

It was true. And very rarely had the good woman bestowed any upon herself, for, though fond of nice things, she was temperate in their use. Phillips might become expedient, but these delivered, there was an end of it.

"Will not the mistress see me to-night?" inquired Susan, presently.

"All in good time," was the reply. "She's coming down herself to speak to you."

"Coming down?"

"To be sure. Why not? She likes this little room. Bless you heart, many and many a chat missis and me has had in these two big chairs before she goes to bed!"

"And—when do you think I shall see my master?" asked Susan, boldly.

"Ah, that's another pint," replied the housekeeper. "Praps to-morrow. Praps not for a year. I've been housekeeper nigh three years, and I've never seen him yet!"

"Never seen him?"

"Never seen him entire," said Mrs. Martin. "I've heard him often, so will you, especially when it walks."

"It" ejaculated Susan.

"Ah!" said the housekeeper, quickly, "that's only my way of speaking. He walks sometimes for half the night, along the corridor, up and down stairs, anywhere, when he thinks everybody's abed, and 'tis so like a ghost's ways that we a'most think him one."

"Dear Mrs. Martin," burst out Susan, "won't you tell me more about this gentleman? Everything you know?"

"O' course I will," replied the good woman, who had been bursting with impatience to do so before her mistress should appear, and perhaps take part of the history out of her mouth.

The name, Mrs. Martin informed Susan, was not always Grahame Mountjoy, her mistress's late husband, Captain Fellowes, having assumed the former name on succeeding, somewhat unexpectedly, to a large family estate.

This occurred about five years since; and Mountjoy, dying in the succeeding year, left to his wife, herself in delicate health, the sole charge of their only child, a youth then about sixteen, and an object of great solicitude.

It would appear that, previous to the accession of fortune just mentioned, the young gentleman had fallen passionately in love with the blue-eyed daughter of the postmaster of the quiet village in which, for economical reasons, the Fellowes had for the moment fixed their residence.

Now the difference of station, already sufficiently marked, became hopelessly augmented by the freak of fortune that had transformed Captain Fellowes, with little more than his half-pay and a pension for wounds, into Mr. Grahame Mountjoy, with a landed estate worth twelve thousand a year. Fond almost to adoration, as both parents were, of their boy, nothing could reconcile them to such a connexion. They quitted the village, and all intercourse with its inhabitants was thenceforth peremptorily suspended.

If the parents considered that the attachments of a boy, not yet sixteen, deserved no gentler treatment than this, they were very soon and painfully undeceived. The youth became very ill. Without, it was said, displaying any positive ailment, he wasted gradually away, until, seriously alarmed, his parents resolved to sacrifice every scruple, and restore to him those hopes on which his life seemed really to depend. It was too late. The poor girl, whose home was at all times unhappy under the rule of a savage stepmother, in despair or indifference had accepted the first suitor who sought her hand, and left her home for ever.

From this period, which was further marked by the death of Captain Fellowes-Mountjoy, the poor young man had never, it was believed, been seen by human eyes, save by his mother, his physician, and one or two domestics in immediate attendance on him. To these alone was confided the secret of his mysterious ailment, and they kept it well. It was known that he was under no restraint, nor debarr'd, by causes other than his own will, from any amount of locomotion; that he ate, drank, slept, and dilled (he was a fine violinist already), to use Mrs. Martin's homely phrase, "like a good un."

He was heard to laugh merrily, to chat, and sing. It was, in short, abundantly evident that the young gentleman was not dying of a broken heart, nor of utter weariness of life. What could be wrong with him? Something was. He had been attended by four physicians, including one of the most eminent of his day, who came at great cost from London; but these gentlemen shook their heads, were dismissed in turn, and Mr. Grahame Mountjoy remained unseen.

About three years since, their country residence was let. Mr. Mountjoy, recluse as he was, longed for the sound and movement of a town. The *Hornet* seemed to suit him exactly, and here they were.

Susan pondered on the romantic narrative.

