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## A HAPPY HOUSEHOLD.

By MARGARET LEE.

Author of *Divorce—A Brooklyn Bachelor—Lorimer and Wife—*

### CHAPTER IX.

One warm, sunny October afternoon  
Rose strolled about the lawn and garden,  
stopping at intervals to watch a  
passing vehicle or exchange remarks  
with her father, who was reading in  
his study. There was in her whole  
bearing an air of anticipation; her  
bright face expressed pleasant medita-  
tions, although the falling leaves seem-  
ed to engross her attention.  
The gate was opened by a tall, fine-  
looking young man, who carried a  
racket and several books, and bore the  
general appearance of a city dweller  
enjoying his country vacation.  
"How did you come out?" asked Rose,  
meeting him and turning toward the  
porch.  
"Not first, Miss Minturn. I am out  
of practice. I've enjoyed these books  
very much, and I wish I had another  
ten days to spend here."  
"Can't you take them?"  
"No, indeed! There's a fellow with  
his valise packed waiting for my ap-  
pearance in the office. I hope he'll  
have as nice a time as I have had,  
thanks to you and your father."  
"Perhaps we'll go to the city next  
month to see the Flower Show?"  
"And may I know when you come?"  
"Oh, yes, I'll send you my card."  
"Did you win the match?" inquired  
Mr. Minturn, appearing at the door.  
"No, I'm not very successful, I fear,  
in winning."  
He gave Rose a meaning glance, which  
she returned sympathetically.  
"If this is your last day, why not  
spend it here with us?"  
"I shall be delighted to," was the  
prompt reply. Mr. Minturn strolled  
off, and Rose began to discuss the  
wonders of orchids. It was to see them  
especially that the coming trip had  
been decided upon.

A click interrupted the conversa-  
tion. Rose looked toward the gate,  
started to her feet, and hurried to meet  
young Everett. His eyes were shin-  
ing; he held out his hands. Rose put  
hers in them, and gazed at him. Her  
smile was enchanting, her cheeks were  
flushing, her eyes reflected his hap-  
piness. Neither spoke, and they had  
reached the porch when the presence  
of a third person ended the spell. Rose  
recovered voice and grace.

"Mr. Everett, Mr. Burrows."  
The men exchanged bows and glances,  
and a desultory conversation took  
the place of the one devoted to orchids.  
Rose was so thoroughly contented  
with the knowledge that Everett had  
passed successfully that no other idea  
presented itself to her rapid senses.  
When her father joined the group she  
saw by his manner that he understood  
the meaning of Everett's presence, and  
she left the three men to their own de-  
vices and hastened to order decora-  
tions for the table and to add one or-  
nament to her own dress.

"We must have a jolly evening,  
grandma!" she exclaimed rapturously.  
"Mr. Everett is here, and Mr. Bur-  
rows will stay to dinner."  
"So Mr. Everett is over his trouble,  
I'm so delighted. Well, he deserved to  
succeed. How he worked all those  
hot days!"

"Indeed he did!"  
"I wonder if his mother knows?"  
"I haven't asked him a question. You  
see, Mr. Burrows was there when he  
came."  
"How awkward!"  
"But this is Mr. Burrows' last evening.  
He has to go back to an office  
and hard work."  
"Then we'll have everything as nice  
as possible."  
When Rose returned to the porch  
Everett was alone. His manner was pec-  
uliar and his expression new to Rose.  
She overcame the embarrassment by  
showing him her pendant. It was an  
anchor of graduated pearls with bril-  
liants forming the hooks.

"It is very beautiful, and you are  
wearing it in my honor?"  
"I promised you I would. Does your  
mother know?"  
"I came first to you. I'll leave her  
home in the morning."  
"How happy she will feel! Isn't it  
lovely? Did you have a very difficult  
examination?"

"It seemed very easy."  
"The next year is the most agree-  
able, according to Mr. Burrows."  
"Is he the aggressive individual?"  
"Yes—but don't think of that; he  
has explained his reasons for growing  
sceptical and despondent."  
"So?"

"Yes, and I want you to be very  
nice and sympathetic with him. He is  
leaving on the early train in the  
morning; his vacation is over."  
Everett's face was a study. Rose ig-  
nored his increasing stiffness.

"He didn't mention names, nor bind  
me to secrecy, so I am going to tell  
you what has embittered him. He has  
been very badly treated by people who  
should be above such conduct. It  
seems that they live in New York, and  
they have social standing. He met  
them several years ago on a steamer  
going abroad, and was regularly in-  
troduced to them by a mutual friend."  
Everett's features relaxed; his interest  
seemed intense.

