THE HEIR OF SANTLEIGH

OR

THE STEWARD'S SON

CHAPTER IX.

That evening, about an hour before dinner, Norah was in her own room, reading a volume of Mrs. Browning's poems, which she had found in the library; that is to say, she read for a few minutes, then her eyes strayed from the book and wandered over the view and her thoughts wandered also.

Nora had read a great deal, for her life had lacked companionship, and most of her amusements had been solitary ones; but, though love had generally been the theme of the novel or the poem, it had always been a mystery to her.

In all her short life she had never met the one man whose voice had power to raise the strange echo in the heart which proclaims the birth of love. She had, for instance, never fallen in love with the curate or the young doctor, as some girls, for want of a better object, occasionally do; she had not only not fallen in love with them, but she had given a thought to them after they had left her presence.

But to-night, as she sat by the open window, she found that though Mrs. Browning was delightful, to recall the face and words of the young artist was more delightful still.

She felt sure that it was he whom she had heard on the terrace, and she wondered why she had not plucked up courage and asked him.

How frankly he had spoken! not mincing his words and smiling the conventional smile which most young men consider it necessary to assume when they address members of the other sex; and how straight and steady was the look of his handsome expressive eyes! She wondered whether the earl would make inquiries as he had said, if so, whether they would result in Cyril Burne's being asked to dinner; at the thought, the fancy picture of his being seated, say, next to her, or opposite her, Norah's face grew warmly colored and her eyes dropped; but she did not pause to ask herself why the mere prospect of eating her dinner in the company of the young man with the manly voice and straightforward eyes should be so pleasant to her.

It never occurred to her that if not already in love with Cyril Burne, the subtle poison had entered her being; the enemy was already parleying at the gate of her heart.

She was aroused both from Mrs. Browning and her own thoughts by a knock at the door and the entrance of Harman.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon," she said, glancing at the open book; "I'm afraid I've disturbed you, my lady; but I've brought Becca."

Norah gave a little start. She had been so absorbed reading and thinking that she had forgotten all about Rebecca South.

"That is right," she said; "where is she?"

"Outside, my lady," replied Harman, and she opened the door and beckoned Becca in.

The girl entered, and stood eyeing Norah with the expression of half defiance, half curiosity, which had so impressed Cyril, then her black eyes dropped before Norah's kindly regard.

The girl looked prettier at close quarters, Norah thought, thgn at a distance, and smiled at Harman with a little nod of satisfaction.

"I am glad you have come, Rebecca—or Becca, as I should like to call you," said Norah.

"Curtsey and say 'Thank you, my lady,'" retorted Harman.

Becca made a very slight curtsey, and murmured something that sounded like the words suggested.

"Will you come and sit down here?" said Norah, rather amused at the girl's half-shy, half-fierce manner. She was like some beautiful, scarcely tamed young animal, who fears a blow, and is prepared to retort with a kick or a bite.

Becca crossed the room and seated herself on the low ottoman near Norah's chair, and Norah, thinking that they would probably come to an understanding much sooner if the aunt were not present, said:

"Leave Becca and me to have a little talk, Harman, will you?"

"Yes, my lady," said Harman, and she went out, but paused at the door, to cast a warning glance toward her young niece.

"You know why I asked you to come and see me, Becca?"

"Aunt told me that you wanted to take me into service."

"I wanted you to come and help your aunt in various ways, but my idea was rather that you should come to the Court and keep me company sometimes."

"I should like that," she said, almost to herself; "but it sounds funny," she added, with a candor which amused Norah.

"Does it?" she asked. "Why?"

"Why should you, a lady, want such as me to keep you company?" said Becca.

"Because, although I am a lady, as you say, I am very lonely," said Norah, in her sweet, frank voice, "and I want to have some one I can speak to, and who will talk to me about—well,anything that interests her."

"Is that all—my lady?" asked Becca, adding the "my lady" as an afterthought.

"Well, I'm afraid that would be scarcely employment enough, unless we chatted all day; but I thought you could help make some of my dresses. That is a very pretty one you have got on; who made that?"

"I did," replied Becca.

"You must be very clever," said Norah. "I am afraid I could not make a dress to save my life. I have trimmed a hat and a bonnet, but they were not very great successes."

"It's easy enough," remarked Becca; "I could make that dress you have got on."

"I think you could; you have made your own so prettily. But I don't want you to be always at needlework. Are you fond of reading?"

