

RUTHVEN'S WARD

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.



CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

The remainder of the afternoon was spent by the girls in unpacking their boxes and choosing their dinner dresses. Margaret's was a pale blue, chosen by Mrs. Garrett, at Marshall & Snellgrove's—a charming color as contrasted with the girl's fair loveliness, but more suited for a ball than a quiet family evening. She looked very pretty, though, as Carmen, arrayed in a black dress ornamented with knots of scarlet ribbon, took her hand to lead her into the presence of her uncle. Sir Frederic was wandering without any apparent aim, up and down the long library as the girls entered it. Before he saw them Margaret had time to note the mild benevolence of his aspect, and the precision with which he was attired, even though he was only about to dine with a couple of school girls. He was a little man—straight, precise and neat as an old bachelor—with snow-white hair, delicate complexion, and pale blue eyes. Margaret was sure she would like him very much. As he caught sight of the girls he advanced to meet them; but his falling sight prevented his recognizing more than their figures until they were close to him. He embraced Carmen more punctiliously than fervently, and Margaret instinctively felt as she watched their greeting that Sir Frederic could not forget his niece stood in the place of his dead child.

Then he turned to the stranger. He had been about to salute Margaret in the same courteous manner as he had done Carmen; but as his eyes fell upon her figure he stepped backward and was silent. "Uncle, this is Miss O'Reilly," said Carmen, in explanation. Still Sir Frederic did not answer her, but, feeling his way backward until he reached a chair, sank down into it and passed his handkerchief in a distressed manner across his brow. "Sir, are you ill?" exclaimed Margaret, darting forward. He waved her from him impatiently. "Leave him alone. He'll be better in a minute," whispered Carmen in her friend's ear. After that there was complete silence between them for the space of a few minutes, whilst the girls stood together in the window, looking awkwardly, and Sir Frederic bent over the table wiping his brow. Then he rose, tottering at first, and begged their pardon for his weakness. "I am an old man, my dear child," he said, to Margaret, "and I have passed through much trouble and lost many friends. Sometimes a strange voice, or look, or expression recalls the past too vividly and upsets me. I think it was the color of your hair that brought back painful recollections to my mind. It is very beautiful," he continued, passing the glossy curls through his fingers; "so soft, and thick and heavy—just like hers—just like hers. But come," he said, a moment later. "I think dinner has been announced. Let us go in and forget this folly. I must grow accustomed to the sight of your pretty hair, my dear, so the sooner I commence the better."

He led the girls into the dining room as he spoke, and no further allusion was made to his past life. Carmen told Margaret afterward that Mrs. Webb had informed her that her aunt Florence had possessed golden hair of extraordinary length and thickness. Margaret thought that Carmen's pert and forward manners rather grated on Sir Frederic's sensibility. He did not reprove her, but every now and then, as her voice fell upon his ear, he shuddered as if his teeth had been put on edge. As he dismissed them for the night he asked Carmen where she and her friend slept. "We sleep together in the south room."

"Is that advisable, my dear? There are plenty of rooms on the opposite side of the corridor." "I've always slept in it." "I know you have, but I would have put my friend on another story, if I had been you."

"Oh, we shall do well enough; I'll take care of her," rejoined Carmen, carelessly, as she bade him good-night. Margaret wondered why both Sir Frederic and Mrs. Webb should wish them to change their apartments; such a pretty room as it was, and so beautifully sheltered by those twining creepers. She lay awake for some time after they had retired to rest, thinking of all this.

Mrs. Webb had placed a sofa bedstead across the bottom of the large bed on which Carmen reposed, for her use, and as Margaret unconsciously slipped in it, she found that her eyes faced the long French windows, against the panes of which the green tendrils and many colored blossoms were keeping up such a pleasant music. Margaret felt to sleep with her mind full of strange imaginings—now fancying that tiny elves sat upon the broad

leaves of the creeper whispering to each other; now that they swung themselves down like nimble harlequins by the twisted tendrils of the vine; anon, that the half-opened roses changed into lovely faces, and bowed toward each other in all the frolic of a fairy courtship.

