

She Would Be a Lady

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Conrad, who was watching Eva, and debating mentally whether or not he should bestow his valuable affections upon her, was now pounced upon, and an immediate introduction demanded. To the surprise of his friends, however, Conrad declined to accede to the request, and while they were still talking they saw Eva rise to her feet, as though in sudden surprise and agitation; then, after a moment's pause, she walked toward a tall, handsome, elderly lady dressed in black lace and diamonds, who had just entered, and was leaning upon the arm of a remarkably handsome young man, who, from his likeness to herself could scarcely be taken for any one but her son.

"Mrs. Westbrook," Eva said, as she reached the lady's side.

The person she addressed looked at her in doubt for a moment. Not so the young man who was with her, however; he recognized her at once, and an expression of pleased surprise came over his face as he said:

"It is Eva Randolph."

Then he and his mother shook hands with the girl warmly; while she could not help blushing at the involuntary admiration with which Mrs. Westbrook regarded her.

"We are only passing through London," said that lady; "and I received your letter a day or two ago. I meant to see you before I left town, but I never expected to meet you here."

Eva replied that the unexpected pleasure was mutual. Then the lady asked the girl who brought her there? And if she knew many of the people present, and a few minutes later Dr. Scherer and Barbara coming to seek her, was introduced to her old friends. Whereupon the professor devoted himself to Mrs. Westbrook, and took her to the various points of interest in the building, and Ernest, with Eva and Barbara, followed.

But Barbara, after a short interval, felt herself de trop and lagged behind, and Ernest Westbrook found himself again by the side of the girl to whom he had once nearly proposed and whom he had carefully avoided ever since. But destiny stronger than his will had thrown them together once more.

But if Eva had been dangerous in the old days, she was ten thousand times more dangerous now. Then she was an unformed girl who had prematurely escaped from the schoolroom, now she is an accomplished woman, as clever and good as she is beautiful. His thoughts do not travel quite as far as this, however. He only feels that a subtle attraction, such as he has never before experienced, draws him irresistibly toward her, and he very willingly yields to the delightful sensation.

CHAPTER VII.

The morning after the conversation Eva was in her painting room trying to work, but she made little or no progress. A fever of restlessness was in her veins. She hoped rather than expected that Ernest Westbrook or his mother would call upon her and she was unable to work, and afraid to go out lest she should miss her friends if they did call. In the afternoon, however, her hopes were realized, for Mrs. Westbrook came to Gower street—but she came alone.

She was calmly and quietly kind to the girl; she looked critically at her work and praised it. Then she expressed her desire to have a little private conversation with Mrs. Longford, and Eva left them together.

"Now, Mrs. Longford, about Eva Randolph," began Mrs. Westbrook.

"I am glad to say that everything I can tell you is in her favor," was the reply.

"I am delighted to hear it," was Mrs. Westbrook's rejoinder. "She seems to be a very charming girl, besides being industrious and clever. Is she really as good as she seems?"

"Yes, better, if possible," was the warmly generous answer.

"That is very satisfactory; and now there is another subject I want to know something about. Has Eva any admirers—serious admirers, I mean—in plain words, does any man want to marry her?"

"Yes, I think so; but I cannot really say," stammered Mrs. Longford.

She was so unused to this direct method of catechizing that, woman of the world as she was, she did not know how to evade or how to resent it with dignity and politeness.

"Don't think me needlessly inquisitive," said Mrs. Westbrook, a trifle more gently; "but I have, as you will perceive, a strong motive for my present questions. I have a son, Mrs. Longford, about whose future I am naturally anxious, and though Eva is a dear good girl, you can understand that I should not wish her to come and see me as I wish to do if I thought there would be any danger to him. Now I am as frank with you as I entreat you to be with me."

And so saying, Mrs. Westbrook leaned back in her chair, with a self-satisfied smile, and looked and seemed to feel as though her confidence had been a favor conferred upon her companion.

Poor Mrs. Longford at any rate accepted it as such, and ignoring a suggestion that was thrown out with regard to Dr. Scherer, she told Mrs. Westbrook, in confidence, that she knew her own son was in love with Eva, and she hoped and believed that Eva had a very warm preference for him.

"But she is so wrapped up in her profession," the artist's wife continued, "that she isn't like other girls; she takes too little notice of men."