"What do you think was the matter?" she asked.

Mrs. Martin shook her head, and declared, with evident truth, that she had no opinion to offer.

"Some think," she went on to say, "that his disappointment, poor gentleman! settled in his legs, which grew tremendous. That's not true, for I've seen his stockings. Others say that he'd turned bottle-green. But the doctor here (he's a merry man—Doctor Leech) laughed heartily, and said, 'Not half so green as them that believe so.' If I had an idea," continued the good lady, "it is that he suddenly changed to—that his stomach being affected by—that there came out a—hush! I think I hear missis's door."

"A—a what, dear Mrs. Martin?" asked her eager listener.

"Something that spilled his good looks, poor gentleman!" said Mrs. Martin, hurriedly; "and very handsome 'tis said he was."

They rose as Mrs. Grahame Mountjoy, with a kind smile, entered the apartment.

She was a refined, gentle-mannered woman, hardly more than forty, with traces of much former beauty, and a wistful, careworn look in her large brown eyes, so noticeable as at once to enlist the sympathy of those who looked on her.

Greeting Susan kindly, she sank into one of the chairs, pressing her hand to her side, as she did so, with a sigh of weariness or pain.

"You've been and tired yourself out again, ma'am," remarked the housekeeper, with respectful reproach. "You wants a flipp at once. Be ruled by me, ma'am, and let me—"

"No, no, Susan," said her mistress, stopping her peremptorily. "You see," she continued, addressing the new-comer, smilingly, "I have a Susan already, though she is much too grand a person to be called so by any but me. Your dear master has been so merry! I have not seen him in such spirits for years; no, not since—"

she checked herself, suddenly. "And the remembrance of what he was, or might have been, came on me, for a moment, too strongly. I am tired," she owned, "but I would not sleep till I had seen my new Susan, and set at rest any apprehensions she might entertain as to what will be demanded of her."

"It has pleased Heaven," she continued, "to visit my poor son with an affliction so extraordinary, and yet, to the indifferent observer, so provocative of laughter, as to determine him, some time since, to seclude himself altogether from the world, save only myself and one or two chosen attendants, who can be relied upon to preserve his melancholy secret. Startling perhaps, but not revolting, his condition is one calculated to excite the strongest sympathy, without, however, reducing him to be especially dependent upon the good offices of any. He has many accomplishments, his intellect is bright and clear, and, indeed, the sole trace of any morbid influence shadowing his mind is noticeable in the advertisement which has brought you here. He insists that any one who, in the event of need, should divide with me the duties of reader and occasional companion, should be a woman with dark blue eyes. His ailment," concluded Mrs. Grahame Mountjoy, with a sad smile, "dates from an incident in his life in which such a feature had an active share, and we have not deemed it prudent to oppose his fancy. "Such," she added, rising, "are all the particulars you need at present learn, for my son would defer seeing you until your attendance becomes necessary. Meanwhile I can instruct you a little as to his tastes and ways, and our good Mrs. Martin will do her best to make you as comfortable as circumstances permit." And with a kind good-night, Mrs. Mountjoy left the room.

"Well?" said Mrs. Martin, interrogatively.

"I shall like her very much," said Susan, absently. "An 'ailment'! An 'affliction'! Yet sane and merry—"

"Go to bed and dream of it, my dear," interrupted the other, lighting her lamp.

They went up-stairs.

Passing one of the doors opening on the corridor, Susan observed a rich brocaded dressing-gown, hung upon a chair. There were slippers to match, lined, as Mrs. Martin whispered her to note, with the softest swan's-down.

"One of its 'walking'-dresses," she added, with a hurried glance at the chamber, from which proceeded the sound of a pleasant, manly voice troling an Italian canzonet.

"It!" repeated Susan, as she presently laid her head upon the pillow. "It!"

(Part II in our next.)

BALLS.

