully, "when you know your wedding day must part us?"

"Indeed it never shall!" cries she, vehemently; and then, overcome by the emotion of the past hour, and indeed of the whole day, she gives way and bursts into tears. "Papa, how can you say that? To be parted from you! We must be the same to each other always; my wedding-day would be a miserable one indeed if it separated me from you."

Then he comforts her fondly caressing the pretty brown head that lies upon his heart, as it had lain in past years, when the slender girl of to-day was a little lisping motherless child. He calls her by all the endearing names he had used to her then, until her sobbing ceases, and only a sigh, now and again, tells of the storm just past.

"When is it to be?" he asks her, after a little while. "Not too soon, my pet, I hope?"

"Not for a whole year. He said something about November, but I could not leave you in such a hurry. We must have one more Christmas all to ourselves."

"You thought of that," he says, tenderly. "Oh, Clarissa, I hope this thing is for your good. Think of it seriously, earnestly while you have time. Do not rush blindly into a compact that must be binding on you all your life."

"I hope it will be for all my life," returns she, gravely. "To be parted from Horace would be the worst thing that could befall me. Always remember that, papa. I am bound to him with all my heart and soul."

"So be it!" says George Peyton, solemnly. A sigh escapes him.

For some time neither speaks. The twilight is giving place to deeper gloom, the night is fast approaching, yet they do not stir. What the girl's thoughts may be at this moment, who can say? As for her father, he is motionless, except that his lips move, though no sound comes from them. He is secretly praying, perhaps, for the welfare of his only child, to her mother in heaven, who at this time must surely be looking down upon her, with tenderest solicitude. Clarissa puts her lips softly to his cheek.

"Our engagement will be such a long one, and we think—"

"Yes?"

"We should like it kept quite secret. You will say nothing about it to any one?"

"Not until you give me leave. You have acted wisely, I think, in putting off your marriage for a while." Almost unconsciously he is telling himself how time changes all things, and how many plans and affections can be altered in twelve months.

"But, surely you will tell James Scrope," he goes on after a while; that will not be making it public. He has since you and been fond of you ever since you were a baby; and it seems unkind and unfriendly to keep him in the dark."

"Then tell him; but no one else now papa. I quite arranged for James, he is such an old friend, and so nice in every way."

Here she smiles involuntarily, and after a little bit, laughs outright, in spite of herself, as though at some ridiculous recollection.

"Do you know," she says, "When I told Horace I thought I should like Sir James to know of our engagement, I really think he felt a little jealous! At least, he didn't half like it. How absurd—wasn't it? Fancy being jealous of dear old Jim!"

"Old—old! He is a long way of that. Why, all you silly little girls think a man past twenty-nine to be hovering on the brink of the grave. He cannot be more than thirty-three, or so."

"He is very dreadfully old, for all that," says Miss Peyton, wifely. "He is positively ancient; I never knew anyone so old. He is so profound, and earnest, and serious, and—"

"What on earth has he done to you that you should call him all these terrible names?" says Mr. Peyton, laughing.

He scolds me," says Clarissa. "He lectures me, and tells me I should have an aim in life. You have been my aim, darling, and I have been devoted to it, haven't I?"

"You have, indeed. But now I shall be out in the cold, of course." His tone is somewhat wistful. "That is all one gains by lavishing one's affection upon a pretty child and centering one's every thought and hope upon her."

"No, you are wrong there; it must be something to gain love that will last forever." She tightens her arm around his neck. "What a horrid little speech! I could almost fancy James dictated it to you. He is a skeptic, an unbeliever, and you have imbibed his notions. Cynical people are a bore. You wouldn't, for example, have me fall in love with James, would you?"

"Indeed I would," says George Peyton, boldly. "He is just the one man I could choose for you,—not Launcelot nor another. He is so genuine, so thorough in every way. And then the estates joint and that. I really wish you had fallen in love with Scrope."

