



HOW LADY GOWAN WAS ENTERTAINED.

BY JEANETTE COOPER

"I KNEW when we let Amy go abroad that we were laying out trouble for ourselves."

Kate was scribbling away furiously as she spoke, tucked up at one end of the hammock, a block of paper on her knees, and a stubby pencil between her first two fingers.

"Mrs. Dalley, the sister from Omaha, who was accused by the others of having social aspirations, spoke persuasively."

"Now, Kit," she said, "you wouldn't want the Radcliffes to monopolize Lady Gowan, and then there was a shout of laughter, in which she joined, for the Radcliffes might have basked in the exclusive light of Lady Gowan's society forever without objection on Kit's part."

"It will be for only one afternoon," suggested Mrs. Osborne, while Amy put her pretty head down on the cherished manuscript and said: "But, Kit, they were nice to me in London," which settled it.

And just then Mildred Radcliffe came across the lawn.

Mildred always crossed the lawn instead of going around by the walk. She could quite see herself as a slender, white-robed figure, moving under the greenery. Mildred oscillated between the aesthetic and the conventional, and just now, in spite of the picturesque passage across the grass, the conventional was in the ascendant. She wore a gentle smile, and was trying hard to keep exact self-importance out of her tone.

"Lady Gowan and her son arrived this evening," she said. "The Burtons gave them a letter to us, you know."

"They did know, having heard it from each member of the Radcliffe family."

"I don't see why they want to come to this stupid little place," she went on after a polite murmur from Mrs. Osborne; "I am afraid the Burtons have made us out a more interesting family than we claim to be."

"Impossible!" sotto voce from the boy to his nearest cousin.

"Of course we shall do what we can. I want you to come over tomorrow afternoon, Amy. They will probably remember you."

"Perhaps," said Amy, modestly.

"Remember her!" echoed the boy. "Do you suppose any one could forget her? In my opinion!"

"Don't notice him, Mildred," interrupted Amy, gently; "he babbles." At which ungrateful remark he tipped her chair forward and said her gently to the porch floor.

"You are the most unconventional family," said Miss Radcliffe, in a tone that plainly meant indignation. "If I bring Lady Gowan here to call, you'll have to promise to behave," with a little laugh to temper the severity of her rebuke.

"Don't worry, Mildred," Mrs. Osborne hastened to forestall any remark from Kate. "I am going to send Jack home if he isn't good. He was invited to stay only during good behavior."

"Then he ought to have gone home before he came," said Amy, smiling up at the tall young cousin.

"The son is only plain Mr. Gowan, you know."

"Thank you so much," Kate could not suppress any longer. "I was undecided as to whether I should address him as 'your lordship' or 'sir.'"

"Good boy! At him again!" whispered Jack, approvingly.

"I hope you'll wear your blue, Amy. It looks more elegant than just muslin, and English people are so—"

"Exactly!" began Kate, but Mrs. Osborne (whose a rose she had been holding late her sister's lap, and Kate returned into alliance. As Jack said, "Marion always had something ready to throw at the family genius. Under the circumstances he felt called upon to answer.")

"We are going to look over our things

this afternoon," he began, in a loud, cheerful tone, "and fit the poor girl out. I've a pair of galleuses the cook gave me last Christmas—blue-embroidered—just the thing to catch a noble eye."

"Must you go, Mildred?" murmured Mrs. Osborne, as the guest arose in the midst of Jack's eloquence.

"Yes; I've a dozen things to do. I shall expect you at 4. Amy, in your blue, and with a graceful inclination Miss Radcliffe departed."

"Really, I think we shall have to drop Mildred," said Jack, sinking wearily into the hammock and upsetting Katie's papers and plans. "She doesn't belong."

"I should like to entertain those people nicely," said Marion, apropos of nothing.

"Something simple, but choice," supplemented Betty.

"Something to mark the contrast between the old families of the town and the nouveaux riches," assented Jack, with his cheerful smile.

"What sort of woman is Lady Gowan, Amy?"

"Not a bit snobbish; that is about all I know. May Jones says she is very sentimental—likes Miss Brandon, and reveals in people's love affairs. At the same time she doesn't want any girl to look at her son."

"Her son is plain Mr. Gowan, you know," interjected Jack.

"She is rather an imposing old lady, but the son is very friendly and jolly."

"Did you look at her son?" reproved Jack.

"Only occasionally," laughed Amy. "Go and make some lemonade, Jack, while your sisters prepare to entertain the Gowan."

Amy was on the side porch the next morning washing out some lace ruffles for the afternoon's muslin and singing "Bonnie Dundee."

Suddenly around the big syringa bush that screened her from the street appeared a young man.

