



CHAPTER VII. The last stroke of eight dies out from the old clock in the hall as Seaton Dysart enters the drawing room. The extreme dimness and gloom of that melancholy apartment sinks into him as he moves rather disconcertedly, but with a man's unflinching instinct, toward the heart-rug.

It is not all gloom, however, as he presently discovers, in this dreary place. Some one rises languidly from a low chair—a lady, a lovely girl, as he instantly admits—and advances about the eighth part of an ordinary foot toward him.

They are wonderfully alike, the father and son, and yet how wonderfully unlike. It seems impossible that with expressions so utterly at variance so strong a resemblance can exist, yet it is there.

"You are Griseida, I suppose?" says he, pleasantly. "Why should you suppose it?" asks she, with a faint smile.

"True. Why should I?" returns he, laughing. "Perhaps because," with a steady look at her, "I have been told that my cousin Griseida is a person possessed of a considerable amount of—of character."

"By that you mean that you have heard Griseida is self-willed," says she, calmly. "And as it is evident you think I look the part also, I am afraid you will prepare yourself to meet two self-willed cousins—I am not Griseida."

"I should think he would be very glad to get you here," says she. At this moment Griseida enters the room. A charming Griseida, in white, like her sister, and with a flower in her sunny hair. She trips up to Seaton and gives him her hand and a frank smile, that has just the correct amount of coquettish whimsy in it.

see a father and son so like" asks Vera, coldly.

CHAPTER VII. "Well, I'm off," says Griseida, poking her pretty head into the summer house, where Vera sits reading. It is next day, and a very lovely day, too.

"For your rambles," says Vera, laying down her book. "So you won't take my advice? 'Very good.' Go on, and you'll see that you won't prosper." Her tone is half gay, half serious. "And don't be long," entreats Vera, with a sudden rush of anxiety. "Don't, now. Yes, I'm in deadly earnest. There is that man all over the place, let loose, as it were, for my discomfiture, and if he turns up in this part of the world I suppose I shall have to talk to him."

"What a calamity!" says Griseida, with a little feigned drooping of her mouth. "In this barren wilderness even manna may be regarded with rapture—even Seaton! Better any man than no man, say I."

"So say not I, then," with great spirit. "She has leaned forward upon her elbow, and her eyes are brilliant with a little suspicion of anger. 'Give me a desert island rather than the society of a man whom I know it will require only one to teach me to detest. And how you can call him so familiarly 'Seaton,' passes my mind."

A pause! An awful pause. Who is it that has turned the corner of the summer house, and is looking in at them with a curious expression round his mouth? Griseida is the first to recover.

"Isn't it absurd?" she says, smiling rather lamely. "But I assure you, Seaton, your sudden appearance quite took away my breath. You should stamp when you come to a house like this. The grass all round is so thick."

"Too thick," says Dysart, with a swift glance at Vera, who has lost all her color. "For the future I shall try to remember. I am very sorry I startled you." He has addressed himself entirely to Griseida, unless that one lightning glance one to a tempestuous reproach cast at Vera could be counted. "But I was on my way to one of the farms, and this is the lowest, the nearest path to it. I shall never cease to regret—here he stops dead short, and turns his eyes unreservedly on Vera—'that I did not take the upper one.'"

"He makes both girls a slight bow, and walks swiftly onward on the unslippery path he had chosen. "Oh, Vera, do something!" cries Griseida, in a small agony of consternation, clasping her hands. Vera, thus admonished, springs to her feet, and driven half by honest shame and half by impulse, rushes out of the summer house and runs after Dysart as he is fast disappearing through the shrubs. Reaching him, panting and pale with agitation, she lays her hand timidly upon his arm.

"I am so grieved," she says, her charming face very pained, her lips white. "There are moments when one hardly knows what one says, and—"

"There are such moments, certainly," says he, interrupting her remorselessly. "But they can hardly be classed with those in which the calm consciousness of one sister are exchanged with the other. And why should you apologize? I assure you, you need not. I do not seek for or desire anything of the kind."

It almost seems to her that he has shaken her hand from his arm. Drawing himself away, he proceeds upon his way, and then returns to Griseida, who, "I really think I hate him," says Vera, vehemently. The recollection of his contemptuous glance, the way in which he had dismissed her apology—above all that slight he had offered her when he had displaced her hand from his arm—all rankle in her breast, and a hot frown of shame renders her usually pale face brilliant. "There, never mind him," she says, with a little frown. "He is not staying long, fortunately, and this episode will bear good fruit of one sort or least. He will not trouble me with his society while you are away. Now hurry, Griseida, do go."

Griseida, with a light laugh, drawn irresistibly by the gorgeous loveliness of the lights and shadows of the land below, runs down the pathway and is soon lost to view.