"I love you dearly,—dearly," says Miss Peyton; "but you are a dreadful goose! James is the very last man to grow sentimental about any one,—least of all, me. He thinks me of no account at all, and tells me so in very polite language occasionally. So you see what a fatal thing it would have been if I had given my heart to him, have died, and you would have put up a touching and elaborate tablet to my memory, and somebody would have panted snowdrops on my grave. There would have been a tragedy in Pullingham, with Jim for its hero."

"You take a different view of the case from mine. I believe there would have been no broken heart, and no early grave, and you would have been happy ever after."

"That is a more comfortable theory, certainly, for me. But think what a miserable life he would have had with me forever by his side."

"A very perfect life, I think," says Mr. Peyton, looking with pardonable pride upon the half-earnest, half-laughing, and wholly lovely face so near him. "I don't know what more any fellow could expect."

"You see I was right. I said you were a goose," says Miss Peyton, irreverently. But she pats his hand, in the very sweetest manner possible, as she says it. Then she goes on:

"Horace said he would come up to-morrow to speak to you."

"Very well dear. That is the usual thing, I suppose. I hope he won't be long-winded, or lachrymose, or anything that way. When a thing is done it is done, and discussion is so unnecessary."

"Promise me to be very, very kind to him."

"I shan't eat him, if you mean that," says Mr. Peyton, half-irritably. "What do you think I am going to say to him? Is thy father an ogre, that he should do this thing? But have you quite made up your mind to this step? Remember, there will be no undoing it."

"I know that, but I feel no fear." She has grown pale again. "I love him. How should I know regret when with him? I believe in him, and trust him; and I know he is worthy of all my trust."

Mr. Peyton sighs. Some words come to his memory, and he repeats them to himself,—slowly, beneath his breath,— "There are no tricks in plain and simple faith!"

Truly her faith is pure and simple, and free from thought of guile.

"I wonder what James Scrope will say to it all?" he says, presently.

"He never says very much on any subject, does he? If you are going over to the Hall, will you tell him about it?"

"No; tell him yourself," says her father, in a curious tone.

"There is the dressing-bell," says Clarissa, getting up lazily. "I don't feel a bit like eating my dinner, do you know?"

"Nonsense! The love-sick role won't suit you. And people who don't eat dinner get pale, and lose all their pretty looks. Run away, now, and don't be long. I feel it would be injudicious to put cook into a tantrum again to-night, after last night's explosion. So go and make yourself lovely."

"I'll do my best," says Clarissa, modestly.

(To Be Continued.)

Expert Testimony.

Brown.—They say twins are always alike in disposition, do that same things at the same time. How is it, Jones? Jones (who has a pair). I wish they'd sleep at the same time.

Make Up Lost Time.

Mrs. Muehblest.—I feel uneasy. The baby has not cried all day. Mr. Muehblest.—So do I. It will probably cry all night.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Ideal Hostess.

With the best intentions, and the most hearty good-will, one may fail of imparting the desired flavor of hospitality, writes Emily Huntington Miller. Like the poet, the ideal hostess is undoubtedly born rather than made, but she who aspires to such honors must have both tact and talent; she must study the situation like a true statesman, and adapt her course to it. Failures lie oftenest in sins of omission perhaps at the very outset in neglecting the wisdom of the old saw which enjoins us to "welcome the coming guest." We forgive a good deal to our friends, but it certainly dulls the edge of delight to be received at the threshold by servants whose mistress is out shopping, and to wait in the parlor weary and dusty, until your hostess at last rushes in, breathless and apologetic.

The perfection of art is that no trace of the laborious processes should appear in the finished product; the perfection of style is that the polished faultlessness which is the result of infinite painstaking shall grow to be spontaneous. And so the golden rule of hospitality is that it must never display evidence of effort, for that moment it ceases to be enjoyable. Whether it be Sarah, serving her unleavened cakes under the oaks of Mamre, or Solomon feasting the wondering queen from vessels of silver and gold, it is always the hearty sincerity of the entertainment which gives it the true charm.

