

begging the author's pardon, for Mr. Carter has a singular aversion to even the most moderate suggestions—I should suppose Mr. Carter intended that Clare—that's Mortimer—should be a kind of stealthy innocence—goodness creeping in like a cat. Now I personate a whirlwind. Where I go, doors bang and hinges creak. The Duchess is a tigress, Clare is a kid.—Do I catch your meaning, Mr. Carter, or am I making a mess of it—putting my foot in it, as usual?"

I fancied that Miss Aubrey's mock humility concealed the least bit of irony.

"As the Duchess of Beaulieu is the type of a passionate, revengeful woman, your conception, up to a certain point, is quite just. Still, innocence need never be cringing. I should conceive that innocence in time acquired a force of its own, and gathered strength as it grew."

"Gad! Miss Claudia," said the gagger, Jenkins; "oh! come, now, spare us a lecture on metaphysics, do, and let us get through."

"Sir," replied the lady, turning on him sharply, "if it suits me to understand the part perfectly, I trust you will allow me to acquire such information as may more fully interpret the author's meaning. I have not your faculty of inspiration, Mr. Jenkins!"

"Good," I remarked to Mr. Launcelot; "your clown had it pat that time."

"I don't know, my dear boy," replied the manager. "Claudia has a quick tongue. I know her best—rather a decided kind of person at times. Rather afraid she has made Jenkins a scapegoat for the moment. It may be anybody's turn next. Watch out. Propitiate, dear boy. Now for it—she has full swing. Listen to her! There is pathos for you, and as good an effect as I ever saw. When she will jot me in a sob or so, like plums in her pudding (no woman ever did as Claudia Aubrey can—no hiccough about it), there won't be a dry eye in the house."

I was fain to confess that Miss Aubrey had pleased me. Only now and then, ever so slightly, was there a faint resemblance to that former heroine which the lady had created.

Miss Aubrey was through for the time being, and had retired to a chair in the wings, nearly opposite to me. It was Mr. Launcelot in person who brought me another note. It read as follows: "Miss Aubrey's respects to a very taciturn author, and pray what is the matter now?"

Had my impassive face shown any trace of annoyance? Since this epistolary method was the one to be adopted, I was forced to resume it. I wrote: "Mr. Carter's respects to Miss Aubrey. Mr. Carter fears that there is the very slightest reminiscence of Miss Aubrey's former powerful creation of Julia in the present Duchess. An author should be, must be, jealous of an inspiration not his own. Miss Aubrey's former Julia was an American woman of common birth; the character she is now playing is that of a Duchess of the realm, who is the rival of a Queen of France. The taciturn author, since it pleases the lady to call him so, would beg for a trifle less *adulteration*, and a shade more dignity."

I could not see the lady as she read this. All I noticed was that a subtle muffle fell on the floor of the stage, and rolled along as if started with no small propelling force. There came no reply. Now it was the leading lady's *entrée* on the stage. I watched Miss Aubrey's face, but it was a blank. Then the climax in an act was reached, and with so true an effect that I expressed my satisfaction. I had hoped at least for a smile from the lady, but it did not come. Now there was an insignificant passage or two, where Miss Aubrey referred to the Duke, her husband, as "the Duke of Beaulieu."

Now, the French *le-u* is not so easily pronounced. Miss Aubrey made a good name sound absurdly. I could not stand *Bouclou*. As I had with infinite pains and annoyance drilled a subordinate into sounding the shibboleth, this mispronunciation on the lady's part was a blemish I would not allow. I think I was excessively polite about it—at least I tried to be—when, during a short pause, I rose and said:

"Pray permit me, Miss Aubrey, to pronounce that unfortunate name phonetically. It is not *Bouclou*, though the first syllable is near enough to pass criticism. Please drop the *u* in *Bou*, and make it *Bo* short. As to the final syllable, it is a compound of our English *le* and *u*—a diphthong in fact. Would you kindly say, then, *le-u*, with a slight emphasis on the *le*?"

Miss Aubrey's eyes shone on me like meteors. They were dark-blue eyes shaded with the blackest of lashes. I noticed that the lady's face crimsoned. Not that gradual suffusion which quietly flows upward, but the tumultuous impact of blood which fairly surges, draining the lips, and tingeing the ears red hot. Undoubtedly I had offended the lady mortally. I almost fancied I heard two sets of very white teeth close with a snap, then a pearl-coloured glove was stripped to shreds.

Rising from her chair in a dead silence, the lady said:

"Mr. Carter, my French may be New York French for you, yet I can say *Sois-tu*—!" Then she paused.

