

The House on the Hudson.

BY FRANCES POWELL.

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NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN.



LATEST MODES IN SMART COATS.

WHERE WOMEN HAVE TIME.

Far Away Country Happenings—Wisdom Out of Solitude.

It was mid-August, and the visitor from the throbbing city found her school-days friends in the wide, rag-carpeted sitting room...

One life had been lived out in the stir and hurry of the world, the other in the seclusion of a quiet room...

"What do I do?" After the first greetings had come the question...

"I feel cross and disappointed," she said, complaining that she would not talk or be gay like the little Gladys Trevor...

"My father is a Greek, monseigneur," she said, dreamily, "and her kinsfolk—marble people—are to be met with in the great art galleries of the world."

"The poor gentleman looked bewildered, but kissing my cheek, bade me run away and play. In the courtyard—where screaming peacocks had supplanted the old-time pines and men-at-arms—Gladys waited for me...

"She's a care!" she said, "not because of her face, which is most awfully knocked up, but because of your embroidery on her frock. Mamma says she never saw such needlework—says she wonders you could do 'em—says you're such a stupid little thing. Oh, Athena! I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to say that—it just slipped out. Please forgive me."

"I had nothing to forgive. She had spoken the simple truth. We stopped on a stretch of greenward that topped a steep bank above the river. Here a doll's fête champêtre was soon in full swing...

"La-la-la," sang the sallow faced little dandy, gaily prouetting and bounding high in air. "Tiens, I go to dance the can-can to make amusement to the petites demoiselles Anglaises!"

"The doll was Percette. First she was held by an arm, then a leg, next by her waist, and all the time she banged and whirled about that each moment I feared to hear her stitches give, to see the air filled with her sawdust insides. All tried to rescue her in vain—he eluded us with feigning dexterity. Suddenly our hopes rose. Monsieur Marquis ceased leaping up and down. Picking up a doll's table, made of iron, he fastened it to Percette's sash and sprang to the top of the bank overhanging the river."

"You're very wish, très chère Athena, to me separate from this your lovely child!" "Oh, please give her to me!" I entreated, running toward him.

"With a mocking laugh he lifted Percette high in air, and calling out, "She's jamaica, nevare! Better be death than ze life without me," flung her into the middle of the stream, then stood stock still, staring stupidly at the spot where she had disappeared.

Before Percette touched the water I was down the bank and tearing off my shoes; as she sank I struck out to her assistance. But the little table held her down, the river bottom was muddy, and dive as I would, I could not find her. My father came in time to pull me out before I was drowned, but not before my strength was exhausted, for to give up what should be achieved is a heart-breaking matter, and I loved Percette."

It was Lady Gladys who had run for my father. It was Lady Gladys who, roused to wrath by the sight of the evildoer standing idle on the bank, rushed upon him with such furious onslaught that her child's push sent him toppling into the river. There, amid rough sedges, in but two feet of water, the Marquis spied himself in real terror, believing himself to be drowning.

The gay crowd from the flower garden, where Gladys had found my father, had followed to the river, and now greeted with mocking laughter the piteous cries of the French bully. None lent him aid. He scrambled out and slunk homeward alone. But to me they were very kind. I tried to thank them, but could not. Percette was dead.

"Never mind, darling," cried my mother, helping Nurse Margaret wrap me in shawls brought in haste from the castle. "I will get you a new Percette."

"Percette? What an odd name!" exclaimed a sympathetic bystander. "Yes, named for young Stuart," some one explained. "Awfully sad about him, isn't it? Good-hearted chap?"

"What about him?" asked the other. "Dead. Hadn't you heard? Crushed by the roof falling in at the Shaws' fire. You had not? Why it was all in the papers. Whole house gone—pictures, furniture, jewels, lace—Lady Shaws had a stunning lot of lace; showed it me once. Well, it's all gone now. Young Stuart? Oh yes! Well, he went in after the youngest boy's dog, a collie. They say the howls of the creature turned you sick, and the boy—lame, you know—insisted on going back for it, so Stuart went. There, don't let's talk about it—crushed to death, and so young. They say the crowd worked like devils to get him out—why, look at that child! Athena, what is it, dear?"

I did not answer. A great black wave seemed to roar above, around me. I lost consciousness. I never owned another doll. I did not wish for one. Percy was dead, and his gift, Percette. I turned my face away when people, meaning to be kind, offered to replace her, seeming not to realize that the place of the dead may never be filled. Nurse Margaret, learning that Lord Ebbribs was heir to Percy's large fortune, mourned openly over the strange ways of Providence.