"Yes," replied Becca nodding.

"Well, then, you could read to me sometimes, or I could read to you while you are working."

"That would be nice. And am I to live here, sleep here, at the Court?" she asked suddenly, her eyes downcast.

"Well, I had hoped that you would, but perhaps you cannot leave your grandfather altogether?"

"No, my lady; I don't think I could," she said.

"Very well," said Norah; "you shall arrange with your aunt as to how long you shall stay."

"I'd rather leave it to you; she's hard to me."

"Oh, I don't think your aunt could be unkind, Becca," she said at last; "she seems so fond of you."

"She's hard. She wants to chain me up——" She stopped, as if she had gone too far, and her black eyes flashed.

"Perhaps she thinks you are a little giddy, Becca, but I am sure she only wishes to do the best for you. But there," she broke off, feeling that she was getting "peachy," and that if she continued she would probably make this wild young creature dislike her, "I don't want to deprive you of your liberty, and you shall stay just as long as you like."

"Thank you!" she exclaimed; "then I'll come."

"Well, you are here now," said Norah, with a smile, and if you like you may stay. Oh, but," she broke off, as if she had suddenly remembered, "I must ask the earl. You wait here until I come back. You can look at the book I was reading, if you like."

Becca took it, and Norah opened the door.

She found Harman waiting on the stairs.

"Well, my lady, will she do?" she asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes," said Norah, with a smile; "I am sure we shall get on very well together. Please don't go in to her. I have given her a book to read, while I go down and ask the earl if she may stay."

Becca turned over two or three pages of Mrs. Browning and read a line or two; then she looked round the room with the book still in her hand.

Presently the girl got up and, stealing on tip toe to the next room, opened the wardrobe and looked at the dresses.

They were so few as to be soon exhausted, and, still on tiptoe, as if she feared some one might hear her, she went to the dressing-table, parted an arranged the coils of her black ed and arranged the coils of her black hair, and surveyed herself critically, and yet complacently, in the glass.

There were two or three knick-knacks of Norah's lying on the table —a ring and a small watch chain—and Becca slipped the ring on her finger and hooked the albert in her dress, and surveyed them in the glass.

Then her black eyes wandered about for something else to examine and try on.

A small box caught her attention, and she took it up and tried to open it.

It was either locked or shut with a spring, but she managed to open it with the aid of a hairpin. There did not appear to be much in it to reward her curiosity, for it contained only a lock of hair inclosed in a scrap of paper, on which was written, "My dear mother's." It was fair, silken hair, and Becca compared it with her own raven locks with a smile of satisfaction. In addition to the lock of hair, there was a photograph—a carte—of a woman's face, and Becca at once concluded that it was a portrait of the countess, Norah's mother, but, turning it over, she saw written on the back, "Dear Catherine."

She was looking at the portrait, and wondering whose it was, when the dressing bell rang, and she heard the handle of the door turn.

She had put the lock of hair back in the box, but there was no time to return the photograph, and as she ran swiftly into the next room and dropped onto the ottoman, she slipped the portrait into her pocket.

(To be Continued.)

MEETING IN THE DESERT.

A Puny Englishman's Adventure in South Africa.

A young Englishman who had invested his all in spans of oxen, wagons and stores, started for the northern part of Rhodesia, in South Africa, to trade. He was accompanied by a dozen paid blacks. His first and last adventure on his trading trip is given by the author of "South Africa."

The Englishman was a puny man, but with quite a towering spirit. Among the "boys" he had taken with him was a huge black, a Zulu, who had been cast in nature's largest mold.

When they had left the sparse fringe of civilization, the Englishman found that there was plotting going on among his followers. He was then alone in a desert with a dozen blacks and he knew their language well enough to know that the Zulu was persuading the others in Scriptural language, "Come, let us kill him, and the inheritance will be ours."

By eavesdropping, justified in the circumstances, he discovered that the proposal seemed good in their eyes. They were to kill him, divide the oxen and carts and the stores of merchandise, to separate, each man to his own kraal; and when the Englishman and his venture were quite forgotten, they could trade with the spoils.

The little Englishman had a big spirit and true courage. He got up from where he lay and went into the circle of conspirators, and stood in front of the mutinous Zulu and told him to get up. At first the man refused, but the Englishman had a sjambok—a rawhide whip—in his tight little fist, and struck at his enemy. And then the little man gave the word of command to the other conspirators to take the Zulu ringleader and tie him up to the wagon, and so strange a thing is the will, they obeyed him, although reluctantly. Then the puny Englishman used his sjambok until he was exhausted and the man well punished.