Carmen, with the indolent, unimaginative blood of her Spanish mother walking slowly through her veins, had never indulged in any such weird-like fantasies; she lay on her soft bed now, slumbering dreamlessly and dispassionately. But restless, agile Margaret twisted and turned, and had composed a whole romance before she could persuade the god of sleep to visit her.

How long he stayed she knew not, nor what subtle potion he had administered to change all her lovely fairy dreams to visions of the past life she so dreaded to remember.

But groans and curses and cries of pain, or so the girl imagined, mingled with her sleeping experiences, and she woke with the full sense of some coming horror on her mind. The room was wrapped in the peaceful repose in which she had seen it last; the flowers and leaves still shaded the unsheltered window; but what was that horrid face—white, flat and senseless—that was pressed close against one of the panes of glass? Was it a reflex of her uneasy dream? A remembrance only of some dreadful visage that had scowled upon her when she was a poor, trembling little outcast, wandering in fear about the London streets? Margaret could not decide; but the sight she saw inspired her with terror. With a shriek of fear she sprang from her own bed to Carmen's, and succeeded at last in arousing that sleepy young lady to a consciousness of the cause of her alarm. When she had once seen it, Carmen appeared as frightened as herself, and, rushing out into the corridor, called loudly for Webb and then for "Mr. Brown." The last appeal was the most effectual, for before the housekeeper appeared upon the scene, a respectable-looking man in dressing gown and slippers, answered the young lady's call, and inquired the reason for it. Carmen told it to him, whispering rapidly in his ear; and the next moment he had entered the room they had vacated, and Mrs. Webb appeared to lead them to another.

"What is it?" inquired Margaret, trembling. "A ghost!" "Lor' bless the child," began the housekeeper. "How should we have ghosts at Abbotsville?" "But Carmen stopped her. "Yes, it is a ghost! Why not speak the truth at once? Never mind, Margaret; don't shake so—we'll sleep upstairs for the future."

"You'd better come at once then," said Mrs. Webb, as sounds of scuffling and faint cries began to make themselves heard from the deserted room. "You won't go back there tonight, Miss Carmen, will you?—and you're both beginning to tremble with the fright and chill!"

The girls did not sleep in the south room again during their stay at Abbotsville, and the remainder of their holidays was spent amongst the diversified pleasures of a country life.

CHAPTER VI.

RUTHVEN was in what is popularly called "a brown study." He had just received a letter from the Misses Prism, informing him that they had decided to retire from business, and must request him to remove his ward, Miss Margaret O'Reilly, from their care at the following midsummer. They had added that having done their best to fit her for the society she was doubtless intended to enter, they trusted Mr. Ruthven would be as well satisfied with the culture of her mind as he could not fail to be with the graces of her person. And Ruthven did not know what on earth to do with her.

Mrs. Garrett's accounts tallied so well with that of Miss Prism, that he could not but believe they were correct; and how was he to bring home this talented young person to the little house at Kensington, and ask her to sit downstairs in the housekeeper's room? He would have handed her over at once to the care of his friend, Mrs. Delamaine, who would have been eminently suited to prepare her for the stage; but, alas! poor Mrs. Delamaine had gone the way of all flesh whilst Margaret was at school, and Ruthven knew of no one else to whom he could entrust her.

One thing only was certain; midsummer was close at hand, and at midsummer the child must be fetched away from Blackheath and established somewhere else. Well, Garrett had arranged everything respecting her for him before, and she must continue to do so. Hamilton Shore did certainly offer to make a journey to Pomona Villa and bring back the captive princess to Kensington, but Mrs. Garrett received his proposal with scorn.

"She hadn't been used to see young ladies tramping about the streets with

harum-scarum fellows like himself, whatever he had."

"Oh, she's a young lady now, is she?" exclaimed Hamilton in return. "I thought she was a housemaid when I last saw her."

"Well, housemaid or lady, it's all the same. Miss Margaret is a decent gal; and none such would be seen walking about with you."