"The flow'r ta'en," she complained, "the weed left to flourish!" "Poor nurse! A year later she was sent back to Scotland, and I had a French maid. I missed my Margaret sadly."

We had a house in Paris the May I was thirteen—a large house, that my mother might entertain. The ballroom was very splendid, and my mother's boudoir resembled a bonbonnière with its frescoed ceiling and hangings of green satin. In it was an armoire that I thought beautiful. It was of oak, the tall mirror of its door supported on either hand by a nymph or dryad, whose diaphanous drapery, clinging closely to her graceful limbs, was drawn, where it floated free, just above the head, by an up-curved arm. From under these veils each sister looked forth upon you as if, well knowing the past, she might foretell the future. They fascinated me, and I felt that the sad eyed dryads were the guardians of my mother's emeralds, since she kept them on the upper shelf of the armoire.

Her collection grew each year. My father's income had yearly increased since, his former man of affairs dying, our fortune had been placed in the hands of a brisk young lawyer. Then, too, Lord Ebbribs added many gems to my mother's store. These she disliked accepting, for she could not esteem him and realized, I feel sure, that they were given only because of his friendship for her husband. Lord Ebbribs was with us always—he and my father had become inseparable. That May he had apartments in our neighborhood, and we saw him daily.

Although my old nurse, Scotch Margaret, was very superstitious, she had failed to imbue me with her quaint beliefs, and I state but a plain fact when I say that misfortunes have generally befallen me in the month of May, and always on a Friday. It was on a Friday afternoon when, crossing the hall to dress for my daily ride, I met my father, his cheerful, high colored face so drawn with pain that I feared he was dying.

"Papa!" I cried, running to him, "what is it? Are you ill?" "For answer he caught me in his arms. "My poor little daughter!" he groaned; "my beautiful, helpless little child!" and staggered as if he would have fallen.

Just then the door of the boudoir—on the floor held Percette with respectful care, while she dangled her own doll carelessly by what she called its "hind leg." Sighing with relief, she relinquished Percette to my keeping.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

Athena Perceps, born in Athens of American parents, who have long remained abroad, while a child in France is offered a doll for some kisses by Lord Ebbribs, who lets her see the doll and her losses. Athena's mother buys, from her winnings on the bet, an antique emerald.

Nurse Margaret read but three books—the Bible, Burns's Poems and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This last I was never permitted to read, but I knew its few illustrations well, and because of the one where Eliza was shown crossing the river on the ice blocks, her child in her arms, my doll lost her looks. I was not told Eliza's story, nor that she was not white. Nurse merely said that she was a brave woman, saving her child from worse than death. So later in the summer, when stopping near Baden-Baden—a favorite halting place with my parents, the gaming tables not being suppressed until nearly two years after—a convenient brook being, unluckily, at hand, I must needs play Eliza's part.

With big stepping stones for cakes of ice, Prince Hal and two dachshunds for bloodhounds, I started across, my foot slipping, I fell in, and Percette Stuart Derohan was submerged. When she was rescued and thoroughly dried her complexion was gone and her flaxen curls came out in spots. My mother, shocked by her ugliness, begged me to throw her away; then suggested a new head. But to me Percette was Percette. I insisted that she should remain as she was.

"Should you cease to love me, mamma," I asked, "if I had the smallpox and grew ugly?" "I can never forget the pallor that overspread my mother's lovely face at this, or the shudder that she could not repress as she told me not to suggest so great a calamity. She had an exquisite nature, a pure and tender soul. Rough thoughts hurt her."

Poor Percette! I kept her only two years. We were in England visiting friends who lived in a grand old castle—much celebrated in song and story—when I lost her. Several children were of this house party, and royalty condescended to be present. A few days before our departure we children lunched with our elders in the great dining hall, whose walls were panelled from floor to ceiling in white and gold green mullin, covered with a network of wonderful embroidery, a rope of pearls around her throat, His royal highness agreed with me apparently, for he joined her as she entered the deep set window of the cedar drawing room—so called because of the carvings in that wood around windows and doors—and began paying her graceful compliments. But my mother pouted.

