TIT FOR TAT.

Trix Rainham, the Beautiful Flirt, Taught a Lesson by Captain Despard.

CHAPTER I.

"You are a flirt!"

"I am not!"

"It is rude to contradict."

"It is worse than rude to assert what isn't true. It is libelous."

"And don't you know that the greater the truth the worse the libel? Therefore, to say that you are a flirt is libelous because it is true."

"Well, I don't care if I am; so there."

"I never supposed you would care. I believe you are utterly incapable of caring for anything or anybody except yourself," he said coolly.

"You didn't think so always."

"No; one has to learn wisdom by experience, unfortunately."

"Why 'unfortunately?'" she asked quickly.

"Because the process of disillusionment is a painful one and takes up a lot of time that might be more profitably employed."

"And you regard the time that you have been learning to know me—all the time that we have been engaged, in short—as time wasted?"

"Unquestionably."

"Then we will waste no more," and she raised her blue eyes to his, a scornful light in them. "You are free, and I—"

"No, no; don't act impulsively, or you may regret it afterward," he said, soothingly, in the tone in which he would have addressed a passionate child.

"—I am free, too"—she paid no attention to his interruption—"free to flirt as much as ever I like."

"And no doubt you'll do it—not that our engagement has been any hindrance, so far as I can see." He spoke with some bitterness.

"No, it has been a help, rather," with a mocking little laugh. "You looked so angry that the temptation to go on was irresistible. It won't be half such fun now," regretfully.

"No, for I shan't care."

"Shan't you? Not ever such a little bit?"

"Not a scrap. I shall flirt, too, and enjoy myself."

"Haven't you been enjoying yourself hitherto?"

"Oh, immensely. Watching you making eyes at all the other fellows, and longing to flirt myself with that pretty little Miss Robinson."

"Then—why didn't you?"

"Because I'm an old-fashioned sort of fellow, I suppose, and don't hold with flirting with one woman when I'm engaged to another."

"Well—that is over," and she drew a long breath. "You need have no scruples now."

"No."

And then there was a pause.

They were standing together in the beautiful rose-scented garden of the Manor House and the clear morning sunshine fell full on the girl's lovely flushed face and wavy golden hair, and on the man's erect figure and firmly cut, somewhat stern features, with their look of cool indifference and self-control. The old house rose behind them, a gray pile of building seen indistinctly through intervening trees, and before them lay a wide expanse of sunlit meadow land, where cattle grazed amid the golden buttercups and skylarks sang joyously as they soared upward to their glorious lord, the sun. It was a fair scene and peaceful, but, though the girl's eyes were fixed upon it, she saw nothing of its beauty, felt nothing of its dreamy charm. The man beside her occupied her whole attention; her changed relations to him filled all her thoughts.

"It will be very awkward," she broke out petulantly. "I wish this had happened yesterday."

"And why, if I may ask?"

"Then I could have gone home to-morrow, as I had intended, but ——"

"You will have to make up your mind to spend nearly another week beneath the same roof as the man with whom you had intended to pass your whole life," he said quietly. "Poor little girl, it is hard on you."

"Then—you are going to remain, too?" and she turned her wonderful eyes full upon him.

"Of course," and he smiled slightly. "As a soldier, I should be ashamed to run away, and, besides, you forget that Miss Robinson is here."

"I warn you that you will find her very stupid."

"Thank you. I know that she is extremely pretty."

"And we shall have to tell everybody, and there will be a talk and a fuss," she went on discontentedly.

"Well, that won't hurt us."

"No; but it is such bad form."

"Of course it is," he assented; "but I don't see that we can help that now."

"Need we say anything about it—just yet, I mean."

"You can please yourself about that; I shall not mention that our engagement is broken off if you don't; but—"

"Yes?" as he paused impressively.

"As it is broken off I intend to amuse myself. You would have no right to complain of that in any case, as it is what you have been doing yourself all along."

"I don't care," defiantly. "We shall know that we are nothing to each other, but we won't tell the world so for another six days."

"Exactly. But of course you won't expect me to be dancing attendance upon you all the time. I'll do what is necessary to keep up appearances, since you wish it, but—"

"I wish it? What do you mean?"

"Why, if you don't want to tell the world I suppose you don't want the world to guess? For myself, I am absolutely indifferent upon the subject."

"I see what you mean—yes, we had better keep up appearances."

"But beyond that we are, of course, absolutely indifferent to each other."

"Oh, of course!" impatiently. "Dance attendance upon whom you like, flirt with whom you please. It is nothing to me, and less than nothing."

"Thank you," he said gravely. "Is there anything more to be said, I wonder? Oh, yes; that badge of slavery I gave you, Trix—I beg your pardon, I should have said Miss Rainham."

"It doesn't matter," hastily. "We must keep up appearances, you know."

