

THE ENTERPRISE.

J. H. SMITH, Proprietor.

WELLINGTON, OHIO.

INTO THE FUTURE.

Little faces clustered round my knees. With earnest eyes, that gaze into mine own, would that a keener sight were given me, to read their destiny to me unknown.

And if beside the way I weary grow, Till crushed and broken lies my heart and soul. My Heavenly Father dearest thou to me.

MOAT-GRANGE.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED. The Frenchwoman put the tip of one of her white fingers (very white they were, and bore some valuable rings) upon the glove of her visitor, and then passed carelessly through the door to the next room.

"Tenez—pardon, madame," quoth she, as soon as Selina joined her, and speaking in scraps of French and English, as was her custom; though she spoke both languages equally well, baring her accent of ours; which was more than could be said for the clientelle, taking them collectively, and hence, perhaps, the origin of her having acquired the habit.

"What are they?" cried Selina, with breathless interest. "I have not shown them to anybody; I have kept them in my pocket. I said to my assistants: 'You put that up, and don't let it be seen till Mme. Dairemp comes. It's a robe de chambre—une robe!'—impressively repeated madame, turning up the whites of her eyes—ma chere dame, it could only have been made for you! Je l'ai dit de suite."

"Selina's eyes sparkled. She thought herself the especial protegee of the Damereau establishment—as many another had thought before, and would again. "Is it silk?" she inquired. "No, Dentelle. Mais, quelle dentelle! Elle—"

"Only fifteen guineas, remonstrated Selina, "and that includes the collar. 'I will take these sleeves,' she added to the young woman. "Thank you, ma'am." "Those are pretty, that muslin pair." "Very pretty, ma'am, for morning. Will you allow me to put these up with the others?"

"I don't mind. Yes. I saw Lord Winchester just now," Selina resumed to Mrs. Cleveland. "I did not know he had returned." "Only since a day or two, I believe. My husband does not—"

"Oh, what a love of a bonnet!" unceremoniously interrupted Mrs. Dalrymple, as her eye rested on a gossamer article, all white lace and beauty, with something green sparkling and shining in it.

"Ah," said madame, coming forward, "ce chapeau me rend trista chaque fois que je le vois." "Pouquoi?" demanded Selina, who was not quite sure of her French, but liked to plunge into a word of it now and then.

"Three que je ne suis pas dame, jeune et belle. Ainsi je ne peux que le regarder de loin. Mais madame est l'une et l'autre." Selina blushed and smiled; and fixed her eyes on the bonnet.

"It is a charming bonnet," observed Mrs. Cleveland. "What is the price?" "Thirteen guineas, ma'am." "Thirteen guineas!" Mrs. Cleveland pursed up her mouth. Such bonnets were not for her.

"I don't know what to say," hesitated Selina. "A hundred guineas! It is very high. That last lace one I bought three weeks ago was only sixty." "What was that lace one compared with this?" was madame's indignant rejoinder. "That was nothing but common Gulpure. Look at what the effect of this will be! Ah, madame, if you do not take it, I shall not sleep; I shall be vexed to my heart. Milady Grey did come to me yesterday for a lace dress; I told milady I should have one in a week's time. I did not care for her to see it first, for she is shorter, and she does not set off the things well. I know she would give me one hundred and twenty for this, and glad to get it."

This was the climax. Lady Grey, a young and pretty woman, dressed as extravagantly as did Mrs. Dalrymple, and there was a hidden rivalry between the two. Mme. Damereau accented it, and was not backward in playing each off as a decoy-duck to the other.

"If I do take it," said Selina, "I must have a slip of that peach glace to wear under it." "And charming it will look," observed madame. "But could I have them home by to-morrow night for Lady Burnham's party?"

"Certainly, madame can." "Very well, then," concluded Selina. "Or stop, would white look better under it, after all? I have ever so many white glace slips." Madame's opinion was, that no color, even seen in the earth or in the air, could, or would, look as well as the peach. Milady Grey could not wear peach; she was too dark.

"Yes, I'll decide upon the peach-blossom," concluded Selina. "But that is not a good silk, is it?" "Si, Mais ci. C'est de la soie quite." "And that is all, I think, for to-day." "What head-dress will Mme. Dalrymple wear with this to-morrow night?"

"Ah! that's well thought of. It must be either white or peach." "Or mixed. Cherchez la boite, numero deux," quietly added madame to an attendant. Box number two was brought. And madame disentangled from its contents of flowers a beautiful wreath of peach-blossom and white, with crystallized leaves. "They came in only to-day," she said. Which was true.

collar—what did I say for that, Miss Wells? "Fifteen guineas, ma'am, and the handkerchief nine." "Sleeves, collar, and handkerchief of Venice point, twenty-four guineas," read Mrs. Cooper. "She must be rich, this Mrs. Dalrymple." "Comme ca, for that," quoth madame. "She has had for more than a thousand pounds in the last six weeks. I suppose you are sure of her, Mme. Damereau? She is a new customer this season."

"I wish I was as sure of getting to Paris next year," responded madame. "Her husband has not long come into the estate. Their money is all right. These young brides will dress and have their fling, and let them, say I. These Dalremps are friends of the Clivlands, which is quite sufficient passport. You can go on now to Mme. Clivland, Mrs. Cooper; one black mantle, silk and lace, three pounds ten shillings, and one fancy straw bonnet, blue trimmings, three guineas."

"Is that all for Mrs. Cleveland?" Madame shrugged her shoulders. "That's all. I would not give thank you for the custom of Mme. Clivland; but they are well connected." "There was Mrs. Dalrymple's wreath," interrupted Miss Atkinson, referring to a pencil list in her hand.

"Yes, I forgot," answered madame. "What were those wreaths invoiced to us at, Miss Wells? This is the first sold." "Twenty-nine and sixpence each, ma'am." "Peach-and-white crystallized wreath, Mrs. Cooper, if you please. Forty-nine shillings." "Forty-nine shillings," concluded Mrs. Cooper, making the entry. "Is that all, then, for Mrs. Dalrymple?" "That was all, and a pretty good 'all,' too.

But Selina Dalrymple didn't seem to think so. I tell you the mania was upon her. One bright morning, about a fortnight afterward, when the sun was shining brilliantly and the skies were blue, and the streets warm and dusky, she sat in the breakfast-room with her husband. The late meal was over, and Selina was drumming her pretty foot on the floor, and not looking the essence of good-humor. She wore a richly-embroidered white dress with pink ribbons. Her delicate features and her damask cheeks were softened by a white lace—something—it was certainly not a cap. Mr. Dalrymple's eyes had rarely rested on a fairer woman, and his heart knew it too well.

"Selina, I asked you last night whether you intended to go to Lady Burnham's breakfast at that rural villa of theirs. Of course if you go I will accompany you, but otherwise I have some business I should like to attend to on Thursday." "I can't go," answered Selina. "I have nothing to wear." "Nothing to wear?" "Nothing on earth." "How can you say so?" "I did think of ordering a suitable toilette for it, and was at Damereau's about it yesterday. But after what you said last night—"

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