"Thanks for the compliment," cried the lad gaily. He was but a lad still, though he would have been anything but pleased to be told so. He was now nineteen, and reading steadily for his profession.

Mrs. Garrett's dismay, when Ruthven asked her if Margaret could not have her meals downstairs with her, was comical to behold.

"La, sir, do just go down and have a look at her yourself before you put such a question to me again. She mayn't be a lady born—as Mr. Addison has it—but she's grown so much like one that nobody could tell the difference."

Which speech perplexed poor Ruthven more than ever.

"Then you must fit up the back dining room for her, Garrett, and let her have her meals there until I can hear of a suitable opening for her. I never thought the girl would be so much trouble, or I would have had her educated in her own station in life."

Margaret left Blackheath with very mingled feelings. She was sorry to part with Carmen Flower and other friends, but she was much comforted by the many invitations which were liberally showered upon her.

And then she was sixteen, and a woman, at all events in her own estimation, and curiosity was powerfully prompting her in a desire to see London again under more favorable auspices.

The town was ringing at that moment with praises of Ruthven's last drama, and Margaret had read some of the notices upon it, and tried to conjure up a memory of this mysterious benefactor of hers, who had adopted and brought her up without any motive but that of his own benevolence.

It was with considerable alacrity that Margaret appeared to accompany Mrs. Garrett to Kensington. She was looking very lovely on that day. Excitement had lent an extra glow to her cheek and increased the brightness of her eye.

It so happened that Ruthven was unusually late in leaving home that afternoon—perhaps curiosity had also had a little to do with his loitering about the house—but as he stepped over the threshold, the cab, laden with luggage and containing Mrs. Garrett and her charge, drove up to the door. Ruthven went forward to assist the women to the ground. He expected to see a healthy, well-dressed and good-looking girl in Margaret O'Reilly, instead of which, a graceful, slender form, tightly attired in the prevailing mode, with a face of exquisite child-like simplicity, met his astonished view.

"Is this Peg?" he exclaimed in astonishment. "This is Miss Margaret, sir," corrected the housekeeper sharply, as she drew out her purse to settle with the cabman.

Ruthven gazed at the young girl, who was looking up with two great limpid eyes into his face, speechlessly. He thought he never before had seen such an incarnation of youthful womanhood. The sunny, luxuriant tresses were taken captive now and piled upon the top of her head; but the open, dewy mouth, the long eyelashes, the shy half-veiled gaze, the delicate, rose-leaf complexion—all struck him for the moment dumb.

"Hadden't you better take Miss Margaret in, Mr. James?" demanded Mrs. Garrett, in rather an acrid voice. "Yes, yes; certainly. Won't you come in?" said Ruthven.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MORGAN'S PROPOSED CASTLE.

New York Financier to Erect a Mammoth Structure.

J. Pierpont Morgan is one of the greatest capitalists and financiers of the time, but hitherto he has not cared to dazzle the public by the splendor of his home and the extravagance of his style of living as denizens of Newport are fond of doing. The Morgans have occasionally visited Newport, but have evinced no desire to be known as among the shining lights of that ultra-fashionable city. Evidently Mr. Morgan has been completely wrapped up in his country place at Highland Falls, a pretty little hamlet on the Hudson, and has taken great delight in going to his business each day and returning at night on his steam yacht Corsair. Even the most intimate friends of Mr. Morgan have never supposed for one moment that any inducement could be offered him to live in any place outside of Highland Falls or New York. But it is now announced that he intends building a handsome house at the great Rhode Island resort, which will probably be the equal in elegance of any of the costly summer residences there. Evidently Mr. Morgan and his family cannot any longer resist the temptation to be in the fashionable swim.

Easily Fixed.

Mrs. Brickrow—How do you manage to persuade your husband to buy you such expensive bonnets? Mrs. Topfate—I take him shopping with me, walk him around until he can't stand, and then wind up in a bonnet store. He'll buy anything to get home.

Use of the Lemon in Manicuring.