"Yes; but not when we are alone. That ring, Miss Rainham, that you have done me the honor of wearing as a sign of our engagement——"

"Yes, I will give it back to you at once."

"No, no; don't pull it off—yet. Better keep it till you leave this place," he replied. "Don't you see that it is still necessary that you should wear it to deceive the world, though we shall know that it means nothing?"

"But, Tom—Captain Despard, I mean—how shall I return it to you?"

"You can give it back to me when we part. Are you tired?" he added, abruptly.

"No; why do you ask?"

"I thought you might be, as we seem to have been standing here a most unconscionable time, and—" he glanced in a careless sort of way down the path to where a slight, girlish figure could be discerned among the rose bushes.

"And Miss Robinson has just come out to gather roses? I see," said Trix, following the direction of his eyes and flushing hotly. "No wonder you are in such haste to get rid of me."

"Not at all. I am in no hurry for a few minutes, but as I see young Marchmont and some of the other men are going to the tennis ground—"

"It is too hot to play. I am going into the house."

"As you please. Then I may consider myself dismissed?"

"You must; and I am only sorry I have taken up so much of your valuable time," and she turned away.

"Oh, never mind that. You have taught me a useful lesson, so the time has not been altogether wasted."

"And that is?" pausing and looking back over her shoulder.

"Never to take a woman seriously."

She laughed a scornful little laugh, and left him.

He stood looking after her for a moment, then strode off down the path, and joined the pretty dark-haired girl among the roses.

Little Miss Robinson looked up with a smile as he approached.

"Well?" she said anxiously.

"Yes," he replied, taking her basket from her. "I am quite free to help you now."

"And—do you think it wise?"

"Very wise; the wisest thing I have ever done."

"I hope—oh, I do hope—you will prove right."

"Time alone can show, but anything must be better than—" he broke off abruptly. "Come, there are heaps of roses still to be gathered. I will tell you all about it while you are getting them."

She was a long time getting them.

Trix, glancing from her window half an hour later, saw two figures still lingering among the roses, and she laughed and sang a gay little song to herself as she ran lightly downstairs to join the tennis-players. The morning was certainly no cooler than it had been half an hour ago; but Trix had changed her mind, apparently, and no one that day played more indefatigably than she, or seemed in such high spirits.

Yes, it was very pleasant to be free—free as air—and to feel that no one had a right to watch her with jealous, miserable eyes, or reproach her if she chanced—as not infrequently happened—to make herself too agreeable to her companion for the moment, or dance too often with the same partner. These things had chafed her often, she remembered, during the period of her brief engagement to Captain Despard. She wondered now how she had ever tolerated his interference for six long weeks, and smiled a little scornfully at the thought of her own exemplary behavior. Whether an impartial observer would have pronounced her behavior so irreproachable as to merit that scorn is another matter.

Yes, she was free now, and—so was he! That was the only drawback to her satisfaction.

"I THINK THIS IS OUR OUR DANCE, TRIX."

CHAPTER II.

"How pretty Trix Rainham looks to-night!" exclaimed a lively young matron to her partner in the pause between two dances.

"Yes, and how desperately she is flirting? I wonder Despard stands it. I wouldn't if she belonged to me.

"Oh, he has no right to be censorious, for he is just as bad himself. He does it more quietly, I grant you, but there is nothing else to choose between them. Just look at him now with Fay Robinson! This is the fourth time he has danced with her already, and the evening is not half over yet. I wonder Trix stands it, if you come to that."

"I shouldn't have thought Despard was a flirting sort. He never seemed to have eyes for any other girl than Miss Rainham a week ago."

"A week? A couple of days, rather! Well, all that is changed now, and he seems supremely indifferent to her flirtations."

"And she to his."

"Oh—I suppose so."

"Do you doubt it?"

"I haven't said so."

"No, but you implied it. Yet she seems enjoying herself immensely."

"Especially when he is in the room. Oh, she is having a very good time undoubtedly, and she wants everybody to know it."

"Well, there's no harm in that."

"Not the least."

"I suppose you think——," but she interrupted him quickly.

"Oh, no, I don't. I never think; it takes too much out of me. I see my partner bearing down upon us, so you must come to what conclusions you please about Trix and her fiance. I know I should come to a very prompt conclusion if I were she, and so would my engagement."

"Take care, she will hear you," he cried warningly, but the warning came too late.

Trix, had they only known it, had heard the words distinctly; but they were not altogether unexpected, and nothing but her sudden flush betrayed that she had done so. Even the shrewd young matron was left in doubt on the subject, a doubt that her own wishes soon converted into a reassuring certainty, and she easily convinced herself that the girl's heightened color could only have been due to the exertion of dancing or some too flattering remark of her partner's.

"I think this is our dance, Trix?"

The girl turned quickly at the well-known voice, and her blue eyes flashed as she said:

"I had no idea we were so far down the programme as that. Are you sure you are not mistaken?"