"Then you think I am safe?" asked Mrs. Westbrook, blandly.

"Quite safe," was the reply.

Then Mrs. Westbrook was taken to Eva's studio, where Barbara Longford was somewhat excitedly talking to her.

"It's too bad of you, for you did flirt with him, and you know you don't care a pin for the man, while I am ready to die for him," the ladies heard Barbara say as they opened the door. Mrs. Longford looked vexed and mortified, but Mrs. Westbrook was amused and she looked at the speaker somewhat curiously.

She was not pretty. Her long, abundant, coarse brown hair flew wildly down her back; her face was swarthy in hue, though the dark-red blood glowed brightly on her cheeks, and her brown eyes were half hidden by spectacles which she always wore.

A sudden idea struck Mrs. Westbrook. This girl, though plain, was, no doubt, clever; her people were friends of Mr. Carlyon, the rector, and it would not be a bad idea to invite her down to the Grange with Eva. It would keep the latter from being left alone with Ernest, and as for Barbara herself, even Mrs. Westbrook could not regard her as dangerous. So the invitation was given and accepted, and Mrs. Westbrook took her leave.

About a fortnight later the two girls arrived at Westbrook Grange. Eva had not seen Ernest since the night of the conversation, and she felt hurt and disappointed to find that he was not at home to greet her.

Not that she had any right to expect such an attention, she admitted to herself, for she was a mere nobody, a poor girl rescued from poverty by his mother's bounty, and some little talent and energy of her own, and she tried to crush down the feelings that rose in her heart, and to wish that, after all, she had not come here.

Her visit was not to be simply one of pleasure, however, she was to paint Mrs. Westbrook's portrait, and she told herself that she would be able to drive away unpleasant thoughts when she was at work.

But evening came, and with it her spirits brightened. Ernest had returned in time for dinner, and had brought the rector with him.

Mr. Carlyon was not an old man. He was pleased to meet Eva again and to congratulate her upon the wonderful improvement which time had made in her, but he was more especially delighted to renew his acquaintance with Barbara, whom he had not seen since she was quite a little girl.

So dinner passed over cheerfully and pleasantly, and later in the evening Barbara played and Eva and Ernest sang, and Mr. Carlyon played the flute, while Mr. Westbrook pretended to be listening, when, in fact, she had fallen quietly asleep.

After this evening scarcely a day passed without the rector managing to make one of the party, on some pretext or other, and it soon became evident that Barbara had forgotten the German professor, and that she thought no position in life more desirable than that of the wife of a country clergyman.

Mrs. Westbrook saw what was going on, and smiled. She had often wondered that the rector did not marry, and as often wished he would.

One thing Mrs. Westbrook did not see, however, and that was her son Ernest was falling irretrievably in love with Eva.

This clever lady had been, and still was, so very careful of the girl that she believed such a catastrophe to be well-nigh impossible.

Seldom did she suffer Eva to leave her sight. On the plea of hastening on the completion of her portrait, Mrs. Westbrook kept the girl for some hours of each day closely at her easel.

Then she claimed her help and advice concerning quantities of old lace which she possessed, and when the girl looked pale and fagged; she would insist that she should go for a drive, or a walk, and would herself, if possible, accompany her.

And if she did by chance lose sight of Eva for a time, she usually managed to secure the companionship of her son, so that he should be out of danger.

And yet love that laughs at locksmiths indulged in many a malicious grin at Mrs. Westbrook's expense.

Ernest Westbrook found Eva none the less dangerous because she was kept so much out of his way, while the difficulty he constantly experienced in even speaking to her, except in his mother's presence, gave a certain amount of piquancy to the pursuit, for pursuit it had now become.

Hitherto he had drifted with the stream, but now he was prepared to strike out and swim against adverse currents.

Meanwhile the visit which was to extend over two or three weeks was drawing to a close, and the young squire was only waiting for an opportunity to tell Eva that he loved her.

Mr. Carlyon, however, did not find his wooing so difficult.

Barbara did not profess to do anything more than amuse herself and her hostess and be amused, and though Mrs. Westbrook was always sweetly amiable to her, she soon wearied of the chatterer whom she had no motive for keeping by her side, and consequently the rector seldom failed to find her alone and glad of his company and attentions.