"Propitiate," whispered Mr. Launcelot to me. "Come, now, Mr. Carter, Miss Aubrey can not pronounce it. Would it not be easier for us to change it? Don't, my dear boy, board Miss Aubrey—it won't do, you know."

As suggested, Jenkins suggested. A couple of women on the stage openly made observations, by no means complimentary, in regard to what they were good enough to term "my blocking the ordinary business, and teaching them like children."

I had full command of my temper, though I

smarted internally over the rudeness. Somehow a sense of the ludicrous very fortunately got the better of me, and I could not help but smile.

"You must know, Miss Aubrey, that simulated passion rarely approaches true natural inspiration. Now, if you will be kind enough to remember the last act—when your lover discards you—perhaps that movement of a moment ago would be of the greatest avail to you. I am sure that I, for one, would be quite willing to find you in gloves nightly. A capital point—very happy indeed!"

"Sir!" said Miss Aubrey.

"Permit me" (I had resumed a graver manner). "Such advice as I may have had to impart has been in regard to the most trivial points. Your talent, Miss Aubrey, wanted no prompting for the broader, stronger parts of my work."

"Propitiate, dear boy. Tell her you will drop that Duchess of Bully, and make it a name any American Christian can pronounce," urged Mr. Launcelot.

"But, Miss Aubrey"—I was losing my temper now—"I must insist on the perfectly simple pronunciation of this name." I rose here, and, moving toward the stage, said low enough, I hoped, to be heard only by her: "To reason with you in regard to the impropriety of what was certainly a rudeness on your part I hardly deem worth my while. It would, I am afraid, be both loss of time and perhaps patience. You certainly are not amenable to those same rules of conduct which might govern others of your sex. Proper resentment arising from offended dignity I might respect. I honestly think you incapable of such finer feelings. Your impulses are as feverish as your words are heedless." My blood was up; I could have withered the woman with my scorn.

"You are insulting," was the reply, given in a whisper.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I resumed, "as to the pronunciation of this word, I have before had the honour of giving it to you. Trivial as it may seem, my insistence in regard to it will only be the greater. So perfectly indifferent am I, however, after all, as to the whole business, that I am determined, unless attention is given to it—at least by those who have sufficient judgment to comprehend how ludicrous and slovenly are such mistakes—that I shall have not the least hesitation in withdrawing the piece."

Mr. Launcelot looked aghast for a moment, and prevented my leaving the house.

"Come, my friends," he said, "the unities"—here the gagman grinned as the manager wiped his forehead—"must be preserved. Anachronisms must no longer exist, certainly not in a house I have the honour of conducting. Ladies and gentlemen will please pay attention to Mr. Carter's advice. Just consider the success of this piece—your success, my success! It is a sure thing, and you would be a parcel of donkeys to muddle it. I don't know but that a course of French might benefit all our manners. But no more nonsense. Don't behave like a lot of spoiled children, and let us get through. There is hardly time now for the carpenters to fix up the stage for to-night's performance."

There was the faintest semblance of dissent. I had taken a newspaper and was reading it when the work of rehearsing commenced anew. Miss Aubrey, with the utmost nonchalance, went through her part. When the lady came to the name which gave her trouble she either evaded it or called it the "Duke of Um-um." There was an occasional laugh here and there when she did it, in which I joined in the most natural way. When this occurred it did not seem to please her. At the conclusion, Miss Aubrey repeated her last scene half-off the stage, and then disappeared without bidding any one good-by.

Mr. Launcelot looked gloomy as he left the house.

"It is a mess—confound it!" he said. "I don't think Claudia Aubrey would play us false. What was that you said to her—eh? You lose your temper too quickly. Why didn't you go and see her? She has been in town for three weeks. Not calling on her was a rudeness. You may be sure she can't abide you. It's a disagreeable thing for an author to be at daggers drawn with people who may make or mar him; and Claudia Aubrey, just as likely, will snub you on every occasion."

"Upon my word, Mr. Launcelot, Miss Aubrey's disposition toward me is a matter of the utmost indifference. I even can't compliment you on the half support I received from your hands. Good-day."

II.

I went homeward feeling uncomfortably. It had not been the first of these ridiculous squabbles which theatrical business had inflicted on me. I had hoped that I had become indifferent to them. I had mostly had my way at last, and in this present instance I had decided that I would not budge an inch. Still I had some fault to find with myself. Since Miss Aubrey had sent me occasional written objections, why had I not carried out the epistolary method? "Perhaps," I thought, "it was this woman's way of doing it, and I had hurt her pride." Maybe I was inclined to be dictatorial and exacting! Was there anything of a tergiversant about the lady? No, she was not a tergiversant, only imperious, and that was a distinction. How superb she looked in her anger! "People," I argued, "express their anger so differently. I am afraid I have a way of sneering which is passably insulting. Propitiate! That's moral cowardice, but

still somehow I wish I had not quarreled with those deep-blue eyes. I could stand sharp, black, piercing eyes, which like ferrets worn into you, but—" I ceased here arguing with myself.