"Quite sure; and"—lowering his voice a little—"I really think you had better give me this dance—for the sake of appearances, you know."

"Oh, appearances!" scornfully; yet she took his arm and moved away. "Much you care for appearances."

"I never professed to do so," coolly. "But out of respect to your wishes——"

"You accord me a duty-dance? Thank you. I'm quite willing to let you off it."

"No, no; we'd better go through with it now."

But after a few turns she asked him breathlessly to stop; she was tired, she said, and wanted to rest, and——

"Very well, we will sit it out then," he said. "Shall we make for the stairs? There are a good many exhausted couples there already."

"No; it is hot in the house. Can we not go for a turn on the terrace? It is stifling here."

"As you please," resignedly. "Perhaps it will throw dust more effectually in the eyes of the world."

She made a movement of impatience. "It is rather late to think of that now," she said, as they passed through the open window on to the wide terrace that ran before the whole length of the house.

"Indeed! And why?"

"After your conduct to-night every one must suspect——"

"Pardon me, my conduct can have no interest for you. I no longer presume to criticize yours, and you must be good enough to let mine alone."

"But don't you see that people will talk?"

"Of course, but what of that? They always do."

"Remarks are being made already. Your marked flirtation with that Miss Robinson is——"

"My own affair, and hers, Miss Rainham."

"Oh, you are welcome to amuse yourself," she cried passionately.

"Thank you, I fully intend to."

"But you might surely do it without making a laughing-stock of me."

"I think you exaggerate a little," he replied. "But in any case we are quits on that score. I no longer reproach you, and you are quite free to indulge in as many marked flirtations as you please, so far as I am concerned. What more can I say?"

Nothing, truly; and it is probable he might have said less and yet have given her more satisfaction. The ways of women are wonderful and past finding out; and Trix herself was at a loss to understand why her flirtations had suddenly lost all flavor and ceased to interest her, because they no longer excited the jealous wrath of her sometime lover. She paced along beside him for a few moments in silence, and he saw that her face was very pale—far paler than could be accounted for by the soft summer moonlight.

"I fear you are tired," he said, and there was polite concern in his tone as though he were addressing the merest chance acquaintance, but nothing more. "Shall we return to the house?"

It was too much.

Trix felt that she could bear no more; and, stepping quietly out on the terrace, she wandered off down the garden, and as the glimmering moon shone through the trees overhead she passed on through ever-changing alternations of light and shade, of shine and shadow. The night air fanned her flushed face and dried the hot tears that rose to her blue eyes, but it could not soothe her passionate pain or cool her burning wrath with herself, with Captain Despard, with all the world. This was what her foolish flirtation had brought her to, and now—thanks to Fay's charms—it was too late to repent; he was lost to her, and it would be worse than useless to try and win him back.

Thus thinking she reached the spot where they had agreed to part on that sunny morning nearly a week ago. A rustic seat beneath one of the spreading chestnut trees had been a favorite resting-place with them both in the earlier, happier days of their engagement, and there Trix sat down to reproach herself with her folly and brood over the past before returning to play her part in the brilliantly lighted drawing-room, whence the festive strains of dance music came faintly to her ears.

Presently she looked up with a start. Some one was approaching across the dewy grass, and in another moment Captain Despard stood before her.

"Rather cold for sitting out in that thin dress, is it not?" he asked. "Anyhow, I have taken the liberty to bring you some one else's shawl, which you will oblige me by wearing."

"I am not cold, thank you," she replied, somewhat unsteadily, for she had not yet got her voice quite under control.

"You soon will be, though, if you sit here much longer," and he quietly settled the matter by wrapping the shawl around her.

"I—I am going in again directly."

"Not for a few minutes longer, I think, Trix," he said, in a tone of conviction, as he seated himself near her.

"You forget"—bitterly—"we are alone, Captain Despard. There is no need to keep up appearances now."

"Oh—presently. Miss Robinson can wait a few minutes."

"I am not engaged to her for the next two dances, so if you like to take a turn around the garden—"

"Don't you find her very stupid—after me, you know?"

"On the contrary, she is a most charming companion."

"Really. Why she has absolutely nothing to say."

"I have not discovered it, yet I have seen a good deal of her the last few days. At least whatever she does say she means."

Trix made a little grimace.

"What a very uninteresting person she must be," she said meditatively. "Poor Tom, I had no idea it was as bad as that."

"Do you wish to go round the garden, Miss Rainham, or do you not?" he asked coldly.

"No, I don't. You are too dull for anything and I am engaged for the next two dances if you are not."

"Am I to have the pleasure of taking you in to supper?"

"Yes—for the sake of appearances; but for my own inclinations—no."

"Which is it to be?" he persisted quietly.

"Which do you advise?" she asked, pausing at the window and facing him in the moonlight. "I'll leave it to you."

