

At half-past four we were at work again; and at five Jack and his sister arrived. After due examination and approbation of the flower-girl, Jack turned to the picture of the Monsignore on the easel; and Emily admired it immensely, saying, "how difficult it must be to paint a person from that thing," pointing to my model. This made me laugh. I opened the Monsignore's robe, showed poor Beppo, and told his piteous tale. Great was Jack's interest in it; and he and Emily determined at once that they would take Beppo with them, as if there were no difficulties of any kind in the way.

"But," said I, "your passports might be asked for. You have them, I suppose?"

"Well," answered Jack, "I have an old thing which has been my companion for years; but it is never asked for now."

"Ten to one," replied I, "if you don't want to produce it, an inquiry will be made for it."

"Anyhow, here it is," said Jack. From an inner pocket he brought out a well-worn leather case, and from it gingerly took a battered paper with many rises, and in a very bad state of preservation. It had travelled with him for ten years, and had seen much service.

"This won't do," said I, after an examination. "It is made out for you, your wife, and her maid; and here you have your sister and a young man in tow."

"Oh, bother it!" ejaculated Goddard, "I had forgotten all about that. But Emily will do for my wife."

"Well," said I; "but Beppo will not do for the maid."

"No, by Jove!" laughed Jack, glancing at Beppo's bush of hair and swarthy face. "Here's a fix."

"Wait a moment," put in Emily. "We start at dusk, and are going to have a sleeping-car. I don't see why Beppo shouldn't be dressed up in an ulster, with hat and veil and a woman's wig. Then our party would answer the description in the passport. He is slim enough for a girl, and not much too tall."

"Bravo, Emme!" said Jack. And after further consultation, it was arranged that Beppo should join them at the station the next evening at seven, being first metamorphosed into a lady's maid. Emily was to bring the things to me. Chiara, having been called into the council, was delighted, and promised to arrange about the hair-dressing; Emily lending an ulster, hat, and veil, and sundry tracteras, such as the skirt of a dress, and ribbons, necktie, collar, and gloves.

Beppo took very little part in the talk. When it was in English, he did not of course understand it; and when in Italian, he acquiesced in all arrangements; but appeared to think it hopeless they would be of any avail to save him from his fate.

At seven, Beppo went back to his hiding-place, and I betook myself out to dine, not returning till bedtime. I could not sleep for thinking of the poor lad so uncomfortably cramped up behind my bed, so I got up and begged him to come out and stretch himself on the floor. This, however, he refused to do, and the weary hours dragged on somehow. After breakfast, Beppo said he should like to sit to me again; he seemed to feel safer in that pose than in his den, and accordingly, although it was Sunday, I was soon painting away vigorously.

At eleven, the door was opened suddenly; and Chiara, with the whitest and most despairing of faces, rushed in exclaiming: "Signor, we are lost! They are coming here to search. Nonna has sent a friend to warn me: they will be here immediately."

Beppo groaned.

"Well," said I, "never mind, let them come. They will search, of course. But look—look at my model; would, could they think it was a man there? Silence!" I went on, for she was beginning to cry hysterically. "Everything," I continued, "depends on you. When they come, be much surprised, of course. Say, you know nothing of Beppo; but that they can go over all your rooms, if the English gentleman will allow. Then come and ask me. But mind—if you weep or tremble, Beppo is dead!"

This exhortation had a good effect; for Chiara seemed to collect herself, and departed with a firm step.

"Now, Beppo," said I, "you are of wood, and you must not breathe."

Beppo made no answer, and certainly looked most wooden.

Half an hour passed, the longest, I think, I ever spent. Then came sounds of footsteps and talking in the passage. Presently, the steps and voices came through the ante-room; then a pause outside my door, and a knock.

"Come in," said I; and Chiara appeared, looking quite correctly surprised, indignant, and injured, in fact, acting her part to perfection; and saying in the most respectful manner to me: "Signor, these gentlemen think I have a criminal in hiding—my poor son, whom God protect!" she added piously. "They want to walk round your rooms, to look if any one is concealed. They say they will not hurt any thing."

I looked duly astonished; said I "could not understand how any one could be in my rooms without my knowledge; but that, of course, the gentlemen could look if they pleased, provided they did not disturb me, as I was busy."