From the close, stifling atmosphere of the theatre to the pure, bracing air of the streets was indeed a relief. Would I go home and look over that second act, and arrange a new entrance for the Duchess? It might only take two or three hours' work. There was a struggle for a moment, and I was undecided. I remembered, then, that a new book on costumes had been published, which I wanted to purchase. I was just passing the publisher's in Broadway. I went in, secured my book, and was leaving the shop, when I noticed a quiet coupé on the street and a lady in the act of entering the vehicle. I could not have mistaken the ample folds of that lustrous black silk. I found myself even familiar with the peculiar ivy-leaf embroidery. Two hands, one ungloved, were on the door of the coupé in the act of closing it. It was Miss Aubrey. She might have driven away right then, but fortunately (why I was glad I hardly knew) an over-voluminous underskirt had been caught somewhere in a hinge. It was this accident I seized upon. I thought it might be proper—no, not exactly to apologize, I had nothing to apologize for; only simply to express some slight and quite formal regret at my having unwittingly been the cause of a disagreeable scene.

"Miss Aubrey," I said, with some diffidence, "might I release your dress? and, pardon me, could I—"

"Mr. Carter!" replied a somewhat surprised voice.

It was a superb face. The brisk cold had coloured the cheeks with a healthy glow. It was—I felt glad of that, too—an unpainted face. As to expression, it was rather proud and haughty. That was when the deep-blue eyes were opened wide. Just now those eyes were in repose, and their lights only glistened with an inquisitive look, half childlike, half mischievous. Those pretty hands, however, still clutched the door of the coupé.

"Can I not make my peace with you, proud Duchess?" I asked, with a smile.

"Pray, Mr. Carter, drop the shop. Does that shock you? The expression is not elegant, but I mean it. I wanted, though, to forget all about it. I am in a fume, and not over it yet. Of all the people I hate with varying degrees of intensity, in a kind of mathematical progression, first comes Mr. Richard Carter, next Launcelot, and lastly myself. We shall never get along, Mr. Carter—never, never—I know we won't."

"And pray why not?"

"Why not? Because I hate to be schooled, in the way you like to school, and, what is more, I don't intend to be. You are not the first play-wright I have had to deal with. Almost all of you assume too much. You crave for your works over-refinements and vaporish ideals which no human being could render. You impose a whole lot of conventionalities which restrain art."

"I am not prepared on this occasion to discuss with Miss Claudia Aubrey—at least on the sidewalk—the sacred rights of authors," I replied, rather coolly.

"Well, then, what are you here for?" inquired Miss Aubrey, hotly; and now the great eyes were expanded for a moment. The two little hands still held fast to the door. The ungloved hand had a single jewelled ring on a taper finger. It was a dimpled hand, and the cold had reddened it.

"What am I here for? I am sure I hardly know. It is decidedly a false situation. Your dress was caught; I might have presumed to assist any lady in the same situation."

"Perhaps so," was the sententious reply.

"Could I not, in order to efface somewhat of an abrupt manner which I have—could I not make the poorest of offerings?" I inquired.

"Propitiate, like Mr. Launcelot! I hate the word. Pray how?"

"Those charming hands of yours are not fully gloved, and the air is keen."

"Oh, my hands! I tore up one glove. What of it? I often do it. It is cheaper than smashing china vases, and crockery is not always handy. I have other gloves. See here!" One of her hands was unloosed then. "This pocket in my coupé is full of old gloves of all shades and colours."

"Might I offer you a pair of gloves?"

"I don't know. They don't sell decent gloves about this part of Broadway."

"Would you kindly inform me where they do sell what they call decent gloves?"

"Such ignorance on Mr. Carter's part in regard to gloves does not tell well for his *savoir-faire*. Was that pronounced rightly, Mr. Carter—ah-m!"

"Admirably—the purest Parisian. But it seems to me that Miss Aubrey reverts to what she designates as the shop."

"I did not intend to."

"Will Miss Aubrey kindly indicate the locality of her glove-shop?"

"Oh, I don't know. Please don't stand there with your head uncovered. The wind is chilly. Pray don't redden in the face that way either. Keep your temper, and don't get a cold in your head."

