THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT.

CHAPTER V.

Richard Saville was not a favorite with his mother, though he had never given her the least trouble. He was a tall, slight young man, but there was no dignity in his height, for it was neutralized by a stoop conveying the impression that he had not strength enough to hold himself upright. He had dark hair, rather thin about the temples, and well-shaped brow, but evidently short-sighted eyes; his manners were cold, though gentle, and he gave a general impression of languid circulation and extreme correctness. He had inherited something of the Saville indifference to everything save his own peculiar tastes or fancies, and a good deal of his uncle Everton's obtuseness as regarded personal distinction. His keen-sighted mother soon perceived that her first-born would never fulfill her ambitious aspirations, and this contributed to her strong preference for her younger son, on whose career she had built her hopes, though his choice of a profession had greatly annoyed her. Hugh had inherited all the plebeian energy which made his maternal grandfather a wealthy and useful member of the community, and he cared little for any personal distinction not earned by himself. Nature intended him for a radical, and the accidents of birth and early association gave him certain aristocratic leanings,—which conjunction of centripetal and centrifugal attraction made him a tolerably round-minded man.

He and his brother were excellent friends, in spite of the low estimate each had of the other's tastes.

The arrival of Richard (no one ever dreamed of calling him Dick) was, on the whole, an agreeable change in the routine of life at Inglefield. He soon discovered that Hope Desmond was a sympathetic listener; he therefore confided to her the great scheme he had conceived of compiling a book to contain all the English phrases and proverbs that were distinctly derived from the Anglo-Saxon, and he soon grew sufficiently familiar to ask if Miss Desmond would be so good as to assist him in his work, whenever his mother could spare her.

"I will do so with pleasure, Mr. Saville," she returned, in her frank, fearless way. "But you must ask your mother's permission, and before me. She is a person not to be trifled with."

"I know that," he said, hastily, "and I will do so on the first opportunity." Which he did, in a nervous hesitating way.

"[illegible] cares for Saxon phrases?" replied Mrs. Saville, contemptuously. "Miss Desmond would be more usefully employed making flannel petticoats for my poor old women. However, if she chooses to bestow some of her spare half-hours on your investigation of such a dust-heap, I am sure she has my consent."

Hope Desmond's time was pretty well occupied, for she had come to be secretary as well as companion to her active employer: still, she gave Richard Saville what parings of time she could, and, if occasionally bored, was not a little amused at the profound importance he attached to his work.

But Richard Saville's presence entailed other changes. Captain Lumley found it suited him to ride over very often to luncheon, and sometimes to dinner, staying the night, almost without a distinct invitation from the hostess, who seemed to think two such fledglings beneath her notice. Young Lumley did his best to attract Hope's notice, and flattered himself that she smiled upon him.

"So you have really managed to survive—how long?"—five weeks under my aunt's jurisdiction?" he said, having discovered Hope with a book in her hand in one of the shady nooks of the garden one day after luncheon.

"I have, and without any difficulty," she returned, making room for him on the seat beside her, as she greeted him with a kindly smile. He threw away his cigar, and readily accepted the place, thinking he had already made an impression.

"Mrs. Saville has been very nice and pleasant. If she were not I would not stay."

"Pleasant! Come, that's a little too much. She is an uncommon bright woman, I know, but it's in the flash-of-lightning style, and lightning sometimes kills, you know."

"Well, she hasn't killed me."

"No, I fancy you take a great deal of killing. Perhaps that's because you are so killing yourself."

"Oh, Captain Lumley! that is a style of compliment a commis-voyageur might offer to a barmaid. It is not worthy of a gallant—what are you—hussar?" said Hope, laughing good-humoredly.

"You have taken a leaf out of Mrs. Saville's book," cried Lumley, while he thought, "What teeth she has—regular pearls, by Jove?" "If you are as hard on me as she is," he continued, aloud. "I shall not be able to live here."

"I suppose you are not obliged to stay?"

"Well, no; but I do not like to go away."

"Then you must strike a balance," said Hope, and rose up as if to return to the house.

"What! are you going in? It is ever so much nicer here."

"I shall go through the wood to the glebe gate."

