

# OUT OF THE CITY: A STORY OF THE NEW WOMAN.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

(CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.)

"I can do a mile on the cinder track in 4:50 and across country in 5:20, but how is that to help me? I might be a cricket professional, but it is not a very dignified position. Not that I care a straw about dignity, you know, but I should not like to hurt the old lady's feelings."

"Your aunt's?"

"Yes, my aunt's. My parents were killed in the mutiny, you know, when I was a baby, and she has looked after me ever since. She has been very good to me. I'm sorry to leave her."

"But why should you leave her?"

They had reached the garden gate, and the girl leaned her racket upon the top of it, looking up with grave interest at her big, white-flannelled companion.

"It's Browning," said he.

"What?"

"Don't tell my aunt that I said it"—he sank his voice to a whisper—"I hate Browning."

Clara Walker rippled off into such a merry peal of laughter that he forgot the evil things which he had suffered from the poet, and burst out laughing too.

"I can't make him out," said he. "I try, but he is one too many. No doubt it is very stupid of me; I don't deny it. But as long as I cannot there is no use pretending that I can. And then, of course, she feels hurt, for she is very fond of him, and likes to read him aloud in the evenings. She is reading a piece now, 'Pippa Passes,' and I assure you, Miss Walker, that I don't even know what the title means. You must think me a dreadful fool."

"But surely he is not so incomprehensible as all that?" she said, as an attempt at encouragement.

"He is very bad. There are some things, you know, which are fine. That ride of the three Dutchmen, and Herve Riel and others, they are all right. But there was a piece we read last week. The first line stumped my aunt, and it takes a good deal to do that, for she rides very straight. 'Setebos and Setebos and Setebos.' That was the line."

"It sounds like a charm."

"No, it is a gentleman's name. Three gentlemen, I thought, at first, but my aunt says one. Then he goes on, 'Think-eth he dwelleth in the light of the moon.' It was a very trying piece."

Clara Walker laughed again.

"You must not think of leaving your aunt," she said. "Think how lonely she would be without you."

"Well, yes, I have thought of that. But you must remember that my aunt is to all intents hardly middle-aged, and a very eligible person. I don't think that her dislike to mankind extends to individuals. She might form new ties, and then I should be a third wheel in the coach. It was all very well as long as I was only a boy, when her first husband was alive."

"But, good gracious, you don't mean that Mrs. Westmacott is going to marry again?" gasped Clara.

The young man glanced down at her with a question in his eyes. "Oh, it is only a remote possibility, you know," said he. "Still, of course, it might happen, and I should like to know what I ought to turn my hand to."

"I wish I could help you," said Clara. "But I really know very little about such things. However, I could talk to my father, who knows a very great deal of the world."

"I wish you would. I should be so glad if you would."

"Then I certainly will. And now I must say good night, Mr. Westmacott, for papa will be wondering where I am."

"Good night, Miss Walker." He pulled off his flannel cap, and stalked away through the gathering darkness.

Clara had imagined that they had been the last on the lawn, but, looking back from the steps which led up to the French windows, she saw two dark figures moving across toward the house. As they came nearer she could distinguish that they were Harold Denver and her sister Ida. The murmur of their voices rose up to her ears, and then the musical little childlike laugh which she knew so well. "I am so delighted," she heard her sister say. "So pleased and proud. I had no idea of it. Your words were such a surprise and a joy to me. Oh, I am so glad."

"Is that you, Ida?"

"Oh, there is Clara. I must go in, Mr. Denver. Good night!"

There were a few whispered words, a laugh from Ida, and a "Good night, Miss Walker," out of the darkness. Clara took her sister's hand, and they passed together through the long folding window. The doctor had gone into his study, and the dining-room was empty. A single small red lamp upon the sideboard was reflected tenfold by the plate about it and the mahogany beneath it, though its single wick cast but a feeble light into the large, dimly shadowed room. Ida danced off to the

big central lamp, but Clara put her hand upon her arm. "I rather like this quiet light," said she. "Why should we not have a chat?" She sat in the doctor's large red plush chair, and her sister cuddled down upon the footstool at her feet, glancing up at her elder with a smile upon her lips and a mischievous gleam in her eyes. There was a shade of anxiety in Clara's face, which cleared away as she gazed into her sister's frank blue eyes.