"He and the daughter fell in love  
and before they reached England he  
proposed and she accepted him. Now  
comes the curious part of it. When  
they returned home, and he called at  
the house, he was told that she was  
not at home. This occurred several  
times, so he wrote; but his letter was  
never answered. He cannot under-  
stand his behavior. He says he is  
quite sure that the girl liked him, and  
so far as family is concerned, his is  
as good as hers. He can only conclude  
that her parents interfered and that  
she hadn't firmness of character suffi-  
cient to hold to her promise. I feel  
sorry for him."  
"And has he never seen her since?"  
"At a distance, so surrounded that  
he could not approach her. She hasn't  
married, and I fancy he clings to the  
hope that she still cares for him."  
"He is true to her in spite of this  
treatment."  
"Yes. He says if she would only  
communicate with him he would go  
directly to her father. He explained  
his position to her at the time. He has  
his own way to make, but he has a good

salary and nice prospects, with influ-  
ential friends."  
Everett's manner was again easy.  
"I'll be as nice with him as I pos-  
sibly can. We'll travel together, and  
perhaps I may win his confidence. I'm  
very curious to know the name of  
these people. To tell the truth, Miss  
Rose, this practice of accepting men  
and liking them is a very common one.  
Women like to test their powers of  
attraction."  
"Or perhaps this girl thought she  
was in love and afterward found out  
her mistake."  
"You are charitable."  
"Well, it might happen."  
"No, for I haven't had any. I am  
not susceptible daddy says!"  
"I wonder how true that is!"  
"He ought to know something about  
me. He has studied me all my life."  
"Why is it, then, that appears to  
you I ever met, and you have won  
the confidence of this young fellow who  
thinks he is in love with another wo-  
man?"  
"Why, you both needed sympathy  
when I met you."  
"That is what you feel for us?"  
"You have no further need of my  
sympathy." She laughed merrily. "I  
must find another bond between us  
now that I have seen you. I can under-  
stand all that grandma said about  
you."  
"About me?"  
"Yes, before you came here."  
"I hope you will tell me what it  
was."  
"It was very nice—to the effect that  
you belonged to families worthy of re-  
spect, and must inherit fine qualities  
of all kinds."  
"She believes in heredity?"  
"Oh, perfectly."  
"Where will you be at Thanksgiv-  
ing?"  
"Oh, in town. I have been promised  
all November. I have visions of the  
Horse Show and the Flower Show, the  
atras, and teas and dinners. I like  
evening receptions, however—with a  
dance, perhaps."  
"How can I find out when you will  
be in the city? If I know I'll come  
home every Friday and take the early  
train back on Monday. I'll be at your  
service all Saturday and Sunday."  
"Won't that be lovely? Father will  
write you the day before we leave  
here. Will that do?"

"Very nicely. I feel quite satisfied  
now to finish and graduate; but for  
a while I thought seriously of giving  
it up and trying to assist father in  
his work. He writes me that he is  
wondering how I will be able to com-  
plete the course. The months will soon  
pass and I'll be at liberty to choose a pro-  
fession."  
"Please don't wish time over. Each  
day is so lovely—a little life in it-  
self. The long names, often more impres-  
sive than nice things happening."  
"But I have to leave here in the  
morning, and I know I shall count the  
days until November."  
Rose met his glance and smiled.  
"I'll be too busy, too absorbed  
in books."  
"I hope you don't mean that I am  
so engrossed that you never think  
of me?"

"Why, I have thought of you every  
day since you first came here! I have  
wondered every morning since you left  
if you were taking the examinations,  
and every afternoon I have wandered  
about hoping to see you as I did a  
few moments ago."  
"But now that I have no need of  
this sympathy are you going to think  
of me?"

"I don't know. Wait until Novem-  
ber; then I will tell you."  
**CHAPTER X.**

The Flower Show exceeded all that  
Rose had pictured to her imagination.  
She almost lived in the Garden. Some-  
times, armed with her catalogue, she  
carefully examined the curious and  
rare plants that attracted botanists.  
The long names, often more impres-  
sive than nice things happening, were  
puzzling and entertaining. The decorated  
ballroom was very beautiful, and she  
rather enjoyed the gorgeousness of the  
class on the dinner-tables. The em-  
bossed ornaments, in imitation of or-  
chids, were fascinating as a triumph  
of the jeweller's art, and the cut flow-  
ers were an endless source of delight.