"And may I come?"

"Oh, yes if you like. Here, Prince, Prince!"

Lumley felt a little at a loss what to say next. "I suppose you have the care of that small brute?"

"No; I have the privilege of taking him out and I am very fond of him."

"Well, he is rather a nice little creature. He never snaps at me."

"He is a very compassionate, forbearing doggie," said Hope, raising her laughing eyes to his.

"Thank you, Miss Desmond. So you are going to help my cousin Richard with his—dictionary—what do you call it?"

"I really do not know what its name is to be. Yes; if I can find time I will do some writing for him."

"Richard has more sense than I thought."

"At all events he is desperately in earnest and that is always respectable."

"Exactly; that is just what he is."

A pause ensued, broken only by Prince barking violently at some sparrows, which totally disregarded him.

"Miss Dacre is coming to dinner, and the vicar and vicaress."

"Oh indeed!" said Hope.

"Miss Dacre is rather pretty for an heiress, and rather a jolly girl. You'll like her."

"Very probably, were I to meet her; but I shall not dine with you."

"No? What an infernal shame!"

"I do not see that it is. It would give me no particular pleasure to join your company, and I shall have that precious time to myself."

"Well, the dinner will be all the duller. My aunt will be as black as thunder. You know she wanted to marry Hugh, her second son, to Mary Dacre. You have never met Hugh?"

"Why, I am not yet two months in Mrs. Saville's service."

"What a very unvarnished way of putting it!" said Lumley, laughing.

"I never object to the truth," returned Miss Desmond. "Why should I not serve Mrs. Saville for the time being."

"I am sure I don't know. Well, Hugh is a capital fellow, but awfully headstrong; so, after he was sent ashore last time, he went wandering about the Continent, and fell in love with a charming girl, or a girl he thought charming, without asking leave. Rather imprudent, eh?"

"It was more," said Hope, looking dreamily far away. "It was wrong. A good mother has a right to be consulted."

"Perhaps so; but if a fellow is very much in love he is apt to forget these things. Anyhow, Hugh has been chivied away from the maternal roof. It seems my uncle Lord Everton introduced Hugh to the fair one and her father, so he has been tabooed too; but he is a remarkably plucky old boy, so he came down here to plead Hugh's cause, and caught it pretty hard I fancy."

"Yes, I saw him, and I imagine he had a trying time of it. Pray do you—I mean your special family—talk of each other to every one in this candid fashion?"

"I do; and why should I not? I say nothing that everyone doesn't know and talk about."

"Poor Lord Everton!" said Hope, with a laugh, as if she enjoyed the recollection. "He did look as if he were being led to execution when he was leaving the room and asked me to pray for him."

"Oh, he did, did he! He's no end of fun."

"I can imagine he is. Good-morning, Captain Lumley."

"Why, where the deuce—— Must you go?"

"I must. I do not know whether Mrs. Saville may want me, and I have no business to wander about the grounds with you."

"Perhaps you may be at dinner, after all."

"It is not probable. If Lord Everton were to be of the party I might wish to intrude myself. As it is,—good-bye for the present."

With a pleasant nod and smile, Miss Desmond turned into the path which led directly to the house, and left the gallant hussar lamenting.

"She is handsomer than I thought," he mused. "What eyes!—and such a smile! She has rather taken to me, I can see that, but there is something unflatteringly self-possessed and frank about her. Treats me as if I were a mere boy. I must be very civil to the heiress. If my father thinks I am making any running there, I dare say he will pay some of my debts."

Lumley's wishes were fulfilled, for Mrs. Saville, shortly before the dressing-bell rang, commanded Miss Desmond's presence at dinner. That young lady hesitated, and said, with her usual good-humored frankness, "You are always so good to me, that you may possibly ask me to dine as a civility, but I assure you I would prefer the evening to myself."

"You are quite mistaken. I wish you to dine with us to-day. Why, is of no consequence. I may not always ask you but, when I do, be sure I mean it."

"Oh, very well. I am glad you have made matters clear."

It was a small party, and not very lively. Richard Saville was not an animated host. Mrs. Saville was not talkative. The vicar was a pleasant, well-bred man, and with the help of Lumley, who was always ready to talk, kept the party from stagnating.