When she returns over an hour later she discovers to her amazement, that Vera is still in it. "You are miserable about that wretched affair of the morning," cries Griseida. "Never mind it. If you will come to dinner I will advise you to do all the talking, and as it has to be endured I do entreat you to keep up your spirits."

"Oh, yes. There isn't a decent chance of escape," says Vera, wearily. "Sh!" cries Griseida, softly, putting up her hand; the sound of coming footsteps, slow, deliberate footsteps purposefully made heavier, smites upon her ear.

"God heavens! Here he is," says Griseida, and indeed they have barely time to put on a carefully unconscious demeanor, when Seaton Dysart darkens the door of the summer house, and looks coldly down on them. "They told me I should find you here," he says, speaking to Vera. "I have come to say good-by."

FEW GOOD JUDGES OF CIGARS.

Quality Counts Little with the Average Buyer, Says One Dealer. The man came in and asked for a brand of cigar that the cigar-store proprietor didn't have.

"But I've got something that's practically the same smoke," the dealer said, taking out a box. The man smiled wisely and indulgently and went out again, and the dealer swore.

"There are times," he said, "when this business makes you a trifle tired. Now, I'd bet everything that I've got in the world that that chap couldn't have told the cigar offered him from the brand he thinks he wants if his life depended on it."

"There are between a million and a half and two million brands of cigars sold in this country, and your average smoker thinks that every brand means a different kind of tobacco. As a matter of fact, 150 is an outside estimate of the different kinds of tobacco that can be procured from all sources, and even experts can't tell some of these apart."

"As for the average smoker, not half of them have any idea as to the quality of the cigar they are smoking. The vast majority of tobacco users smoke with their eyes and their eyes only."

"The shape or size or color of a cigar strikes their fancy. It burns easily and they are content. At the same time these things have absolutely nothing to do with the quality of a cigar."

"To get an illustration of how smoking is done with the eyes it is only necessary to remember that very few blind men care anything about smoking. In many cases men who have gone blind after they have been inveterate smokers for years cease to care anything about smoking a few weeks after losing their sight, and soon give up the use of tobacco altogether."

"So it's a perfectly well-known axiom in the trade that the quality of a cigar is as nothing compared with the color of the wrapper, the shape, and the way it burns. Or, in other words, the workmanship is considerably more than half the battle, so far as the dealer is concerned."

"Of course, an inveterate smoker of Havana cigars does not enjoy a domestic smoke, and there are men who really know and appreciate fine tobacco. But in the run of trade these are an almost vanishing minority."—New York Sun.

COST OF BEING IN CABINET. To Live in Good Style a Man Must Spend Three Times His Salary. A member of the Cabinet to entertain largely should have such a house as usually rents for \$8,000 to \$12,000 a year. Senator Depew pays \$1,000 a month for his house. On the other side, Secretary Wilson, who is comparatively a poor man, lives in a house that rents for not more than \$75 a month.

Postmaster General Smith spent his entire salary of \$8,000 a year and was compelled to write magazine articles and to add to his income in other ways to maintain his establishment. He finally wearied of the struggle and took apartments at a hotel.

Each cabinet minister is expected once a year to entertain the President and his associates at dinner. Beyond this he can cut out dinner-giving. The Secretary of State, in addition, must give a breakfast once a year to the diplomatic corps. Secretary Day resigned because he could not afford to follow the social pace.

Carriages and horses are furnished by the Government to cabinet ministers. All other expenses they must pay themselves. A member of the Cabinet maintaining his own house would have to expend at least \$15,000 a year, or nearly double his salary, to keep up even ordinary appearances.

Attorney General Knox, upon taking up his residence in Washington, began by purchasing a house costing \$140,000 and bringing with him a team of horses that cost \$12,000. His expenses will be vastly in excess of \$15,000 a year.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

First Walter—What are you thinking about? Second Walter—I'm wondering whether to lay myself out for a tip from that man or not. I can't tell whether it's his wife or an actress he's got with him.—Philadelphia Press.

Just to Please Her. "Who give me de black eye? I giv it to moself; 'cause me loidy fren' said she liked black eyes."

Almost Past Belief. "How bald-headed Uncle Henry is, pa!" exclaimed Willie Boerum. "Yes," responded Mr. Boerum impressively, "to look at him you would never suppose that your Uncle Henry was once a famous football player."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Height Outlook. Clara—These autumnal days make me sad. Clarence—Oh, cheer up, dearie; we've got half a load of coal left over from last year.

His Meaning. It was after the church fair, and he was surveying his purchase. "Why do you speak of the coat as 'The Charge of the Light Brigade?'" she asked. "It seems to me the charge was a heavy one."