"Have you anything to tell me, dear?" she asked.

Ida gave a little pout and shrug to her shoulder. "The solicitor-general then opened the case for the prosecution," said she. "You are going to cross-examine me, Clara, so don't deny it. I do wish you would have that gray satin froulard of yours done up. With a little trimming and a new white vest it would look as good as new, and it is really very dowdy."

"You were quite late upon the lawn," said the inexorable Clara.

"Yes, I was rather. So were you. Have you anything to tell me?" She broke away into her merry musical laugh.

"I was chatting with Mr. Westmacott."

"And I was chatting with Mr. Denver. By the way, Clara, now tell me truly, what do you think of Mr. Denver? Do you like him? Honestly now!"

"I like him very much indeed. I think that he is one of the most gentlemanly, modest, manly young men that I have ever known. So now, dear, have you nothing to tell me?" Clara smoothed down her sister's golden hair with a motherly gesture, and stooped her face to catch the expected confidence. She could wish nothing better than that Ida should be the wife of Harold Denver, and from the words which she had overheard as they left the lawn that evening, she could not doubt that there was some understanding between them.

"That gray froulard dress—" she began.

"Oh, you little tease! Come now, I will ask you what you have just asked me. Do you like Harold Denver?"

"Oh, he's a darling!"

"Ida!"

"Well, you asked me. That's what I think of him. And now, you dear old inquisitive, you will get nothing more out of me; so you must wait and not be too curious. I'm going off to see what papa is doing." She sprang to her feet, threw her arms round her sister's neck, gave her a final squeeze, and was gone. A chorus from Olivette, sung in her clear contralto, grew fainter and fainter until it ended in the slam of a distant door.

But Clara Walker still sat in the dimly lit room with her chin upon her hands, and her dreamy eyes looking out into the gathering gloom. It was the duty of her, a maiden, to play the part of a mother—to guide another in paths which her own steps had not yet trodden. Since her mother died not a thought had been given to herself, all was for her father and her sister. In her own eyes she was herself very plain, and she knew that her manner was often ungracious when she would most wish to be gracious. She saw her face as the glass reflected it, but she did not see the changing play of expression which gave it its charm—the infinite pity, the sympathy, the sweet womanliness which drew toward her all who were in doubt and in trouble, even as poor slow-moving Charles Westmacott had been drawn to her that night. She was herself, she thought, outside the pale of love. But it was very different with Ida, merry, little, quick-witted, bright-faced Ida. She was born for love. It was her inheritance. But she was young and innocent. She must not be allowed to venture too far without help in those dangerous waters. Some understanding there was between her and Harold Denver. In her heart of hearts Clara, like every good woman, was a matchmaker, and already she had chosen Denver of all men as the one to whom she could most safely confide Ida. He had talked to her more than once on the serious topics of life, on his aspirations, on what a man could do to leave the world better for his presence. She knew that he was a man of a noble nature, high-minded and earnest. And yet she did not like this secrecy, this disinclination upon the part of one so frank and honest as Ida to tell her what was passing. She would wait, and if she got the opportunity next day she would lead Harold Denver himself on to this topic. It was possible that she might learn from him what her sister had refused to tell her.

## CHAPTER V.

A NAVAL CONQUEST.



IT WAS the habit of the Doctor and the Admiral to accompany each other upon a morning ramble between breakfast and lunch. The dwellers in those quiet tree-lined roads were accustomed to see the two figures, the long, thin, austere seaman, and the short, bustling, tweed-clad physician, pass and repass with such regularity that a stopped clock has been reset by

them. The Admiral took two steps to his companion's three, but the younger man was the quicker, and both were equal to a good four and a half miles an hour.

It was a lovely summer day which followed the events which have been described. The sky was of the deepest blue, with a few white, fleecy clouds drifting lazily across it, and the air was filled with the low drone of insects or with a sudden sharper note as bee or bluefly shot past with its quivering, long-drawn hum, like an insect tuning-fork. As the friends topped each rise which leads up to the Crystal Palace, they could see the dun clouds of London stretching along the northern skyline, with spire or dome breaking through the low-lying haze. The Admiral was in high spirits, for the morning post had brought good news to his son.

