

THE DESBOROUGH CONNECTIONS.

BY
BRET HARTE.

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(CONTINUED)

Miss Desborough glanced around the room and then went quietly up to the unlidded coffin. The repose of death had softened the hard lines of the old man's mouth and brow into a resemblance she now more than ever understood. She had stood thus, only a few years before, looking at the same face in a gorgeously inlaid mahogany casket, smothered amid costly flowers and surrounded by friends attired in all the luxuriant trappings of woe, yet now the same face that was rigidly upturned to the bare thatch and rafters of that crumbling cottage, herself its only companion. She lifted her delicate veil with both hands and, stooping down, kissed the hard, cold forehead without a tremor. Then she dropped her veil again over her dry eyes, and adjusted it in the little, cheap, black-framed mirror that hung against the wall and opened the door as the great laughter returned. The gentleman was just coming from the station.

"Remember to look out for me at York," said Miss Desborough, extending her gloved hand. "Goodby till then." The young girl respectfully touched the ends of Miss Desborough's fingers, dropped a courtesy, and Miss Desborough rejoined the consul.

"You have barely time to return to the Priory and see to your luggage," said the consul, "if you must go. But let me hope that you have changed your mind."

"I have not changed my mind," said Miss Desborough quietly, "and my luggage is already packed." After a pause she said thoughtfully, "I've been wondering—"

"What?" said the consul eagerly.

"I've been wondering if people brought up to speak in a certain dialect where certain words have their own significance and color and are part of their own lives and experience, if even when they understand another dialect they really feel any sympathy with it or the person who speaks it."

"Apropos of?" asked the consul.

"These people I've just left. I don't think I quite felt with them, and I guess they didn't feel with me."

"But," said the consul laughing, "you know that we Americans speak with a decided dialect of our own and attach the same occult meaning to it. Yet, upon my word, I think that Lord Beverdale—or shall I say Lord Algernon?—would not only understand that American word 'guess' as you mean it, but would perfectly sympathize with you."

Miss Desborough's eyes sparkled even through her veil as she glanced at her companion and said:

"I guess not."

As the "tea" party had not yet returned, it fell to the consul to accompany Miss Desborough and her maid to the station. But here he was startled to find a collection of villagers upon the platform, gathered round two young women in mourning and an ominous looking box. He lingered for a moment with the crowd and then returned to Miss Desborough's side.

"Really," he said, with a concern that was scarcely assumed, "I ought not to let you go. The omens are most disastrous! You came here to a death; you are going away with a funeral!"

"Then it's high time I took myself off," said the lady lightly.

"Unless, like the ghostly monk, you came here on a mission and have fulfilled it."

"Perhaps I have. Goodby."

In spite of the bright and characteristic letter which Miss Desborough left for her host—a letter which mingled her peculiar shrewd sense with her humorous extravagance of expression—the consul spent a somewhat uneasy evening under the fire of questions that assailed him in reference to the fair deserter. But he kept loyal faith with her, adhering even to the letter of her instructions and only once was goaded into more active mendacity. The conversation had turned upon "Debs," and the consul had remarked on the singularity of the name. A guest from the north observed, however, that the name was undoubtedly a contraction. "Possibly it might have been 'Debborough,' or even the same name as our fair friend."

"But didn't Miss Desborough tell you last night that she had been hunting up her people, with a family tree or something like that?" said Lord Algernon eagerly. "I just caught a word here and there, for you were both laughing."

The consul smiled blandly. "You may well say so, for it was all the most delightful piece of pure invention and utter extravagance. It would have amused her still more if she had thought you were listening and took it seriously."

"Of course—I see," said the young fellow, with a laugh and a slight rise of color. "I knew she was taking some kind of a rise out of you, and that remark reminded me of it."

Nevertheless within a year Lord Algernon was happily married to the daughter of a South African millionaire whose bridal offerings alone touched the sum of half a million. It was also said that the mother was "impossible" and the father "unspicable," the relations "indistinguishable," but the wedding was an "occasion," and

in the succeeding year of festivity it is presumed that the names of "Debs" and "Desborough" were alike forgotten. But they existed still in a little hamlet near the edge of a bleak northern moor, where they were singularly exalted on a soaring shaft of pure marble above the submerged and moss-grown tombstones of a simple country churchyard. So great was the contrast between the modern and pretentious monument and the graves of the humbler forefathers of the village that even the Americans who chanced to visit it were shocked at what they believed were the ostentations and vulgar pride of one of their own country women. For on its pedestal was inscribed:

Sacred to the Memory
of
JOHN DEBS DESBOROUGH,
Formerly of this parish,
Who departed this life Oct. 20, 1892,
At Scrooby Priory,
At the age of eighty-two years.
This monument was erected as a loving
testimony by his granddaughter,
Sadie Desborough of New York, U. S. A.
"And evening brings us home."

CLEAN "SLIPT" HIS MIND.

Sam Was Absentminded, but Ready to Marry When Reminded.

A colored man about thirty years of age drove up to the depot with a load of baled cotton, and he had just begun to unload when an old gray-headed negro with a bad limp came down the street and shouted at him:

"Say, yo' pussen dere!"

"Hello, Uncle Joe!" saluted the other.

"Now, den, what sorter man be yo'?" demanded the old man as he reached the wagon.

"Hu! What yo' mean by dat?"

"I mean, sah, is yo' a man of honah or not?"