"I feel cross and disappointed," she said, complaining that she would not talk or be gay like the little Gladys Trevor, whose witticisms had kept the table in a roar of laughter. I meant while looked from the window to the river, gray and sluggish, sliding slimly past, far below (for the castle stood with its feet in the water), and felt ashamed.

The Prince was kind, trying to comfort my mother by praises of my beauty, admiring my level eyebrows and fair hair.

"Curiously enough, I feel that I must have met the child before," he said at length; "her face is strangely familiar to me—yet I never forgot a name. I confess I am puzzled."

My mother smiled. An odd, far away look came into her dark eyes.

"My Athena is a Greek, monseigneur," she said, dreamily, "and her kinsfolk—marble people—are to be met with in the great art galleries of the world."

The poor gentleman looked bewildered, but kissing my cheek, bade me run away and play. In the courtyard—where screaming peacocks had supplanted the old-time pines and men-at-arms—Gladys waited for me. In her arms she held Percette with respectful care, while she dangled her own doll carelessly by what she called its "hind leg." Sighing with relief, she relinquished Percette to my keeping.

"She's a care!" she said, "not because of her face, which is most awfully knocked up, but because of your embroidery on her frock. Mamma says she never saw such needlework—says she wonders you could do 'em—says you're such a stupid little thing. Oh, Athena! I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to say that—it just slipped out. Please forgive me."

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The gay crowd from the flower garden, where Gladys had found my father, had followed to the river, and now greeted with mocking laughter the piteous cries of the French bully. None lent him aid. He scrambled out and slunk homeward alone. But to me they were very kind. I tried to thank them, but could not. Percette was dead.

"Never mind, darling," cried my mother, helping Nurse Margaret wrap me in shawls brought in haste from the castle. "I will get you a new Percette."

"Percette? What an odd name!" exclaimed a sympathetic bystander. "Yes, named for young Stuart," some one explained. "Awfully sad about him, isn't it? Good-hearted chap?"

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Latest Foreign News About Books.

London, Aug. 7.—A great stock of economics is promised for the autumn, but none of the new novels are by American authors. American novels are numerous. This class of fiction is winning from "The Daily Chronicle" a tribute for delicate treatment and avoidance of sensationalism. "A Connoisseurs' Art Library" of twenty volumes is projected for the autumn, and "A History of English Literature," by Garnett and Gosse, will soon be completed. Mrs. Drew's book, "Letters from Lord Acton to Gladstone's Daughter," is nearly ready. A book on monastic life by Abbot Gasquet (possibly Cardinal Vaughan's successor) is promised. Professor Ashley, formerly of Harvard, but now of Birmingham, has edited a volume of lectures to business men. I. N. F.

Books People Are Reading.

NEW-YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY.—The most popular books for the week ending August 6 were: Fiction—Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter"; Green's "The Filigree Ball"; Allen's "The Mistle of the Pasture"; Juveniles—Louise Alcott's "Little Women"; Baum's "The Wizard of Oz"; Otis's "Across the Delaware"; Miscellaneous—Munson's "Art of Photography"; "American Boy's Book of Sports"; Wagner's "The Simple Life." CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY.—Chicago, Aug. 6.—The most popular books among Chicago readers, according to the demands at the Public Library during the last week, were as follows: Fiction—Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter"; Hegon Rice's "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"; Crawford's "Cecilia"; History and Biography—Washington's "Tip from Slavery"; Ford's "The Story of Du Barry"; Flisk's "New France and New England." Travel and Adventure—Jerome's "Three Men on Wheels"; Norman's "All the Russias"; Landor's "Across Covetes Land." Scientific and Sociological—Dubois's "The Souls of Black Folk"; Hudson's "The Law of

What N. Y. Booksellers Say They Are Selling Most.

The six best selling books in New-York this week, as reported to The New-York Tribune Weekly Review, were taken in the following order: 1. "The Mistle of the Pasture".....James Lane Allen.....(The Macmillan Company).....130 2. "The Call of the Wild".....Jack London.....(The Macmillan Company).....120 3. "Gordon Keith".....Thomas Nelson Page.....(Charles Scribner's Sons).....120 4. "The Grey Cloak".....Harold MacGrath.....(The Bobbs-Merrill Company).....120 5. "Lady Rose's Daughter".....Mrs. Humphry Ward.....(The Bobbs-Merrill Company).....120 6. "The One Woman".....Thomas Dixon, Jr.....(Doubleday, Page & Co.).....120

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Will Payne has written another novel of business life in Chicago. "Mr. Salt" he calls it, and it will be printed in the forthcoming season by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The new novel upon which Mr. Charles Major, the author of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," has been at work since before the publication of that book, is a story of Indiana life in the 30's. The region in which the scene is laid is the one in which the author has lived all his life.

