

am too sleepy to think. How tiresome men are! Why won't they stay good friends instead of turning into bad lovers! The age of lovers is past. Love is impossible in so enlightened a generation. I am bored and he is bored. We shall be twice as bored together. That's mathematics, or logic, or something. Now I dare say that Claud thinks I have sent him away that I may consider his proposal. As if it wasn't much too hot to consider anything. It would be easier to take him than to think about it. Dear old Claud! I am sure he pictures me at this moment striding up and down, twisting my handkerchief like the woman in the play, and muttering, "Oh Claud, Claud, why distract me thus? Oh cruel man, will you not leave me at peace?" Shall I say Yes or No? What would he say if he met Miss Betty? What would she say? I am very sleepy—very, very sleepy. He pictures me in an awful state of excitement and agitation. What must be, must. Apples turn to dust—cottage and crust. I'll let things drift. It doesn't matter much, not much. Oh Claud! oh cruel man! oh sleep! I'll take a nap just to spite him.

(So she falls asleep, screened from the eyes of Miss Betty Tyrrel, who presently comes in, stepping lightly and quickly.)

BETTY.—I saw him go out. He's sure not to come back yet. I am so frightened, and it is such fun. What's the good of being in Rome if you don't do as the Romans do? He must have gone for his daily walk. He can't be back yet. And if he does come, why should I care? I shan't be frightened. He always said I was very cool. If he comes in, I shall drop him a curtsy, and say, "How do you do, Mr. Huntley? I said I would look in on you some day, and here I am." And he will make me a bow, and—probably he won't know me. He'll take me for a tourist lady visiting his studio and wanting to buy pictures; and I shall say, "Yes, thank you, very nice; put up that, and that, and would you be so kind as to send them down to my carriage?—yes, and the little one in the corner too, please." Why, what is it? Yes, it is, it is the old orchard, our orchard, our orchard in May, with all the bright new blossoms, as it was when he— He used to say that it was like the foam of the sea at sunrise. I don't think he ever saw the sun rise. He was awfully lazy. How good of him to keep this near him—the orchard, and a little corner of the dear old house! Oh blossoms, blossoms, you are there now at home, and I wish I was there too, and had never come out and grown wise and old in this horrid world! It was there that I saw him first, just there. He was following papa through the little gate with the broken hinge, and he bent his head under the blossoms. He looked so tall, and so tired. And yet he hadn't been doing anything. Men are very strange. The less they do, the more tired they are. Why, here's another picture of the orchard. How funny! It must be autumn, for the apples are all ripe. But who is the young man in the funny cap? And who are the three ladies? And why does he sit, when they are standing? I can't make it out. Do they want the apple? If you please, sir, give it to the lady with the shield and the spear. The other one is not nice, not nice, I am sure. I don't care much for that picture. Are there any more apple pictures? No; no. Yes, here's another. Adam and Eve, I think. Yes, here is one great glittering coil of the serpent. I don't like Eve. What a languid, fine-lady Eve! Who's face is this? How handsome! And this? And this one on the easel? Everywhere the same face, handsome, lazy, indifferent. No, no, no, he never would be happy with her. It's Eve's face. Wicked woman! Wicked woman!

LADY R. (waking).—Did you call me? Ah, what a sweet air! The day is changed.

B.—Oh, I beg your pardon.

LADY R. (drowsily).—Are you real or a dream?

B.—I am real. No; I had better say that I am a dream and melt away.

LADY R.—I am just dreaming of you, Miss Tyrrel.

B.—Of me? You don't know me. How do you know? I mean, you called me by some name, I think.

LADY R.—Yes, Miss Innocence, I called you "Miss Tyrrel."

B.—How can you know?

LADY R.—I am a witch, for one thing; and for another, I saw your picture.

B.—Has he got a picture of me?

LADY R.—Of course, my dear.

B.—And did he show it to you?

LADY R.—No; I was looking about for curiosity's sake, and I saw it.

B.—You are often here, then? Oh, I beg your pardon. I have no right to question you. But I don't know who you are.

LADY R.—I am Lady Roedale; I am a widow; I am sitting for my picture; I am an old friend of Mr. Huntley. Will that do?

B.—A friend.

LADY R.—A friend, my sweet Simplicity. And you? What brings you here?

B.—Me? I—I am an old friend too.

LADY R.—An old friend! Not quite old enough, I think.

B.—Oh, Lady Roedale, I didn't think. I ought not to have come.

LADY R.—It's very pretty and unconventional, my dear. Somebody said that you were so simple, that you didn't know what was conventional and what wasn't.

