

could have added adorable, charming, lovely, but prudence withheld me; and without giving me another opportunity she launched into her history, telling me, as it seemed to occur to her, about her father, his means, his disappointments, and finally that her name was Sara de Montmorenci. In exchange she had to listen to some portions of my history; that I had when almost a boy gone to India; how I had come back, and now was about to return there. I grew quite pathetic over the picture I gave of the loneliness of my situation; and it was quite in keeping with the tender disposition of my hearer that she should take my hand and on it drop a tear. I kissed that tear away, and as I did so my eyes fell on her; her face grew aflame, and feeling it was so, with charming artlessness she covered it with her hands to hide it from me.

Ah, well! journeys such as those seem very short ones. I remember this came to an end before I thought it possible we had got more than half way. The glare from the lights of the station roused me from a delicious dream, and I had twice to tell to my little companion that we had reached the end of our journey. The fatigues of the day were telling on the poor child—she had fallen asleep, and was still drowsy.

"You are sure that you think you will know my box?" she murmured.

"I will try," I said confidently, shutting the door of the cab in which she was seated, and bidding the driver keep a sharp look-out for me; and away I went, and as I turned to go I saw her blow a kiss at me.

"I'm so sorry to disturb you."

My head was in the cab. At my heels stood an irate French woman, chattering and gesticulating about the striped box, whose heavy weight rested on the shoulders of a much-enduring porter. A great deal of what the foreign lady said was lost to me, but I was able to apprehend so much that she claimed this luggage as her own; and to settle the matter, I brought her to where I believed sat its rightful owner. Full of my difficulty, I was already launched into explanations when I perceived that the cab was empty. Upon the seat stood my sticks and umbrellas, but the place which my companion had occupied was filled by the rug only.

"The young lady has got out, I suppose," I said to the cabman inquiringly.

"Not this side, sir, or I should ha' seed her."

It was not very likely that she had got out on the other side, where carriages, four-wheeled and handoms stood crowded together.

"You told me to keep a sharp look-out, which I've done so," he added; and then, noticing that I was looking about uneasily, he suggested the waiting-room, the refreshment bar, finally, that she was looking about for me. The delay caused by these inquiries increased the ire of the French lady considerably; the porter, too, tired of his burden, began to take sides with her, joined by a near-standing cabman desirous of obtaining a fare.

"What's she a-saying to him?" "What's he brought her here for?" "Why don't ye get the station-master?"

Quite a crowd had surrounded us, into the midst of which an official appeared, asking an explanation. To the best of my ability I endeavored to give one. "Yes, but where is the young lady?" he said, after having listened.

"I left her here some minutes ago, seated in this cab. I suppose she got out, and I fear something has happened to her."

"Wait a moment, and I'll get some one to go with you and see;" and in a few minutes, in company with an individual in plain clothes for whom he sent, I was searching the place over. Not a trace could we discover—it was as if the girl had vanished. Returning to the cab, I found the guard of train waiting to corroborate the statement of the lady, who not only turned a deaf ear to the very humble apologies I endeavored to make to her, but even when driving off with the never-to-be-forgotten box beside her, continued to fling at me through the window, "Vilain, voleur, barbare."

"Would you like to leave your address, sir?" said the official, who was evidently disposed to assist me.

"I should," I answered, ready to catch at any excuse which would take me away from the small crowd, among which the wildest surmises were being bandied. "Eloped—carried off—heiress—daughter—wife," went floating past me as I walked away, confiding to my companion how I had met the young lady and what I knew of her in history.

"I am going to stay in Sackville street," I said, "I'll give you my card, and write the name of the hotel upon it."

Already my hand was in my breast pocket, in less than an instant I had flung open my coat and searched it through; and then, with a stupid gaze at the man before me, I gasped out, "I've been robbed, my note-case is gone—with my money in it."

"Young baggage! if I didn't guess as much!" exclaimed my companion involuntarily. "We've been on the look-out for her, unless I'm very much deceived. Not six months ago a seemingly similar game was played on a gentleman at this very station."