Sliced lemon is almost as indispensable an adjunct of the toilet as of the tea table. It will, if used with reason, keep the skin white. If rubbed across the fingernails it is almost as effective as manicure scissors in keeping down hang nails.

IN WOMAN'S CORNER.

INTERESTING READING FOR DAMES AND DANSELS.

A Texas Damsel Who Kills and Skins Her Own Game—Some Dainty Designs—A Symphony in Green—When a Woman Is Old.



IN TEXAS THE wildcats, the black bears, the wolves and the Mexican lions are learning to beware of petticoated beings. Miss Zola Saint Louis is the woman who has inspired the animals with this unusual respect. Since the opening of the hunting season last fall she has killed twenty-five deer, five black bears, seven wildcats, three wolves and one Mexican lion. Besides being a hunter of big game, Miss Saint Louis is a taxidermist. She has studied the gentle art of skinning and stuffing her trophies until her home is a sort of museum of Texan natural history. Four years spent at Hardin college, in Mexico, Mo., made her as skillful a taxidermist as there is in the state. In spite of her unusual accomplishments she is not a masculine young woman, but a somewhat slenderly built, brown-eyed, graceful girl.

Costumes for Those in Mourning.

There is not a great deal of change in deep mourning from year to year. Henrietta cloth reigns supreme as the correct mourning fabric, while crape veils of varied lengths proclaim the relative mourned as plainly as the death notice of parent or husband. In the deepest mourning the Henrietta cloth costumes made absolutely plain are the correct ones to wear. After three months crepe trimmings may be used; at six months entire gowns of crepe are considered quite possible. Widows' mourning is the deepest, but the last year or two it has been the fashion (as it has been from time immemorial in England) to wear the sheer white turned-over collars and cuffs, which are so becoming, and lighten the dead black. The white ruche inside the bonnet is supposed to be the widow's cap, which at one time was always worn; now caps, even for old ladies, are out of fashion, so that the ruche is merely symbolical.

For a father or mother the mourning is almost as deep as for a husband, but the veil is not so long, nor is the mourning worn for the same space of time. All mourning is now laid aside much sooner than was formerly the case, a year to wear the long veil being quite the limit. It is difficult to have crepe bonnets becoming, but there is no reason why they should not be made so if only care be taken to have the bonnet shape fit quite close to the head. The folds of the veil will give all the height that is necessary, and any fancy shape only looks grotesque under the



A SUMMER GOWN.

crepe. When the mourning is first lightened and the veil thrown back a few soft bows on the top of the hat are added, and give a smarter look. Many veils of nuns' veiling and of soft, heavy silk tissue—a sort of grenadine—are now used, always with the face veil of net with the crepe border; for wet weather they are very much the best.—Ex.

Some Dainty Designs.

While every thought is given to the decking of the body for street wear it will be well to turn a few stray thoughts in the direction of some of the exquisite-



ly chic and dainty night robes being sent over for our inspection. The softest of soft India silks and the finest of fine batistes are used for the smartest of these, and whole pieces of ribbon and the loveliest of delicate laces are lavished on them. The batiste gowns are especially lovely and laudable in the best possible way. Very, very pretty ones are made of this stuff in a soft creamy tint, with the narrowest of Valenciennes lace set in at the seams. Some sort of an odd, full collar faces out over the big bishop sleeves, which

usually reach to the elbow and are finished by a frill of lace. The big sleeves are drawn in at the wrist by ribbons run through the open work lace, and fastened in a bow on the top of the arm. In the same way the collar is drawn in at the throat and fastened in a full bow in front.

When the tan-tinted batistes are used the lace matches in color, while the ribbons may be of any shade desired. Robes de chambre of silk are dainty enough for a princess to wear. They are made in the Mother Hubbard shape, with deep oval yokes, all lace insertions, set together with narrow satin ribbons, ending with a bow at each row and edged all about with a deep frill of lace. Sometimes there is a collar in sailor shape, or one set together in deep points, made of white mousseline de sole, set together with tucked frills. Jabots of lace reach from throat to hem, with here and there full knots of ribbon.