Then the search began. There were four; a most peculiar-looking set of creatures, quite unlike the popular idea of conspirators. Two were fair, of German appearance, with spectacles; one dark and fat; the fourth was an evil-looking old man with gray hair, and eyes like a fer-

ret. They peered into every corner, dragged out tables, displaced chairs, looked under the bed, in the cupboard which did duty for my wardrobe, and even sounded the wall in places; but never came near my model, or moved the bed. I painted on, my heart beating loudly; and my hand, I fancied, shaking visibly. Chiara stood, one hand on her hip, and a look of scorn and injury on her handsome features. By-and-by, the search was over. The four slowly and disappointedly walked away; the little gray-haired man turning back to say spitefully to Chiara: "Listen! If he were hidden in the earth or the ocean, we should find him; and we shall!" he hissed in her ear, as he turned to go.

Chiara shrugged her shoulders. "As God wills," she said, and shut the door.

I listened for the retreating footsteps, and then watched from the window till I saw all four issue from the house. They did not leave together; all walked singly, and went different ways, as I could see from my post of vantage. I turned from the window, and said cheerily: "Now, Beppo, all is easy; to-night you are free."

For answer, poor Beppo and his heap of clothes slid down on the floor, he in a dead-faint, from which it took time to recover him.

When Chiara had at length succeeded in restoring him, the mother and son had a most melancholy conversation, both being persuaded that the vigilance of the "Three"—of whom the horrid little gray-haired man was one—would not be eluded in the end, and that they would probably return in an hour or two, with fresh information as to the hiding-place.

The rest of the day did not therefore pass cheerfully. I feared lest old Greffio should return my lay figure; he was fond of bringing his work home on a Sunday. If the conspirators should return, the presence of two such articles would certainly excite suspicion. However, slowly as the time went; it did go; and six o'clock arrived, and with it Jack Goddard and his bright little sister Chiara meanwhile had fastened a very ugly wig on the boy, which altered him completely. When Emily had put on the skirt, and arranged the cloak, hat, and other small articles of feminine attire, Beppo was certainly disguised beyond recognition. Jack good-naturedly folded up the lad's coat with his own wraps, and stuffed his soft hat into his valise. I confess I was glad when Chiara's parting words were said, and her last kiss given. I accompanied the trio to the station, and left them comfortably ensconced in the sleeping-carriage Jack had engaged. I enjoyed my dinner that evening, and slept as I had not done for a week.

Early the next morning Greffio sent my lay figure. As a precaution, I rigged it up, and set to work with my painting, thinking that, should the search-party return, it would be better they found all as on the visit of yesterday. It was well I did so. In the course of the forenoon, the door was flung open, and the little gray-haired man, followed by two satellites, rushed in, and without a word of preface or apology, his eyes flashing with spite and rage, dashed furiously across the room, and flung himself on my Cardinal. I saw the gleam of a dagger, heard a savage exclamation of *A morte, traditore!* and then, gray-haired man, lay-figure, chair, and properties were a mingled heap on the floor; for the vicious dagger-thrust which had been intended to execute summary judgment on poor Beppo, had fallen harmless on the wooden breast of my lay-figure!

The scene was so utterly comical, that even the attendant conspirators could not refrain from joining in my hearty peals of laughter, though at the expense of their mortified chief, who, slowly extricating himself from the ruin he had made, ruefully examined his dagger, which was broken at the point, from its encounter with the stern bosom of my wooden image.

"Well, sir," I exclaimed, "what apology have you to offer for this conduct? You will have to explain it to one of the gendarmes;" and forthwith I poked my head from the window, shouting, "Police!" Useless, of course, as I knew it would be; for the three men disappeared with lightning rapidity; and it would have been in vain for me to follow them. Besides, this, as they were foiled, and Beppo safe, I was glad to let the matter rest where it was. Chiara, of course, had a great deal to say, and her gratitude became somewhat oppressive.

I soon left Rome for England; and am often amused when I go to Goddard's, with the recollection of Beppo's adventure. He has settled down into a steady, useful man-servant; and the terror which for a time haunted him, that even in London he was not safe from the awful "Three," has worn off. Nonna will soon join him, and they propose to set up a lodging-house near the Goddard's. May they thrive and prosper!

GOT THE BILLS MIXED.

