NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN.

MOTORING COATS FOR THE SEASON.

—(The Lady's Pictorial.

HER LIFE IN COLLEGE.

What the Newcomer May Expect on Entering a New World.

September is the month when hundreds of girls leave the home nest for the first time in their lives to become citizens of that great, vague, wonderful world called college. All summer long the embryo college girl has been thinking about it, and wondering and hoping and half dreading; yet it is not without a sharp pang at the last that, her new wardrobe in her new trunk, together with her favorite bric-à-brac and her old books, she waves a tearful goodby to her father and mother standing on the station platform, and is whirled away into her college days.

The girl who goes to college enters a little world complete, independent of and detached from the world that surrounds it. Yet human nature is the same there as outside. In it she will meet old acquaintances—joy and sorrow, wealth and dumb poverty, refinement and the lack of it. She will have to live the common life with all sorts and conditions of girls. The rules are few—the reins of self-government are given over into her own hand, and she finds herself, often for the first time in her life, her own mistress.

The newcomer, upon her arrival in the college town, is apt to gravitate to a small, undesirable room, the better rooms being generally pre-engaged by the older students. If she is to live in one of the college dormitory buildings, she will find herself with a roommate in a room where two beds, two chiffoniers, two chairs and a washstand are ranged in sharp and unsympathetic style against the walls. But it is not long before she leaves her lonely room and her unpacked traps to venture out upon the new field.

She is struck with the many sides of the life that she is entering upon, the many opportunities and possibilities opened to her. She wanders around the campus and through some of the buildings. Here is the college library, with its rows and rows of books on every subject, and its studious hush. In this she sees the student's opportunity. Will she ever excel as a student? Is she clever with her pen? Well, she isn't exactly sure, but she wrote the prize essay in her preparatory school. The volume of the college magazine on a shelf near her suggests literary reputation, and she already sees her name among the contributors, as she lets her eye run over its contents.

Then there is the gymnasium, with its great floor and numberless apparatus. The basket on the wall suggests to her wild dreams, and in her enthusiasm she is for the moment the popular athletic girl, perhaps the captain of her team, for she has played basketball at school, and to this, at least, she is not new.

At chapel she finds there are musical opportunities, and she may hear that there are musical clubs if she follows this suggestion farther. The newcomer often feels a little lost at these first pilgrimages to chapel, where there are so many around her, and where she feels herself to be such a small minority. She is almost glad when the seniors begin to file out and leave the hall.

"Oh! won't you let me take you to the dance this evening?" is an invitation the newcomer is likely to hear soon after her arrival. This is pretty certain to come from a junior, whom the newcomer soon finds out to be her friend.

That evening she goes to the dance. She, of course, hardly expects any men to be present, and yet somehow she misses them. There are girls in every sort of costume, some in short duck skirts and shirtwaists, some in costly evening gowns, suggesting money and New-York dressmakers, others in dark skirts and waists. So it goes—gowns of all colors and fits. Everywhere she finds outstretched hands, invitations to "Come and see me, please!" "May I come and see you?" "Where do you live? Oh! I live right across the hall from you. I'm awfully glad." Or, "You're a freshman, too, aren't you?" It is, however, just after such a remark as the last that the seeds of class enthusiasm take root; it is a peculiar sort of comfort that freshmen take together—a comfort hard to describe, but keenly experienced.

The social side of college life is in many ways important, for it is through the social affairs largely that one finds and chooses her friends. The choice of friends is not as easy as one might at first hand suppose. Girls for whom she does not care or does not want as friends seem constantly thrown in the newcomer's way, while those she does care for and wants to know better exist seemingly separated from her. Yet, if the newcomer takes her time, remembering discretion to be the better part of valor, she will surmount the difficulties of her situation, and will find friends at hand—real friends that last not only through her college life, but through her whole lifetime.

Life at an American girls' college is cosmopolitan. It presents many sides. But it is all broadening and expanding. The newcomer must meet it alone—alone she must adjust herself to her new and strange surroundings. She must think for herself, work out her own problems. That they are the same kind of problems that exist in the world outside college bounds, the same kind that she will be meeting all the rest of her life, hardly makes them easier to solve at the time.

GLEANINGS.

In a suburban town near New-York, where the cottages are separated by gardens and a few trees, a family moved in next door to a well meaning but overimpulsive individual. The latter determined to call, in the semi-rural fashion of such places, at her first opportunity. This, however, did not occur until one evening about dusk the well meaning housewife thought she spied the new arrival sitting on her front steps.

"Now, don't move," said the caller, when her supposed hostess rose, as she came up the gravel walk. "I thought I'd run over for a minute just as I was. It doesn't do for us villagers to be too conventional, you know. I heard you'd had some trouble with your girl. No, now, don't move. I'll just sit here on the steps. If you get up I'll feel that you are making too much of a stranger of me. Yes, I just felt as if it would do me good to compare notes with you about servants. I've had my troubles, I can assure you. But your girl, I hear, is really unbearable"——

The supposed hostess rose precipitately.