The trader went on with his venture, made a successful trip, and had no further trouble with his blacks.

ALL COME FROM COAL.

Some of the Many Useful Products Obtained From It.

It certainly looks unromantic enough as it burns in your grate, but there are more things in it than probably you ever imagined. Scientists of late years have discovered innumerable articles either in its substance or in the waste products left behind when used for gas-making. Scents, oils, dyes of all colors, asphalt, medicines, fertilisers, products for glass-making, soap, and paper, alum, blacking, blackhead—these are but a few of articles innumerable.

Besides these well-known articles, there are a host of things familiar to chemists which play an important part in the industrial world, but whose names would convey no meaning to those unacquainted with chemistry. Here is the family tree of Mr. Coal:—

The first three products are gas, coke and ammonia. From the first of these, gas, comes coal tar, and from it benzine, naphtha, creosote oils, anthraceuse oils and aliyarin, which produces many dyes and perfumes. From ammonia are derived smelling salts, fertilizer, alum and sulphuric acid, caustic soda, used in paper and soap making.

"Why, Clara, you look radiant! What has happened?" "I've just received an invitation to a wedding." "Well, there's nothing particular in that to go into raptures over." "Yes; but it happens to be my own," and she showed the new engagement ring.

"What did that man do to make himself so famous?" asked the inquirer, gazing curiously at an individual who formed the centre of a social group. "To the best of my knowledge," replied the cynic, "he did the public."

MAKING IT INTERESTING.

NORWAY-SWEDEN AFFAIR

THE POSITION OF THE TWO COUNTRIES.

They Have Always Had Separate Military and Fiscal Systems.

The union which has existed between Norway and Sweden since 1814 is based on the complete and the full independence in all domestic affairs of the two countries. The constitution of the two countries is different; they have separate Parliaments, separate laws and form of procedure, separate churches, separate customs and rates of duty, even separate armies and navies; in short, each of the kingdoms has all the institutions, rights and attributes of a sovereign state and the union between them is in reality nothing but a personal union, an alliance under one King of two countries which from time immemorial have been sovereign states.

The complete liberty and independence of each state in all internal affairs has never been called in question, and the two countries have, as a matter of fact developed along different lines. In Sweden the constitution is aristocratic; the King has considerable power, and can, by refusing his sanction, prevent a resolution of the Parliament from coming into force. Norway has the most democratic constitution in the world; the Storthing, or Parliament, all the members of which are elected by the people, has a very wide authoroty; the King has only a suspensive veto—i.e., he can for a time, by refusing his sanction, prevent a law or an edict from taking effect; but if it is voted by three consecutive Storthings the resolution becomes law also without sanction.

DIFFERENT SYSTEMS.

In their fiscal policy the two nations have chosen different roads, Sweden being protectionist, Norway having free trade. In practically all other matters development has likewise been different; the armies are organized on different principles; so are the judicial service, the municipal administration, the system of taxation and so forth. As also the trade and the resources to a great extent are different, the two countries have had little in common.

But while the principle of the equality and independence of both kingdoms is fully recognized and carried out in their whole internal administration, this has not been the case with the conduct of foreign affairs. According to the constitutions of both countries the King had a very free hand in these matters he could leave them to the Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs— as he generally did—or he could have them prepared and treated by a Norwegian, if the question was of particular interest for this country; but, whatever course he adopted, these matters were not subject to parliamentary control in either of the states.

FREE ALLIANCE.

While the Norwegian always have regarded the union as an alliance of two free, mutally independent states for the defence of common interests against any hostile attempt from outside, the Swedes, from the very beginning, have seen in the union an extension of power for their country, and a compensation for the loss of Finland, which was ceded to Russia in 1809. They have, therefore, always tried to gain an ever increasing preponderance in the conduct of foreign affairs. From their point of view, being the greater and richer nation, this was perhaps only natural; but it was not just to Norway and contrary to the principles upon which the union was based.

INJUSTICE TO NORWAY.