"I advise nothing," looking back into the blue eyes steadily. "Please yourself."

"I will—and Mr. Marchmont! He has been bothering about it all the evening."

"Quite right; don't disappoint him, Trix. I must resign you now to your next partner."

So they parted—pleasantly, for it was in the flaunting gaslight; and the eyes of the world—their little world—were upon them.

Trix felt convinced that she should find Charley Marchmont—the eldest son of the house, and a very good-looking young fellow—far more agreeable company than the man she had jilted; but though she worked very hard, and strove to be her usual gay, coquettish self, the attempt was by no means so successful as could have been wished; and young Marchmont had never found her so difficult to get on with as he did that night.

It is possible that the sight of Captain Despard sitting in the conservatory, engaged in earnest conversation with Fay Robinson—who was looking prettier than ever in the subdued light—may have had something to do with her ill-humor. But, however that may have been, Captain Despard appeared to enjoy himself amazingly, and Trix could not but feel that he had somehow succeeded in turning the tables upon her in a most humiliating manner.

And yet he had kept his word to her in every respect. She had nothing really to reproach him with, and that was the most annoying part of the matter.

CHAPTER III.

Five days have passed since Trix and Captain Despard had decided that their engagement had better cease, and the last evening had come.

On the morrow they were both to leave the pleasant country house where they had spent the last few weeks together; but they had scarcely exchanged half a dozen words save in the presence of others since the night of the dance; and these few had not been of a nature to modify the strained relations which existed between them.

On this last evening there was again a dance at the manor-house, to which many brother officers of Captain Despard's was also expected, but he had only arrived after dinner was over, and dancing had already begun before Trix saw him.

She had wondered whether Captain Despard would take an early opportunity of introducing him to her, and smiled rather drearily at the thought of what a base fraud she was, posing as his fiancee, while all the time they were only waiting till this visit should be over to announce that their engagement was broken off forever. Of course, if he was really trying to keep up appearances, he could scarcely fail to do so; and Trix watched with rising excitement for the arrival of this brother-officer of her lost lover's, of whom she had often heard him speak in terms of warm affection.

They entered together, and, without so much as a glance in her direction, passed on into the conservatory, where she had seen Miss Robinson disappear not five minutes before.

"True. I suppose it must have been the associations of this place that almost made me forget. Your hint was most opportune."

"Indeed! And why?"

"I might have forgotten altogether, and gone on forgetting, and that would have been extremely awkward."

"Why do you stay here?" she asked, abruptly. "Fay Robinson will be wondering what has become of you."

"I think not."

"But she will miss you."

"No"; and he laughed as at some pleasant recollection. "Miss Robinson will gladly spare me for awhile."

"I don't understand you."

"No? Have you ever understood me, do you think? Though we were engaged for six weeks I doubt whether you ever really understood me."

"'We were engaged,'" she repeated, and there was a little catch in her breath that almost stopped the words. "Yes; it is over now."

"Do you regret it, Trix?" he said, softly.

There was no answer for a moment, and he watched her in silence. How pretty she looked in the pale moonlight, even though her face was carefully averted from him, and he could see nothing but her delicate profile against the dark shadows beyond. The light dress she wore and the white filmy shawl harmonized admirably with her exquisite coloring, and gave her an ethereal look that was not usual to her and charmed by its very novelty.

"Do you regret it?" she repeated; and Trix, instead of answering, turned upon him with a desperate effort to recover her usual careless gayety of manner.

"Why do you stay here asking impossible questions? Don't you hear that they are playing your favorite waltz? Why don't you go in and amuse yourself?"

"Because I can amuse myself far better out here," he replied deliberately.

"Oh! have you and Miss Robinson quarreled?"

"Certainly not. Whatever put that idea into your head?"

"I thought— I can't understand why you are here."

"Do you wish to know?" he asked. "You told me to flirt with whom I pleased, you may remember?"

"Yes," as he paused for a reply.

"Well, it pleases me to flirt with you—you have no objection, Trix?"

"Flirt—with me!" she cried. "Oh, how can you, Tom? It—it is insulting after all that has passed."

"Why? That it is past is your doing, not mine," he said quietly. "It is our last evening together, you know."

"I know." Her voice was almost inaudible now.

"And to-morrow we shall part forever."

"Yes."

"So you may as well be kind for once, dear."

"Kind!" she echoed bitterly. "How can you ask me to be kind? You forget that I am a flirt! That I care for nothing and nobody but myself! That I—oh, Tom; go away and leave me to myself."

"All in good time; but I want to say something to you first, Trix, give me your hand a moment—the one with the badge of slavery upon it—you are not going to refuse me that, surely? It is for the last time, you know. Now, see here," as she let him take her slender white fingers. "If ever—or I ought rather to say whenever—you are engaged to another man who loves you, don't treat him as you have treated me. You may do it once too often, and hurt yourself at last."