"I guess it's Mrs. Smith as you're come to see!" she snapped out, "and she ain't to home. I'm her girl."

The caller retired in silence.

An English society journal notes the interesting phenomenon that the society girls who do not marry at eighteen wait until they are twenty-eight. Occasionally some of them wait a little longer.

The annual returns of the British Postoffice show an amount of carelessness that is scarcely credible. Last year no less than eleven million letters were posted with incorrect, insufficient or omitted addresses. Some thousands of pounds in checks, coin and banknotes were inclosed in these letters, while many more thousands of pounds were found loosely rambling around postoffices and boxes, owing to the fact that they had been inclosed in flimsy or improperly fastened envelopes. These figures show an increase over those of the year before, and indicate that the rush of life is depriving people of their wits in the British Isles, as elsewhere.

The Princess of Saxony's little boys may be seen driving daily at Dresden. They dutifully salute every passerby, making a constant flutter of their tiny sailor caps.

One of the choicest collections of Dresden china is owned by the American Consul's wife at Dresden, Mrs. Cole. Her young daughter, Miss Edith Cole, is an enthusiastic student of Dresden's art and history.

SEPTEMBER FOR PEACHES.

The Month to Prepare Table Delicacies for the Cold Season.

September is the housekeeper's time for harvesting peaches for the cold months, and many and varied are the riches that this particular fruit affords the winter storeroom. Few fruits give such luscious results and so amply repay careful work and handling.

For whatever purpose intended, the skin of a peach should not be removed by scalding. It should be carefully pared with a sharp, thin bladed knife, and dropped immediately into cold water to prevent its turning dark. If the fruit is to remain whole, clingstones should be used, but if to be halved and pitted, freestones are indispensable, or the appearance of the whole will be anything but satisfactory.

For canning peaches, the jars should be thoroughly washed and fresh rubbers used each season. About six ounces of sugar should be allowed for every quart jar. To make the syrup, put two pounds of sugar and a pint of water in a saucepan over the fire and stir into it the partly beaten white of half an egg. When this boils, remove the scum as it rises, and add one-half pint of tepid water. Stir this well and remove from the fire. Pare, halve and pit the fruit, and place it immediately in the jars, shaking them gently to insure close packing, and distribute some half dozen pits through every jar. Place the jars closely together in a wide bottomed kettle, with some thin bits of wood or metal underneath, so that they may not come into direct contact with the vessel or with each other. Fill the kettle with hot water to within an inch of the neck of the jars, cover and set it over the fire to boil. After the water has boiled fifteen minutes, remove the cover of one of the jars, and try the fruit with a steel fork. If it is tender, draw the vessel to the back of the range, and give the final fastening.

With a dry towel, screw on the top of a jar so it may be safely lifted out and set on a folded wet towel. Take off the cover, fill to overflowing with hot syrup or water, wipe off the neck, replace the rubber and cover, and fasten as tightly as possible. As they cool, occasionally tighten the covers, and, when cold, invert each jar, as a final test of airtightness. Wrap closely in paper to exclude the light, and keep in a cool, dry place.

Peach preserves are greatly improved by the flavor of the kernels. These should be cut in pieces, and covered with cold water to steep slowly for about half an hour. When the fruit is in readiness, weigh out as many pounds of sugar as you have of peaches. Strain the liquid from the peaches into a saucepan, add the sugar and boil slowly ten minutes. Put in as many peaches as will cover the bottom of the kettle and let them boil until nearly done. Then skim them out on a platter and set them in the sun. Treat all the fruit in the same way, then put the remainder of the pits in the syrup, and boil fifteen minutes, skimming off any froth that appears. Skim out the pits, put back the first dish of peaches in the syrup and boil until tender, but not long enough to break; then skim out the fruit, place in glass jars, distributing the pits through them, and, when all have been treated in this way, pour the syrup over, put on the rubbers and covers, and wrap in paper.

A peach preserve in which clingstones are used requires three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Place the fruit and sugar in alternate layers in an earthen vessel and let it stand one hour. Then drain off the syrup, stand the fruit in the sun, and boil the former until it is thick. Put in as many peaches as will cover the bottom of the kettle, boil tender, skim out and repeat the operation until all are cooked; then return the fruit for a final heating, and keep in glass jars.

Peaches should be canned and made into marmalade on the same day, as the specked and otherwise inferior parts of the fruit may be used for the latter, if only it is ripe. For marmalade, pare, stone and weigh the fruit, allowing three-quarters of a pound of sugar for every pound of fruit. Cut up the kernels from one-fourth of the fruit used, and steep them twenty minutes in a closely covered vessel. Set the sugar in the oven, cut up the fruit, put it in a saucepan, and place it on the back of the range, where it will heat slowly, as no water is added. Boil slowly, stirring constantly and mashing the fruit against the kettle as for jam, for from thirty to forty-five minutes, according to the ripeness and tenderness of the fruit. Then add the water strained from the kernels, and the sugar, remove any white froth that rises, and boil fifteen minutes, stirring constantly.