Impossible! it couldn't be.

"You are jumping at conclusions too hastily." I was beginning to recover, but his words had struck me like a cannon-ball. "I have no reason on earth to suspect this young lady," I added severely; "I have her address, and know

to whom she was going. The loss of the money is a trifle compared to her safety."

Mr. Jones—I had reason afterward to learn his name—moved his head in apology. "Beg pardon, sir, I'm sure, if I have spoken hastily," he said, "but the two circumstances seemed as you may say to fit in exactly: she was a young lady going to school, and the gentleman—taking care of her as you might be—lost sight of her in just the same way; found he'd been robbed, but wouldn't credit that 'twas she who'd taken the money from him. She was small, fair, young, with pink and white face, and a look as innocent as a baby's. Don't answer the description in any way?"—the wretch saw that I was quailing under his scrutiny—"Well, I'm glad to hear it, sir; thank you, sir"—I was turning away—"and if you should happen to want any information at any time you'll find me here ready."

"Drive to Bloomsbury Square, 209." Miss Lorimer's—that was the address given me. Need I say that the drive was a failure! Before I asked I felt assured that the name of Montmorenci was unknown—never within the memory of the oldest inhabitant had a ladies' school been kept there: "Master's lived here himself for thirty years."

There was an end then—no need for further inquiries—without a doubt I had been cheated, robbed, made a dupe of; there was nothing left but to take my quarters at the hotel and laugh at myself for my folly. But the misfortune was that I couldn't laugh, strive as I might; my heart was heavy; between me and everything I looked at a face came to distract me. Oh! the thousand mad ideas that went coursing through my brain that night, when, unable to rest and seized with some wild probability, I roamed the streets, denying to myself what had brought me out, and fearing to find what I had gone to seek. I remember on my return catching sight of myself in the glass, and I laughed outright, but not because I felt merry. Happily, as the day came on, my fever in a measure left me. Reason returned, and I could give my ear to her precepts.

I went again to the station, interviewed the wily Jones, and invited him to spend a friendly evening with me. I wanted to know about the other victim, in what manner he had been duped, and the steps he had taken. "Wouldn't take no steps at all," said Jones indignantly; "didn't care a hang for the money, all he wanted was to find her."

Just so—I knew the feeling exactly, and I fancy Jones guessed as much, for though he aimed his arrows at the dupe who was not present he took careful heed that each one should pass through me. "All false sympathy," he said at parting; "pity's thrown away on such as she, but there, gentlemen must take their way; and as it's no doubt cost a tidy sum, perhaps after all, sir, the lesson may be of profit to you."

I thanked Mr. Jones cordially; I felt very little fear that a second time I should ever fall a victim. The world of women was evidently a terra incognita to me, and henceforth, as far as possible, I must try and steer clear of them. Up to this period I had occupied a neutral position; henceforth I was armed to the teeth; my antagonism to the fair sex became a byword and a reproach to me. "Never had a thought of love in his life!" say they who know me and have never read these confessions, and by them learn what a narrow escape I once ran of not living and dying a bachelor.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.

In Leghorn, on the 24th of October, 1784, Rachel, the daughter of Abraham Mocatta, gave to her husband, the merchant Joseph Elias Montefiore, his first-born son, and they named the child Moses.

If an angel had appeared to this Joseph in a dream, or had there been at hand a prophet to reveal to the parents what their child would become, not only to the race of Israel, but to the cause of human need in any creed or clime, their delight in their first-born must have deepened into a most solemn joy of thanksgiving, even without the knowledge that his life should cover with the unbroken lustre of good deeds the span of a century.

In conversation with a most courteous English gentleman, the Rev. Dr. Hermann Adler, gifted son and right capable delegate of the aged Chief Rabbi, I learned most of the following interesting facts.