In 1885 Sweden decided that foreign affairs should be laid before the King and settled in a council of three Swedish Ministers, one of whom was to be the Prime Minister, and that their decision should be subject to the Swedish Parliament. Norway, thereupon claimed a full representation in this council and the justice of this demand was recognized by the Swedes; but for different reasons no agreement was arrived at, so that Sweden was left with practically the whole management of the foreign affairs of both countries. Later negotiations in 1886 and 891 failed because Sweden demanded that it should be expressly formulated in the union treaty that the Swedish Minister for Fireign Affairs should act as such for the union and for Norway, without any responsibility to the Norwegian Parliament—an arrangement to which the Norwegians have never been willing to bind themselves.

POINT IN DISPUTE.

After it had proved impossible for the two countries to come to an understanding, Norway, in order to obtain a regulation of a least part of the points in debate, and as a first step towards the solution of the the whole question, in 1891 took up the question of establishing a separate Norwegian consular service. Hitherto the consular service had been under the Minister of Foreign Affairs and had been common to both countries. The inconvenience of this arrangement during the first years of the union was not much felt, but with the enormous development of the Norwegian shipping trade the situation had become very unsatisfactory. The Norwegian Parliament, therefore appointed a commission of experts, and on their recommendation resolvered on June 22, 1892, on the establishment of a separate consular service for Norway.

It would take too long to outline the negotiations between Norway and Sweden concerning this resolution. During the last thirteen years no agreement has been arrived at and the long-drawn conflict has given rise to a very deplorable feeling of bitterness and acerbity bordering on hatred.

FOR THE SUMMER.

Monogram belt buckles may be had now ready made. They are two-letter monograms. A three-letter monogram has to be made to order.

Belts of cut-out suede over silk are handsome and a lovely green kid belt and beautiful large Dutch silver buckles in back and front.

A scrap basket with four tapering sides is made of burned and stained leather. The sides are laced with leather thongs ending in tassels.

Bathing suits are prettier than ever this year and more than usually practical. The best material, after all, is simple mohair, which sheds the water does not fade, quickly and never splits as the best taffeta will when exposed to the action of water.

Traveling companions made of red or blue silk lined with rubber have pockets for all the needfuls of the toilet. The cases roll.

It is reported that it will not be unusual next season to see low-cut bodices worn in the afternoon. At fashionable teas and weddings in London a small square sometimes shows the throat, and it is thought that the comfortable, though rather radical, change, may take on this side.

Voile skirts with smart little coats of taffeta, usually of the bolero or short sack type, are numerous and serviceable, and loose, jaunty little sacks or boleros of taffeta in the light colors are donned over airy lingerie frocks in white or delicate color.

One of the new grass rugs in green, yellow and brown with fringed ends is $4.35. It is eight by ten feet in size.

Folding workbaskets and scrap-baskets for packing in the trunk are covered with pretty and dainty flowered designs of cretonne. The designs of yellow roses and fruit are particularly effective.

The loose box coat, in light gray or tan, with large pearl buttons, is inquired in the list of wraps required in the summer wardrobe. It is scarcely on the lines of the conventional evening wrap, but, it must be admitted, is a most useful article of dress and slips on so easily over either a high or low gown that it is often pressed into service when a long drive before a dinner is planned for a summer evening.

A white linen bolero suit trimmed with black has a box-plaited skirt stitched well below the hips. The jacket has two straps piped with black and finished at the front ends with black buttons, coming over the shoulders and extending half its depth. A long narrow collar is black. The elbow sleeves have double flaring cuffs piped with black.

Packing a trunk nowadays is quite an art. The best safeguard against crushing summer gowns is the generous use of paper. One should have quantities of heavy and white tissue paper on hand. The sleeves of bodices should be stuffed with tissue. and paper laid in all folds. Sheets of heavy paper must go between all the different garments.

COFFEE JACKETS.

Those little coffee jackets of linen or lace—or both—have made themselves wonderfully popular this summer.

They're hardly big enough to be called jackets, with their odd little sleeves which show almost all of the blouse sleeve. And some of them are hardly more than deep bands hanging from the shoulders across front and back. But they make the prettiest little finish—lifting a blouse and skirt to the dignity of a costume.

The loveliest of all were those of Irish crochet lace; but, alas, they're correspondingly expensive! The simplest are of linen, just tiny tailored things, with stitched bands and tabs for their unusual trimming.

Some of the wide embroidery insertions put together with bands of handkerchief, or heavy, linen, made unusual little jackets, and an occasional one is ingenious enough in its arrangement to be absolutely stunning.