It seemed a very hasty kind of love making on the part of a man who had drifted into middle age without a serious thought of matrimony, but Mr. Carlyon, like many men who put off a momentous step for a long time, no sooner decided to take it than he set about doing so in a hurry.

The consequence was that the day before the girls were to return to town, and three weeks after he had met her, the rector proposed to Barbara Longford and was accepted.

By this time Barbara had quite forgotten the German professor. Indeed, she was so delighted that she forgot everything but her own good fortune and great happiness, and poor Eva had

to listen to long rhapsodies of which the rector was the subject, while her own heart ached with the conviction that such tremulous bliss would never be hers.

She offered her congratulations, however, and tried to feel happy in the happiness of her friend, and then she stole away to her own room to lock herself in and weep at her own isolation.

But when she had thrown herself down upon the bed preparatory to indulging in a flood of tears, she found that the tears would not come.

The room was close and suffocating, she could not breathe, the air seemed to be charged with electricity, a thunderstorm was evidently not far distant, and the atmosphere of the bedroom was intolerable.

In any less agitated frame of mind, Eva would have hesitated to leave the house, and she would certainly have avoided the trees.

But now the fearless storm in her heart was far more agitating than any conflict of the elements could be; she forgot her fear of thunder and lightning, she never gave a thought to any possible downpour of rain, she only knew that she was intensely miserable, that she was suffocating for want of cooler air, and without a thought of consequences she caught up a hat and went downstairs, making her way by a side path unobserved into the park.

Here she felt a little better. She took off her hat and sat down on the soft grass, and tried to think calmly of herself and of her future. Slowly but surely she was coming to a definite resolution. If she yielded to this love that had taken such a terrible hold upon her, it would ruin her life, unfit her for earnest work, and make noble endeavors almost impossible. Also, if she weakly gave her love unsought to a man who might disdain it, she would despise herself far more bitterly than any one else could despise her.

So she felt and she resolved that this weakness should end. This should be her last visit to Westbrook Grange, her very last. Nothing should ever tempt her to come to this dearly-loved spot again. To-morrow she would go away—go away forever, and now she would look her last upon, and say farewell, to each well-remembered spot.

So she thought, and she wandered about until she came to a wide-spreading tree, which seemed, from the memories she associated with it, like an old friend, and she rested her hand on the gnarled trunk as though uttering a mute farewell.

At that moment a dreadful peal of thunder broke the oppressive silence, and seemed to shake the very ground, while a blaze of lurid lightning appeared to envelope the tree and the girl, who had, with the first shock, fallen insensible at its foot.

And now the rain came down in torrents, and the thunder pealed and the lightning flashed almost incessantly, while Eva lay under the tree quite motionless.

Barbara Longford, about this time, with a pale face, and her long hair streaming down her back, came into the room where Mrs. Westbrook and her son sat watching the storm and said, with evident terror:

"I am dreadfully frightened of thunder and lightning, and so is Eva—worse than I am. Do you know if she has come in from the grounds? I saw her going out half an hour ago."

"Eva out in this storm, and alone!" exclaimed Ernest Westbrook, starting to his feet in such sudden alarm that his mother, looking at him, felt her own heart sink within her.

"There was more than kindly anxiety here. No man would be so agitated as this about any woman if he did not love her."

This sudden revelation so upset Mrs. Westbrook for the moment that she could do nothing.

"She must be out under the trees, and afraid to come through the rain," said the young man, with a troubled face. "I shall go and look for her."

His mother entreated him not to go himself, but to send some of the servants, but he paid no heed to her, and went out in the storm, followed by a couple of men.

"He cares for her more than he does for me," moaned Mrs. Westbrook, despairingly, when she saw her son go forth on his errand.

And Barbara, whose presence she had forgotten, replied, promptly:

"Yes, every one can see that the loves her."

And meanwhile the storm raged on with unabated fury, and the two ladies, watching through the windows, saw the party of men returning, carrying what seemed like a lifeless body between them.

"Oh, she is dead, she is dead!" cried Barbara, despairingly.

Mrs. Westbrook uttered never a word, but in her heart she hoped that Barbara's exclamation was well founded.

To be Continued.

WHEN LOVE IS KING!

