

of your head that it was I?—it was a most miserable madman that had taken my shape!—it was not I!"

"I know it," she answers, in a stifled and hardly audible voice; "I have always known it!"

He draws a heavy long breath, and passes his hand over his forehead, and the sweep of his smooth hair.

"But as far as I—myself—the real I—I am concerned—" he goes on more quietly, but still with a profound and serious eagerness, "what harm, pray, have I ever done you? if we come to reckon up accounts," looking at her steadily and with a piteous resentment in his eyes, "as to which of us had wrought the other most woe, I should not have much doubt for my part, as to which would come out creditor! It will not do to hark back to old times—I know that as well as you! Do not tell me"—(in a rough voice of passionate prohibition)—"that between us and those dear days a door is inexorably shut, that not all our joint strength can henceforth open ever so little. Who, better than I, knows it? But cast one look back into your memory—that (with a half sneer) "will not injure you—and tell me which of my sins it is that has called down upon me this galling punishment?—to be shunned by you"—(with an accent of indignant melancholy) "you that were ever so tolerant of even the ungenial and wearisome—to be shunned by even you!"

She hesitates in a pained confusion; divided between the impossibility of honest speech and the cruelty of silence. She oscillates so long between the two, that he, unanswered, in his impatience speaks again.

"Do you think that, like the Bourbons, I have learned nothing and forgotten nothing?—Have these last bitter two years and a half done absolutely nothing for me, in the way of control and discipline?"

"It is you that are unjust now," she says very gently, lifting her brave blue eyes—not wet now, but lit by their own steadfast light to the restless flashing of his— "I have no distrust of you, nor have I shown any; why should I be in such haste to suspect evil where there is none? But"—(with a long, low sigh, and flushing)—"apart from any question of you or me, you must know that since—since well, you know since when—society has but small pleasure for me; always, always I am ill at ease, and feel as if I had no right to be there; while here"—(looking slowly round with calm, lifted face)—"when I am between these four quiet walls, my past does not trouble me; I know that my future is in God's good keeping; I have nothing but my tranquil present to occupy me."

"*Traquill!*" he repeats, with a sarcastic accent; glancing meaningfully at the cheeks which still show traces of her tears; "your tranquillity wears an odd dress!"

"It is true," she answers, with composure; "as the healthiest body ails sometimes, so, in the evenest, smoothest life, there comes a spell of soul-sickness, and"—(with a long sigh)—"I have had such a spell to-night!"

CHAPTER VI.

One after one, the hot days race past. The summer that begins with a gentle trot, ends with a fleet gallop and our pains on all-fours.

August is nearly run out; August, the last of Summer's three poor children. Even if you amalgamate Spring with her, she has but three. Alas! how can we help heavily sighing, we that are not fox-hunters, when we think of how many degrees of frost and feet of snow—of how many knife-like winds and stinging rains we shall have to wade and fight through before we catch sight of another! Joan has uneasily wished the days away; and her wish, like all our foolish, unthrifty wishes for the annihilation of our scant time, is rushing to its fulfilment. The Smith-Deboraine party is on the eve of breaking up. There is only one whole day to intervene, before it melts like a snow-ball on the hob; before its members, brought into juxtaposition for a fortnight, whirl off from each other, north, south, east, west. Joan has wished for its breaking up. Therefore she must needs be now content. But when we have our wishes in our arms, they seldom look either so large or handsome as they did, when we saw them unguiled by distance and mist, standing on the far-off mountain-tops of hope. Usually, we find some ugly scar on their faces, some malformation in their shape, that puts us out of humor with them. Perhaps you would say that Joan herself is looking a little out of humor with her wish, this morning, as she leans, dressed to go out, in a wide, coarse hat, and clean, scant calico gown, against the school-room window-frame. She is running over in her mind the incidents of the past three weeks; as once, at Helmsley, she had run over those of a somewhat similar space of time. Certainly, the disagreeables of this present period are by no means inferior, in either size or number, to that of the former one.

Six times she has come down suddenly face to face with Anthony, in garden, alley, or corridor. Out of those six times, twice has he passed her with lowered eyes in uneasy haste; twice have the children fallen like wolves upon him, and hindered her from hearing a tone of either his own or her voice throughout the interview; twice he has found Mr. Smith in her company, and has passed her with a silent angry bow.

She has spent five evenings in the drawing-

room; five evenings made forever hot and sore even in memory, by the consciousness that pervaded them of the existence of a jocosely conspiracy among the company for throwing her into the millionaire's society; a conspiracy not so patent as to be very ill-bred, or to become apparent to the dull-witted object of it; but plain as the sun in heaven to her; and resented with an impotent wrath that helps her not at all; a conspiracy to which she can plainly see, by his sullen brows and averted eyes, that Anthony thinks her a willing party. Though she is quite alone, she puts up her hands to cover her face, as if to hide even from the bullfinch's shy, round eye the indignant flush that has stained them at this humiliating recollection. Nor are her troubles wholly in the past. There is one last, worse one still ahead of her; one, in which all the others are to culminate. Is not to-day—this last day—to be devoted to a pleasure-excursion to Dering to see the "improvements?"