A little child, the pet of the entire household, was taken sick at a fashionable boarding-house, a few weeks ago. A young and handsome physician, who was the medical favourite about the premises, was called in, and brought the patient safely through its illness. Later on sent in the bill, which was for \$12, with a rebate of "\$4 for kisses." The fond mother regarded this as a very neat thing, and a delicate compliment for the child, and proudly exhibited the document among her friends. Where the kisses came from, and who contributed to the doctor's enjoyment, the bill did not state. The mother

supposed, as a matter of course, that her offspring was the one meant, but some of the boarders slyly intimated that explanations were in order, and that the osculatory mystery ought to be investigated. The question was taken up and discussed until it became a subject of comment about the whole house. The innocent mother continued to exhibit the slip of paper and one day brought it out in the presence of a young and quite pretty maiden who had only lately been on the sick list.

"A rebate for kisses," she exclaimed, when the matter was explained to her, "why isn't that nice?" but then,—and she paused, while a frown appeared on her face and an angry flush crept over her cheek. Some emotion was struggling for the mastery. The flush deepened and she shook her head defiantly as she completed the sentence—"but the mean thing never cut down my bill a cent, and I don't think it is fair."

The outburst of laughter that followed brought the fair maiden to a realization that she had said something dreadful. She had betrayed herself. In the language of the world she had "given herself dead away," and at the same time let out the secret. The careless doctor had got his bills mixed, and but for the unfortunate slip the mystery would probably never have been solved, and the juvenile patient would have received the credit of the medicated kisses.

AN EXTRAORDINARY AFFAIR.

It certainly was a most extraordinary affair, and the parties interested will remember it as long as they live. The young lady was shopping in the evening. On her way home she was overtaken by a young man, an acquaintance, who asked the pleasure of escorting her home. The offer was accepted, and the two proceeded, he carrying her bundles, and making himself generally agreeable, as is the custom in such cases. Arriving at her home, she took him direct into the sitting-room, as the parlour stove was not yet up. The father and mother were sitting there, enjoying, evidently the genial warmth of the fire. On the entrance the young man noticed that the mother blushed deeply, and at the same time her husband laughed outright. It was a most boisterous laugh, without evident premeditation, and it appeared to owe its origin to no assignable cause. The laughter gave no explanation after the explosion, but continued to look very much amused, while the colour in his wife's face deepened. To the young man this was a most embarrassing reception. Naturally enough he felt that it was something in his appearance that excited the mirth of the one and caused the blushes of the other. Involuntarily he took a hasty survey of his appearance as far as the circumstances would allow, but could perceive nothing therein calculated to upset the risibilities of any man or unduly agitate the bosom of any woman. Still he was not at his ease, and the young lady discerning it, and failing to understand the action of her parents, proposed *euchre* as an offset. So the two played, and the old gentleman continued to look amused, occasionally varying this accomplishment by facetious winks at his wife, whose countenance was alternately red and white. The young man became so absorbed in the game that he forgot the peculiarity of his reception, and the young lady dividing her attention between the cards and his face, lost sight of the trouble. And so they played and played, while the silence of the parents grew really oppressive, had the players but have known it. But they made no note of it. They played on, and all interests were swallowed up in the game. An hour passed, and then a half-hour more. It was now ten o'clock. As the hour struck the old gentleman looked up from his paper in which he had been absorbed for some little time, glanced at the players then upon the face of his wife, and immediately went into such a fit of suppressed laughter that the effort to control it very nearly precipitated him into a case of apoplexy. Fortunately, or rather unfortunately, the players did not notice this agitation. Had they looked up they could not have failed to have noted the terribly distressed expression of the mother's face, in which the young man would have understood that some family misfortune made the presence of an outsider very unpleasant. A half-hour more passed. The young man threw down the cards and said he must go. The young lady, having thoroughly enjoyed the game, felt impelled to say to him, "Don't be in a hurry, it is early yet"; and had almost uttered the fatal words, when her glance encountered the stony expression of her mother's face, and the words died upon her lips, while a thrill of fear shot through her heart. The young man took his hat, turned to bid the family a pleasant good-night, when his gaze fell upon the face of the mother, and the same thrill pierced his heart. He withdrew without a word, using all the haste possible, and went up the street in a dazed state of mind.