"Then you did love me once?" she said, raising her wistful blue eyes to his.

"No; for I love you now and always—to my sorrow?"

"What, flirt though I am?"

"Yes; if I had loved you less we might have hit it off better. But I couldn't look on contentedly while the woman I cared for flirted with other fellows. I must be all or nothing to her."

The white fingers trembled in his own. There were tears in her voice as she replied:

"And do you think it was pleasant for me to see you and Fay Robinson always together? Do you not know—"

"I said the 'woman I cared for.' Trix, I cannot flatter myself that I am the man for whom you care."

"Oh, Tom, forgive me! I do care—I do, indeed!" she cried, and with that the long pent-up storm of emotion grew too strong for her, and she broke into passionate tears.

"Trix, dearest! are you sure, quite sure?" he said, tenderly, as he drew her to him until the golden head rested on his shoulder. "Remember, it must be all or nothing now! I love you too well to have you unless that is clearly understood."

"And you, Tom—I love you, too," wistfully.

"Oh, you need not fear for me," he laughed. "I am no flirt by nature, but only by expediency."

"And Fay——"

"Is a good little soul, dear, and has been privately engaged for some time to Bob Grey. They said I might tell you, but don't let it go any further at present. That is why he came here to-night."

"And does she know——"

"That I love you better than all the world besides? Yes, of course, she does, and nothing else matters."

"No," she said, thoughtfully, "nothing else matters—now. But, oh, Tom, you made me very miserable."

"And you me, darling; so we may cry quits there! After all, you treated me very badly, and I only gave you tit for tat!"—All the Year Round.

A BACHELOR'S VIEWS.

A pipe, a book,
A cosy nook,
A fire—at least its embers;
A dog, a glass—
'Tis thus we pass
Such hours as one remembers.

Who'd wish to wed?
Poor Cupid's dead
These thousand years I wager.
The modern maid
Is but a jade,
Not worth the time to cage her.

In silken gown
To "take" the town
Her first and last ambition.
What good is she
To you or me
Who have but a "position."

So let us drink
To her—but think
Who has to keep her:
And sans a wife
Let's spend our life
In bach'lordom—it's cheaper.
—Washington Post.

BRILLIANT EVENT.

Lafayette's Great Granddaughter Married.

One Precious Relic—The Sword That Was Presented to the True Friend of America.

PARIS, July 14, 1894.—Very brilliant was the assembly this morning at the Church of Saint Pierre de Chaillot, where was celebrated the marriage of Count des Courtis with Mlle. d'Assailly. This marriage is of especial interest to Americans, because the bride is the great-great-granddaughter of General de Lafayette. It will be remembered that one of the hero's daughters married the Marquis de Lasteyrie and her daughter became Countess d'Assailly, wife of the celebrated diplomat under Louis Philippe.

The granddaughter of Countess d'Assailly is the bride of to-day. Count des Courtis de la Groye is lieutenant in the Tenth Regiment of cuirassiers, and an officer for whom a fine future is predicted. The family Courtis de la Groye dates from the thirteenth century and is allied to the reigning family of Monaco. All its principal members have been soldiers, and at the battle of Pavia four Counts des Courtis perished in defending Francis I. Both Count des Courtis and his bride descend from General Baron d'Espagnac, the companion of Marechal de Saxe. He fought at Fontenoy, and in this battle the French conquered the English. This memorable day gave birth to the saying, "Apres vous Messieurs les Anglais." When the head of the English column was stopped fifty paces from the French guards the officers saluted and Lord Hay, taking off his plumed hat, said, "Gentlemen of the French guard, fire."

The Baron d'Espagnac, uncovering in his turn, then cried out: "After you, gentlemen of England; we never fire first."

This politeness cost the French very dear. A terrible volley entirely carried away the front ranks; but, in spite of all, the French won the battle, and afterward the Baron d'Espagnac became Governor of the Hotel des Invalides.

The father of the young Countess des Courtis possesses the sword presented to General de Lafayette by the army of the United States. This sword, of exquisite workmanship, was exhibited at the World's Fair, Chicago, and has just been brought back to France. It is of massive gold, and during the Reign of Terror the wife of General de Lafayette, fearing that it might be taken from her, buried it in the garden. When again it was brought to light the blade was destroyed by rust, and after the 18th Brumaire, Lafayette replaced the blade by that of the sword which was made from a lock of the Bastile, offered him by the French in 1791.

Count d'Assailly also possesses a precious souvenir, one left him by his mother. It is a Sevres liqueur service given by Louis XVI to Washington. At Washington's death it became the property of Lafayette.