And so it comes to pass that, in the fresh and early morning, Joan stands at the window, leaden-hearted, waiting to be summoned.

Monty is ill and unable to share the general festivity. Joan has just bidden him good-by, and has left him sitting up in his small bed, with one little, feverish arm embracing a basin, and a large Bible open at Leviticus before him.

They are off now—three carriages full.

"Do you mind sitting with your back to the horses?" cries Lalage, gayly, as she establishes herself luxuriously in her corner, with air-cushion, dust-cloak, and sunshade. "Oh, do say that you do not."

They are off now. The buggy, with the host and Colonel Wolferstan, spinning on ahead; the stately barouche, with the hostess, Lalage, Joan, and the children, bowling smoothly after; and the wagonette with Mr. Smith, and the odds and ends of the party bringing up the rear.

Away they go; the bright harness throwing back the morning beams; the showy horses stepping out; Rupert perched on the box between coachman and footman, shouting out pieces of shrill information to Faustine inside, Faustine holding up her parasol and spreading the crisp circumference of her lounces all over Joan's modest calico gown.

At the end of the twelve miles' drive things are rather different. The sun has ceased to smile, and begun to snarl. The refreshing gusts have laid down for their noonday sleep. The dust has found its way up to their noses, and their knees are growing cramped.

It is perhaps well for Joan that her attention is distracted from pensively dwelling on the old recollections and associations that each new half-mile calls forth, by the necessity of a stringent attention to Faustine, who, having grown tired of the confinement of her position, is beginning to jump up and down tiresomely on the seat, and to swing her legs to and fro.

"Miss Dering!" cries Rupert, from the box, in a voice of great glory and exultation, "Mitchell says that we shall see Dering Castel at the next turn. Oh, is not it fun!—Come up here, Fausty! there is plenty of room. James is not there plenty of room for Fausty too?" tapping confidentially to the footman, who, indeed, is the same one from whom he has imbibed that ignoble rhyme about Mr. Lobsky, which Joan has so vainly tried to erase from his memory.

Joan's heart has sprung to her mouth; her limbs are trembling. For the moment she must leave Lalage and Faustine to fight it out as best they may. Her shrieking voice can be lifted in neither exhortation nor reprimand. Here is the turn! Already they are curving round it. In a moment the beloved, revered home will have risen upon her aching sight.

"There it is!" cries Rupert, wildly excited, pointing with one eager, fat forefinger; "James, there it is!"

Faustine has sprung on the seat, and her sharp look is following her brother's.

"Is that it?" she cries, in a contemptuous, hold-cheap voice; "it is not near so large as I expected!—Why, Miss Dering, you told us that it was such a beautiful house! I call it hideous!"

Joan has stood up too. Her blurred and misty gaze is hungrily fixed on the old, proud dwelling of her race, but she does not reply to Faustine's taunt. Is this, indeed, the lovely pile—half feudal castle, half old manorial hall—that she challenged all other counties to beat for stateliness and comfortable beauty?—this, that time and weather had vied in painting with sweet and sober tints; this, that, wrapping its giant ivy-cloak around it, had stood calmly bidding the little paltry years go by?

Joan sinks back again upon the seat; and turning her head as far as possible away from her fellow-travelers' observation, fixes her brimming eyes on the rolling wheels—on the whirling dust—on anything that is not Dering. She no longer heeds—she does not even hear any more of the children's jibes and comments. All through the park as they smoothly roll beneath the familiar stag-headed oaks, and the glorious spread of the mighty beeches, she is schooling her spirit to bear the purgatory that the next few hours will bring. If this first experience is to be a sample of the rest, it will indeed be a sad day's pleasuring for her. She has hardly got the better of the lump in her throat, nor has dared to trust her voice in any utterance; when, having passed through the last gate, they draw up at the grand entrance, to find that Mr. Smith, who has taken advantage of a short cut across the park to get ahead of them, already

stands waiting, small, nervous, but hospitably triumphant, to receive his guests under the lofty arched and scutcheoned door, whence the obsolete Dering lion still looks down grimly ironical.

The moment that they come to a stand-still, the host advances, hastily pushing himself before his own new mammoth footman, and, while his near-sighted eyes appear to see no one but Joan, he stretches out his hand to her, crying with tremulous gayety, "Welcome back to Dering!"

"Thank Heaven we have reached the promised land at last!" cries Lalage, sweeping in with a large sigh of relief and weariness; "certainly we have not had much manna or many quails by the way! I could dispense with the manna, but O Mr. Smith! we look to you for the quails!—do you think—oh, do you think that they are likely to be nearly roasted?"