A delicious flavor is imparted by adding a teaspoonful of vanilla for every pound of fruit at the time of adding the sugar, or at the same time add the juice of one lemon to every three pounds of fruit. Keep in marmalade pots or small earthen bowls, with melted paraffine put over the top after it is cold. Paste a paper over it and keep in a cool, dry place.

For jelly, rub the down from the peaches that are hardly ripe enough to eat with cream, cut them in quarters and save the pits. Add the kernels of one-quarter of these to the fruit, and cook slowly, closely covered, until perfectly soft. Then turn the contents of the kettle into a strong linen bag and hang this in a warm place where it can drip freely. Press against the bag with wooden spoons and gently stir the contents from time to time, but do not wring or squeeze the bag with the hands. In measuring the juice, add the juice of one lemon and a pound of sugar to every pint. Set the sugar in the oven, place the liquid over the fire and boil steadily, uncovered, for twenty minutes. Then add the hot sugar, stir well and boil together five minutes. Strain a second time through cheesecloth when pouring it into the moulds. This jelly will not be firm enough to retain its shape after being turned from the mould, but no kind is more delicious for cake.

For spiced peaches, pare neatly six pounds of fruit, but do not remove the stones. To one pint of cider vinegar add three pounds of sugar, one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, one of mace, and half a spoonful of ground cloves. Place the mixture over the fire, heat slowly to draw out the flavor of the spices for ten minutes, and then, a few at a time, put all the peaches into this, cooking them until tender. Then put them into jars, pour over them the steaming liquid and cover closely. After standing twenty-four hours drain off the liquid, boil it ten minutes and return it hot to the fruit. Repeat this the third day, put a plate and weight over the fruit inside the wide mouth of the stone jar, tie a cloth over the top and keep in a cool, dry place.

TRIBUNE Sunshine Society

GOOD CHEER.

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on.

FROM EDWIN MARKHAM'S "THE SOWER."

(Written after seeing Millet's painting with the same title.)

He is the stone rejected, yet the stone
Whereon is built metropolis and throne.
Out of his toil come all their pompous shows,
Their purple luxury and plush repose;
The grime of this bruised hand keeps tender white
The hands that never labor, day nor night.
His foot that only knows the field's rough floors
Sends lordly steps down echoing corridors.

. . . . . .

Not his the lurching of an aimless clod.
Nor with the august gesture of a god—
A gesture that is question and command—
He hurls the bread of nations from his hand;
And in the passion of the gesture flings
His fierce resentment in the face of kings.

. . . . . .

This is the Earth-god of the latter day.
Treading with solemn joy the upward way;
Strong to make kind the grudging ground, and strong
To pluck the beard of some world-honored wrong—
A lusty strength that in some crowning hour
Will Earl Grey Privilege from the place of power.

NOTICE.

All letters and packages intended for the T. S. S. should be addressed to the Tribune Sunshine Society, Tribune Building, New-York City. If the above address is carefully observed communications intended for the T. S. S. will be less likely to go astray. The Tribune Sunshine Society has no connection with any other organization or publication using the word "Sunshine."

MONEY RECEIVED.

F. W. H., of Massachusetts, has contributed $5 for some needy invalid: "Two Friends," of Elmira, N. Y., $1 as September dues to the endowment fund.

FOR LITTLE ONES.

Mrs. W. I. Wood, of Garrison, N. Y., has sent a box of beautiful sunshine for little ones—six pairs of dainty bootees and six play balls made of pretty bright colors. Mrs. Wood always fashions the wools sent her into not only useful but attractive gifts for others.

GRATEFUL HEARTS.

An invalid member who was the recipient of special cheer from the office writes: "My pen fails to tell you of the gratitude I feel for the generous gift received by registered letter from the T. S. S. office. I had been suffering more than usual and felt so discouraged that I had in earnest prayer asked 'Our Father' to help me over the hard place, for I knew not where to turn, and the Sunshine letter came, which seems almost like a direct answer to my petition. The contents will provide me with so many things I need."

A Long Island wheel chair invalid is equally grateful because the gift she received will procure some little comforts for herself and aged mother. "Some day," she writes, "the dear Sunshine friends will reap a rich reward."

A Virginia member, who leads an isolated life, was greatly pleased with the dress she received, for it was the kind of sunshine most needed. An Illinois invalid was helped by a contribution of fancy work material; Miss Mary A. Wilson, president of the Ragged Island (Bahamas) branch, acknowledges with many thanks the box of sunshine sent to her by parcel post, as the contents gave special cheer where most appreciated.