Sir Moses, now in his hundredth year, though suffering some physical languor, retains in their full power his mental forces and all the quickness of his humane sympathies, and can find at will among the superb stores of his memory the incident or scene he wants, which he relates with eyes that sparkle as in youth. He is a tall man of majestic presence; his handsome features, unwontedly firm in repose, have the most attractive nobility when he speaks or smiles. His interest in all matters of any import to mankind continues unabated. When the recent coronation ceremonies were being arranged in Russia, he sent letters to the principal rabbis in Russia and Poland, asking that there might be festivities in their schools on coronation-day, including a sum of £10 in each letter for the purpose.

He always directs prayers to be offered in the schools of Jerusalem on the birthdays of the Queen and the Prince of Wales. The City of London College, soon to be opened by the latter at Moorfields, recently received Sir Moses's check for £500.

He has always been the friend of children; not many months ago he appeared at a charity bazaar, and bought continuously a great quantity of toys and trinkets, which he as continuously gave away right and left to the hungry-eyed little gamins who crowd around such gay scenes.

One day last May (1883), Lord Shaftesbury, meeting Dr. Hermann Adler, exclaimed: "Your great Judas Maccabæus has just sent me £98 for my Ragged Schools!" A pound for each year of Sir Moses's life. When I asked Dr. Adler to tell me in a word the sum of Sir Moses's effectiveness, he replied: "By his example he has stimulated his brethren in Europe to think of and work for their co-religionists in the East, and his sustained efforts, indirectly the origin of the 'Alliance Israelite' in Paris and the Anglo-Jewish Association here, have inspired all the exertions made during the last year to relieve and rehabilitate the persecuted Jews of Russia."

About two months ago a warm friend of Sir Moses, Mr. Alfred A. Marcus, of Boston, sent, in honor of Sir Moses, a fine harmonium to the Evelina Hospital for the Sick, in Southwark Road, founded by Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, whose wife, Evelina, was a relation of Sir Moses. And as the centenary of this beloved patriarch approaches, signs are not wanting of the universal interest it excites.

A special celebration of it is under preparation at Leghorn, the city of his nativity; in Rome a rabbinical seminary about to be founded is to bear his name; and a beautiful album containing addresses voted by all the towns in Italy having Jewish inhabitants is to be presented to him. I have also heard that a celebration in his honor is under consideration in the city of New York, warmly seconded by, if not originating with, his personal friend the Rev. Dr. Isaacs, son of the Rev. Mr. Isaacs, founder of the *Jewish Messenger*; and here in England preparations are being made to celebrate worthily the interesting date.—Mrs. Z. B. GUSTAFSON, in *Harper's*.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Oct. 6.

A NOVELTY in mineral waters is called the Koni Volcanic. This must be fire-water in disguise.

A BEST book is about to be issued with this quaint title: "Not too Funny, Just Funny Enough."

MR. B. C. Stephenson, the author of "Impulse," has, it is stated, in preparation a new play for Mrs. Langtry.

THE plot of ground at Albert Gate on which Lord Rosebery was to have built his immense mansion has been acquired by the London and County Bank.

A MOST interesting book will shortly be published, namely, "The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton," by his son the Earl of Lytton.

VERY tempting announcements will be shortly made to speculators to go in for American silver mines. One silver mine, we are informed, will assay at the rate of £300 a ton.

MILLIONS will be made—yes, nothing less—by speculating in the sale of tickets for the Irving performances. Over £6,000 was netted in six hours for the first night's performance in New York.

THE City Chess Club wishes, and doubtless will be able, to get up a grand chess tournament which will bring together at least a hundred of the best players. Chess has taken a rapid stride in popularity of late.

FUR is to be greatly patronized this winter by ladies, who presume to predict that it will be cold; everything is to be trimmed with fur, and those who can afford it will be clad entirely in hirsute costume.

A DENIAL is given to the report that the Czar and the Emperor William intend to have a friendly meeting. It is useless speculating on the origin of the statement—its truth at one time, and its final abandonment.

LONDON just now rejoices in a dairy show, at which the novelty is goats. The society for their introduction into more general use has reason to be proud of its success. Thousands of cottage dwellers are, it is stated, keeping goats.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT is composing the music for the new piece which will follow "The Silver King." The music ought to be in the Byzantine style, which requires the use of all the flats and sharps, as everyone knows.

