

Jim Lascelles and the Goose Girl spent a month in the land of Cervantes and Velasquez. They are living now at the Red House at Widdiford. Jim is quite likely to be elected to an Associateship of the Royal Academy before long. At least, he is getting very good prices for his work, and his "Miss Perry" has been esteemed a rare triumph for British art. His "Naiad" also, purchased by the Chantrey Bequest, has been generally and justly admired.

The accomplished mother of the rising artist took the disinterested advice of a well-wisher, and a fortnight after her son's brilliant marriage—the *Morning Mirror* described it as such—she left "P.P.C." cards on the Miss Champneys at the Chestnuts, and moved "nearer to the centre." It may have been coincidence, or it may have been cause and effect, but within a fortnight of her installation at No. 5, Beaufort Mansions, W., "The Fair Immortal" was accepted on a royalty by an eminent firm of publishers, and made its appearance in the course of the summer. It won such unanimous approval from the Press and the public, that it can now be purchased for sixpence of any self-respecting bookseller in the United Kingdom; its fortunate authoress has signed contracts for work for the next three years and has been elected a member of three of the best ladies' clubs in the metropolis.

Muffin's season at Hill Street was an even greater triumph than her sister's—but thereby hangs a tale for a wet afternoon. Aunt Caroline, in spite of her advanced years, is worth "a good many dead ones" at present; and in the opinion of her oldest friend her manner has more amenity. Perhaps it is that the influence of youth has been a good one in her life. It is right to think so, since there is no reason to believe that she has altered her opinion of the clergy.