DEATH OF MRS. M'CLURE.

The office has been informed of the passing away of Mrs. George McClure, of Mount Vernon, Ky. This invalid suffered a long time with consumption, and through the kindness of generous T. S. S. friends the office was enabled to provide some extra comforts for her, as financial troubles and the long illness and death of her husband, a prominent lawyer, had deprived her of all the luxuries and many of the comforts to which she had been accustomed. One of her intimate friends, in speaking of her, says: "She was a kind friend and a good and noble woman."

RESPONSES.

A copy of the poem desired by D. M., of Philadelphia, has been received at the office from a friend in Albany, and it has been forwarded. Mrs. C. W. Hedges, of Norwich, Conn., also responded to the request of the Honesdale, Penn., member for a copy of "The Petrified Fern." Some unknown friend has sent a copy of national songs, which was requested by a member at Saratoga.

Alas, for the pleasant summer time! In August the grass is still verdant on the hills and in the valleys; the foliage of the trees is as dense as ever, and as green; the flowers gleam forth in richer abundance along the margin of the river and deep among the woods; the days, too, are as fervid now as they were a month ago; and yet in every breath of wind and in every beam of sunshine we hear the whispered farewell and behold the parting smile of a dear friend. Not a breeze can stir but it thrills us with the breath of autumn. . . . I recline upon the still unwithered grass and whisper to myself, "Oh, perfect day! Oh, beautiful world! Oh, beneficent God!" And it is the promise of a blessed eternity; for our Creator would never have made such lovely days, and have given us the deep hearts to enjoy them, above and beyond all thought, unless we were meant to be immortal. This sunshine is the golden pledge thereof. It beams through the gates of Paradise and shows us glimpses far inward.—(Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Selected by M. L. F.

The House on the Hudson.

BY FRANCES POWELL.

(Copyright, 1903, by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Athena Derohan, 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 Ebbrides, who bets that any one can be bought. He loses. Athena's mother buys, from her winnings on the bet, an antique emerald. After the loss of her father's fortune and her mother's tragic death this stone, which is left to her, she calls "Nemesis." After her father's death in America she sells the emerald to Mr. Beverley, through Richard Thorpe, a young lawyer, who comes to announce that her cousin, Mrs. Spuyten, has obtained for her a position as housekeeper and companion at Highgrove Hall, on the Hudson, the home of Mrs. Erranti, an old and mentally unbalanced lady, and her son Philip. Mrs. Spuyten commits her to wearing a name not her own, Augusta Dean. She saves from drowning Mr. Randal St. John, nephew of the purchaser of "Nemesis," who lives near by, and himself the wearer of the ring. He is a friend of the Errantis, and Athena often sees him, disliking him. Philip is flowery in manner, and more than kind to her. During a house party she is subjected to insult by one of Philip's friends, named Sturgis, whom she finds next morning in the garden spring, where he has committed suicide. Philip seems vaguely to have had something to do with the tragedy. He now collaborates with his mother in preparing a new room in the house for Athena. He offends her by too amiable demeanor, but pleases her by claiming to have known her father and by eulogizing him. Richard Thorpe reappears. He and Athena resume their friendship. Meanwhile Philip asks her to marry him. Mrs. Erranti arranges that Athena go riding every day, after Philip, and that the rides are not to be mentioned to Mr. Thorpe. One day a month later at a secluded spring Philip seizes her and kisses her wildly. Athena refuses to ride again. He succeeds in breaking her resolution by offering the mare for sale, conditional upon her orders, and subjecting it to a buyer's brutality. Her maid makes covert allusion to her anomalous position in the household. Two English friends of Philip, and Randal, whom he entertains at dinner, discuss with Athena the admixture of negro blood in marriage, to his evident annoyance. Athena engages herself to Thorpe, but prefers not to have it announced. While they are discussing Philip, Athena discovers one of the servants eavesdropping. Philip's attitude changes to sullen displeasure. He causes a fit of violent melancholia in Mrs. Erranti by persisting in a pigeon shooting contest with his guests, but later is again reconciled with her. Thorpe starts for Russia on a client's business. Athena takes Mrs. Erranti on a cruise. On her return she finds that Philip has discharged all the servants and engaged a new set. Philip has three entrances of the grounds locked and Athena shadowed by a servant. Von Schlange, in Philip's absence, drives in with a pretty, vulgar woman, and elaborately insults Athena. Philip returns at the moment, and almost beats Von Schlange to death with his riding crop. Athena receives no more letters from Thorpe, and finally is told that he has died in an accident. Lord Ebbrides is entertained by Philip as "Mr. Percy," feigns illness, accosts Athena in the garden, where they are interrupted by a servant, and asks for an hour's interview.

XXIX—(Concluded).