"Of co'se I ar'. Why, ole man, yo's all excited dis mawnin'. What's de mattah?"

"Sam Johnson, I've got a darter Linda," replied Uncle Joe as he straightened up and waved his arms about.

"Yes, of co'se. Yes, sah, yo's got a darter Linda, an' she's a powerful fine gal."

"Last Sunday night, Sam Johnson, yo' axed dat gal to marry yo'?"

"Hu, hu! Sunday night? Lemme see. Say, I reckon I did."

"Of co'se yo' did! She said she'd do it, an' de marriage was sot fur dis mawnin' at 10 o'clock."

"Hu! Shoo! Ten o'clock dis mawnin'! Why, I reckon it was, Uncle Joe. Yes, we was ter be married dis mawnin'."

"But yo' ain't dar, sah?"

"Dat's a fact. Jist clean slipt my mind."

"But what yo' gwine ter do, sah—what yo' gwine ter do?" shouted the old man as he danced around.

"What I gwine ter do? Am Linda all ready an' de preacher dar?"

"Yes, sah."

"Den yo' cum around heah an' hang on to dat off mawl an' hold him stiddy, an' I'll run ober an' marry Linda an' be back heah in ten minits. If Majah Jones cum's long an' wants to know why dis cotton hain't dun unloaded, yo' tel him dat owin' to a disrecklessun of a matrimonial disreembrance I've had to procrastinate fur a few minits."

M. QUAD.

She Made a Sensation.

Miss Alice Morton, who has just created a mild sensation by introducing into Chicago the new feminine fashion of carrying a cane, is the niece of Levi P. Morton, who was formerly vice president of the United States. This



MISS ALICE MORTON.

cane, or stick, to use the proper term, has a crooked head, around which a silver snake with emerald eyes gently twines itself. Miss Morton belongs to the smartest set in New York and is one of the most popular girls in Gotham society.

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FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Household Cleanliness.

All housekeepers worthy the name aspire to cleanliness without stopping to think that it is of three sorts—traditional, aesthetic and sanitary. It may be remarked in passing that the last of these three is the only one that bears any intimate relation to godliness.

Traditional cleanliness was the strong point of the old-fashioned model housekeeper. She directed her energies to ceaseless scrubbings and scourings, but was the sworn enemy of air and sunshine. She rejoiced in such abominations as feather beds, cotton stuffed coverlets, allover carpets and similar homes for enterprising disease germs, and she cared little about the location of the well provided it was handy for her persistent but misdirected cleansing operations.

Aesthetic cleanliness, as still practiced in nine houses out of ten, is even more heedless of the laws of health. It was in deference to its demands that plumbers invented wood cased water pipes and furniture dealers the folding bed and washing cabinet. All it demands is that whatever it fancies unsightly shall be covered up or put out of the way.

Now, sanitary cleanliness—it might also be called real cleanliness in distinction from the other sorts—is a very different matter. It rests on the two great sciences of physiology and bacteriology, and it cannot be successfully secured without at least a rudimentary knowledge of the principles on which it is founded. The old-fashioned housekeeper hated dust because it looked untidy and provoked the adverse criticism of her sex. Her granddaughter hates it because it excites pulmonary diseases or is likely to contain stray germs inimical to health. The practical difference lies in the fact that the scientific housekeeper will make war not only against the dust in sight, but against the dust which she merely suspects of existing. She has seen through the microscope the secrets of air and water, and her standard for the purity of the household surroundings is raised by her knowledge of the invisible dangers to health and comfort.

High Chair For Baby.

One of the earliest requirements of a child is a high chair with a shelf in front to prevent a fall and serve as a tray when mealtime arrives. As a



ATTACHED TO ORDINARY CHAIR.

very convenient substitute for the common high chair Alfred H. Hunting of Iron Mountain, Mich., has designed the arrangement shown in the drawing. As will be seen, this device is intended for use in connection with an ordinary dining chair and does not interfere in any way with the use of the latter by grown persons, while the seat can be folded in small compass when not needed for the child. The frame consists of two vertical posts of sufficient length to extend from the upper to the lower crosspiece of the chair back, with a seat pivoted between the posts and supported at the outer ends by two chains. In addition there is a tray having extension braces at the sides for insertion in brackets on the uprights, supported by two vertical posts pivoted to the front of the seat. By detaching the braces from the brackets and allowing the tray to tilt forward and down the seat is exposed to make it an easy matter to place the child in position or lift it out. The device is suspended on the chair by means of two hooks, which screw into the posts, and their adjustment raises the seat to the required height. To fold the seat the tray is allowed to tilt down and the seat is lifted against the posts, when the tray is folded back on the underside of the seat, making a perfectly flat package and leaving the chair for common use.

Visible Ice.

Modern kitchens offer the very best proof that neatness and cleanliness are catered to in a thoroughly satisfactory manner nowadays. The housekeeper of the present day has no faith in things unseen. Both manufacturers and inventors find it to their interest to be governed by this new dispensation in domestic matters. Their latest achievement has done away with the old time metal water cooler by supplying the same receptacle in glass and in two sizes. The larger one is a ten gallon cylinder in the center of which is a tin cylinder for holding ice, so that the water, once filtered, cannot be contaminated by any impurities in the ice. A smaller five gallon cylinder of glass contains a glass case for the ice, which is far more attractive to the eye, but is much more liable to breakage than the metal one when carelessly handled. Both of these water coolers cost \$10 each.

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