Love's youthfu' years are swift an' sweet,
An' fu' o' hope sae cheerie, O!
When heart wi' heart in union meet
O' love they never wearie, O!
This life to them is naught but bliss,
To each they're a' that's dearie, O!
When vows are answer'd wi' a kiss
How can this life be drearie, O?

Chorus:
Noo, dinna fash yer head ava'
Wi' cares an' worries drearie, O!
When Love is king, just mind his law,
O that you'll never wearie, O!

Bind hearts wi' Love sae firm an' fast,
Nae bands like his can tether, O!
Love's sunnie smiles through life
Should last,

And brave life's wintry weather, O!
Our riper years shall fruitful be,
An' happy a'thegither, O!
It's time enough to wish to see
When ower us grows the heather, O!

Chorus:
Toronto.

JOHN IMRIE.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

Scared Away by Mysterious Sounds, Whose Source, Years Later, Were Revealed.

"As a rule," said the retired burglar, "I did not pause to look at pictures in the houses I visited; there wasn't time even if I had had the inclination; but sometimes one's attention would be fixed on a picture by circumstances. For instance, as I was passing my lamp one night along a parlor shelf to see if there was anything there, the light fell, at the same moment, on a silver snuff box and a daguerreotype of a man in uniform that stood right beside it, and as I dropped the snuff box in my pocket I held the light on the picture for a minute and inspected it a little bit more closely. It interested me, somehow, though there wasn't anything very remarkable about it one way or the other; just the picture of a youngish, self-satisfied looking man in a military uniform.

"When I turned away from the shelf I walked across the parlor to the hall of the house and out into the hall to go upstairs, but just as I put my foot on the bottom step I heard what sounded like.

A FAINT GROAN.

Well, now, you understand, I am not much disturbed by strange sounds, because a man in my business gets, so to speak, used to the unexpected, but that groan stopped me. I stood there for a minute, with one foot on the floor of the hall and the other on the lowest step and waited. I didn't hear any more and then I thought I might have been mistaken and I started up, but I had scarcely raised that foot that was on the floor before I heard the groan again, this time for sure, and I was glad to put that foot down by the other instead of putting it up a step, and when I waited again awhile and then I started up once more, this time resolute to go ahead. That's what I did. Now, I heard the groaning beyond a doubt, and growing louder and louder as I went upstairs, and sometimes with a sort of growl mixed in like some great savage animal, and I didn't like it a bit, I can tell you that. As far as that's concerned, if I had followed my inclinations I should have turned round and skipped the ranch when the groaning first begun, but I thought I ought to go ahead and find out what it was all about, anyway, and I kept on till I had got pretty near to the top of the stairs with the groaning growing louder all the time, with my interest not decreasing by a long shot, but my desire to investigate the cause of it decreasing rapidly.

"When I got within a step or two out the top there was a sort of boom that I couldn't understand at all, and just as I stepped up the last step on to the floor of that upstairs hall there came a sudden booming burst of sound that was many times repeated, rapidly, and that made the whole house shake as though there was thunder rolling through it, and smashing around in it, and then my son, I went away. I don't shy at things I can understand, but I have very little use for the mysterious.

"Well, I never saw that town again for three years. The next time I went there was in the time of

A POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

They were having a big meeting there that night and a parade and that sort of thing, and I stood in a good place in the crowd and watched the procession; and when the band came along who do you think was playing the bass drum? My man whose picture I'd seen on the mantle-shelf that night I nipped the heirloom snuffbox, and heard the mysterious moaning and groaning and thunder attachments.

"I'd dropped a spoon or a fork or something in the dining room in his house before I struck into the parlor, and he'd heard it, and I got up and saw me and then he headed me off with the drum. He had his eye on me from somewhere, and when I set foot on that lower step he ruffled the big drum gently, the low groan; it was easy for him, and these groans grew under his hand as I advanced, till he hit that whoak when I was near the top, and th'n beat it with frantic energy when he saw that that single thunder-burst didn't stop me.

"Was he scared? Well, now you bet your life he was, and I could imagine him gay and gallus as he was now, walking along, beating away on the bass drum, with the sky rockets a soaring and the Roman candles a spouting around him, standing that night in a dark room in his own house and beating the big drum as he never beat it before or since; but I'll bet a thousand dollars to a cocoanut that I was worse scared than he was; but that wasn't the worst of it.