"It was wonderful, Walker," he was saying, "positively wonderful, the way that boy of mine has gone ahead during the last three years. We heard from Pearson today. Pearson is the senior partner, you know, and my boy the junior—Pearson and Denver the firm. Cunning old dog is Pearson, as cute and as greedy as a Rio shark. Yet he goes off for a fortnight's leave, and puts my boy in full charge, with all that immense business in his hands, and a free hand to do what he likes with it. How's that for confidence, and he only three years upon 'Change'?"

"Any one would confide in him. His face is a surety," said the Doctor.

"Go on, Walker!" The Admiral dug his elbow at him. "You know my weak side. Still it's truth all the same. I've been blessed with a good wife and a good son, and maybe I relish them the more for having been cut off from them so long. I have much to be thankful for!"

"And so have I. The best two girls that ever stepped. There's Clara, who has learned up as much medicine as would give her the L. S. A., simply in order that she may sympathize with me in my work. But hullo, what is this coming along?"

"All drawing and the wind astern!" cried the Admiral. "Fourteen knots if it's one. Why, by George, it is that woman!"

A rolling cloud of yellow dust had streamed round the curve of the road, and from the heart of it had emerged a high tandem tricycle flying along at a breakneck pace. In front sat Mrs. Westmacott, clad in a heather tweed pea-jacket, a skirt which just passed her knees and a pair of thick gaiters of the same material. She had a great bundle of red papers under her arm, while Charles, who sat behind her, clad in Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, bore a similar roll protruding from either pocket. Even as they watched, the pair eased up, the lady sprang off, impaled one of her bills upon the garden railing of an empty house, and then jumping on to her seat again was about to hurry onward when her nephew drew her attention to the two gentlemen upon the footpath.

"Oh, now, really I didn't notice you," said she, taking a few turns of the treadle and steering the machine across to them. "Is it not a beautiful morning?"

"Lovely," answered the Doctor. "You seem to be very busy."

"I am very busy." She pointed to the colored paper which was still fluttering from the railing. "We have been pushing our propaganda, you see. Charles and I have been at it since seven o'clock. It is about our meeting. I wish it to be a great success. See!" She smoothed out one of the bills, and the Doctor read his own name in great black letters across the bottom.

"We don't forget our chairman, you see. Everybody is coming. Those two dear little old maids opposite, the Williamses, held out for some time; but I have their promise now. Admiral, I am sure that you wish us well."

"Hum! I wish you no harm, ma'am."

"You will come on the platform?"

"I'll be—No, I don't think I can do that."

"To our meeting, then?"

"No, ma'am; I don't go out after dinner."

"Oh yes, you will come. I will call in if I may, and chat it over with you when you come home. We have not breakfasted yet. Good-bye!" There was a whir of wheels, and the yellow cloud rolled away down the road again. By some legerdemain the Admiral found that he was clutching in his right hand one of the obnoxious bills. He crumpled it up, and threw it into the roadway.

"I'll be hanged if I go, Walker," said he, as he resumed his walk. "I've never been hustled into doing a thing yet, whether by woman or man."

"I'm not a betting man," answered the Doctor, "but I rather think that the odds are in favor of your going."

The Admiral had hardly got home, and had just seated himself in his dining-room, when the attack upon him was renewed. He was slowly and lovingly unfolding the Times preparatory to the long read which led up to luncheon, and had even got so far as to fasten his golden pince-nez on to his thin, high-bridged nose, when he heard a crunching of gravel, and, looking over the top of his paper, he saw Mrs. Westmacott coming up the garden walk. She was still dressed in the singular costume which offended the sailor's old-fashioned notions of propriety, but he could not deny, as he looked at her, that she was a very fine woman. In many climes he had looked upon women of all shades and ages, but never upon a more clear-cut, handsome face, nor a more erect, supple, and womanly figure. He ceased to glower as he gazed upon her, and the frown smoothed away from his rugged brow.

"May I come in?" said she, framing herself in the open window, with a background of green sward and blue sky. "I feel like an invader deep in an enemy's country."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

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## Churches and the Census.

The growth of the churches of the United States as shown by the last census—the portion of the work bearing on this subject being just off the press—keeps equal pace with the very rapid increase of educational institutions in the number of communicants in evangelical churches is more rapid even than the astonishing increase in the total population.