"I heard your voice," he said, "so I just came around. You don't mind, do you?"

Amy gave an involuntary glance at the faded blue calico that clothed her youthful form.

"No-o. I think not," she said, blushing a trifle and devoutly wishing she had not sung so loud.

"Your tone is doubtful, and you have not offered to shake hands. Therefore I must go away," and he seated himself upon the top step and looked up at her with a satisfied expression.

He was a good-looking youth, broad-shouldered and straight-featured, with the girl's complexion that nature bestows on both sexes indiscriminately in the British Isles.

"We are stopping at the top of the street," he said, watching her interestedly as she raised her lace and sat down beside him to pull them dry.

"I suppose you mean that you are staying at the end of the street."

"In your patois, yes. In English pure and undefiled we are stopping at the top of the street."

Amy laughed.

"It is quite too warm to teach you your mother tongue in half an hour," she said.

He opened his eyes.

"What put that idea into your head?" he demanded.

"What idea?"

"That I am remaining only half an hour, I assure you I have no other engagement for the day."

"But I have," she laughed.

"Have you, really?" regret in his tone.

"Yes, I am invited this afternoon to Miss Radcliffe's to meet Lady Gowan and Mr. Gowan."

"Jove! I had forgotten," with a glance

at her as sufficient explanation. "But, I say, you're not going to make me go away in half an hour because of a garden party at 1 o'clock. There's a good bit of time before that, and the matter, by Jove, there is the matter! Two to nothing she's coming here."

"How does she know?" began Amy, but her voice died away. The portly dame in black and rustling attire was already at the gate. Now she was going up the walk to the front porch, and Kate was on the front porch copying one of the tales that she sent out so hopefully and received back so philosophically. Kate was quite capable of not recognizing nobility when it interrupted the flow of genius. It was a dilemma. Young Gowan, with amusement on his features, was watching Amy.

A long pause followed, while Amy listened anxiously and her companion kept his eyes on her pretty, perplexed face with evident enjoyment.

"Presently."

"Yes, it is much pleasanter here in the garden, isn't it?" said Lady Gowan, and she and Kate came across the lawn and sat down in the rustic chairs before the syringa bush. "You Americans are so keen about your piazzas; now at home we like better just sitting in the garden." She leaned back and untied her bonnet strings. "Don't trouble to call, Miss Palmer now; she is busy, I dare say."

"Isn't she, though?" whispered her ladyship's son, but the whisper sounded alarmingly loud in the silence, and Amy's imploring face impelled him to silence.

"You are younger than Miss Palmer?"

"Yes," Kate was thinking of her novel and wondering if there was any possibility of relief. Conversation was not Katie's strong point.

"It is odd she has not married. She is quite a beauty."

"Worried about plain Mr. Gowan," thought Kate. "I must quiet her mind."

"I hardly think Amy will ever marry," she said.

"Ah!" said Lady Gowan, sympathetic interest in her tone. "Has she been crossed in love?" which expression almost proved Kate's undoing, and caused Amy to look anywhere except at the young man beside her.

"He died," sighed Kate, thinking what fun it would be to tell Jack about it.

"And she still mourns, poor dear! How sweet!"

"Don't you like the smell of the syringa?"

"Ah, poor, dear man! Her Ladyship would have none of it."

"How did it happen, my dear?" she inquired, with that frank desire to attend to other people's affairs while keeping one's own undisturbed that is so delightfully British.

"Gracious, why doesn't some one come?" thought Kate.

"He was killed," she said.

"Ah, poor, dear man! And how was he killed, Miss Palmer?"

"It's a strange story," said Kate, pensively.

Lady Gowan was gazing with flattering attention at the raconteuse. "She has a good deal of spirit," thought the unvarnished young person, "and Amy wanted her to have a good time."

"It happened in Wyoming. Amy was spending the summer there on a ranch. The man she—she cared for (the love passages in Kate's stories were always brief) used to ride out from the town on horseback. Part of the way lay through a canyon about which the cowboys told strange tales. Dead Man's Canyon, it was called."

"Gruesome name!" shuddered her listener.

"I don't know that I ought to tell this," Kit's conscience was imperfectly subjugated.

"Oh, my dear young lady, I shall, of course, never mention it. Your poor sister! So young, too! Pray go on."

"Well," continued Sapphira, "one evening when they were expecting him he failed to come, and in the night a black storm came up in the foothills where the ranch lay. Amy was lying awake listening to the wind roaring in the pines, when she heard a horse gallop into the yard."

