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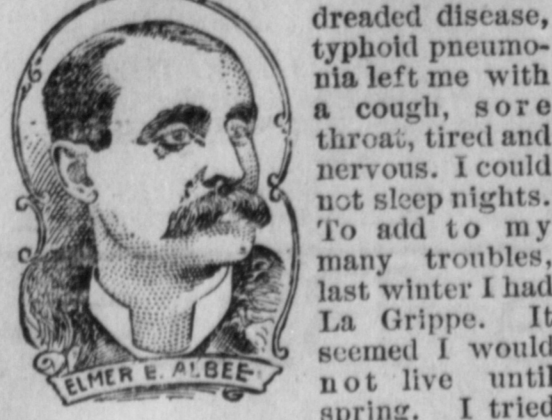
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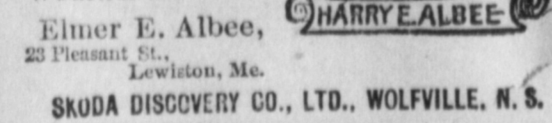
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ISAAC TRENHOLM, Buctouche, June 16 1892. (6m)

A STIFF-NECKED GENERATION!

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—Continued.

But there was a long, awkward silence before at length Eleanor Waterfield began. "Perhaps I ought not to say it, and I am sure I would not be unkind to Rosamund for the world, for you know, what very old friends of the Liscards we are; and, indeed, it is just because we think so much of them all, that we do feel Major Gilbert is fortunate beyond his deserts. He may be very well as an acquaintance—he is certainly good-looking, and, I suppose, clever; but we—we cannot quite reconcile ourselves to the idea of him as Rosamund's husband."

"He will make a very good husband," said Clemmy, bluntly.

"Certainly—but not for her. Oh, I daresay he is really a worthy man"—(no one could help laughing)—"pshaw! what is the use of talking?" cried Miss Waterfield; "we all know what I mean. And those sisters! My dear Clementina, you saw the sisters."

"His sisters are not him."

"They are a part of him. No man can so separate himself from his belongings as not in a measure to rise and fall with them. Major Gilbert's family must presently become Rosamund's also; and how will Rosamund—Rosamund, with her proud, quick spirit, and all that unsparring judgment which made Lady Caroline so much feared, and which would make Rosamund equally so but that she has a dear, warm heart underneath it all—but still, I say, Clementina, how will she ever endure those dreadful girls?"

"She—I don't know, upon my word," cried Clemmy, suddenly bursting into ringing laughter. "That, Eleanor, I really, really do not know. Oh, I cannot help it, I cannot help it! Oh, I am very cruel, I ought not to laugh; but it was when you said that, Eleanor, that Rosamund's face rose up before me—Rosamund's face as it was turned now on one sister, now on the other, just as you walked up the room. It was almost grotesque, the expression of calm despair with which she regarded them. I do not think they annoyed her. The case was too desperate. No; we must give up the sisters. As to the brother—" but here the tongues of all were let loose; and as our readers may form a tolerable guess as to what next passed, we need not trouble them with a detailed account.

Mr. Stoneby alone endeavoured from time to time to check the current, and at the last his final words did receive some attention. "There is one thing," he said very gravely, "before we part let us all agree to remember; we are all Rosamund Liscard's friends, and whatever we may think or say among ourselves regarding her engagement, we must one and all feel bound to—"

"Oh, to hold our tongues about it to other people, of course, said Clementina, briskly.

"Never to mention—never to allow it to be gathered from us that we entertain any doubts of her future happiness. She has made her choice—God grant it prove a happy one!" he broke off abruptly, and all felt they were on new ground.

"I am sure you are right, Mr. Stoneby," said Eleanor Waterfield, very respectfully, "and we shall all observe what you say. Good-bye," and as she shook hands she did not look into Jack's face, nor seem to have observed anything in his tone, but to herself she commented, "Yes; I was right. I always thought so. Poor Mr. Stoneby. And he would have been a great deal better than Major Gilbert at all events."

"And you say the sisters were actually worse than he?" cried Mrs. Waterfield, who was not of course to be reckoned among the excluded public, from whom the real sentiments of the chosen few were to be veiled. "But I do not know why we should be surprised at that. The eldest son of people of that sort is certain to have had advantages over the rest, and our first impression of Major Gilbert was not altogether unfavourable. I can quite believe he is the best of his set. Probably the only difference, the only real difference, we should now find between him and his sisters would be, that with the one the gloss has worn off, and with the others it never was on."