In obedience to Lord Ebbride's wish—one I understood—I put on my simplest gown, the white serge edged with swan's down. When I entered the library I found he had closed the windows—generally open because of the veranda being inclosed—and he shut the door immediately behind me.

"We must expect eavesdroppers," he remarked, composedly; "but there's no need of making things too easy for them."

He placed a chair for me well away from keyholes, scrutinizing me closely as he did so.

"Ah! now you look like the little Athena who used to run away from me in the old days—yet you have changed. From a beautiful child you have grown into a marvellously beautiful woman! You are strangely like, yet unlike, both your parents." He stood still for a moment, his eyes riveted upon me, then said, his lips twitching oddly: "Your mother used to predict that you would rival her some day. To the eyes of the world you might now appear lovelier. To mine"——

He turned away and began nervously to rearrange the books on a table at his elbow. I wondered why he desired an interview that evidently gave him pain. With a deep sigh he broke the long silence that had fallen.

"I fancy," he said, slowly, "that you are one of the most beautiful of living women."

"It may be, Lord Ebbrides. Not that it matters much. Was that what you wished to say to me?"

"Do you mean that you take no interest in your beauty, Athena? No, I see you don't—but you were always strange, as a child. No; what I have to say is this. I heard of Charles Derohan's death only six short weeks ago. I knew you to be poor and alone in the world. I started to find you—to fetch you home. I came to New-York. After some trouble I was sent to a most disagreeable woman, Mrs."—— he hesitated.

"Spuyten?"

"Yes. A cousin of your father's, I understand. She said she heard you had gone to California"——

"To California?" I exclaimed. "How absurd! She must have known better."

"Very probably. A spiteful old hag, from appearances. I decided to follow, to look you up there."

"California is a very large State, Lord Ebbrides."

"It's not easy for a beautiful woman to escape observation, Athena. Your style of beauty is so very remarkable you may never hope to pass unnoticed. It is exquisite. It is rare."

He harped upon my appearance with an offensive persistency, as if he took a personal pride in my looks.

"How came you here?" I asked, hoping to change the subject.

"The merest chance! A vulgar beast from San Francisco, whom I was told I might find useful, suggested my coming here for the play to be had. I'd nothing to do, so came. My valet told me of the presence of a mysterious beauty in the house—kept under lock and key. What I heard roused my suspicions—'a golden-haired statue.' On Sunday I caught a glimpse of you. That was enough. I feigned illness, an excuse for remaining, and don't need to seek you in California."

He was again silent. I thought I heard an odd sound, as of hoarse breathing, at the door. Lord Ebbrides, moving swiftly across the room, flung it wide, and François fell in upon his knees!

"Ah! The individual who is supposed not to understand English, Athena!" said Lord Ebbrides, calmly "Pick yourself up, my man, and go clean the plate. You may be a good butler. You are a wretched spy."

François, stumbling to his feet, sneaked away.

"Next we shall have the master, Athena! Well, it doesn't matter how soon he comes now, for this last episode must convince you that the sooner you're out of this house the better. Now pay attention, for what I am about to say is of importance. I have come, as I said, to take you home. I intend to make you my wife. Yes," as I stared in embarrassment, "no doubt you are surprised. I know I'm not supposed to be a marrying man. My heir, a detestable prig, is making cocksure of stepping into my shoes. He'll make a wry face when he hears of the lovely new viscountess! The ceremony had better take place at once—say in New-York, tomorrow morning, unless you can suggest a better arrangement."

He looked inquiringly at me as he finished this extraordinary speech; but, dumb with amazement, I found no words at my command. This silence was misinterpreted.

"I don't wonder at your surprise, my dear. As far as money goes, of course, I might do better, but I've enough of that. What I want is a young, well-born woman, who is both beautiful and good. You fill these requirements. You never were a very interesting child as far as saying bright things goes, but you were, if slow, very good. I couldn't endure a flirting wife, and you won't trouble me in that way."

I made haste to answer, rising as I spoke.

"I am sensible of the honor you do me, Lord Ebbrides, but I cannot be your wife."

Astonishment now stayed Lord Ebbrides's speech. At last, in a hard voice, he asked my reason for declining his offer.

"I prefer not to marry."

"Stuff! That's no reason."

"I don't care for you, Lord Ebbrides."

He burst into a harsh laugh.

"What rot you are talking!" he exclaimed. "Have I asked you to care for me, pray? Do I pretend to be romantically in love with you? Listen. Try to understand. I want a wife. I can give her a good old name, wealth—you shall have nothing to complain of in the matter of settlements—a high position in England. I ask you to accept these advantages. Surely you won't be mad enough to refuse?"

"Yes, I refuse. I can't understand why you wish to marry me. You never even liked me, Lord Ebbrides."

"You remind me of the happiest time in my life—and I can't have Athena Derohan a pauper."

