Forsaking all Others

By AMELIA DUGHEMIN

CHAPTER V.

The first meeting between mother and son was an affectionate one. Harvey kissed the frail little woman, and after a few earnest words of greeting, drew a stool to her reclining chair and sat where she could look at him without effort. Gladys was gratified by his solicitude.

"You are glad I am home, dear?" she asked, running her slender hand through his thick, dark hair. "You have missed me?"

"Very much, indeed. I wanted to see you long ago, but Phebe would not permit it."

"She obeyed my wishes," said Gladys, detecting the reproach in his tone. "Never mind that, tell me of yourself. What have you been doing all this time?"

She listened [illegible] her, an [illegible] thought [illegible] dreaded the [illegible] thoughts [illegible] When [illegible] troubled [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] goes on over him is just sickening. And the girls, too, make an awful fuss. It's Brother Harvey here and Brother Harvey there from morn till night. They treat him as the head of the family, and he [illegible] enough to be tickled to death [illegible] their flattering ways."

Gladys sighed.

"I'm afraid it [illegible] very hard for me to right matters. [illegible] I don't feel equal to the task.

"Not now, [illegible] you [illegible] self. You'll get back your courage in good time, you mustn't for your authority will be gone for good if you submit to Miss Harvey's imperious methods and surrender to her [illegible]. It wouldn't [illegible] and you know it. [illegible] to come home. I feel that you would [illegible]

[illegible]

"Harvey, be warned," said Gladys, seriously. "If you leave me to deal with Helen you may regret it. I ask you to arrange this matter quietly, but immediately. If you refuse to do so, you must accept the consequences."

"I am not afraid of any you may force upon me, madam; you are a lady, you will not make my wife the victim of a family brawl," said Harvey, with dignity.

"That depends upon Helen herself. Rest assured my present wishes will be carried out by some one, if not by her. As for the rest, your solicitude for me in my declining years is touching. Gladys could be sarcastic when she chose. But as I am not in my dotage, I prefer to be my own manager. Let us keep to the point. Do you think Helen can have my parlor ready this afternoon?"

"Certainly shall not ask her to undertake anything so unreasonable [illegible]

"Very well. I'll put the matter into your hands. [illegible] I'll [illegible] the rest. [illegible] Phebe [illegible] will be surprised [illegible] small the bills are."

Still Gladys did not [illegible] Harvey looked at [illegible]

"Well, what [illegible] look that you will [illegible] her arrangements [illegible] made. She has [illegible] them, and is [illegible] her there, madam. [illegible] for the best in all things. Phebe has wonderful judgment, and you may safely trust her with the management of the house."

"Still harping on my daughter!" quoted Gladys with a faint smile. She felt she must remain silent no longer, since silence meant acquiescence. Yet she might be displeased. "I have no doubt Helen has done her best, and I am grateful to her for relieving Phebe during my illness. But now that I am nearly well, dear, my old housekeeper will of course resume her position."

Harvey dropped the hand with which he had been toying so suddenly that the movement seemed like a repulse.

"I hope you don't mean that. Nell will be greatly disappointed and hurt if you push her aside. She takes genuine pride in the management. And, really, it seems trifling she should have it."

"Is Annette among the servants who were sent away?" asked Gladys. "I have not seen her since my illness."

"Yes. She was the first to go. You had no need for her while Phebe was with you."

"But, my dear, I've had a maid all my life. I can't do without one. And I like Annette. She has been with me for years."

Gladys looked like a grieved child. She was too weak to assert herself and felt strangely helpless. Phebe, who had just re-entered the room, gave her a significant look.

"You mustn't talk too much, Mrs. Gladys. You've been with your mother long enough, Mr. Harvey. I hope you haven't troubled her with business."

"Only with what was necessary," he returned, rising with an air of relief, for he had not enjoyed his office. He bent over Gladys and kissed her. "You'll do all you can to please me, won't you, madam?" he coaxingly said. "After all, little things do not count."

She smiled wearily.

"Yes, Harvey; but I can make no promises until I think matters over. I certainly must have Annette back, in a day of two at furthest."

"Well, I'll speak to Nell about it," he responded reluctantly. "No doubt she will be willing to concede a few minor points." And, blind to the sudden flash in Gladys' eyes, he left the room.

He had hardly gone when she turned to the housekeeper.

"Phebe, what has that woman been doing?"

"Now, Miss Gladys, it will only worry you to talk about unpleasant things."

"It will fret me more not to know than to know."

"Well, the truth is, Mrs. Harvey has made a complete upset downstairs. She has sent away nearly all of the old servants, engaged raw country girls at small wages in their places, and for nurse and parlor maid she hires two of her sisters."

"Her own sisters!" Gladys comprehended in a moment the awkward complications rising from such an arrangement, and looked her dismay. "Has she put them in caps and aprons?"

"La, no!" answered Phebe, laughing. "They belong to the family, and seem to enjoy living here. They're all over the place, and you'd think they owned it. They bother Saunders to death stealing his flowers. Them Blakes are very possessive people."

"And Harvey—does he approve?"

"He'd approve of anything that pleases his adoring wife. The way she

IN THE PHILIPPINES.

A SOLDIER IN THE ARCHIPELAGO WRITES HOME.

How Fighters Spend Time—Pay Goes Quickly and Little Liberty Is Allowed—Food Plentiful—Incidents as Told in a "Letter to Mother."

Charles A. Hope, a sergeant of volunteers, now serving in the Philippines, has written a letter home to his mother, telling of the manner in which soldiers pass their time in the Philippines, says the Chicago Daily News. After having served nine months in the Spanish-American war, Sergeant Hope enlisted August 1, 1899, and arrived in the islands October 1. Up to last January he was orderly to General Young. He had seen five battles with the insurgents, and had received two promotions. The letter in part is as follows:

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]