But not even this broad hint as to the state of her appetite can induce Mr. Smith to depart from the programme laid down in his own mind—to see the improvements first, and then to luncheon. Not all Mrs. Wolferstan's heavy sighs and broad innuendoes can persuade him to alter this order of succession. If there can be any gladness in such a case Joan is glad. Since it must be, by all means let it be at once, so that by-and-by it may be over. The children, feeling that the hands of discipline are entirely relaxed, and that a general and agreeable condition of license and anarchy has set in, are already half over the house. Miles away one hears them; opening unintended doors, riding down banisters, teasing long-suffering footmen, chivving wrathful cats. It has begun. Joan is now well into the purgatorial flames. The first door, sticky with new paint, is thrown open.

"This was the late owner's private room, I am told!—am I not right? I thought I could not do better than follow his example; so now it is mine!"

And so on through the rooms. Joan is not even able to indulge in the poor luxury of silence. It is to her judgment that all the appeals on her taste, that all the calls are made; into her ears that all the stream of complacent volubility is poured. By-and-by a sort of stupefaction comes to her aid; a dim feeling that this is all a phantasmagoria. This is not her old home, this melancholy mummer masquerading thus gaudily in his Brummagem new clothes; her old home in the richness of its sober coloring, with its ancient stately fittings, so suited to its age and character that they seem to have grown part of it, not to be severed without mutilation—with its hangings faded a little by the action of the many summer suns that have filtered through the pleasant casement-windows upon them, but mellow and harmonious as the voice with the instrument.

The feeling strengthens as she walks bewildered through the rooms in their new possessor's wake; her feet treading on fine-new carpets, the brightness of whose sprawling flowers and scrolls gets up and boxes the ears; seeing herself centupled in hundreds of Titan mirrors; her eyes aching with the monotonous miles of white paint and tons of gilding that everywhere meet them. Now and again, indeed, the sight of an old friend—a picture—a Grining Gibbons chimney-piece—a gem by Cellini—too palpably valuable to be relegated to the lumber-room, even by the most commercial taste or the grossest intelligence—make her start and shiver as one that meets a white-sheeted ghost, but for the most part a kind of numbness comes to her aid. This is a house, and that was a house, but there seem to be no threads in her memory to tie the two ideas together. It is nearly over now. They have returned to the rooms whence they first started. Mr. Smith has been called away to give some orders; Joan has sunk down on a chair by the table—both new, of course, and with gilt legs—and is leaning her burning forehead on her hands; her whole being seems to be one dull ache and bruise. She has only one idea that has any sharpness of distinctness in it, and that is, that she must not cry.

But at luncheon Joan's soul is draining so bitter a cup that it is of small moment to her what stamp of drink or what manner of food passes her bodily lips. They lunch in the small dining room in which she and her grandfather used always to dine when they were alone, or had gathered only a few intimates around them. It is travestied, indeed, and harlequinized, like the rest of the house; but alas! the billows of change that have swept over it have not done their work thoroughly enough. One or two old landmarks still sadly emerge, as they say that the church-steeple of a drowned city show sometimes, on quiet summer evenings, above the whelming waves. The old familiar-shaped leather has, indeed, vanished from the walls. The portrait of Mr. Smith's mother, in cameo, Holy Family, and satin gown—a sort of Bowdlerized Mrs. Moberley—now hangs as a grotesque and mismatched pendant to that of her grandfather; but yet his picture is still here, so is his great-armed and high-backed chair, which seems even yet to keep his faint and ghostly spirit-shape in its embrace. Her own chair, too, Mr. Smith has, with timid instantaneity, begged her to resume, observing that "it will be like old times to her," and she has obeyed with a limp complacence.

During the whole time that the entertainment lasts—it appears to her very lengthy, and, indeed, Lalage's appetite is not a thing to be appeased in a hurry—she sits, feeling as if the whole thing were a caricature—a dreadful burlesque of her sacred past. She is once again at the head of this familiar board—once again

there is around her a sound of gay talk and bubbling laughter; once again her lifted eyes meet the smile and look of a *vis-à-vis*. But what smile? What look? What *vis-à-vis*? It seems as if her anguished gaze could not help ever raising itself from the little *chétif* reigning king, lost and swallowed up in the embraces of his great chair, to the lofty-statured, beloved dead king on the wall above him.

Perhaps it is as well for her—though at the time it seems as if it were the last drop in an already overbrimmed cup—that the children seem resolved to contribute their little mite toward making her day's pleasuring at Dering an ineffaceable one from her memory; that Faustine appears determined to follow the example of many of the great and good of all ages, and leave this life by the door of a surfeit; and that Rupert, casting to the winds all sense of the fitness of things, is devoting his young energies to the task of moving the strange footmen from their wonted gravity, by many occult practical jokes, such as he has often tested the efficacy of upon James and William at home. Not even with the end of luncheon do Joan's trials touch their end. Fresh logs are indeed to be thrown on the purgatorial flames. It is only the scene of her endurance that is to be a little changed. What has been already done inside the house has now to be done outside.