"Doubtless you mean to be kind," I said, wearily, very tired of it all, "so I thank you. Pray say no more about it, Lord Ebbrides. I can't do as you wish."

"Nonsense! I can't allow you to behave so foolishly! Why, child, you shall have your mother's emeralds to wear at court."

"I thought they were stolen."

"So they were," he said, frowning angrily, "and put back afterward! All save one large emerald, square, with a nick in one corner—your mother wore it as a brooch; you remember it?"

I remembered it well, also its double, set in a dagger's hilt, in Philip's desk close at hand.

"That brooch, Athena, was traced to a pawnbroker's, but it had been sold. The clerk who received and disposed of it took French leave—probably was guilty of other thievish business. The pawnbroker proved to be an honest man."

"You suspected no one?"

"No, I didn't suspect. I knew who took the jewels."

"Who?" I asked, breathlessly.

"A valet I had had for years—stay, he married Julie, your mother's maid—Anthony Cray. I couldn't prove anything against either of them, however. They were too sharp for me. They took them, and, afraid to keep them, put them back. The nicked emerald, the clew needed, was not to be found. I sent them packing—more I couldn't do. They went to Australia, I believe."

Had I become the confederate of criminals? I felt so, because of my promise given Julie. As for the emerald in Philip's stiletto, that must be but a chance resemblance—one of the odd doubles of which the world is full.

"Because the brooch is gone you look as depressed as if I'd lost the whole collection, Athena! Come, my dear, there are plenty left for you to shine in! The Ebbrides diamonds are being reset for you, too. I attended to that before I sailed. Now, run upstairs and pack your things. I expect I shall grow very fond of you in time—run along and get ready."

"May I ask," said an icy voice behind him, "if Mr. Percy has done well to leave his bed? It is taking a great risk in this cold weather—for so ill a man."

It was Philip. He had entered unseen. How much of the foregoing conversation he had heard I could not know, but enough to rouse his anger. Even his lips were ashen, and the steely glitter in his eyes augured ill for Lord Ebbrides. To my surprise he was as angry, apparently, as Philip. The two men faced each other like furious wild beasts about to spring at each other's throats. I stepped quickly forward, as if to greet Philip, really to place myself between them.

"What lovely lilies, Philip." He held a sheaf of callas on one arm. "You got them in Droneton?"

He gave them to me without a word. Lord Ebbrides had his entire attention.

"Go upstairs, Athena, and get ready," said Lord Ebbrides, turning to me. "I will explain to Mr. Erranti all that is necessary he should know. Go, my dear."

Philip, his face set like iron, moved between me and the door. I was annoyed that Lord Ebbrides persisted in misunderstanding me, that he forced me to speak my mind before Philip. Yet it had to be.

"Lord Ebbrides—" I began.

"Ah! Lord Ebbrides!" interrupted Philip. "I understood it was Mr. Percy whom I had the honor to entertain beneath my poor roof." He laughed contemptuously, as in disdain of the deceit practiced.

"You are quite right," said his guest, coldly, "it is an honor I have done you. I have paid well for my entertainment, as you call it, paid to the tune of a thousand pounds."

"Oh, hush, pray!" I entreated. "Of what use to quarrel? The money is gone, Lord Ebbrides——"

"Yes, into his pocket," muttered the nobleman.

"Remember, Philip," I continued, "you are in your own house!"

"I begin to doubt it," he said, fiercely.

"Pray let me speak," I begged. "There has been a mistake, I am sure. Lord Ebbrides, I must say goodby! I thank you for all you have wished to do for me. Please leave here at once, and forget Athena Derohan." I held out my hand—I felt I must be civil enough to shake hands with him—and said to Philip, "Please order a trap to take Lord Ebbrides to his train."

A flush of pleasure swept the pallor from Philip's face. He looked triumphantly at Lord Ebbrides, but his voice was quite gentle as he said:

"You hear Miss Derohan's decision, sir. She remains with me."

"She shall do no such thing!" said Lord Ebbrides, hotly. "Do you know what this man is, Athena, under whose roof you are mad enough to wish to stay? A common adventurer, the keeper of a gambling hell"——

"You lie!" cried Philip, fiercely. "Don't listen to him, Athena!"

"I am your father's chosen friend—I was his closest friend. I claim the right, as such, to remove you from this man's influence," said Lord Ebbrides.

He spoke loudly, his face purple with fury, his fists clenched. He was unaccustomed to being thwarted. His words stung me to wrath. How dared he allude to his past friendship—past disloyalty, rather—for my father? I felt I had endured his hated presence, his insulting overtures, too long. Holding the flowers of peace, the white lilies, close to my angry heart, I looked from under frowning brows straight into his eyes and declared war.

"Were I so base," I said sternly, "as to forget the past and take favors from your hand, every good man and woman would have the right to shun me."