Clothes Cleaning.

Clothing will often present a somewhat shiny or soiled appearance before it is much worn, and long before the thrifty and careful housewife feels that she could discard certain garments she is conscious of their need of renovation.

A while ago a scientific magazine published a method of cleansing cloth clothing which is so simple that all can avail themselves of it. An old vest, coat or pair of trousers that needs to be cleaned should first be carefully and thoroughly brushed, then plunged into strong warm soapsuds, and soused up and down thoroughly and vigorously. If there are any especially soiled spots they should be rubbed with the hands. If once put into the suds is insufficient the garment can be put through a second tub of suds. Then it is to be rinsed through several waters and hung up on the line to dry. When nearly dry take it down, roll it up and leave it lying for an hour before pressing it. An old cotton cloth is laid on the outside of the garment before it is ironed and the iron passed over that until the wrinkles disappear. One must be careful to stop pressing before the steam ceases to rise, else the garment will present a shiny appearance, for while the steam rises it brings up the nap with it. If there are any obstinate wrinkles or shiny places lay a wet cloth over them and press the hot iron over those special spots until they are smooth or satisfactory.

Some Good Reepes.

Fricandeau of Veal.—Lard thickly cushion of veal. Place it in the oven on a bed of vegetables. Cover with stock and cook slowly for two hours, then dish it up.

Brown Sauce.—Brown one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour. Add to it the liquor from the pan which should measure a half-pint. Stir until boiling. Add a half-teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and strain it over the veal.

Baked Sweetbreads.—Lard and parboil two heart sweetbreads. Place them in a baking dish. Baste well with butter. Add a half-cupful of stock. Bake slowly. Baste almost constantly for a half-hour. When covered with a rich glaze, dish and serve with hot peas.

Rolled Steak.—Cover a skirt steak with finely chopped parsley. Roll and tie tightly. Place on a bed of vegetables and finish the same as fricandeau of veal.

To Can Apples.—Make a syrup of sugar and water, in proportion of one cupful of sugar to three pints of water. When the syrup is boiling hot, drop into it the apples cut into quarters or halves if they are very small. Put in at one time only as many as will float on top of the syrup without crowding. Let them remain in the syrup until they are quickly than others, and each piece should be skimmed out into the can the moment it is done. Continue in this way until the fruit can is more than half full, then pour in hot syrup to fill the can and seal at once. The quantity of syrup here given is usually sufficient to fill a quart can; should it lack any, fill the can with hot water. For each new canful make a new syrup. If the fruit is intended for pies only, just half the quantity of sugar will do.

Queen Fritters.—To make the batter for queen fritters, which is the same as that for eclaires and cream puffs, put two ounces of butter and a half a pint of water on the fire. When it boils add half a pint of flour, stir and cook for just one minute. Remove from the fire and break in four eggs, one at a time, and beat each in thoroughly before adding the next. When all have been added beat vigorously for about five minutes. Then scrape the sides of the pan and drop the batter by teaspoonfuls into boiling fat. As it is necessary that it should cook thoroughly, however, do not make the fat quite so hot as for croquettes and cooked meats. Allow the batter to swell and cook a little more slowly, and the fritters will emerge a delicious golden brown. Serve sprinkled with powdered sugar flavored with vanilla powder.

Chat of Household Matters.

Variety is the best culinary spice. Keroseene will brighten dull, tarnished silver. Economical squash pies may be made

by substituting one soda cracker rolled fine for each egg.

Provide on Saturday for Monday, so as not to take up the fire with cooking or time in running errands on washing day.

If doughnuts do not take on a golden brown crust as soon as they are dropped into the lard you may know that it is not hot enough.

Never put away clean clothes without examining every piece to see if it is in any way out of order. Stockings, especially should be carefully darned.

The woman who fusses digs her own grave and she who is always worrying not only wrongs herself but every member of her household as well."

The quiet workers are the ones who accomplish most in housekeeping. The slamming of oven doors and the rattle and clatter of dishes tire and annoy everybody about the house.