Mr. Louis Harmon Peet, whose little book on the "Trees and Shrubs of Prospect Park," has been favorably noticed in The Tribune, is preparing along exactly the same lines a volume on the trees and shrubs of Central Park. The Park Department has done everything to facilitate the execution of his plans, and the book will not be long in making its appearance.

Kate Douglas Wiggin's next book, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have in press, will be called "Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm." In it the author, it is said, has returned to the earlier vein in which she first won public appreciation.

Doubleday, Page & Co. will issue in September three new volumes in the series devoted to the Harriman Alaska expedition. These, on glaciers, botany and geology, respectively, on which specialists have been at work for four years, will soon be followed by other volumes, completing the work in twelve.

"Go, Athena," she said. "Yes, but first let me kiss you, mamma." "No, no," she cried, shrinking back. "Don't touch me, don't come near me!"

Seeing that her nerves were on edge I went quietly away. When, at midnight, a frightful storm broke over the city, waking me, I remembered my mother's excited condition, and could not sleep because of my anxiety until the noises of the tempest died away. She breakfasted always in her room, and when she failed to appear at luncheon I believed that she was but taking a much needed rest, and felt no alarm. Neither was my father uneasy until Julie, pale faced and wild eyed, started us.

"The door of the boudoir has been locked since daybreak, monsieur," she cried, entering unannounced. "Perhaps madame is ill?"

"Perhaps we knew not what, we hurried upstairs. My father knocked softly at the door. "Millicent!"

"No answer. In the silence I could hear my heart beat. Again—knocking loudly, peremptorily. "Millicent! Millicent! Open the door!" entreatingly—violently—desperingly. Then, to the huddled group of frightened servants: "Stand back, damn you! Can't you do something besides stare? Athena, can you hear anything?"

"I stood my head. "Stand aside, then," he commanded, hoarsely, and driving his shoulder against the door, broke it down. It crashed, splintering, inward. He covered his face with his hands. "I can't do it!" he whispered, and I entered. The atmosphere was close, tainted with the odor of a dying night lamp. When, groping my way to a window, I flung it wide and looked about me, I thought the room empty. But the armoire had fallen forward. It was fast upon the floor, its door, the great mirror, showing to one side and cracked from end to end. I ran forward, strove to lift it. The servants came to my aid. Underneath lay my mother—dead.

She wore a travelling dress. Beside her was the small bag in which the emeralds were carried when we moved. Some were in it, others scattered about the floor. Her right hand, palm outward, was pressed close against her mouth. When, tenderly lifting the beautiful head, I pillared it on my breast, her hand slipped aside, and I saw upon her lips the imprint of the intaglio.

One of the many doctors, summoned in vain, returned the next day to talk with me—an old man, with beetling eyebrows and a mane of iron gray hair. "Thy mother, dear child," he said, gently. "Thy mother, dear child. Had she lived she would have been parted from thee—always. Thy sorrow is, then, truly a blessing. See, it was like this. The storm came. She arose, imagining the emerald to me, was silent for a long moment, then said, quietly, "This is—Nemesis!"

"A Psyche, monsieur," I faltered, as my tears flowed fast. "The old man shook his head. "The old man shook his head," he cried, with sudden impetuosity. "The Psyche wears butterfly wings, while these—" He transferred his gaze from the emerald to me, was silent for a long moment, then said, quietly, "This is—Nemesis!"

"(To be continued.)"

SHORT HOUSEHOLD CHATS.

August the "Disinfecting" Month—A German Dish.

August is one of the most unwholesome months of the year because of decaying vegetation and cold nights which follow sultry days, and during this heated term disinfectants should be used with thoroughness. Drains and cesspools ought to be flushed with coppers and boiling water and all impurities carefully destroyed.

Chemical cleanliness is quite different from the superficial cleanliness brought about by scrubbing brush and pail. The garbage bucket is often perched by careless housekeepers to stand for days filled with decaying vegetables. This should never be permitted. The pail should be emptied every day, scalded out with soda and set in the sun to become perfectly dry.