Lumley had brought with him, by his aunt's invitation, a young subaltern, the son of an acquaintance, who made the eighth and balanced the sexes. The youth fell to Hope Desmond's lot, much to his satisfaction, for she managed to make him talk, and talked to him easily and naturally, confessing her ignorance of hunting, shooting, fishing and sport of every kind, rather to his amazement. However, she atoned for her deficiencies by listening with much interest to his descriptions and explanations. At last he suggested giving her riding-lessons, at which she held up her hands in dismay. Miss Dacre interested her more than any one else. She had never been in the society of a great heiress, a prospective peeress in her own right. "What a tremendous position for a young girl!" thought Hope, with a curious sort of pity. The young girl was, notwithstanding, quite girlish, not pretty, but far from plain. She was very dark, with small, sparkling black eyes, curly black hair, and a high color. She had a neat figure, and carried herself well, yet she lacked distinction.

"She might be a very pleasant companion," mused Hope, as she gazed at her while her cavalier was explaining the difference between a snaffle and a curb, "and, considering her gifts, I am not surprised Mrs. Saville would have liked her for a daughter-in-law. How much, according to her estimate, her son appears to have thrown away!"

During the brief separation of the sexes after dinner Miss Dacre naturally fell into Hope Desmond's care.

"How charming the conservatory looks!" she said. Shall we walk round it?" Hope assented, not aware of the curiosity she excited in the future Baroness Castleton. That Mrs. Saville should institute a companion was one source of astonishment; that any one so chosen should survive nearly two months and present a cheerful, self-possessed, composed aspect was another "And how nice she looks in that pretty black grenadine and lace! How snowy white her throat and hands are! I suppose she is in mourning. Girls never want to be companions unless all their people die. Poor things! I think I would rather be a house-maid; at least one might flirt with the footman but a companion!—"

"I don't think I ever met you here before," she said, aloud.

"No; I am not quite two months with Mrs. Saville."

"Poor Mrs. Saville! she is looking so ill. They say she is rather a terrific woman. I always found her very nice."

"She is a strong woman, but there is a certain grandeur in her character."

"Yes, and I fancy one must be pretty strong to get on with her," said Miss Dacre, and she gave a knowing little nod to her companion. "Then she is awfully put out about Hugh. You came after he had gone."

Hope bent her head as an affirmative.

"He was charming, quite charming,—so different from Richard,—though I like Richard too; but Hugh had a sort of rough good breeding, if you can understand such a thing; he was so generous and bright and natural. I knew both the brothers since I was quite a little child, so I can sympathize with Mrs. Saville. To think of his having married some designing woman abroad, twice his age, I believe! isn't it horrible?" ran on the talkative young lady.

"Horrible," echoed Hope. "I trust she is conscious of all he has sacrificed for her.

"Not she," returned Miss Dacre with decision. "These sort of people haven't an idea what family and position, and all that, mean. Do you think Mrs. Saville would mind if I plucked some of these lovely waxen blossoms?"

"I am sure she would not; but you know her much better than I do. Wait a moment; I will get you the scissors."

"Pray," asked Miss Dacre, when she returned, "are you Irish? You don't mind my asking? Some people don't like the Irish; I delight in them. My father's great friend is an old general, a dear old thing,—Sir Patrick Desmond: is he any relation of yours?"

"I have heard of him, but if he is in any way connected with me it is so distant that I connot 'call cousins' with him."

"If he comes down to the Court while you are here, I will ask you to meet him. Then you are Irish? And I am sure you sing and play?"

"I play a little."

"That is delightful. You can play an accompaniment? I can't bear playing; and I want to try some duets with George Lumley to-night."

"I will do my best," said Hope.

"Don't you think George Lumley very good-looking? He is very good style, too, and is so like Lord Everton. I am rather glad he is at Hounslow. This place is too far, and yet too near, to be amusing," etc., etc. And she chattered on, till the gentlemen came to seek them in their fragrant retreat, when Miss Dacre ceased to bestow attention or words on Hope. They soon adjourned to the largest drawing-room, where the singers discovered that Miss Desmond had quite a genius for playing accompaniments, and time flew fast till the carriages were announced.

