

has been over this enchanted ground, and who has seen all the famous personages that are to them mere names.

"Surely you did not go alone!" some one presently says.

"No," Miss Brooke answers; "my nephew accompanied me both times when I was abroad. We talk of going again soon, and, if so, we shall not content ourselves with Europe, but shall turn our faces toward the East.

"Oh, how delightful!" cries Kate, clasping her hands.

"You would like to go, then?" says Miss Brooke, looking at her.

"Like to go! What a question! I should like to go everywhere—and then come back to Fairfields afterward."

"How likely you would be to appreciate Fairfields under those circumstances?" says Sophy.

"Do you think not?" cries Kate. "Ah, I wish you would try me!"

"We have not the least doubt that you are perfectly willing to be tried!" says Janet.

"Now, dear Miss Brooke, tell us something more."

The morning passes in this manner. At noon the horsemen and the dogs come in, tired and dispirited. "A hard chase, and no fox," is the report. "I never saw the hounds more completely baffled," says Will. "They came to a loss on Rocky Mount. The fox was some cunning old villain, with years and iniquities thick on his head."

"Never mind," says Kate, who has gone out to hear this. "Fate means to console you, for the Nortons are here. Come in to luncheon, and let Carrie pour balm on your wounded feelings."

At which Will blushes, and, muttering something about being "not fit to be seen," departs to the upper regions of the house with celerity. He does not remain there, however. Before fifteen minutes have elapsed, he is seated at luncheon by Carrie Norton's side, with all recollection of the old and cunning fox banished from his mind.

In the afternoon there is a game of croquet on the lawn, in which even Miss Vaughn condescends to take part; and while the game is at its height, and Kate, who throws her soul into croquet as into everything else which she undertakes, is vindictively playing upon a ball which chances to be at her mercy, there comes a sound of horses' hoofs, cantering up the avenue, and Miss Palmer cries,

"Yonder is Mr. Tarleton!"

"There, Kate, you missed that finely!" says Will, for Kate's last stroke was indeed pitiable, and she pauses, mallet in hand, with a deeper flush on her face than the exercise warrants—a flush which rises as much from self-vexation as from any other cause.

"You are a contemptible fool!" she says, with uncompromising severity to herself, and she keeps her head resolutely turned away from the direction in which Tarleton is coming over the grass. But, though she may keep her head turned and her eyes averted, she cannot close her ears to the tones of his musical, debonaire voice as he speaks to those near her. Despite herself—despite the conversation she is maintaining with one of the young Nortons—she hears every word, and presently she is obliged to look at him, for he walks directly across the ground to address her.

"Why were you not with the hunt this morning?" he asks. "I looked, and hoped to find you, but was disappointed; and yet, Will told me that he offered to take you."

"So he did," she answers, "but I thought it best to stay at home. My last fox-hunt satisfied me that neither Diana nor myself are capable of following the hounds."

"Granted, as far as Diana is concerned; but as far as you are concerned, I disagree with you. Nobody in the country is better able to follow them; but you need a good mount, and I have come to ask if you will not go to-morrow morning if I leave Mignon for you?"

His kind voice, his caressing eyes, his whole manner, seem to Kate so eloquent of sincere desire to give her pleasure, that, feeling it beyond her power to be ungracious, she is about to utter an assent, when two or three voices cry, "It is your turn to play, Kate," and she is obliged to move away after her ball.

Miss Vaughn improves the occasion by turning to Tarleton, and saying, in her bell-like voice:

"I see you still keep Florida, and she is as pretty as ever. You should have brought her over to see me before. I wonder if she will know me, and remember all the lumps of sugar I have given her."

"Hardly, I am afraid," answers Tarleton. "She is as fond of sugar as ever, but it is too much of even a horse to remember the sweets of last year."

"So equine memories are no longer than human ones!" she says, with a soft laugh.

"Such a little while ago, such a little while At our own inconsistency, should we sigh or smile?"

Is that what you fancy her saying?"

"By no means," he replies. "I am sure she has enough of her sex in her to find no difficulty in knowing that it is always best to smile."

Kate's nerves are strung now, and she sends her ball flying through wicket after wicket with firm, steady strokes, never pausing until she has struck the stake, and cried triumphantly, "out!"

"You are the first rover," says her partner.

"Now, come and help me."