If you have a white felt hat which is pretty enough in style to be worn this winter, and its only fault is its lack of freshness, try what pipe clay will do for it.

A housewife who had banished a marble-topped table to the attic brought down the heavy white slab the other day and now uses it in her kitchen to roll out pastry on.

A pinch of powdered sugar and another of cornstarch, beaten in with the yolks of eggs, will keep an omelet from collapsing. Beat the whites stiff and cut them into the yolks.

Don't apologize at the table. An apology for a dish which does not quite satisfy the cook is better left unsaid, for several reasons, and the guests recognize an insincere apology as simply a bait for compliments.

The inside of jars can be cleansed by filling them with hot water and then stirring in a teaspoonful or more of baking soda. Shake well, then empty the jar at once, and if any of the former odor remains about it, fill again with water and soda; shake well and rinse out in cold water.

If anyone has trouble in removing stoppers from bottles, try threading a needle with stout linen and pushing the needle through the stopper near one edge, then pushing it through again, leaving all the room she can between the two holes, then leaving a loop at top large enough for a finger to enter, tying well and cutting the long thread off. I find this very handy.

THE CZAR'S CORONATION.

Next Spring's Ceremonies Will Cost Over \$5,000,000.

The imperial coronation shortly to take place in Moscow will doubtless be one of the grandest State displays ever witnessed in Europe. Russian coronations are not numerous; an occasion of this kind comes but once in a lifetime, and the policy of the Russian Imperial family has always been to dazzle the eyes of their subjects by magnificent court dramas, in which the czar is really a czar. To this end Russian coronations have been made as splendid as the resources of the empire could permit.

The coronation of the emperor who has just passed away cost over \$4,000,000; that of his predecessor considerably over \$5,000,000; but in each case a show was provided for the people of Russia that was vividly remembered until supplanted in the popular mind by the splendors of the next. The coronation is regarded as much more than placing a bauble on the head of the first man in the State; it is a series of gorgeous ceremonials, and the people of every nation that forms a part of the greatest empire on earth are required, through their representatives, to assist, while the spectacle is made still more brilliant by the presence of the ambassadors of every power on the globe and of large numbers of princes of the reigning houses, for royalty always assembles on these occasions to congratulate the newly crowned monarch.

The preparations for a Russian coronation are very elaborate, and comprise, among other things, the laying up of great stores of provisions in Moscow, for the houses of that venerable city are compelled on coronation occasions to entertain from 500,000 to 600,000 strangers, who journey to witness the ceremonies. Every province in the empire sends a deputation; every tribe in the far-away districts of Siberia, in the steppes of central Asia, form the Khivans to the Esquimaux along the shores of Behring strait, send one or more representatives to preside at the homage of the tribe to the great white czar. Poles, Finlanders, Cossacks, Georgians, Bashkirs, Turks—for the Russian empire contains millions of Mohammedans, Teherkasses, Abassians, Calmucks, Tartars, Karapaks, Daghistans, Armenians, Kurds, Chinese from the districts conquered by Russia from China, Mongols, deputies from dozens of wandering nations in the heart of Asia; for over fifty languages and double that number of dialects are spoken in the Russian dominions, and the people of every language must present their homage to the czar in their own tongue. The imperial coronations always take place in the Cathedral of the Assumption, one of the many in the Kremlin.

Tricks of Mexican Pickpocket.

Two German gentlemen were talking at the corner of First Plateros street, just off the entrance of the Portal, in the city of Mexico, when suddenly one of them was roughly pushed by a pelado. The German tried to remonstrate and even made motions with his cane to punish the offender. At this moment his companion felt a stinging pain at the back of his neck. Another pelado had thrown a burning match inside of his collar and naturally made him throw up his hand, and while so doing the pickpocket grabbed the man's watch and chain and ran away, followed by a policeman. The ratero was not caught. The German's timepieces were a silver one, of little value, and what the Teuton felt most keenly was the burning of his neck.