Lord Ebbrides, putting out a shaking hand, clutched the back of the chair as if in need of support, while the purple tint of anger fading slowly from his face left it livid and haggard. The effect of my words startled me, but I would not spare him.

"Mr. Erranti," I went on, "was really my father's friend, loving him in his poverty, not, like you, deserting him because of it."

A strange look as of relief came over Lord Ebbrides's face. The color crept back. When I finished speaking he laughed contemptuously, if a little shakily, and said, pointing an unsteady finger at Philip:

"That mountebank a friend of Charles Derohan's? What damned rubbish! A trumped up tale to fool you with! A pack of lies to rouse your gratitude to the pitch of marrying him! You always were a dullard—have you become a fool? I suppose"— with bitter irony—"you don't see that the man's in love with you? Eh? Perhaps that unpleasantly plain fact remains a secret to your blind eyes; perhaps"——

Philip rang the bell sharply.

"Enough of this!" he cried. "I shall not allow Miss Derohan to be annoyed further. At noon a train leaves for New-York. You'll be kind enough to take it, Lord Ebbrides. As for your money, which you insinuate I have stolen, it shall be returned to you—by check—when you leave." Francois appearing, Philip broke off to give him his orders, then continued: "Had I been so insulted by any other man I should take measures to make him eat his words, but"—waving his hand toward me—"I consider you sufficiently punished already."

His handsome face wore an expression of insolent triumph. The look in his gleaming eyes was not pleasant. Lord Ebbrides stared at him coldly, then scrutinized me closely through half shut eyes. What he saw he found agreeable, apparently, for he smiled slightly. His excitement was gone. Taking a card from his cardcase he sat down by a table and wrote thoughtfully what seemed a long address. Philip, at his desk, filled out a check. I stood and waited, longing for the moment of escape.

"Here, Athena," said Lord Ebbrides, rising and giving me the closely written card, "are a few instructions for you to use when you change your mind. I forgive you your attack upon me. Young and ignorant, you can't be expected to understand what others misunderstood. I stand always ready to welcome you. I'm glad to see this man has no chance. I'll come for you the moment you send me word. That check is for me, sir?" turning sternly to Philip, who had come to my side, the strip of paper in his hand.

"It is," said Philip, as sternly.

Lord Ebbrides took it, tore it across twice, and dropped it in the fire.

"I pardon your impertinence," he said, haughtily, "as you can't be expected to understand the ways of gentlemen. You see what the man is, Athena. When your eyes are thoroughly opened, send for me."

He walked slowly to the door, opened it and went out, without again noticing either Philip or me.

(To be continued.)

LOVE'S DIVORCED WIFE.

Mrs. J. G. Underhill Produces Husband's Letters in Divorce Suit.

Supreme Court Justice Amend has signed an order appointing Richard M. Martin referee to hear the testimony and report to the court in a suit for absolute divorce brought by Mrs. Grace K. Underhill against her husband, John G. Underhill, a real estate broker of No. 435 Fifth-ave. Justice Dugro has issued a commission in the same suit to Henry Clay Evans, Consul General of the United States at London, to take the deposition of Mrs. Underhill, who is at present in London, to be used at the hearing before the referee. The orders were issued on the application of Wentworth, Lowenstein & Stern, counsel for Mrs. Underhill.

This is the second suit for divorce that Mr. Underhill has had to defend within a short time. His first wife procured a divorce from him about two years ago, and he married the wife who is now suing him on June 7, 1902. The second Mrs. Underhill was Miss Grace Knight, daughter of the general manager of the Bell Telephone system of Texas.

At the time the present suit was brought, several months ago, a number of letters passed between Mr. and Mrs. Underhill, and one letter, purporting to have been written by Mr. Underhill, read in part as follows:

I have known in my heart that my love was for Esther [Mr. Underhill's first wife] and the boys, yet I could not tell you, and I regret that you had to hear of it at a time when I was nervous and sick. I want to be honest with you; there is not a bit of hate in me; there is lots of the old affection with me yet, and while you bear my name I want to be fair and good. Even when I am alone there will never be any of the old rough house days or association with former friends. I have read all your letters and I know your suffering is terrible; please do think I am suffering for you.

After their separation, Mrs. Underhill asserts that her husband wrote the following statement:

On Thursday, June 26, 1902, at Jersey City, N. J., I, John G. Underhill, declare that I married Miss Grace D. Knight, after professing for her my deepest and most lasting affection, and after most earnest solicitation on my part. I lived with her until September 3, 1902, when, for reasons known only to myself (which I refused to give either to my wife or her father) I deliberately and absolutely abandoned her. I wish in this statement to say on my word of honor as a gentleman that my wife, Grace K. Underhill, by her actions has given no cause for such desertion; that she has borne my name and borne herself as my wife with the utmost honor, dignity and discretion, and that she has been to me a true, loyal and loving wife. In the step I am taking no reflection whatever can rest on her character, her good name, or her position as my wife, either now or at any future time.