Kate was now enjoying herself. Amy was not. She tried to convey the true state of affairs to Mr. Gowan by a glance, but he had stopped looking at her and was staring at the back fence with an intensity that the beauty of the fence did not warrant, so she put both hands over her ears to shut out Kate's ridiculous tale. When she removed them Kate was saying impressively:

"Something horribly cold sprang on his horse behind him. He knew no more till he recovered consciousness in the

ranch house, to find Amy bending over him."

"And he died?"

An instant's hesitation between death and insanity ended in favor of the former.

"Yes; he lived only long enough to tell his story."

Mr. Gowan ceased from his contemplation of the fence and turned to Amy with British determination in his blue eyes.

"Is it true?" he asked.

She shook her head, and then, careless of consequences and a family in dishabille, rose and fled to the dining-room.

Mr. Gowan closed the door carefully behind him, and then, with relieved amusement in his gaze, confronted the flushed young woman, who stood in the middle of the room, grasping a chair back for support, while she tried to explain that her sister had been telling his mother a most inexcusable and baseless romance.

"I am partly to blame," she said, scowling with embarrassment, and doubly trying to shield her erring sister. "I told her that—that Lady Gowan was—liked love stories, and Kate knew that none of us was presentable, and she tried to entertain her. It was too dreadful of Kate."

She was really pathetic, and the smile in her eyes changed to sympathy. He moved nearer, and opened his lips to speak comforting words, when, just at this point, Jack's voice was heard outside of the dining-room windows, talking to Mrs. Bally.

"Ye gods, Betty," he said, "it was great! I didn't think Kit had it in her. I was on the piazza roof, and I nearly rolled off. You see, Kit wasn't going to have the dowager worry about Amy capturing her son, so she settled Amy with a broken heart."

"It was dreadful," said Mrs. Bally. "How could Kate! Has Lady Gowan gone?"

"Yes, where's Amy? I've got to tell her," and Jack and Betty appeared at the side door just as Kate burst in from the hall.

"Oh, Amy!" she cried, and then stopped aghast.

Amy stood, a figure of tragedy in blue calico, still grasping her chair-back and gazed with reproached woe at the newcomer. Betty and Jack supported each other in the opposite doorway. Kate saw them as in a dream, but what held her fascinated gaze was the tall, broad-shouldered, fresh-colored, unmistakable English, strange young man in the center of the room. He had her complexion, there! Where had he been? Why did every one look so strange?

"Where?" she gasped.

"Oh, were on the side porch," said Tragedy, lily.

The whole scene flashed upon Kate's vision—herself telling Amy's romance, while Amy and her Englishman sat perfect—and heard it. A struggle was visible on her sunny little brow. Kate's pent-up emotion looked from her eyes; then the corners of her mouth went up, and she leaned against the doorpost and broke into hysterical laughter.

"Jack's boyish roar chimed in, and at that, with an apologetic glance at Amy, Mr. Gowan gave way to ill-turned mirth. Betty was smiling broadly. Amy flashed one glance around, and then saved her dignity by sweeping out of the room with as much embarrassment as a too brief blue calico would allow.

"I—I am ashamed," gasped Kate, finally, wiping her eyes—and looking truly remorseful. "I don't know how I could have been—so dreadful. Mr. Gowan; but I got into it and then I couldn't stop, she was so—so nice and sympathetic."

Life nodded appreciatively; it was evident that he was quite without any proper feeling of repentance.

"I know," he said, smiling at Kate with a friendliness she did not deserve. "The matter does love a romance."

"It was inexcusably rude," said Mrs. Bally, severely.

"It was, Betty—I realize it." Kit was now sufficiently doloful to have satisfied her offended sister.

"It was the jolliest thing I ever heard," declared Mrs. Gowan. "Don't you worry, Miss Kate; I'll never tell the matter you were chaffing. It was very nice and clever of you to be so entertaining."

"Just wait till you get Amy's opinion of your niceness and cleverness, Miss Kit," said Jack, darkly.

The tender, confidence-inspiring sympathy with which Lady Gowan treated Amy that afternoon was a source of deep joy to her son. He tried to catch the bereaved damsel's eye, but she firmly ignored his efforts. Inwardly, she was divided between mirth and wrath. Mildred was nonplussed at the amount of attention which her English guests bestowed upon Miss Palmer, who had a sweet, unconventional quality would have been better.

Mr. Gowan walked home with Amy, refusing a seat in the carriage with his mother and Mildred.

"We leave tomorrow," he said, regretfully, trying to see the face under the big black hat. Only a round chin and a pair of red lips were visible, and the lips murmured a polite assent and settled into a firm red line. It was not encouraging, but he was English.

"I shall come back before I sail."

"Indeed?"