It is now the turn for the gardens and their improvements; nor will their owner take any denial. He is obliged, indeed, willy-nilly, to take a denial in the case of Mrs. Wolferstan, who declines to be of the party, with a robust and emphatic certainty, as to her own inclinations, which precludes pressing.

(To be continued.)

ARTISTIC.

PROF. RUSKIN is in Venice selecting and securing casts from the most beautiful types of sculpture to be found there, for a museum he is establishing at Walkley, a suburb of Sheffield, England, for the benefit of workingmen's students.

A VOLUME of some artistic interest is just published by Goupil of Paris. It is a photographic album of Beaudry's paintings in the Foyer of the Opera, with the sketches and studies used in the course of the work. Edmond About has written a preface for it.

A MOVEMENT has been set on foot in Paris to erect a monument to the memory of George Sand. On the committee are the names of MM. Victor Hugo, Tiquet, Perin, and a number of other leading literary men. The site fixed upon for the statue is the Place de l'Odéon, which is about the centre of the classic Latin quarter of Paris.

AN eminent physician, writing to the London Times, says he is so impressed with the benefit of pictures, bronzes, art decorations, sculpture, &c., in a medical point of view, that he is ready to give £100 towards a fund to cover the naked walls of the London hospitals, as he is confident that the contemplation of works of art is beneficial to the recovery of all classes of patients.

THE entire cost of moving the obelisk called Cleopatra's needle, from Egypt to London, is to be borne by an eminent English surgeon, Mr. Erasmus Wilson. He has made the necessary arrangements with Mr. Dickson, the civil engineer, at an estimated cost of \$50,000. The obelisk will be surrounded with water-tight and air-tight casing of boiler plates, will have a wooden keel and an iron deck, and will be towed through the Mediterranean by a powerful steamer.

THE Legion of Honour has just been conferred on "the Comte de Noé, draughtsman, for exceptional services." He is well known as the "Cham" of *Charivari*, a pseudonym he assumed on account of his father's repugnance to his adopting the profession of a caricaturist, Noé being the French form of Noah, and Cham of Ham, so that the signature implied his being disinherited, or, at least, in disgrace. The objection to decorating a comic artist which had long excluded M. de Noé from the Legion of Honour has at last been waived.

SOME rare miniatures and autographs were sold at Hôtel Drouot, in Paris, the other day, the *élite* of the old aristocracy and the members of the Orleans family being present. Nine miniatures fetched 11,200 francs, among them a portrait of Marie Antoinette, and another of Madame Elizabeth, the sister of Louis XVI. Four lines scrawled by the latter on the day after the capture of the Bastille, fetched 205 francs; and an autograph letter from Marie Antoinette to the Duchess of Polignac, 640 francs. Autographs, however, of Frederick the Great and of the Emperor Paul I. of Russia went for ridiculously small sums.

ONE of the novelties of the Paris Exposition of 1878, which is most likely to attract the keen interest of the public, will be the exhibition of historical portraits executed by French artists from the fifteenth century to 1830. This project has been approved by the Minister of Public Instruction, and has been submitted to a sub-commission to consider the best means of carrying the scheme into effect and to ascertain the views on the subject of the possessors of historical paintings. The commission has already put itself in communication with the museums of the provinces and private owners of collections, who, it is said, have responded to the appeal with a liberality which promises a rich harvest of historical and artistic discoveries.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

It must be a matter of gratification to every Canadian to note the steady progress which this publication is making. It has undoubtedly achieved for itself a high position in the world of literature and art, and we regard it now as one of our national institutions and watch its weekly advent with the greatest of interest. Some of the political cartoons of the NEWS are capital without descending to the vulgarity which too often characterizes American illustrations of this nature. The last issue, for example, contains excellent likenesses of Mr. Mackenzie and Sir John Macdonald in the guise of cooks.—St. Johns, P.Q., News.

It gives us very great pleasure to refer to this popular journal—to recommend it to our readers as an illustrated paper worthy of their support. An honest attempt by the publishers to present a pictorial and literary weekly worthy of the Dominion deserves all praise. This week's number is very creditable. The pictures will bear comparison with any similar publication on the continent of America, and the letter-press is varied and interesting; the latter including a number of carefully edited departments suitable for the family circle. The object of the publishers being to produce as good an illustrated and family paper as the circumstances of the country will warrant, we trust the public will help the good work onward by extending a cordial support. Orders may be left at any bookstore, or new subscribers may address the publishers, Montreal.—London Herald.