"The gloves, Miss Aubrey."

"Why, you are as insistent as Othello with the handkerchief. I'll wager you do not know what size I wear, Mr. Carter?"

"I should say sixes—outside." It was a guess on my part.

"A shade small. My hands spread when I

used to stitch books and made fifty cents a day at it. A lucky guess. Yes, sixes. Have you a sister, Mr. Carter?"

"No, Miss Aubrey."

"No women about you?"

"Yes, thank God!"

"What expansiveness! Who?"

"A mother."

"A mother! Who may be waiting for you now?"

"It might be. I accept the dismissal," I said, curtly, feeling hurt.

"No, I didn't mean that. But aren't you dawdling away your precious time? Is it not near your dinner-hour?"

"My good old mother has all kinds of excuses for my tardiness. She always spoiled me."

"That is the reason why you insist on having everything your own way, I suppose. Exemplary young man who dines with his mother, and does not luxuriate at his club."

"Please don't laugh at me, Miss Aubrey. There is a dear old mahogany table—a kind of relic—that once was surrounded by happy faces. There are only two people now left to sit at it: but, thank God! those two do not glare at one another. There are certain dishes I have a childish liking for, and these a good mother prepares for me with her own dear hands. After a day of annoyance, there is a sweet calm about that hour spent with my mother which effaces many a sting. Silly domestic traits these, Miss Aubrey, which can not interest you."

"But they do—they do, Mr. Carter; I like to hear about them."

(To be continued.)

THE WORTHINGTON CUP.

The 15th of March was a day long to be remembered by snowshoers. Some time previous, Mr. Worthington, the proprietor of the Windsor Hotel, had promised a cup, valued at \$50, to be competed for in a one-mile open steeplechase by all snowshoe clubs of the Dominion. However, on the day appointed, none but members of Montreal clubs put in an appearance. The cup must be won twice before it remains in the possession of the winner. Should this year's winner not be able to retain possession of it next year, he will be entitled to a medal attesting that he has held it for one year. On the day of the race, the Montreal Lacrosse Grounds were crowded with spectators. Seven competitors entered for the race, which was ultimately won by Mr. Charles Lamothe, of the St. George's Club, in 6 min. 17 sec., followed by George R. Starke and Robt. Summerhayes. In the present issue we give our readers a view of the course, together with the portrait of the winner and the illustration of the cup and the medals, which were designed and executed by Messrs. J. R. Harper & Co., who are second to none for this kind of workmanship.

Mr. Charles Lamothe, the winner of the Worthington Cup, is 25 years of age, having been born in Montreal on the 29th May, 1854. He comes from what may be called a racing stock, for his maternal uncle, Mr. Thos. Coffin, his grandfather, Mr. Jos. M. Lamothe, and his paternal uncle, Mr. Frs. Arthur and George Lamothe, were all great pedestrians. Mr. Chas. Lamothe has been as successful in running shoes and on skates as on snowshoes. We subjoin an extract from his lengthy record:—

15th March, 1872—First race won; 2 miles: city championship cup, presented by Mayor F. Cassidy, Q.C.; M.S.S.C. races.

Canada S.S.C. medal, steeplechase, 10th February, 1873.

2nd March, 1874—Open steeplechase; Cup, presented by Hon. Henry Starnes. Time, 12.35.

21st February—1 mile: M.S.S.C. Cup. Time, 6.5.

4th July—1 mile foot race; silver medal. Time, 5.15.

24th October—1 mile foot race; cup.

6th March, 1875—1 mile race; gold medal. Time, 6.13.

13th March—Military races at Dexter Park: 2 miles: time, 14.47; won by 200 yards. On this occasion Lamothe did not get the medal, which was withheld from him by a quibble. It was pretended that he was not an officer of the Hochelagas because he had not been gazetted; yet he was a member of the corps, and was drawing his pay.

1876—Gold medal, M.S.S.C. steeplechase; gold medal, Emerald S.S.C.; 1 mile. Time, 6.15. Gold medal, M.S.S.C.; 1 mile. Time, 6.20. Gold medal, V.S.C. hurdle race.

1877—Two races, Victoria Skating Club.

1879—St. George's S.S.C. steeplechase; Cup. Time, 15 min. 7 sec. E.S.S.C.; 1 mile; 6.20; half-mile, 2.53.

On the same day that the Worthington Cup was run for, Mr. Charles Courcel won the 100 yards' race, two *enfants de sol* thus carrying off two out of four of the day's events. It is to be hoped that the success they met with will encourage others of their nationality to come and try and wrest laurels from the English clubs next season.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York City.