He learned accidentally a few days later, the cause of it all. The old lady, having a severe cold, had taken precaution to soak her feet in hot water before retiring, and her feet were in the pail receiving the proper treatment when the young man was unexpectedly ushered in. As her skirts fell over the vessel, she failed to note the fact, and consequently prolonged his stay two solid hours. What the temperature of the water had become at that hour can easily be imagined, but what were the thoughts that passed through the miserable woman's distract-

ed mind during those two hours no one can fathom. Even she finds herself unable to clearly define them, although she has talked of but little else since that awful night.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A new scientific periodical has appeared this week entitled *Knowledge*.

MR. FORSTER, it is said, was jocularly asked the other day why he refrained from arresting Miss Parnell. The reply was short, but forcible. "If I did her mother would come over."

A CAST is being taken of Cobden's bust in the hall of the Reform Club. It is intended to serve for a public statue to be erected in memory of the great Free Trader.

MR. WALTON, an American who has backed Iroquois and Foxhall, the horses from his own country, so heavily this year, sailed for New York recently £100,000 a richer man than he landed in England last Spring.

IT is rumoured that M. Gambetta will pay a visit to England towards the end of the year to join a shooting party to which he has been invited by the Prince of Wales.

M. OPPERT DE BLOWITZ, *dit O de Cologne*, the fantastic correspondent of the *Times*, has just purchased 5,000 square metres of land at Petites-Dalles in the commune of Sasselot-le-Mauconduit. Happy man! Unique phenomenon, enriched by journalism!

IT is something new for an English Prime Minister to have a bodyguard of police. But there is no attempt to conceal the fact that Mr. Gladstone is accompanied on his journeys by a strong body of police and detectives. Some twenty men were closely on the watch over him during his recent journey from Knowsley to Hawarden.

MR. WALTER POWELL, M.P., crossed the Bristol Channel recently in a balloon. He descended successfully at Dingestow, intending to descend again at Monmouth. He, however, went on to Hereford, where another successful descent was made, he having previously landed at St. Weonards, seven miles from Monmouth.

IT seldom happens that the British Post Office loses a mail bag, as in the case of the ill-fated *Clan-Macduff* steamer. The bag in question contained 2,314 newspapers and 3,516 letters. There is something pathetic in the thought of 3,516 epistles, written by friends at home to the same number of sojourners in foreign lands, finding a resting-place at the bottom of the ocean.

THE United States banner will be carried in a prominent place in the Lord Mayor's show on the 9th, with a military escort. Such a courteous response to the compliment accorded to our flag at Yorktown is most creditable to the civic appreciation of the fitness of things. The suggestion reached the Lord Mayor on a postcard, sent by an unknown correspondent. However, no matter where it came from, the idea is a capital one.

LADY BRASSEY'S nautical bazaar is a daring novelty. It seemed really impossible to get up anything new with bazaars, and yet it seemed equally impossible to get up a bazaar without one. That boat "manned" with young ladies was as pretty and effective a sight as ever I saw on or off a stage. Mr. Du Maurier was among those who were present, and it is clear that we have not heard the last of the latest association of nautical ideas with volunteered feminine co-operation in a charitable cause. These High Art Fancy Fairs are getting as popular over the country as they were successful in the season in Town.

A NEW fashion is likely to become prevalent this year, not in itself very remarkable, and certainly not very foolish, but interesting as showing a departure from old lines. We know that fashion is a matter so feminine in its gender that it at once associates itself with ladies and their dress, and we know, too, that while in their conduct they are quite capricious in their costume they have lately taken to be slavish imitators of men. For instance, last week at Scarborough, on a windy day, three young girls were walking arm-in-arm. Their hair was cut short—so were their petticoats. Their heads were covered with jockey caps, and their bodies with little ulsters, and to all appearance, if not intent and purpose, they were light-weight jocks. Of course they had sticks in their hands, and were talking at the top of their little falsetto voices. The ulsters made the illusion perfect, because there was no suggestion of petticoats to make you surprised they were not—the garments which Highlanders despise.

ARE you a martyr to headache? Suffer no longer. A remedy is found in Burdock Blood Bitters. It regulates the bowels, cleanses the system, allays nervous irritation and restores health and vigor. Sample bottle 13 cents.