The communicants in all the churches number 20,612,889, which shows that 22.91 per cent. of the total population are members of the churches and that of the population over 10 years of age 43.49 per cent. are church members. Not only has the membership of the churches increased with unexampled rapidity, but the value of church property has been augmented nearly 100 per cent. since 1870, while the number of church organizations has expanded 126 per cent. in twenty years.

There never was a time in the history of this country that the churches were making such rapid advances as the present, nor was there ever a period in which church influence was so aggressive and far-reaching. It has overstepped educational and philanthropic limits and invaded the domain of politics. Christian citizenship is as much talked about now as was the Sunday school twenty-five years ago.

In a country like the United States, with no state religion, and one in which religious instruction is excluded from the public schools, such growth and development of church influence and power shows a marvelous vitality. The old-repeated declaration, that all educated thought tends directly to religious ends seems to be fully verified in this country, for religious sentiment is fully abreast with the facilities for the higher education of the people.—Chicago Record.

## Old Heads and Young Hearts

You sometimes see conjoined in elderly individuals, but seldom behold an old man or woman as exempt from infirmities as in youth. But these infirmities may be mitigated in great measure by the daily and regular use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an invigorant, anti-rheumatic and sustaining medicine of the highest order, which also removes dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness and kidney trouble. It is adapted to the use of the most delicate and feeble.

## Gratuitous Insertion.

"That's all right!"

The advertising manager leaned over the prostrate form of the burglar whom he had caught in his room. He had struck the robber blind, but his hand was injured by the blow.

"I put it in a bold-faced type," he murmured. Then kicking the fallen robber, he again scanned the man's face.

"Nicely illustrated with cuts," he continued, "but I'll not charge you for the display."

When the man went behind a cloud and wept, while the stricken thief groaned inwardly.—New York World.

**FITB**—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free. Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 233 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

## A Close Imitation.

Police Justice—"What's the charge against this man?"

"Impersonating an officer."

"What did he do?"

"He walked up to a street vendor's stand and took a handful of peanuts."

**CONDUCTOR E. D. LOOMIS**, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Robert E. Scott, who died at Augusta, Wisconsin, the other day, was a nephew of Sir Walter Scott, being the fifth child of Charles Scott, a younger brother of the author. He was born in 1820 and came to this country in 1844.

**If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.**

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, **Mrs. WILSON'S SOOTHING SYRUP** for Children Teething.

The British Tories are now convinced that they have a fairly good motor.

The more one uses **Parker's Ginger Tonic** the more its good qualities are revealed in dispelling colds, indigestion, pain and every kind of weakness.

The young Jewish element of Dublin, Ireland, has organized a Young Men's Hebrew association. Quite a large number have already signed the roll. It will be the first of its kind in Ireland.

Walking-wound ointment is a pleasure worn it not for the corns. These pills are easily removed with **Hindercorns**, 50c at druggists.

Prof. Cyrus Adler of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, has in hand a reproduction of the tower of Babel as described in the Assyrian records, which is to be one of the sights at the Atlanta exposition.



Old Rip Van Winkle went up into the Catskill mountains to take a little nap of twenty years or so, and when he wakened, he found that the "cruel war was over," the monthly magazines had "fought it over" the second time and "blown up" all the officers that had participated in it. This much is history, and it is also an historical fact that it took the same length of time, for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to become the most celebrated, as it is the most effective, Liver, Blood and Lung Remedy of the age. In purifying the blood and in all manner of pimples, blotches, eruptions, and other skin and scalp diseases, scrofulous sores and swellings, and kindred ailments, the "Golden Medical Discovery" manifests the most positive curative properties.

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Baron Edmond de Rothschild has purchased the recently exhumed specimens of Roman silver works found near Pompeii, and has presented his collection to the National Museum of Paris.

**Reduced Rates to the East via the Union Pacific System.**

To Boston and return August 15-23.  
To Louisville, Ky., and return Sept. 6-8.  
For additional information call or write to Geo. Ady, Passenger Agent, 941 17th street, Denver, Colo.

Governor Atkinson of Georgia has entirely recovered, but he needn't think that he can be nominated for president on any appendicitis record alone.

**"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."**

Warranted to cure money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

The Russian government is about to establish a medical school for women, and it designs to exclude Jewish women from entrance therein.

We think Pilsa's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for coughs.—Jennie Pluckard, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894.

If women's sleeves get much bigger than they are now it will be necessary for them to wear anything else.

## Denver Directory.

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