But, shaking her head, she throws down her mallet. "I am sorry," she says, "that I cannot play the game out; but I have just remembered something that I must go and do."

Before any one can protest, she turns, and, passing across the lawn, enters the house and disappears.

(To be continued.)

PERSEVERANCE.

On a certain day in the year 1819, Mr. Chitty, an attorney in Shaftesbury, was leaving his office for the day, when he was met at the door by a respectable woman and a chubby-faced boy with a bright eye. He knew the woman slightly—a widow that kept a small stationer's shop in the town.

She opened her business at once. "Oh, Mr. Chitty, I have brought you my Robert; he gives me no peace; his heart is so set on being in a lawyer's office. But there, I have not got the money to apprentice him. Only we thought perhaps you could find some place or other for him, if it was ever so small." Then she broke off and looked so appealingly, and the boy's cheeks and eyes were fired with expectation.

Most country towns at that time possessed two solicitors who might be called types; the old-established man, whose firm for generations had done the pacific and lucrative business—wills, settlements, partnerships, mortgages, etc.—and the sharp practitioner, who was the abler of the two at litigation, and had to shake the plum tree instead of sitting under it and opening his mouth for the windfalls. Mr. Chitty was No. 2.

But these sharp practitioners are often very good-natured; and so, looking at the pleading widow and the beaming boy, he felt disposed to oblige them, and rather sorry he could not. He said his was a small office, and he had no clerk's place vacant; "and, indeed, if I had, he is too young; why he is a mere child!"

"I am twelve next so-and-so," said the boy, giving the month and the day.

"You don't look it, then," said Mr. Chitty, incredulously.

"Indeed, but he is, sir," said the widow; "he never looked his age, and writes a beautiful hand."

"But I tell you I have no vacancy," said Mr. Chitty, turning dogged.

"Well, thank you, sir, all the same," said the widow, with the patience of her sex. "Come, Robert, we mustn't detain the gentleman."

So they turned away with disappointment marked on their faces, the boy's especially.

Then Mr. Chitty said, in a hesitating way—

"To be sure, there is a vacancy, but it is not the sort of thing for you."

"What is it, sir, if you please?" asked the widow.

"Well, we want an office-boy."

"An office-boy! What do you say, Robert? I suppose it is a beginning, sir? What will he have to do?"

"Why, sweep the office, run errands, carry papers, and that is not what he is after. Look at him—he has got that eye of his fixed on a counsellor's wig, you may depend; and sweeping a country attorney's office is not a stepping-stone to that." He added wariily, "at least, there is no precedent reported."

"La! sir," said the widow, "he only wants to turn an honest penny, and be among law papers."

"Aye, aye, to write 'em and sell 'em, but not to dust 'em!"

"For that matter, sir, I believe he'd rather be the dust itself in your office than bide at home with me." Here she turned angry with her offspring for half a moment.

"And so I would," said the young master, stoutly, endorsing his mother's hyperbole very boldly, though his own mind was not of that kind which originates metaphors, similes, and engines of inaccuracy in general.

"Then I say no more," observed Mr. Chitty; "only mind, it is half-a-crown a week—that is all."

The terms were accepted, and Master Robert entered on his humble duties. He was steady, persevering and pushing; in less than two years he got promoted to be a copying clerk. From that in due course he became a superior clerk. He studied, pushed and persevered, till at last he became a fair practical lawyer, and Mr. Chitty's head clerk. And so much for Perseverance.

He remained some years in this position, trusted by his employer, and respected too; for besides his special gifts as a law clerk, he was strict in morals, and religious without parade.

Lawyer Chitty's agent was Mr. Bishop, a judge's clerk; but in those days a judge's clerk had an insufficient stipend, and was allowed to eke it out by private practice. Mr. Bishop was agent to several country attorneys. Well, Chitty had a heavy case coming on at the assizes, and asked Bishop to come down for once in a way and help him in person. Bishop did so, and in working the case, was delighted with Chitty's managing clerk. Before leaving, he said he sadly wanted a managing clerk he could rely on. Would Mr. Chitty oblige him and part with this young man?

Chitty made rather a wry face, and said that the young man was a pearl. "I don't know what I shall do without him; why, he is my *alter ego*."

However, he ended by saying generously that he would not stand in the young man's way.

Then they had the clerk in and put the question to him.

"Sir," said he, "it is the ambition of my heart to go to London."