B.—Oh, Lady Roedale, you know—you know that women are not like that.

LADY R.—Yes, I know.

B.—But I didn't think, I didn't think, or I shouldn't have come. We are living just opposite, and I saw him go out, and all of a sudden I thought what fun it would be to see his studio when he was away, and that I could run back, and he would never know. But if I had only known that you were here, I would have died sooner than come.

LADY R.—It is better to live.

B.—But you won't tell him? Promise me that you won't tell him. If you will only promise me, I will never come back, I will never see him again,—never, never.

LADY R.—Don't be rash, my dear. You are safe now. You have run into the arms of a chaperon, a duenna, a gorgon. But if Mr. Huntley is an old friend of yours, why didn't your father and mother come to see him too?

B.—Because they are hurt. He went away so suddenly from home, and he never wrote, and they liked him so much, and they thought it so unkind; but I know he never meant to be unkind, for he was always kind, and I know that he wouldn't be angry even at my coming here, and—that's why.

LADY R.—That's why, is it?

B.—You don't think that I am very bad?

LADY R.—My dear, you are much too good.

I have no taste for bread and milk and book muslin. I don't like men's women, but I do like you.

B.—Thank you, thank you. Now I see that he has not flattered you, not a bit. I thought at first that he had. He had his heart in his work when he did this.

LADY R.—Shall I show you the work in which his heart is?

B.—Yes.

(Lady Roedale draws aside a curtain and shows a picture.)

B.—My picture?

LADY R.—Yours.

B.—Oh, let me go. If he should come and find me. Oh, let me go, let me go.

LADY R.—Too late, I hear him on the stairs.

B.—What shall I do?

LADY R.—Do as you are bid. Give me your picture, quick! Now go behind the curtain, and be still.

(She draws the curtain carefully. Claud enters, bringing ice.)

CLAUD.—I bring you ice, and something better. The day is changed. Ah, the air smells woefully here. See how I fetch and carry! Doesn't this convince you that I—

LADY R. (studying the picture).—Yes, it is pretty.

C.—Where did you get that?

LADY R.—Don't be angry; I won't hurt it.

C.—As you please. It's of no value—now.

LADY R.—It is much better than mine. Indeed it has only one fault.

C.—Indeed!

LADY R.—It is awfully flattered.

C.—How can you know, when you never saw the original?

LADY R.—Ah, that is very true.

C.—Put it down, please. I want to talk to you about—to go back to what we were saying, when—

LADY R.—Shall I throw it down here?

C.—Take care! What are you doing?

LADY R.—I thought you said it was of no value?

C.—It isn't. But then we are vain, you know, we artists; we don't like to see our work, even our bad work, destroyed.

LADY R.—Then I won't destroy it. I'll improve it.

C.—What are you going to do? I don't quite understand. Let me put it away.

LADY R.—No, don't touch it. I often think of taking up painting. This is evidently unfinished. Why is it unfinished?

C.—I was afraid of spoiling it.

LADY R.—Ah, that was when it was of some value; but now—

C.—Now it doesn't matter. Let me put it away.

LADY R.—I shall finish it myself.

C.—You!

LADY R.—Any valueless old thing will do to practise my hand on; I am just in the mood. You have painted enough this morning. It's my turn.

C.—But, Clara.

LADY R.—Come, take my picture off the easel. There! There she is in my place. A change for the better, I think. Stand out of the light. I shall make her lovely.

(As she begins to arrange the colours on the palette, he gets more and more anxious.)

C.—Here, try this. This sketch is much better to work on.

LADY R.—Don't bother. I am bent on improving this young woman.

C.—That's a very odd colour you are getting.

LADY R.—What can it matter to you?

C.—Clara, what are you at? Stop!

(He snatches the picture from the easel.)

LADY R.—And the picture is of no value.

C.—I beg your pardon, Clara.

LADY R.—Valueless, but too valuable for me.

C.—Clara, you won't understand.

LADY R.—Oh yes, I will. A mere sketch, and absurdly flattered.

C.—Flattered! (He holds the picture in his hands perusing it.) How can you know?

LADY R.—It is much prettier than Miss Tyrrel.

C.—What do you mean? Well, yes, if I remember right, that it was taken from Miss Tyrrel.

LADY R.—And I believe, if I remember right, that it is twice as pretty as Mrs. Tyrrel.

C.—You have never seen her.

LADY R.—Indeed I have.

C.—Indeed! Where?

LADY R.—Here.

C.—In Rome?

LADY R.—Here.

C.—Here! What do you mean?