"Where in the world did you find that nice Miss Desmond, Mrs. Saville?" exclaimed Miss Dacre. "She is so quiet and well bred. Lots to say, too. Do bring her over to the Court. She could be of infinite use to me in playing accompaniments."

"Very likely; but, you see, I engaged her to be of use to me."

"To be sure," laughed the thoughtless girl. "How frightfully sharp you are!" And she blew her hostess a kiss as she left the room.

"What a glorious night!" said Lumley, with a sigh of relief, sinking on an ottoman beside Hope. "Couldn't you manage to come out for a stroll before saying good-night finally?"

Hope looked at him for a moment gravely, then a smile began in her eyes and sparkled on "lip and cheek."

"Yes, it could be easily managed, according to novel regulations," she said. "I escort my kind patroness to her room, receive her blessing, and return to my own, then I throw a mantilla over my beautiful locks, steal down to the garden door, which is of course left open, and, guided by the perfume of a fine' cigar, join you in the moonlit shrubbery.'

"Precisely," said Lumley, laughing. "It's a lovely picture. I earnestly hope you will realize it."

"Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle," she returned, rising and making him a slight courtesy. "A moonlight stroll is a harmless amusement under certain conditions, which do not exist at present for me." And she went away to bid good-night to the vicaress and see that she was wrapped up. Then, meeting Mrs. Saville on her way upstairs, she accompanied her to her bedroom, rang for her maid, and exchanged a few words with her until that functionary appeared.

"I am wofully tired," said Mrs. Saville, throwing herself into a low chair. "Really, life is too wearisome in its disappointing sameness. If Richard will invite these stupid chattering boys, I shall dine in my own room. Mary Dacre is sillier than she used to be, and Mr. Rawson writes that he cannot come down till the Sunday after next. We must begin 'Froment Jeune' to-morrow, Miss Desmond, and get away as much as we can from the present."

"I shall be very pleased. It is considered one of Daudet's best; and I have never read it."

When Hope Desmond reached her own room she undressed rapidly, and, putting out the candles, brushed her long hair by the moonlight, while she thought earnestly, "How disappointing of Mr. Rawson! I hoped he would be here next Sunday; and I have so much to say to him. True, I can write; but a few spoken words face to face are worth a dozen letters. It will not be easy to get him to myself, but as my own especial friend I have a right to demand an interview. How weary that poor woman is!—and far from well. Poor and nearly friendless as I am, I would not change with her. No, no; I understand life better than she does, though she has lived so much longer. How her heart must ache when she thinks of her son! Under all her hardness and pride she yearns for the love she does not know how to win. If she will only love me!" Then she twisted up her hair, and, throwing herself on her knees, prayed long and fervently, with tightly clasped hands, while tears streamed unheeded from the eyes that less than an hour ago had smiled so saucily on Captain Lumley.

"The two months have nearly expired," she mused, when, having risen, she leaned against the window-frame and looked out on the moonlit lawn. "But I am quite sure she will not send me away. I do not want to go among strangers again. It is awful to have no home. But with practice, with the effort to seem brave, courage comes."

Taking some relic sewn up in a little silk bag and hung round her neck by a thin chain of Indian gold, she kissed it lovingly and lay down to rest.

For the next couple of days Mrs. Saville instituted a severe headache and shut herself up with Miss Desmond in her own special morning-room, leaving her son and his guest to entertain each other. The third day Hope went out for a short stroll, as Mrs. Saville evidently did not want her company in a visit she went to pay at the Court.

She had not gone far when she was overtaken by George Lumley, who immediately began to condole with her on what he was pleased to term her "false imprisonment." She talked with him gayly enough, but always with what he choose to term "a tinge of indulgence" in her manner, and then turned homeward sooner than she would otherwise have done.

"I must bid you good-bye. I am going back to my quarters this evening," he said. "But I shall be at the Court next week. I do hope you'll come and help us in those duets. Miss Dacre has planned no end of practicing."

"I shall be glad to help you if I may."

"How submissive you are!"