"As long as it was a mystery, why I could stand it very well; but I've never, from that day to this, never met a brass band in the street without feeling sort of sheepish when the man with the bass drum went by."

The death took place of Mr. W. H. Phillips, who for 40 years was deputy coroner and coroner for Wolverhampton borough. He was also coroner for the south-west division of Staffordshire.

A garden party took place in the grounds of the Royal Botanic Society, Regent's Park, London, under the auspices of the Primrose League. Between 10,000 and 17,000 invitations had been issued.

AFTER EFFECTS OF FEVER

Mrs. Anglo, of Merrittion, Suffered So Severely That Her Friends Feared She Was Likely to be a Permanent Invalid.

In the picturesque village of Merrittion resides Mrs. William Anglo, who, after months of suffering, has found a cure from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Anglo relates as follows the experience through which she has passed. "Four years ago this spring, while a resident of Buffalo I had an attack of typhoid fever and the disease left me in a worn out and extremely nervous condition, so that the least noise startled me. I could not sleep at times for a week on account of terrible attacks of heart trouble. Then again my head would trouble me and I had bad dreams. I had no appetite and lost twenty-two pounds in weight and had become so very thin that my friends were alarmed. While in this condition I was treated by two physicians but with no avail. I tried everything recommended but still found no relief. Finally a relative persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After I had taken the first box I could see a change for the better, so I continued the use of the pills until I had finished six boxes and the results were most gratifying. I now have normal sleep, there is no more twitching in my hands, the palpitations have ceased, and I have gained in weight and strength. My whole system seems toned up, and I feel entirely well. I feel grateful to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., and hope they will keep up the good work of administering to the afflicted."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

A RUSSIAN CITY IN CHINA.

The Czar Announces His Intention of Building One at Talien-wan.

A year and a half ago, China leased to Russia, for twenty-five years Port Arthur and Talien-wan, at the entrance from the Yellow Sea to the Gulf of Pe-chili. All the Chinese military forces were withdrawn and the two ports, with considerable territory to the north, were placed under the full jurisdiction of the Czar's government. The port of Talien-wan, which is only a few miles to the east of Port Arthur, will be the terminus on the Yellow Sea of the great branch now building through Manchuria from the Siberian railroad. Talien-wan, therefore, is to be Russia's commercial port in those waters, while Port Arthur is reserved as a naval port for Russia, and is closed against naval and merchant vessels of all other nations, except that China has the privilege of anchoring her men-of-war there.

The Czar's proclamation announcing that the port of Talien-wan is to be opened to the commercial fleets of all nations, has just been published. "We have now decided," he says, "to begin the erection at this port of a city which we shall call Dainy, far distant!" He adds that in view of the commercial development of the future city he confers upon it the rights of free trade which belong to free ports. All nations may import and export merchandise of every description within the territory occupied by the city, port and adjacent territory up to a fixed boundary line.

This means that the Czar intends to establish such a free port as those of Hamburg, Bremen, Danzig and Copenhagen. Goods sent to or removed from the part of the city and the port which the Czar declares to be free, will not come under the supervision of the customs laws, American goods, for instance, may be kept there for months and then removed to their destination in some other part of China or elsewhere, without paying any duties. But they cannot be taken into the part of the Russian concession which the Czar has not included in the free zone without paying duties.

This means that the free port of the city of Dainy will be a clearing-house for the trade of North China, a convenience which is greatly needed. At present merchandise intended for North China is landed at Shanghai and then transferred to small steamers for transportation to the northern ports, but with the free port at the entrance to the Gulf of Pe-chili, all freight intended for the important parts in that region may be taken in large ocean steamers to this convenient point and then transferred to vessels plying to Chefu, Tientsin and other sea ports. The Czar has recently completed the building of an important city at Catherine Harbor, on the Arctic coast, and now he is about to build another city at the extreme southern point of the Russian sphere of influence.

MANAGING A PATIENT.

Doctor's Wife—Why don't you go to that patient in the waiting-room? He has been there ever so long.

Doctor, looking up from his paper.—If I don't keep him waiting for an hour or so, he'll think my charges are high.

SHE FORGAVE HIM.

Wife—You've been drink'ng aguin.
Husband—Can't help it, m' dear—make me sho' happy, m' dear.

Hush—Makes you happy, eh? I'd like to know why?
Be, hic, cause I see two of you, m' dear.