LADY R.—Here, in this room.

C.—Clara, I dare say that this is extremely amusing to you. I don't see the joke myself.

I don't see why you should rake up this old story. Yes, I do see. You wish to quarrel, to find an excuse for not answering me, when I ask you—

LADY R.—She was here.

C.—The Tyrrels never leave Lindenhurst.

LADY R.—The Tyrrels are in Rome.

C.—Is this true? Don't push this joke too far.

LADY R.—It is true.

C.—Then I must go.

LADY R.—Why?

C.—Is it true that the Tyrrels are here, in Rome?

LADY R.—It is true.

C.—I must go then. Oh, don't imagine anything extraordinary. It is a simple matter.

These people were kind to me, kind with a generous hospitality which is rare. I stayed and stayed in their house, until I thought I should never go, until I feared that— Well, it came to this: Here were people who, in honesty and good faith, had treated me like a king; people who—

LADY R.—Don't dilate upon the Tyrrel character just now.

C.—What was I doing in return for all their goodness? I found myself trying to win their only child, a girl with no knowledge of the world, who had seen no men to speak of, and who might take me for a very fine fellow.

LADY R.—You were on the way to get what you wanted.

C.—I was not a scoundrel. I knew myself: a man who had knocked about the world, a painting vagabond, a social cynic, not worthy to touch her hand or look into her eyes. High-flown, you think; but I was not a scoundrel, and I went away.

LADY R.—But now?

C.—Now? Well, now, I don't want to have to do the thing again.

LADY R.—Then it would be hard to see her again, and go?

C.—Yes.

LADY R.—You loved her.

C.—I suppose so.

LADY R.—I always thought that you were not a bad fellow.

C.—I am not over-good. I don't wish to open an old wound. That's not extraordinary virtue, is it?

LADY R.—And the girl? What of her?

C.—By this time she has seen scores of men, in all respects better than me, confound them.

She? Why she—

LADY R.—Stop. Don't say too much about Miss Betty Tyrrel. Put the picture back and drop the subject. Put the picture back in its place.

C.—Very well. I don't want to bore you.

(So he goes to replace the picture, and draws aside the curtain. There is Betty Tyrrel. Then there is silence in the room for a time.)

BETTY.—Mr. Huntley, I am very sorry. I did not mean to listen.

C.—Miss Tyrrel—Betty—is it you?

B.—Oh, forgive me. I did not mean to listen.

C.—And it is you indeed.

B.—But I did not mean it. Oh, you believe that I did not hide myself here to listen.

C.—You!

LADY R.—It was my fault.

C.—What do you mean?

LADY R.—Do attend to me. Miss Tyrrel is my friend. She came to fetch me after my sitting. Finding that the studio belonged to you of all men in the world, she was frightened; and I put her there.

B.—Thank you—oh, thank you. Mr. Huntley, it is so good of her to say that. But I must tell you. We are living just opposite, papa and mamma and I; and I saw you go out; and I thought you were going away; and I never stopped to think; and I slipped out by myself; and I did so want to see the place where you worked. I did not stop to think; that was where I was wrong. And I found her here, and I was frightened.

LADY R.—Yes, as I told you, she was frightened, and I put her in the corner. Good heavens, Claud! ain't you going to say something? Why do you stand there like a tragedian, or a May-pole? Oh, you men!

B.—Won't you forgive me?

C.—Forgive you? Why? Can you do any wrong? You have heard me say what I never dared to say in the old days. I am glad that you have heard me. You will think more kindly of me, some day when— May I see you safe across the street? Will you say all kind things for me to Mr. and Mrs. Tyrrel?

LADY R.—Is the man a fool?

B.—You are not angry with me, then?

C.—Are you not angry with me for having dared to love you?

B.—I never was angry with you, not even when you went away so suddenly.

C.—Were you sorry? Oh, take care, take care, child. Don't deceive me or yourself. Were you sorry when I went away?

B.—We were all sorry, very sorry.

C.—But you, you? You came here: would you stay here—with me? Oh child, is it possible that you should care for me?

B.—Yes.

C.—If I had known this!

LADY R.—Any one but a man would have known it years ago. (As she looks at Claud and Betty she begins to smile at her own thoughts.) There were only two in Paradise, in the first apple orchard, unless you count the serpent, and that is a rôle for which I have neither inclination nor capacity. (Exit.)

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

FANNY ELLSLER, the once famous dancer, is now eighty-four years old.

PATTI is having a great success in London, singing "Faust" and "Aida." Her voice has regained its power especially in the middle and lower register.