The Countess des Courtis is also a niece of the famous Mme. de Remusat, whose maiden name was De Lasteyrie. The Lafayette family had its origin in Auvergne, and is only second to the Polignacs, who, from the most ancient times, have held the first place in this province. The home of the Lafayettes was the Castle of Chavaniac. This castle exists still, although it was pillaged during the revolution of 1793. During the Reign of Terror the Marquise de Lafayette (nee Duchess de Noailles) was arrested and imprisoned at Chavaniac. "I am Favettiste," said she, "It is a party for which I would gladly give my life."

The first Lafayette mentioned in history was Marechal Gilbert de Lafayette, who was killed in battle against the English while fighting for the cause of Charles VII. This King, surnamed the Victorious, regained his kingdom from the English in the fifteenth century.

The men of the Lafayette family have never been known to trouble themselves about the place where they should be buried. From father to son they all died on the field of battle. Our Lafayette, who bravely challenged death on both continents, is the only Lafayette of the old regime who died in his bed. Like his ancestors he cared not where he should be buried, and perhaps this explains the extreme simplicity of his tomb. To this day it is sadly neglected. An American who recently visited the cemetery of Picpus, says he found a ragged American flag on the grave and this he replaced by a new one.

Although the cemetery of Picpus is curious and characteristic, it is unknown to most Parisians. When Prince de Salm perished by the revolutionary guillotine, his body was thrown in a field called Picpus. The mother of the unfortunate Prince bought the land where had been placed her son's remains and surrounded it with walls. Soon, around the tomb of Salm, were placed the tombs of members of the French aristocracy—victims of the terrible guillotine—and now we read the names of Polignac, Montmorency, Nadaillac, Talleyrand, Noailles, etc. A well-known French Duchess once said: "At Picpus, at least, one has the consolation of decaying with one's own set."

BARONESS ALTHEA SALVADOR.

Gems and Paste.

The devoted wife seemed not at all disconcerted, although his anguish was plainly poignant.

"Certainly," she answered. "I had just as lief sell my diamonds and wear paste ones as not. Of course—"

For the first time a shade of anxiety swept across her face.

"—I will still have a detective to follow me about when I wear them."

Yes, indeed, that would be arranged.—Detroit Tribune.

HORSE LORE FOR WOMEN.

Miss Russell Gives Her Ideas About the Courtesies of Horsemanship.

I was riding in Golden Gate Park one day this spring when I beheld a mounted party of young people, some of them not so very young, either, coming toward me at a smart canter. Just as they neared me I noticed three ladies walking quietly along the edge of the broad driveway, having taken this route as a short cut to one of the footpaths. Knowing I would have to pass them I drew Madame to a trot, but our party of young people, some of them not so very young, dashed by the ladies without slacking their rhythmic canter, swooped on past me and around a bend of the road, serenely unconscious that they had done a thing for which they deserved nothing less than ostracism from good equestrian society.

To crown the enormity the party was accompanied by one who appeared to be their teacher. His instructions must certainly be valuable, unaccompanied as they appeared to be by any hint of equestrian etiquette.

I plead guilty to not being much of a stickler for etiquette, myself. I do not regard it as an unpardonable sin to have ten buttons on a habit coat when others are wearing but eight. I would not cut a friend for appearing in the park with a colored collar and a silk hat, although I would recommend to a pupil of my own either to discard the tile or don a white collar. I would not even consider a shoulder-cape an unpardonable breach of decorum, although when I saw a lady wearing one, the other day, as she cantered through the park, I was irresistibly reminded of one of Macbeth's witches; but there are certain rules of the road that good breeding and kindly feeling both dictate, and one of them is that which requires every well-bred equestrian to draw rein and pass pedestrians at a trot, or, in the case of a gentleman passing a lady, at a walk.

As I in my turn passed the three pedestrians I noticed that one of the party, an elderly lady, had not even yet recovered from the trepidation into which the nasty onslaught had thrown her. "There's another one," she exclaimed apprehensively, and crowded still closer into the little embankment skirting the road.

Such an encounter is disconcerting enough even on a well-kept park road. To be passed at a gallop on a dusty highway by some thoughtless fellow is exasperating in the extreme. I have, even in California, seen a rider dash through a city street scattering mud in the faces of foot passengers at every crosswalk.

There are two reasons why the thorough horsewoman should pull up her mount upon meeting a pedestrian. One, and the major one, is that no lady desires to appear rude or inconsiderate of another's feelings; the other is that to draw up and pass at a trot often gives opportunity for a very pretty exhibition of skill on the part of both horse and rider. The former soon learns what is expected of him and after a few lessons will come to a trot very promptly and gracefully when occasion demands.

Another thing equestrians should remember is never to come up behind a driven horse and pass at a gallop without first noting whether the animal is being frightened by your rapid motion. The sound of galloping hoofs is apt to excite a driven horse, especially if he is wearing blinders, and I have seen two dangerous runaways from this cause. If you note that the horse in front of you shows signs of alarm draw rein and pass at a trot. Some horses are frightened at a rider anyway. In that case get by as quietly as possible, but make it a point to pass at the first opportunity, as otherwise you are causing both horse and rider unnecessary anxiety.