A Man to Despire. Guy—Are you making a good start for 1902? Percy—That's what. I've got all my next Christmas gifts bought and paid for.

An Essential Difference. Old Lady—You are looking for work, I presume. Dusty Rhodes (in a burst of confidence)—Well, no, ma'am, not exactly; I am trying to look as if I were looking for it.—Somerville Journal.

After a Night Out. "Why did you let yourself get into the clutches of the watch last night? You could easily have dodged him."

The Cook's Tresses. "Don't you think the new cook is pretty, dear?" she said. "H'm! rather," grumbled D. Speeey.

Not Discouraged. Northern Visitor—And you say you lynched the wrong man only a few hours ago? Heavens! Something ought to be done.

Hash's Only Rival. "In your verminiferous appendix," the surgeon told him after the operation was over, "we found, strange to say, a small brass tack."

Natural Honor. Desk Editor—Well, that's rough. Desk Editor's Wife—What's the matter? Desk Editor—Oh, I wrote, "A Scene of Bare Beauty" for a headline over the story of a ball, and the proofreader has let it go. "A Scene of Bare Beauty."—Somerville Journal.

A Still Country. "These moonshiners are very quiet while they are giving the alarm about the approach of the revenue officers."

Straight from the Shoulder. "And pray, sir," said the prospective father-in-law, "what do you expect to settle on my daughter, and what are you going to live on?"

DOOM OF THE FROCK

Does the present-day wearing apparel represent the maximum of comfort and warmth with the minimum weight? In addition, is it the most becoming we can wear?

To these questions Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower recently in London gave an emphatic negative. "I have no wish to design a dress which shall be beautiful at the expense of utility, nor do I wish only one class of society to benefit," said Lord Gower. "With slight modifications the proposed reform dress could be worn by all classes. It is only a question of material—not of cut."

"To begin at the top. The silk hat must go. I feel especially strongly about this article of headgear. It is heavy, hideous and unhealthy, and should be discarded in favor of a Hamburg, for instance, or a soft felt hat, something between a cavalier's and a New South Wales Lancer's in shape."

"You say that the silk hat is the only one that can be worn with the frock coat." "Granted—but why retain the frock coat? It suits very few men, and its length adds to the weight on the shoulders. Let the man who would dress sensibly dispense with tails and wear a rather short coat—not too abbreviated—in which I am sure he will look well and feel comfortable."

"My most radical recommendations apply to the nether garments. The ungraceful trousers should be replaced with close-fitting knee breeches, coming below the knee and fastening with three buttons, and silk stockings and neat buckled or laced shoes would complete a serviceable costume."

"As for the ladies, I cannot criticize their toilet. They always look charming." "Lord Ronald frankly admitted that he had not the courage to adopt his reformed costume at once. However, he has not worn a silk hat for years, the last occasion being a royal garden party."

"I don't think the present period is the ugliest in the history of man's dress," he admitted, "but that is not saying a great deal. In 1840, in my opinion, the high-water mark of downright ugliness was reached; but we are nearly as bad to-day."

"The only way to get a sensible style of dressing generally adopted," concluded Lord Ronald, "is to wear it in one's own home and among our intimate friends. Then a body of us may visit a theater in reformed attire—but it will need a lot of courage."

Lord Ronald is forming in Great Britain a league of dress reformers, in the hope of bringing about a revolution in men's attire.

WIND MOTOR BICYCLE AWAKENS MUCH INTEREST. The Bettie "wind motor" may be described as the paramount curiosity of the Stanley bicycle show in England. It consists of a rotating fan, set in motion on meeting a wind, and two sets of beveled gearing at the ends of a revolving shaft. The spindle of the fan is attached to the upper pair of cogs, which turn the shaft. This operates the second pair, which are in front of the crank bracket, and they in turn engage with a toothed wheel which sets the crank axle in motion.

London tailors make a fortune in New York every spring and fall. They send their representatives over from London and the latter put up at the best hotels in New York City and take innumerable orders for suits of clothes from the younger members of the swell clubs who cannot go over and who desire to own English clothes with the English mark in the neck of the coat.

Wherein It Failed. "Why didn't the tenor sing to-night? He has such a sympathetic voice." "Well, the reason he didn't sing was that his voice wasn't sympathetic enough to touch the manager for a week's salary overdue."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Dodged the Question. "What is your name, you lazy vagabond?" exclaimed the new woman whom Dusty Dan asked for lunch. "Pardon me, madame," he stammered, edging away, "but I am traveling incog."—Ohio State Journal.

Glasgow's Telephone Service. The new Glasgow municipal telephone service has underground wires 14,500 miles in length. It provides for 20,000 subscribers.

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