SOTHERN will bring out an entirely new company to support him at the Park Theatre. Among them will be Miss Lucy Buckstone, the daughter of the famous comedian.

MISS AGNES ETHEL paid M. Victorien Sardou nine thousand dollars for the play of "Agnes," and it was to have been her exclusive property in all English-speaking countries.

A FRENCH actress recently nearly lost her life by sleeping in an apartment filled with the flowers that had been thrown on the stage during the evening. She was unconscious when found.

ON her arrival in London Miss Clara Louise Kellogg received flattering proposals from the managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, but as she went abroad to rest and not to sing she declined both offers.

MRS. BOUCICAULT is to try a new play at Brighton, the one in which she acted not being deemed successful. Tom Taylor is writing her a new piece, and she will very likely do a drama called "Auld Lang Syne," when she comes to this country.

AN English critic writes: "Nothing seems more easy for an actress than to wave her arms and yet nothing is more difficult. Any girl may be drilled into being graceful, but unless she has exceptional dramatic talent she will always betray her faults of gesture. The most accomplished lady or gentleman on the stage cannot often appear as such on the stage."

FROM a complete catalogue of his repertoire, given to the editor of the London *Figaro*, two years ago, by Mr. Charles Mathews, it appears that he had played in 229 different rôles, and that he was actually the literary creator of 63 of them. One of his pieces, a "Strange History," was in nine acts, another in eight. He wrote one five-act comedy, six in three acts, sixteen in two acts and twenty-one in one act—in all, forty-five pieces.

## HUMOROUS.

FARMERS have learned that it takes the best of soil to raise a mortgage.

To the American boy there is an awful, a majestic difference in the weight between the butt end of a fish-pole and a hoe-handle.

A GREAT big ripe tomato, if well aimed, will do more to make an orator forget his subject than all the cheers a man crowd can utter.

THE youngster who was sent away from the table just as the pastry came on, went up stairs singing, "Good-by, sweet tart, good-by."

WHEN a boy bats a ball through a parlour window the boy may not lose his inning, but the man who owns the window is invariably put out.

THE merry ringing laugh of childhood falls sweetly upon the ear at all times—except when the man who is running to catch a street-car falls over a frolicsome dog, and tries to stand on his head in his hat. It jars a little then.

"If you were in the jungles and should meet a royal Bengal tiger, with his eyes glaring fire on you, what would you do?" inquired one cockney of another. "I don't know what I should do; but I know if I was in Bond street I'd call a cab!"

SAID Brown to Parker: "I say, Parker, what's the difference between a ripe watermelon and a rotten head of cabbage?" "Give it up; can't tell." Brown laughed softly as he said, "You'd be a nice man to send to buy a watermelon, you would!"

"WERE there any aliens and strangers among the Jews at the time of their journey to the promised land?" asked a superintendent last Sunday. "No, sir," replied the smart boy on the back seat, "they were all to the manna born." School closed with singing.

A NEW ORLEANS lawyer was the other day defending a case against a railroad company for running over and maiming a child. He gravely told the jury that if they awarded damages, the people of New Orleans would eternally be sending their children in the streets to be run over.

TWO Germans met in San Francisco lately. After an affectionate greeting the following dialogue ensued: "Ven you said you hefarried?" "Yesterday." "You dot horn around?" "No." "Oh! I see, you came dot isthmus across?" "No." "Oh! dea you come dot land over?" "No." "Den you hef not arrived." "Oh, yes! I hev arrived. I come dot Mexico through."

WHAT coolness the Philadelphia *Bulletin* man has to write as follows: "As we loll back in our easy chair and watch the wonderful tracery of the frost upon the windows, and listen to the merry clang of the sleigh-bells, we catch ourselves calculating whether these icicles on the eaves will reach down the windows or not. It's an idle thought, but reasonable (John, holler down to George to send some more steam up here!)"

FROM one of the latest reports of the Scotch inspector of schools we find that a Government examiner gave a class of grown boys the opening stanza of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" as an exercise in dictation; and this is what one intelligent lad put down:

The way was long, the wind was cold,  
The minstrel was infernal old;  
His harp—his sole surviving joy—  
Was carried by an organ boy.

YONKERS had a Fourth of July orator, who said: "And while the heart of the nation continues to throb, while the hollyhock of liberty dissimulates its fragrance over the aria of our domain, while the gratitude of the free-born sons of soil—I mean sons of toil—recalls the heroism of those who bought and fed—excuse me, I should have said fought and bled—for us, so long will we cherish the noble heresy bequeathed to us by our bat-riotic posterity!"

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