Of course the horsewoman does not need to be told that it is her place to keep out of the way of vehicles. She has the advantage of being able to turn and avoid collisions more readily than a driver can do yet. I once saw a lady on a jolly little runner overtake and rush past two driven horses whose owners were having a speed brush on a broad avenue. She passed on the right, thereby violating a rule of the road, passed too closely, tearing her habit on a wheel of one of the light road wagons, and then scolded roundly at the carelessness of drivers who did not know enough to get out of the way.

If you are riding with a party the pace will, of course, be set to suit that of the slowest horse. Unless this is done some one will be made to feel the mortification of having but an indifferent mount, and, if the ride is a long one, the pleasure of the return will be marred by having to accommodate the pace to that of one or more jaded and done-up horses. It is not considered good form for a lady, accompanied by a gentleman, to ride at a trot if her escort's horse is cantering. It may frequently happen in this part of the country, where our saddle horses are still for the most part trained in the old Spanish fashion, that he has a horse that knows nothing of trotting under the saddle, and if his companion is trotting while his mount canters he rests under the imputation of being a less skillful rider, or the scarcely less mortifying inference is that his horse has been "pushed off his feet"; that is, cannot maintain the pace at a trot.

You should teach your horse, as one of his earliest lessons, to start off at a given signal as soon as you are mounted and ready. This signal had best be the pressure of your left heel against his flank. Do not start him by the chirrup, or even by the tap of the whip. If you accustom him to either of these you will some day be an unmitigated nuisance in some party of riders whose horses will all start off whenever you endeavor to move yours. If you desire company and to be a desirable companion on your rides avoid urging your horse by voice and whip. I have had more than one ride spoiled by a companion whose constant flourishing of the whip and senseless hissing of the air in encouragement of her steed kept me constantly on the qui vive against the plunges and starts of my own nervous mount.

Another thing unexperienced riders are fond of doing, and which is often exceedingly disconcerting to their companions, is suddenly to challenge to a race and set the example, while yet the others are unprepared. I remember being once one of a party riding along a level country road. Our horses were all fresh and had had just enough of a warming-up to make them ready to go at a word.

"Now for a race," cried one of our number, and with a swish of his lash in the air off he started, rising from a walk to a mad run. The effect upon the party was electrical. Every horse started in pursuit, and there was a hurried gathering of reins and settling of seats, for we had all been riding at ease. One luckless rider was dismounted by her horse's sudden rush, another received a severe wrench of one wrist and I myself was thrown forward on my horse's neck, my forehead coming violently in contact with her suddenly raised head.

There was one old cavalryman in the party and he read that unlucky youth such a lecture as does my heart good to recall, even at this date, but I have had very similar experiences on occasions when there was no cavalryman along nor any one else who seemed rightly to understand the intents and purposes of rightly applied profanity.

Another disagreeable companion is she who is constantly talking horse. A little comparison of notes when riding is quite inevitable among horsewomen as with horsemen, but a little of the subject goes a great way. I have had companions who on a ride insisted upon giving the minute details of it seemed to me every other ride they had ever taken, and all the peculiarities of every horse they had ever backed. The horsey young man is bad enough, but the horsey young woman is a pest, pure and simple, for she usually knows very little of what she is talking about.

Unless you are asked to do so, do not criticize your companion's seat, habit or method of holding the reins, or make any suggestion about these. The man or woman who knows anything at all about horses is usually convinced that he or she knows it all, and you are treading upon very delicate ground when you attempt to advise on the subject. I know of no sterner test of friendship and self-command than to lend a friend a mount and then go to ride with him.

If you are driving your own horse and ask a friend to take the reins, resign yourself to suffer in silence whatever pangs assail you. Admonitions will spring to your lips by the hundred, advice, warning, suggestion, and you will be one woman in a thousand if you keep them all behind your teeth. I have driven for friends, at their request, who in return have made life a burden to me with their perfectly innocent advice and anxiety.

The one essential to enjoyment both for yourself, your companions, your attendants or those whom you may meet on your rides is kindliness and good-nature. I have ridden with crack whips, who knew every trick of the trade, just at what angle to hold the elbows, just what fingers to advance, what ones to double in, how to leap, to trot, canter, singlefoot and lope—and yet whose very skill and superciliousness over others' shortcomings made them the most disagreeable of companions. On the other hand, a jolly little girl, whose sole accomplishment in horsemanship may be to "stick on" and keep up with the procession is often the most desirable of comrades on a ride, just by reason of her kindly spirit and sweet temper.

Remember that when mounted on a horse you have it in your power to command admiration and cause pleasure as much by your manner as by your skill, while the most consummate horsemanship on your part will not atone for any disregard for the little courtesies and considerations for the feelings of others.