Twenty-four hours after that our humble hero was installed in Mr. Bishop's office, directing a large business in town and country. He filled that situation for many years, and got to be well known in the legal profession.

He was now amongst books as well as lawyers, and studied closely the principles of law whilst the practice was sharpening him.

He was a Baptist, and lodged with a Baptist minister and his two daughters. He fell in love with one of them, proposed to her, and was accepted. The couple were married without pomp, and after the ceremony the good minister took them aside, and said, "I have only £200 in the world; I have saved it a little at a time, for my two daughters. Here is your share, my children." Then he gave his daughter £100, and she handed it to the bridegroom on the spot. The good minister smiled approval, and they sat down to what fine folk call breakfast, but they called dinner, and it was.

After dinner and the usual ceremonies, the bridegroom rose and surprised them a little. He said, "I am very sorry to leave you, but I have a particular business to attend to; it will take me just one hour."

He left them, went to Gray's Inn, put down his name as a student for the Bar; paid away his wife's dowry in the fees, and returned within the hour.

Next day the married clerk was at the office as usual, and entered on a two-fold life. He worked as a clerk till five, dined in the Hall of Gray's Inn as a sucking barrister; and studied hard at night. This was followed by a still stronger example of duplicate existence, and one without a parallel in my reading and experience—he became a writer and produced a master-piece, which, as regarded the practice of our courts, became at once the manual of attorneys, counsel, and judges.

Time rolled its ceaseless course, and a silk gown was at his disposal. Now, a popular junior counsel cannot always afford to take silk, as they call it. Indeed, if he is learned, but not eloquent, he may ruin himself by the change. But the remarkable man, whose career I am epitomising, did not hesitate; he still pushed onward, and so one morning the Lord Chancellor sat for an hour in the Queen's Bench, and Mr. Robert Lush was appointed one of Her Majesty's Counsel in the Law, and then and there, by the Chancellor's invitation, stepped out from among the juniors and took his seat within the Bar. So much for Perseverance.

From this point the outline of his career is known to everybody. He was appointed in 1865 one of the Judges of the Queen's Bench, and after sitting in that Court some years was promoted to be a Lord Justice of Appeal.

A few days ago he died, lamented and revered by the legal profession, which is very critical, and does not bestow its respect lightly.

—CHARLES READE.

[The person alluded to in the above sketch is the late Sir Robert Lush, one of Her Majesty's Justices of Appeal in England.—ED.]

TOO LATE.

"Have you brought any witnesses?" asked the Rev. Mr. Wood of Bathgate, of a middle-aged couple, who had come to be married.

"No, we ne'er thoct o' that. Is it necessary?"

"Oh, certainly," said the minister, "you should have a groomsmen and bridesmaid as witnesses."

"Wha can we get, Jen, do you think?"

The bride so addressed suggested a female cousin, whom the bridegroom had not previously seen, and after consultation a man was also thought of.

"Step ye awa' along, Jen, an' ask them, an' I'll walk about till ye come back."

Jen set out as desired, and after some time returned with the two friends, the cousin being a blooming lass, somewhat younger than the bride.

When the parties had been properly arranged, and the minister was about to proceed with the ceremony, the bridegroom suddenly said—"Wad ye bide a wee, sir?"

"What is it now?" asked the minister.

"Weel, I was just gawn to say, that if it wad be the same to you, I wad rather hae that ane?" pointing to the bridesmaid.

"A most extraordinary statement to make at this stage! I'm afraid it is too late to talk of such a thing now."

"Is it?" said the bridegroom, in a tone of calm resignation to the inevitable. "Weel, then, ye maun just gang on."

THE DIRTY WORK OF SCOTLAND YARD.