A wonderfully lovely robe of empire silk in pale rose pink and white stripes an inch wide is made up with pelisse frills of white mousseline de sole and a tucked yoke of the same. Yellow, in the pale, soft shades, is a favorite color for brunettes, but is worn beautifully by pale-skinned blondes as well. Full choux of satin ribbon in baby width are tucked in among the frills with pretty effect.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Symphony in Green.

The social season is again in full swing after the lenten lull. Easter gowns and bonnets have been worn and are now familiar. We are used to



the flower-garden appearance of our thoroughfares. It no longer surprises us to see a woman dressed in vivid purple or grass green or bright yellow. Our curiosity regarding color is sated and we now turn our attention to form. We find that skirts will generally be flounced, sleeves are large, bodices will be divided—if not by jacket fronts, by a trimming which gives that effect. Neck trimmings are aggressive and higher than ever, although it is to be hoped that this mode will change before the hot weather is fairly upon us. A Fifth avenue belle, who is already preparing her summer outfit, has a gown which is a perfect symphony in

SIR W. C. VAN HORNE.

He is Charged With Irregularities in His Railroad Management. Sir William C. Van Horne, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who has just been charged with irregularities in the handling of the Duluth and Winnipeg Road, is derived from antique Dutch stock. He is a descendant of one of the old patroon families who laid the foundation of the City of New York under the name of New Amsterdam. He was born in Will County, Illinois, in 1843, and began life as a telegraph operator on the Illinois Central. He rose rapidly from one post to another until 1883, when he was the general superintendent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Road. In that year he was offered the position of general superintendent of the Canadian Pacific and accepted. Under his management construction was pushed forward with remarkable energy, and the last spike was driven at Craigellachie by Sir Daniel Smith on Nov. 7, 1885, five years before the time set in the government contract. A regular transcontinental service was inaugurated, and Van Horne has developed the traffic of the



SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE. road with as much success and rapidity as he had advanced the construction. His services were recognized by his election to the vice presidency, and, later, by his election to the presidency of the road. The owned and leased lines of the Canadian Pacific cover 5,536 miles. Van Horne has, through his official position, been prominent in Canadian politics. In consideration of his efforts to push the affairs of the great road, he was knighted by Queen Victoria. He still claims to be an American citizen.

Greenhouses Are Lucky.

There is an axiom among mining prospectors that while knowledge of mineralogy is a first necessity for a man starting out to hunt for the precious ore, yet the richest finds are often made by the rankest tenderfoot. It is well illustrated in a recent rich find near Salt Lake City, Utah. Willard Weibe, a violin soloist in the Tabernacle, was walking in City Creek canyon, on the outskirts of the city, when he kicked aside some rock that struck him as being unusual in appearance. Out of pure curiosity he carried a piece of the rock back to town and had it assayed. It showed \$500 in gold and \$40 in silver to the ton. Weibe was so much surprised he almost fainted. Then, when he recovered, he hurried back to where he found the rock, without mentioning the matter to anyone, and staked out a large number of claims for himself and friends. Now a considerable camp has sprung up, and the workings bear out the promise of Weibe's chance strike.

Afraid of His Wife.

Peter Olsen is serving an indefinite and inofficial term in the Oakland, Cal., county jail for choice. His choice was between being in jail and being at alleged liberty within reach of his wife. Olsen recently served a term in jail for assaulting his wife. He is young and his wife is somewhat mature. Their married life has been tumultuous, and they have often been in the courts. His short experience in jail was so sweet that a few days after he was liberated he came back and pleaded with the jailer to take him in and keep him. Olsen had proved a handy man about the jail, being a good cook, and the jailer offered him an asylum.

Gladstone May Return.

If Mr. Gladstone decides to return to parliament, it will be the second time



GLADSTONE TODAY. that he has emerged from a retirement sought on account of old age. When he was 68 years of age he resigned the leadership of the Liberal party in Lord Hartington, but remained in parliament. He could not endure the spectacle of another man in a place where he could all at once better, and assumed the leadership. Should he go into parliament at 87 he will be one of the wonders of the age.