Rose would revel in all these sights  
and then find a seat overlooking the  
display. This effect was intoxicating,  
indescribable. The palms suggested  
tropical forest. The orchids resembled  
exquisite birds of brilliant plumage  
floating in the air above them. The  
delicate green of the ferns threw into  
relief the silvery masses of the chrysan-  
themums. The electric light  
turned the scene into fairy-land, and  
all worldly noises grated on the senses  
and produced the discord that brought  
one back to earth and its doings.

One afternoon Rose found herself  
watching a man who was examining  
the dishes of cut flowers, evidently  
with a view to purchasing some of  
these prodigious blossoms. If size is the  
desideratum, surely our florists are  
basking in success. This man was bent  
double with age and infirmities, and  
supported himself with a heavy cane.  
His head moved as if no longer under  
muscular control, and his steps were  
slow and uncertain. Rose looked for  
his valise, but he was apparently unac-  
companied inside the Garden. What  
most attracted her was the expression  
of his face—it was so keen, so bright  
and comprehensive. The roses, half a  
foot in diameter, evidently excited his  
admiration; but then the chrysanthe-  
mums were still larger, and seemed to  
fairly dazzle him by their color and  
grandeur. In fact, these flowers per-  
sonified our little world. Rose bent  
over some bunches of white violets and  
wondered if the old man would notice  
them. No, he was intent on the great  
people who occupy the foreground and  
overshadow their quiet superiors. It  
was also apparent to Rose that the  
pretty girl behind the table was very  
attractive, as she recognized her  
customer.

"He is probably a millionaire,"

thought Rose, "and has bought here  
before. I wonder what he wants with  
those great chrysanthemums! Per-  
haps he has a grandchild."  
She hurried forward to pick up the  
old man's cane, for while accepting the  
flowers and fumbling with a roll of  
bills and a huge pocket-book the stick  
slipped to the floor. Rose held it while  
he replaced his money, showed the book  
into an inside pocket in his overcoat  
and secured his bunch of wondrous  
blossoms. Then he took his cane and  
fixed his eyes on Rose. They bright-  
ened with pleasure.

"You are very good. I know your  
face very well, but I don't recall your  
name."  
Rose gazed at him, interested yet  
embarrassed, and at that moment her  
party joined her. It consisted of the  
Everetts, Miss Van Ness and Mrs. Min-  
turn, slowly moving in the crowd.  
Mrs. Minturn spoke impulsively.  
"Mr. Pounce! How glad I am to  
see you!"

"And who is this? I know her at  
once. She looks like you."  
Mrs. Minturn laughed pleasantly.  
"So people say. She is my grand-  
child, Robert's daughter. You remem-  
ber Mrs. Everett?"

Mr. Pounce acknowledged the Ever-  
etts and Miss Van Ness, but clung to  
Mrs. Minturn, and seemed anxious to  
arrange another meeting where they  
could converse without interruption  
and observation.

Rose's dinner invitation ac-  
cepted, and then Mr. Pounce shuffled  
toward the entrance, with his flowers  
peeping from the folds of white tissue  
paper, and his heart no doubt throbb-  
ing with the recollection of a  
hopeful old memory that the sight of  
a girl's bright face had awakened.  
Half an hour later, when young  
Everett reached the Garden, Rose de-  
scribed this adventure.

"What a curious incident," he said,  
with interest. "He doesn't take any  
notice of us from one year's end to an-  
other. I hear he has a beautiful house  
and lives in clover, all by himself."  
"In chrysanthemums, you mean. He  
shows the biggest in the bowl."  
"For the money, no doubt."  
"Perhaps so. What have you to tell  
me?"

"Let us get out of this jam, and go  
up in the boxes where we can look at  
the effect. I didn't make any headway  
with Burrows that morning. Have you  
seen him since?"  
"Yes, he has called on us at the  
hotel, and he is probably here now.  
If we could watch for him he would  
join us."

"I'm in a dilemma; I thought I had  
a clew to something that disturbs me,  
but I have not been able to follow it  
up. Is Mollie here?"  
"Yes, she went to get some flowers  
to wear to-night. Miss Van Ness is  
with her, also the merriest individual  
I ever met."  
"Oh, Jack Powers. He is droll. He  
is trying to acquire a fortune by amus-  
ing his owner."  
"What a bright idea! She told me  
she needed entertainment."