A scare was caused on the occasion of the Czar visiting the Crystal Palace. The expediency of this visit had been much questioned, and the authorities of Scotland Yard were very nervous about it. Their fear was not so much that the Czar would be assassinated, as insulted. In 1867, while going through the Palais de Justice, in Paris, he had been mobbed by French Radicals, who had shouted in his ears, "*Vive la Pologne!*" and some demonstration of the sort was to be apprehended on the part of Communist refugees living in London. On the day

before the Crystal Palace fête word was brought to Zarouboff that a Pole who earned his living as a fencing master intended to throw himself at Alexander II.'s feet and present a petition for the release of his brothers, who were in Siberia. This had to be prevented at all costs. The Pole lived in Wardour street, and the Russians were for getting him arrested out of hand. The English police doubted whether they could do this, as they had no warrant, but they astutely suggested that some charge might be preferred against the Pole. The wretched man's residence was accordingly watched, and in the evening, as he was going out to dine at an eating-house, an English hireling ran against him, collared him, made an uproar, and accused him of having picked his pocket. A broken piece of watch-chain dangling from the Englishman's waistcoat seemed to bear out the latter's accusation, and the poor Pole, despite his indignant protests, was marched off to the police station. On the following day he was brought up before a magistrate, a charge was sworn against him, and a remand asked for. The magistrate granted the remand, refusing bail, and the Pole remained a week in jail, the prosecutor, of course, failing to appear at the adjourned hearing. Zarouboff is very sarcastic at the underhand stratagem the English police countenanced to get this Pole out of harm's way; and he adds that "anything can be done" in England by keeping up a semblance of legality. "In very delicate cases," he remarks, "as when you might wish to kidnap somebody, the official police will not give you overt assistance, but they will get you helped by one of the private inquiry offices, whose agents are often discharged policemen. These agencies do the dirty work of Scotland Yard. They render important clandestine services, and their proceedings, even when notoriously illegal, are winked at.—*Cornhill Magazine*."

HUMOROUS.

"No, ma," said a Harlem maiden, "I don't like Charley Jones coming every night. But I don't want to tell him so yet. He is so fat and heavy that, by placing my autumn leaves on his chair, I am getting them nicely pressed."

"We all know," said a cockney school committee man to the new teacher he was examining for her position, "that A, B and C is vowels, but wot we wants to know is vy they is so."

A CHICAGO naturalist stated in his lecture that a black bear could bug seven times as hard as a man, and the next time a menagerie visited that town every girl in the crowd made eyes and waved her handkerchiefs at the black bear, and paid him so much attention that he got confused and blushed.

"You can't add different things together," said an Austin school teacher. "If you add a sheep and a cow together, it does not make two sheep or two cows." A little boy, the son of a Texas milkman, held up his hand and said: "That may do with sheep and cows, but if you add a quart of water, it makes two quarts of milk. I've seen it tried."

IRISH LANDLORD (hotly)—"But how will I collect me rents, man; tell me that now!" Jocular Friend (who, owning no land, can afford to be witty)—"Rents, is it? Wait now, me dear fellow; just you go round to the tenants and say you've come for your rents, and sure the very clothes on your back will be full of rents, in less time than it takes me to say it. Begorra, so they will!"

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

BOUCAULT will act in New York in March.

ANNA DICKINSON is playing *Hamlet* in Rochester.

NESSLER's "Rattenfänger von Hamelin" is to be produced in English at London.

RUBINSTEIN has been invited by the London Philharmonic to direct the first performance of his "Paradise Lost."

The directors of the Coffee Music Hall Company are extending their operations in London with great success.

J. C. FREUND's new musical journal is making things lively in the piano trade.

ROSSI is playing "Edmund Kean" in New York.

CARL ROSA's season opened in London with "Lohegrin." The Prince and Princess of Wales were present, and a great success was scored.

A SCHEME is afoot for bringing the Théâtre Français and the Odéon under one administration, at the head of which would be M. Perrin, with M. de la Rounat, the present director of the Odéon, for his lieutenant.

It is stated by an American journal that Mr. Charles Warner is going to make a professional tour through the United States next season. We are afraid this industrious scribbler has evolved this "fact" from his own vivid imagination.

CONSUMPTION CURED. — Since 1870 Dr. Sherar has each year sent from this office the means of relief and cure to thousands afflicted with disease. The correspondence necessitated by this work becoming too heavy for him, I came to his aid. He now feels constrained to relinquish it entirely, and has placed in my hands the formula of that simple vegetable remedy discovered by an East India missionary, and found so effective for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Threat and Lung Diseases; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Its remarkable curative powers have been proven in many thousand cases, and, actuated by the desire to relieve suffering humanity, I gladly assume the duty of making it known to others. Address me, with stamp, naming this paper, and I will mail you, free of charge, the recipe of this wonderful remedy, with full directions for its preparation and use, printed in German, French or English. W. A. NOYNS, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. e-v-w