"Besides, he is handsomer than they," said Eleanor.

"And he is a man," added Violet.

"Very true," observed their mother, sententially. "As Violet says, he is a man, and what is bad in a man is worse in a woman. Major Gilbert's manners—"

"Think of them intensified!" cried Eleanor. "Think of Major Gilbert's voice trembled! Think of Major Gilbert's self vulgarised!"

There was a general cry of "Impossible!" and she was felt to have been quite smart.

"You should have seen them pressing round poor Rosamund, tearing off her jacket and necktie, unbuttoning her collar, and the one calling to the other to take off

her boots and rub her feet"—said Eleanor, in a tone of disgust, for she had taken Lady Julia's and not Hartland's view of the assistance rendered—"it was altogether such a scene! Sorry as I felt for Rosamund, I never was more thankful than when it was over. And how she would have disliked it herself, poor child!"

"I shall have to call upon them, however," concluded Mrs. Waterfield, who would not have been human if her curiosity had not been somewhat aroused by all this. "I must not neglect any of the customary civilities, more especially as Rosamund, if she is already ashamed of her new-connections, will be quick to look out for them;" and accordingly she ordered her carriage, and set forth for King's Common on the following day.

"Miss Liscard not going to return today?" she exclaimed in some surprise, when informed of this. "Is it anything really serious then, Badeley?" for the butler was an old friend, and had himself advanced to the carriage-window. "Not scarlatina, nor anything of that nature, is it?"

"I believe not, ma'am. I have not heard anything of the kind."

"A nervous attack, I was told," proceeded Mrs. Waterfield. "I had certainly thought she would have returned by this time," and she mused doubtfully. How about going in? She had not asked as yet for any one else. Should she do so?

"Major Gilbert and the young ladies are walking in the garden, ma'am," said the old man, presently, and by the remark committing her to nothing. If she did not care to have the major and the young ladies summoned in, well and good, she had merely to hand him her card, and no one would be the wiser; if, on the contrary, it was her desire to alight, he had given her the opportunity of doing so.

"I suppose we had better?" the lady turned to her daughter. "We will come in, then, Badeley," for in Eleanor's countenance was a prompt assent, and the two entered.

If ever a presence-chamber plainly showed a change of dynasty, it was that into which the visitors were now ushered. Not only was there no longer the formal figure at the far end, but the davenport itself had been wheeled aside; a disused sofa had emanated from some hidden corner, and now claimed a prominent position in front of the hearth-rug; chairs and tables, instead of being arranged precisely, as of yore, were placed hither and thither; books that had been neatly laid one on the top of the other, bore signs of recent inspection and disturbance; while work baskets and boxes, whose contents protruded, seemed to be everywhere; footstools, apparently freshly used, strewed the hearth; a couple of railway novels lay open, face downwards, among the sofa-cushions; and the piano was littered with music.

The whole, in short, had an air of being *en deshabille*; and although it could not be denied that something had been gained in the way of comfort, and that there was a habitable appearance about the apartment which had previously been lacking, yet in Mrs. Waterfield's eyes the contrast was so vivid as to be scarcely seemly, and further, to be strangely wanting in reverence to the memory of its late possessor.

She recollected, moreover, that to the Gilberts alone the present cosy disorder must be due. Rosamund might indeed have altered the substantial pieces of furniture; but Rosamund was not now here to drop work and books about.

There was nothing of the daughter of the house visible anywhere, and as an old family friend, Mrs. Waterfield experienced a sensation of having to lower the King's Common standard yet another step.

People of the Gilbert order rumpling those time-honoured chintzes, putting their feet upon those stately stools, piling the cushions together at one end of the sofa! The novels, too, coarse and common-looking, tossed down just where the reader had lain! She felt that the half had not been told her.

Poor Em and Etta had indeed yawned through a long morning, and half the long afternoon besides, with no other help than that of those novels, and that fancy work—and the latter having been expressly intended to be done in company, they had felt it to be waste of their fine materials to progress much in it. They had tried the piano and Rosamund's music; examined everything in and about the room; wished a hundred times that it would stop raining, and as it did not, had been obliged to fall back again upon their books, their footstools and their sofa-cushions. By luncheon-time they had become acclimated to the drawing-room; and although it had been rearranged during their absence they had somehow managed to effect again the full disorder of the morning before three o'clock, when their brother had appeared, as we have seen in the last chapter. Overjoyed, they had then flown out with

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