THE son of the recently-deceased Dr. Begg is the clever actor, Mr. Walter Bentley. At present he is triumphing in New York as Wilfred Denver in "The Silver King." There has been a great deal of dramatic talent in the Begg family.

A SUBSCRIPTION has been started for a testimonial to Sir Michael Costa. This means that the compliment will take the pleasant form of a cheque. Doubtless there will be a goodly array of figures on it, or one with many decorative cyphers.

IT is quoted as giving an idea of the value of dramatic works in modern days, that immediately after the first night of the "Silver King," when its success was assured, Mr. Wilson Barrett was offered £10,000 for the piece, and refused the offer.

SURELY the diplomatists are in an excited condition at the present aspect of things, else one of them would not have arrived in town minus the whole of his baggage, which he had left at the other end of his journey. The shirtless one had to get a refit in a hurry.

THERE is a rumor, a "Wilde" one, that the aesthetes have taken fitness into their favorable consideration, the fact being that some of the disciples of the meagre order have been forced into this condition, and must make the best of it they can.

A CURIOUS collection is promised, namely, a book containing fac-similes of the handwriting of actresses and fair singers, with comments on their caligraphy—of course not reflecting on the pot-hooks, but doing something in the fortune-telling and search-into-character way.

THE inventive London street-boy has found out a new pastime, namely, roller-skates for wooden and asphalt-paved streets; they rejoice in Gower street especially, which gives them a long and splendid racecourse; next lawn tennis will figure on the asphalt, with a piece of string for the net.

THE fashion of travelling about on the Thames in launches and house-barges has suggested to the Parisians that it will be a pleasant thing to do the like on the Seine, and orders have been given for the construction of pleasure steam-yachts. Perhaps the winter will be allowed to pass before the experiment is made.

A VERY pretty invention, which may be recommended to the masquer, is a scarf-pin with a real electric light in it. It is within the means of that gent, as it does not cost more than a sovereign. At present he will have to send to Vienna for one, but no doubt London tradesmen will soon be on the alert, and have a supply of this novelty.

IT is proposed to establish a Hindoo Club in London. This, with the Hindoo Institution at Wimbledon, or about that locality, will bring the Indians into potent and extensive connection with this country; a union which will be to the advantage of both, as we still consider India the brightest and most valuable gem in the diadem of our Sovereign.

LONDON lights are never to go out. That is the latest novelty (not theatrical). The gas in the principal thoroughfares and open spaces is to be turned down almost to expiring point, but not quite out. Upon the turning on of the tap the illumination is instant. It seems rather a wasteful process.

BOSTON is about to import a theatrical piece into Paris. This is ambitious, but there is a great prospect of a success, as the plot consists chiefly of lovely costumes and beautiful ballet-girls, who represent Oriental loveliness, while the scenery of the East has been painted with great magnificence of color. There is no talking done, not even to the *concierge*.

THE Americans who boast of their plain speaking in general become rather obscure when relating the doings of their aristocracy. Thus the *Newport Journal* announces that a large number of "society solids" had arrived at that fashionable watering place, while a smaller supply than usual of the "small potato squash" had "een hailed at the station."

THE Portsmouth people are anxious to have the Wellington statue erected on Southsea Common, the parade ground of the troops included in the garrison of the town. The idea has something in it to commend it. It would be easy to export the statue from that port, and no one would then be troubled any more about it. We adhere to the idea of letting it take root where it is.

GRATITUDE is not plentiful, and therefore the more pleasant to hear and read of because it is rare. Gratitude is about to be shown to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts for her endeavors to benefit the public in getting cheap fish for them. A testimonial, not a parchment one, but a gold one, has been spoken of, and the idea was discussed at a recent grand dinner. We hope it was not forgotten after the champagne had done its work.

THERE is hardly an adult person living but is sometimes troubled with kidney difficulties, which is the most prolific and dangerous cause of all disease. There is no sort of need to have any form of kidney or urinary trouble if Hop Bitters is taken occasionally.