"Would you, a soldier, suggest mutiny?"

"Our duties are very different."

"Nevertheless, duty is duty.

"You must have an awfully dull time of it."

"I do not feel dull. Mrs. Saville is a very intelligent woman, and as we differ on every subject, we have abundance of interesting conversation."

"I should think so. Do you ever convert her?"

"I am afraid not; but I may make a little impression; constant drooping, you know, effects something. I want to convert her to the belief that man does not live by bread alone."

"I see; that he wants the sugar-plums of true love. How tame and flat life is without them! I think I understand; that jolly old boy Rawson has put you here to be Hugh's advocate."

"By no means. He recommended me as a suitable person to act as reader and amanuensis to your aunt, and I hope to do him credit."

"Do you know you puzzle me immensely?"

"A little mental exercise will do you good."

"Mental exercise! You give my mind plenty to do. You are never out of my thoughts."

"Good-morning, Captain Lumley," said Miss Desmond, with great composure. "I shall go in by the side door." And she turned down a narrow path which led to a private entrance at the foot of the stair communicating with a wing which contained Mrs. Saville's rooms.

Lumley stood for a moment uncertain what to do. He dared not follow her, and he was reluctant to confess himself checkmated. His generally placid face grew set and stormy.

"What an infernally provoking woman! She treats me as if I were a mere school-boy, whom she could play with in safety. It is no longer play to me; it shall not be play to her. I never was treated in this way before; and there is an odd sort of liking for me under it all. What speakin' eyes she has! I have seen dozens of handsomer women, but there's a sort of fascination about her. I will not let her foil me.' He walked rapidly away to the lonely recesses of the wood, more disturbed and resolute than he had ever felt in his self-indulged life. All his fancies had been so quickly and easily gratified that they had scarcely time to crystalize into activity; now he was almost surprised at the vehemence of his own anger and determination. "And if I do succeed in an awakening of passion in her, how will it end?" was a question that passed through his brain. "Time enough to think of that. At all events, I am an only son, and the estates are entailed.

The Sunday but one, after this interview, Mr. Rawson came down in time for church. Mrs. Saville chose to stay at home. The service was short, for the vicar did not think it necessary to give a sermon every week. When it was over, there was a gathering of neighbors, and greetings outside the porch.

"I wish you would come back to luncheon, Miss Desmond," said Miss Dacre. "You might, as Mrs. Saville is not here. Lord Everton came rather unexpectedly last night, and I am sure you would like him; He has been asking if you are still alive."

"I am very sorry I cannot assure him personally of my safety; but I cannot absent myself in this unceremonious manner. Then I have my friend Mr. Rawson here."

"What a nuisance! I am coming over after luncheon to ask for assistance in getting up a concert to collect funds for a new school house; so, till this afternoon, adieu." She stepped into her pony carriage, attended by Richard Saville, and drove away.

"As we have plenty of time, I will take you by a little longer way back, Mr. Rawson," said Hope.

"I place myself in your hands, my dear young lady." As they started, Lumley, who had stood aside till Miss Dacre drove off, joined them, and for a short way the conversation was chiefly between him and the family lawyer.

Lumley had been exceedingly nice and respectful whenever he had met Hope Desmond during the last week, consequently they had been the best of friends, and the captain flattered himself he was making prodigious strides. Arriving at a bend of the road where a turnstile admitted to a pathway leading across a field and into Mrs. Saville's woods, Miss Desmond paused and said "Good-morning" very decidedly.

"Mr. Rawson is good enough to be my guardian, and I claim the right to bore him with my affairs whenever I can."

"I understand," said the gallant hussar, good-humoredly, and stopped with a bow.

"That stroke was well played," said Mr. Rawson when they had got clear of the gate. "I want to say and to hear a good deal, and the youth is persevering."

"Is he so young?" asked Hope. "I thought him an amusing boy, but I begin to see he is older than I imagined."

"He will never see twenty-seven again. But to business. I am glad to see you get on so well with Mrs. Saville. I thought you would."