MISS RUSSELL.

WHAT IS RIGHT TO DO.

Something That Everybody Should Read and Remember.

Many a time a person who has lived, moved and had his or her being among cultivated people from infancy wonders at the to them extraordinary questions regarding the correct demeanor under certain conditions that are asked by those ignorant of the details of social laws. "Why, common sense ought to teach them what is right to do!" is the usual exclamation, but common sense does not always prove a wise teacher, for what a rural denizen may regard as common sense the dweller in town would look upon as most uncommon sense, indeed.

In order to answer these questions most frequently met with in the correspondents' column of a newspaper or fashion journal, says the Philadelphia Times, the following brief hints have been compiled. If a young man resolves upon adopting city life after a long residence in the country he had better secure letters of introduction to at least the family in his new home, for he thus wards off that absolutely friendless and depressing loneliness that comes in the midst of a crowd of strange faces. The letter of introduction is valuable also in that it is a help along the road of city ways and forms, for even though the acquaintances to whom he is introduced are not practically in society, their company and example will rub off the shy corners gradually and show him silently in what way he is different from town-bred folks.

A young man is always correctly attired if he wears evening clothes when calling upon a lady after 6 o'clock, though at first he may feel that he is too dressed up. With this attire the watchchain should not be visible, and the quietest of studs and sleeve-buttons are alone permissible. There is nothing that so exposes personal vulgarity as an undue display of jewelry.

A man should be just as careful about his nails as a woman. Even though his hand is large and red the refining influences of care are bound, sooner or later, to make their impression upon it.

When a man comes to call formally he should be careful not to stop over fifteen minutes, and while he is in the drawing-room nervous fidgeting about and a disposition to walk the floor should be at once suppressed. The occasion of his first evening call he should send in his card, though this formality may be dispensed with when he grows more friendly with the parties he is visiting.

To be late for a dinner party is a breach of etiquette scarcely to be pardoned. It is second only to asking for another helping of soup. In traveling do not relate to chance acquaintances all your past history or talk at any time for the benefit of your fellow-passengers. Your affairs are no concern of theirs, and a pretty good motto to follow through life at all times and in places is, "Keep your mouth shut." Any undue levity or other action liable to make you conspicuous anywhere should be avoided.

At a public entertainment if a man escorts a lady or party it is his duty to show them every attention in his power. Hot words with ushers or waiters, though frequently willfully provoked, should be restrained in the presence of ladies. It seems hardly necessary to add that the person inviting the company or single individual is responsible for all expenses incurred, and any woman offering to pay for car fare or entertainment ticket not only embarrasses her escort needlessly, but breaks one of the strongest cardinal principles of good form.

To make the first step a sound and successful one the man or woman with social aspirations should be scrupulously attentive to the details of the toilet. The morning bath must become a religious rite to be punctually performed. Never be conspicuous in dress. A woman should never appear at a hotel breakfast table in wrapper or tea gown, nor a man in slippers and lounging coat. These comforts, though allowable in one's own home before noon, are glaring evidence of mistaken manners if donned in public. Diamonds, it is needless to remark, are vulgar if displayed with morning style.

Always avoid personalities. They are a mark of ill breeding. Never forget an engagement or criticize a meal. Be extravagant in the choice of your stationery, your linen, your gloves and your shoes. These four intimate guideposts speak loudly of the world of character and refinement or the absence of it. Answer all letters promptly, endeavoring to make them as legible as possible, instead of trying to so construct the words that they may more reasonably be taken for anything other than what they really are. Make politeness your watchword. Courtesy is never wasted, even when bestowed upon a dependent. Cultivate a low voice and a repose of manner. Be respectful to the aged, select good friends and good books, and, though it may seem hard to get on at first, a persistent following of these simple rules will be bound to show their refining influence sooner or later.

In a Cockleshell.

A novel experiment in ocean navigation is to be attempted by a Nottingham enthusiast, who has been occupying himself for a year past with the construction of a boat in which he proposes to cross the Atlantic during the present summer. The vessel, which is built of iron, and is entirely of his own design and make, is only 10 feet 6 inches long, with 3 feet beam and 2 feet 6 inches depth, and is thus the smallest craft that has ever attempted such an adventurous voyage. It has what is known as a "whaleback" deck, and the cabin, lighted by glass windows at the side, will be completely watertight when closed, fresh air being obtained by pipes. Should the tiny craft be overturned the inventor claims that it will automatically right itself. She will be fitted with a 10-foot mast from the fore deck, with jib and mainsail, and additional motive power will be supplied by a geared handscrew. The inventor intends to start from Nottingham, sailing down the Trent to Hull, and making for the Atlantic by way of the English Channel. He expects that the trip will occupy something over a month.—London Telegraph.