"He has an inexhaustible mine of  
fun. You have to admire him; he  
sees things his own way, and puts his  
views so quaintly. I don't believe Miss  
Daphne could do better."  
"It is too bad that she is not able  
to appreciate him. His best speeches fall  
flat to her ears."  
"They must. She has no cultivation,  
and he is well educated and comes of  
good stock. He is brilliant among kin-  
dered souls who reflect his darts. There,  
Miss Rose, isn't that Burrows? Per-  
haps I can attract his attention. I  
want to try an experiment. I'll leave  
you together and trust you to bring  
him to join the entire party. Let me  
see—in that ball-room, say, in half an  
hour. Don't tell him that you expect  
to meet us there. Can I depend on  
you?"

"Yes, I am quite interested. I sus-  
pect—"  
"So do I. I have had no way of  
reaching the truth of the matter. Mol-  
lie has been out of town until this  
week, and Burrows was reserved to an  
extent that justified my conclusion.  
By the way, have you seen much of my  
father?"

"He comes regularly, brings me the  
most exquisite flowers and bon-bons  
enough for a dozen. I am going to the  
theatre with him to-night."  
"How does he seem to you?"  
"Very well—in good spirits and so  
handsome."  
"He got all the good looks of the  
family. You are too honest to contra-  
dict me."  
"Some people manage to get along  
very well without them."  
"You are very kind to say so."  
"Handsome is that handsome  
does."  
"That's consoling, too."  
"Here is Mr. Burrows."  
"I'll just speak to him as I pass, to  
avoid exciting his suspicions. I'll see  
you afterward."  
Rose watched the meeting between  
the two men, and thought she felt  
the cool reserve with which Everett's frank  
advances were received. This manner  
of his—so easy, yet so earnest, which  
seems to be in-born where it exists—  
was calculated to win respect and con-  
fidence. It was evident that Burrows  
exerted his pride and self-control to  
resist its influence. His expression of  
annoyance vanished as Rose met his  
glance and smiled her welcome.

"Enjoy these palms first," she said  
gayly. "I have been trying to count  
the varieties. The arrangement is  
beautiful; the small plants are so ef-  
fective. Have you seen everything?"  
"Nothing. I have been looking for  
you. I want to see through your  
eyes. You appreciate and know some-  
thing about flowers, while I don't."  
"Haven't you met friends?"  
"I just spoke to Mr. Everett—or  
rather he recognized me."  
"He is perfectly sincere. I can as-  
sure you."  
"That's a manner that some people  
affect when it suits their purpose."  
"Do you think it is to be acquired?"  
"Why not?"  
"I can't agree with you. I don't be-  
lieve it ever occurred to Mr. Everett  
that he needed more than one set of  
manners."  
"He certainly would never have oc-  
casion to show you any disagreeable  
side to his behavior."  
"Let us understand each other. Isn't  
truth to nature the highest possibility  
in art? I think Mr. Everett was en-  
dowed with something that others  
study to possess. Somehow, the imita-  
tion is always palpable. You haven't  
seen enough of him to judge him  
fairly."

To Be Continued.

### Newspaper Laws.

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masters and subscribers to the following  
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tinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the  
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scribed or not is responsible for the pay-  
ment.

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to pay for it if he takes it out of the post  
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that a man must pay for what he uses.

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ful for the moment, can never be last-  
ing. Those in poor health soon know  
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found that its claim of perfect cura-  
tive qualities cannot be gainsaid.

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seat of all disease is the nerve centres,  
situated at the base of the brain. In  
this belief he had the best scientists  
and medical men of the world  
occupying exactly the same prin-  
ciple. Indeed, the ordinary lay-  
man recognized this principle  
long ago. Everyone knows that  
illness or injury affect this part of  
the human system and death is almost  
certain. Injure the spinal cord, which  
is the medium of these nerve cen-  
tres, and paralysis is sure to follow.  
Here is the first principle. The trou-  
ble with medical treatment usu-  
ally, and with nearly all medicines,  
is that they aim simply to treat the organ  
that may be diseased. South American  
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to the nerve centres, from which the  
organs of the body receive their supply  
of nerve fluid. The nerve centres  
healed, and of necessity the organ  
which has shown the outward evidence  
only of derangement is healed. In-  
digestion, nervousness, impoverished  
blood, liver complaint, all owe their  
origin to derangement of the nerve  
centres. Thousands bear testimony  
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troubles, even when they have become  
so desperate as to baffie the skill of  
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