"Yes, better than I expected. It was terrible nervous work at first. Firmness and courage are indispensable; the slightest appearance of the white feather, and she would almost unconsciously crush you. It is not easy to impress her gently and politely with a sense of one's complete independence; but this is essential. The tyrannical tendencies in her have been tremendously developed by circumstances and training; but I really believe it is a relief to her to find a companion who neither quarrels nor cringes: she breathes a freer air, her mind is more healthily exercised. I never conceal an opinion, and I try to be as true as possible, and to defend my views as temperately as I can. I also try to give her the impression that she is on trial as well as myself."

"It is a dangerous game; but you may succeed. The day after to-morrow completes your two months. I suspect she would be sorry if you left. Tell me, have you had a chance of putting in a word for the poor prodigal?"

Hope shook her head. "It is too soon to attempt it," she said.

"Now sit down here on this fallen tree; for I have a long story to tell you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A SWAN'S FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Its Assailants Were Badly Used Up Before It Was Conquered.

One of the finest swans on the exhibition water at the base of Eiffel's Tower was killed the other night in a dastardly manner by two youths, one of whom is a student, of respectable parentage the other a third-class cafe-concert singer, says a Paris letter. These mischievous lads were returning home to Passy from one of the cafes of the Palais des Beaux Arts at an advanced hour, when they saw the swan sleeping majestically on the pond, its beak buried in its feathers. They stealthily approached the bird which was near to the bank, and seized hold of it. The swan made what has been described as a gallant struggle for life, as the cruel captors bear on their faces, hands and arms cuts and bruises inflicted by its beak and wings.

At last the rascals succeeded in despatching the bird by twisting its neck but its cries attracted the attention of the policemen who were on beat at the Trocadero end of the Iena Bridge. Some moments after the swan-slayers went towards the Trocadero, one of them endeavoring to hide the bird under his greatcoat, but seeing the policemen advancing to meet them, they took to their heels. The lad who was carrying the swan was caught and the other escaped, but as his address was finished by his companion, the Commissary of the Muette Districs arrested him early next morning. The two are now in the depot waiting trial in the police court.

The swan is said to have been valued at £6. The affair bears a good deal of resemblance to the story related by the late Villiers de l'Isle Adam of the man who killed a swan in order to ascertain if it would sing before dying. The splendid fowl killed on the Champ de Mars did not give out a dying song, but it may be said to have shrieked like a human being while its neck was being twisted and its wings torn off. The policemen declare that the terrible sounds coming across the river from the place where the outrage was committed utterly amazed them for a time.

Killed the Pursuing Father.

In Morgan county, Ga., lives the family of the rich and well-known planter, J. T. Estes. He had a daughter who wanted to marry Will Green. The family of the young woman objected to the proposed marriage. On Monday afternoon Green met Miss Estes by appointment, and they went in a buggy to the residence of the Rev Mr. Harwell, who was to perform the ceremony. Just as the couple were getting out of the buggy they saw Mr. Estes and his son coming toward them. Green quickly pulled a revolver and fired at Mr. Estes, the ball entering near the heart, killing the farmer instantly. Green then fired two shots at young Estes, without effect. Leaving her father dead in the road, and her brother bending over the body, Miss Estes went on with her lover to Broughtonville, where they were married. The Sheriff of Newton county has received a telegram stating that a reward of $250 has been offered for the capture of Green.

Nature's Great Restorer.

Women who sleep a great deal and comfortably, who are addicted to cat naps and regard nine hours of wholesome rest as absolutely requisite to their physical well-being, are the women who defy the frosting hand of time. These are the women whose wrinkles are few and far between and whose eyes remain the brightest and cheeks the rosiest for the longest period after the bloom of youth has fled. No less notable a beauty than Diane de Poictiers, who retained her irresistible loveliness until her seventieth year, recognized the value of sleep as a preventive of wrinkles. Indeed, so fearful was she of losing a moment of perfect rest that, mistrusting the beds of her friends, she carried her own, with its splendid fittings, on all her journeys.

An Aid to Memory.

Teacher (with outline map)—What country is this?

Class—(Dense silence.

Teacher—Come, can't any o you remember? It is the shape of a boot.

Bright Boy—I remember now. It's Italy, the place where the bootblacks come from