The papers did not disclose the name of the co-respondent, and as the case has been sent to a referee efforts will be made to keep the testimony secret. Mrs. Underhill sets forth that her husband is in receipt of a large income from his business, alleging that in the previous year his income was over $115,000. As an evidence of his wealth she declares that he pays to his former wife $250 a month alimony, besides having provided a trust fund of $50,000 for the two sons of his first marriage. She says that he is a member of the most fashionable clubs in the city, and lives at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. The hearing before the referee will probably begin the last of the week.

DAY AT LAKE GEORGE.

Governors Arrive to Take Part in the Battle Anniversary Celebration.

Lake George, N. Y., Sept. 7.—The ceremonies incident to the first day's celebration of the 148th anniversary of the battle of Lake George began to-day with a salute of eighteen guns, fired by the 1st Battery of the New-York National Guard as Governor Benjamin B. Odell, jr., accompanied by Mrs. Odell and the members of his staff, stepped from his train on the Delaware and Hudson Railway. The salute had hardly finished, when the train carrying Governor Abraham Chamberlain of Connecticut rolled into the station, when another salute was fired. With Governor Chamberlain were his staff and many State officers and their wives, numbering in all about fifty.

Governor Odell was escorted to the hotel by Troop I of the 2d United States Cavalry, and Governor Chamberlain by two companies of the Governor's Foot Guards from Hartford and New-Haven, commanded, respectively, by Major Bell and Major Johnson. Governor Odell was met at the hotel by Frederic J. De Peyster, governor of the General Society of Colonial Wars, and by James W. Beekman, Governor of the New-York State Society.

The event of the afternoon was the review of the troops by Governors Odell and Chamberlain, from the hotel piazza. The troops were drawn up in front of the hotel, with the cavalry on the right, Companies B and G, of the 71st Regiment, next, followed by Company K, 2d Regiment; the Governor's Foot Guards and Company F of the 2d Massachusetts Regiment, from Pittsfield. Escorted by Major General Roe, Governor Odell and Governor Chamberlain, followed by their staffs in full uniform, passed down the line, and then returned to the piazza, when the troops marched past in review, headed by Major General Roe and Colonel William G. Bates, of the 71st Regiment. A large crowd saw the parade.

Governor McCullough of Vermont arrived on the Sagamore with his party at 4:30 o'clock, and was escorted by the troop of United States cavalry to the hotel, where he was welcomed by Governor Odell and Governor Chamberlain. Lieutenant Governor Curtis Guild, jr., and his staff came half an hour later, and were escorted to the hotel by the Massachusetts troops and cavalry. Lieutenant Governor Guild's reception was particularly hearty.

Governor Odell held a public reception in the parlors of the hotel at 9 o'clock, and a military ball concluded the festivities of the day.

The following telegram was received from Admiral Dewey, in response to the invitation sent him yesterday:

We thank you for your kind invitation, and regret that engagements prevent us from accepting.

Senator Depew will arrive in the morning. The programme for the day includes a review of troops by all the Governors at 10 o'clock, followed by a reception. The unveiling ceremonies will begin at 2 o'clock. The principal address will be made by Senator Depew, who presents the monument to the State of New-York. Governor Odell will make a brief response. Short addresses will be made by the other Governors.

PALATIAL HOTEL OPENED YESTERDAY.

Manchester, England, Sept. 7 (Special).—The opening to-day of the palatial Midland Hotel in this city by the Midland Railway Company, begins a new era in the enterprise of the great English railway companies. The hotel far surpasses in practical and beautiful detail anything hitherto built in Europe, and is under the same management as the well known Adelphi Hotel, at Liverpool. The functions preceding the opening of the hotel to the public were in accord with its magnificence. A banquet was given on September 4 to the leading representatives of the American, British and Continental press and chambers of commerce, and was a most representative gathering. The day following was called the "ladies' day," and more than four thousand invitations were issued. The compliment paid to Manchester by the Midland Railway Company in erecting its beautiful hotel in the city so ably served by it will doubtless be fully appreciated. A feature of the hotel is the introduction of all the latest American devices for the comfort and luxury of the modern hotel guest.

RED D LINE ENTERTAINS EMPLOYES.

Ninety employes of the Red D Line and their families were the guests of the company on the steamship Maracaibo, which started at 3 o'clock Saturday on a voyage up the Sound. The party went to New-London, where it spent Saturday night. On Sunday it proceeded to Newport and Providence, returning by a sea route. Captain Berry was in charge of the boat, Captain Whiting acting as pilot. John T. Dallas, of the Red Star Line, acted as host.

WM. H. JACKSON COMPANY.
Union Square, North, 29 E. 17th Street
Artistic
WROUGHT METAL WORK
In Brass and Iron
For Interiors, Open Fireplaces, Etc.
Our Own Foundries and Shops.