"Oh, I say, Miss Palmer," he protested. "I think I've been punished enough. Won't you please be nice and friendly as you were in London?"

She laughed and melted, turning her smiling face up to her companion, who had ought to cut us all," she said, "if you had any sense of your duty."

"He bent his tall head."

"You know why I came here, Amy, don't you?" he said.

"Amy did not, so he told her, lingering at the gate to finish the story, which took a long time in the telling, because the black hat dropped so that he could not see how the tale was being received."

He waited in anxious silence when he had done. The late sun slanted under the maples and shone on the slender, motionless figure in the white gown. Jack's voice could be heard stinging lustily a stave of "Bonnie Dundee."

"What would Lady Gowan say?" she said, lifting troubled eyes to him. It wasn't much of an answer, but there was something in the eyes beside the trouble, and he took possession of her hands in happy certainty.

"She may be a bit surprised under the circumstances," he said with a laugh in his eyes. "But she is sure to love you, dear, because you are mine, and because no one could possibly help it."

Roars at Common Sense Shoes

From the New York Herald.

ROM time immemorial the high heeled shoe has been of absorbing interest not only to the people who wear it but to those who do not, and every year the subject is revived and made the topic of heated discussion. When a woman is seen going about in absurdly pointed toed shoes, with exaggerated high heels, there are no end of sensible people who point the finger of scorn at her.

But those who are loudest in their praise of flat soles and low heels have not taken into consideration the fact that the American foot is not flat and that every effort to make it so throws it out of shape and brings a strain upon the bones of the instep and the tendons at the back of the leg. Falling insteps are far more prevalent now than they were; in fact, it is quite a common form of suffering, but it is only recently that physicians and surgeons have been frank in their comments as to the cause.

If the human frame is thrown out of place by the foot being posed on an abnormally high heel and the toe squashed into the pointed vamp which makes the foot look smaller it is certainly a malformation none the less when it is thrown out of place and out of shape by being encased in one of the so-called common sense shoes large enough to be sure, to accommodate the foot, but without any support under the instep and heel, throwing the whole weight of the body on the heel.

All reports to the contrary, the weight does not rest as it is intended to on the ball of the foot, so that the search for a hygienic shoe goes on with unabated

interest and the shoemaker who will invent something that shall prove satisfactory to all has a fortune within his grasp. The American foot for generations has been noted for its arched instep, the absolutely flat foot being almost unknown, and even when the natural beauty of the foot has been destroyed by wearing a bad shoe, too small or too large as the case may be, it is still almost impossible to find an instance where the sole of the foot corresponds to the sole of most of the common sense shoes.

The first symptoms of the falling insteps are in most instances the pain through the back of the legs and then in the knees, for oddly enough the insteps themselves give very little warning of what is the trouble. Upon investigation by an expert the bones of the instep will be found to have fallen, while the arch is there to all appearance, and any attempt to walk except in a shoe that will properly support the foot is absolute torture. Many physicians and surgeons say the disease is incurable; others advocate the use of a shoe that in many of the milder cases will in time obviate the difficulty, but this shoe must be worn all the time, slippers not being allowed even in the bedroom.

This shoe is built on a combination of sensible and fashionable lines. There is a steel spring in that part of it which supports the arch of the foot, and while the soles are broad and the heels are broad also, the foot seen in profile has a neat appearance, and with a most decided curved instep, and as a rule the shoes are laced so as to give additional support.

It has been quite a fad to have chil-

dren wear shoes without heels—the spring heels, as they are called, being supposed to be quite the best. This fad, like all others, can be and generally is carried quite too far, for the American child's foot attains its growth by the time the child is 12 years of age at the latest. The flat heels—or the lack of heels—develops a tendency to throw the body backward, not to pose it on the ball of the foot, as is required by all physical culture lessons, and also by the American foot itself, and there is a marked difference in the carriage of the girl who wears the spring heel and she who has heels on her shoes.

The craze for outdoor sports demands heavy shoes, thick soles and reasonably low heels, but at the same time the common sense shoe is anything but common sense if it attempts too much and has too much given up to the broad sole and flat heel. In truth, there is nothing in which good sense can be better displayed than in choosing a correct style of footwear. The exaggeratedly large shoes are just as bad for the feet as the exaggeratedly small ones, and the best shoe of today is the shoe whose soles are chosen in reference to her individual feet, the size, the shape and the arch thereof, rather than because fashion demands that the high heels or no heels are correct.

There is an epidemic in the wearing of spats or puttees at present. These spats are in brown, light tan and later will be seen in white. They are decidedly mannish in appearance and are supposed to look most attractive when worn with a decidedly feminine appearing shoe with exaggeratedly high heels.

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