On the whole, it is remarkable what an immense fund of good-humor is displayed by valers in a crowded room. Collisions are accepted with the utmost placidity, and provoke only a smile. And even the terrible ordeal of a fall—than which no moment of ball-room existence is more trying—is undergone without loss of temper. Falls ought to be very rare except when men appear in uniform; then the much-abused spurs catch in trimmings and bindings, and occasion many a fall. On one occasion, at a full-dress ball, a lady was seen at one side of the room with her dress caught in the spur of a man who was at the other side of the room. Between the two was a huge length of binding, on and over which dancers were in the greatest possible danger of tripping. Spurs spoil dresses as well as tempers. It is questionable whether they are of much use in the field; they are of neither ornament nor use in the ball-room; and the sooner the authorities free men from the duty of wearing them there, the better.

There is one point in regard to the manners of men which is liable to be misunderstood.

"Did Mr. A. dance with you, dear?" "No, mamma." "How very rude, when I asked him to dinner last week." Now, any man who has been going out for three or four seasons, will find it impossible to go into a ball-room without finding there far more partners than he can dance with in one evening. Some of them he must neglect, unless he were to cut himself into pieces or divide dances between two or more partners. It is quite a mistake for those with whom he does not dance to imagine themselves

purposely left in the shade. If Mr. A. is a *parti*, and is hunted by

"the planters
Of matches for Laura and Jane,"

he is very likely to vote the whole thing a bore and avoid dancing altogether. If he is not a *parti*, he will perhaps devote himself entirely to chatting with the chaperons instead of dancing with the girls.

It is fortunate for the chaperons that there are some men who will do this. An occasional bit of chat must be an enjoyable variation of the endless duty of watching, watching, watching, half-asleep, yet obliged to keep awake, through the endless succession of rounds and squares. It has often seemed wonderful that a sort of Chaperons' Co-operative Society is not concocted, and that some few ladies of undoubted stability and wakefulness are not told off to do the duty at each ball for the whole number. Such an arrangement would enable ninety per cent. of those who now wait anxiously for the time when the carriage is ordered and the "just one more," is over, to be comfortably in bed, without interfering with the happiness or safety of their young people.

With many people a ball is not considered perfect unless it finishes with a cotillon. There are men who devote themselves to the encouragement of this idea, and who hop about London with the sole object of learning new figures, or taking care that the old ones are properly performed. It is possible to imagine a more worthy career than that of a cotillon-leader, but it is fortunate that there are to be found men who think themselves happy if they are allowed to adopt it. In more than one of the large houses in London the cotillon is the most important part of an evening's amusement. The utmost magnificence marks it course. The presents given by the men to the ladies, which are provided with lavishness, are valuable and of beauty. The figures are splendidly got up, and the whole thing is done as well as possible. But it is a question, nevertheless, whether even so a cotillon is an enjoyable dance. It is all very well in a small party, where every one knows every one else, but in a large town ball it is open to attack. Its essence is rivalry. One is preferred, the other rejected. Such a good humoured contest may be very well among friends, but it is questionable among strangers. More than one leader of a cotillon found this last year, and discovered that even men did not like to kneel at the feet of a strange young lady in the middle of the room, and be scornfully rejected. The dancers have to be too much on evidence, have to put themselves forward too much. If the cotillon is to be danced, it ought to be the invariable practice that the men are humiliated, and the women have it all their own way. The idea is that the utmost female caprice is encouraged—that the woman is a tyrant before which men bow down. But even if this principle is always carried out—and this is not so—the feeling that comparisons are odious makes a cotillon not quite thoroughly liked. It will not be found that the best people of either sex stay for the cotillons in London, whatever they may do in a country house.

It has been said that going to the balls exercises a considerable moral effect upon young girls. It does so to a certain extent also upon men, and perhaps even upon chaperons. In the little world of the ball-room many of those feelings, phases of character, and motives of action come into play, which influence life in the graver world outside. The pride of the proud, the cynicism of the cynic, the kindness of the warm-hearted, the softness of the gentle—all these are attributes which to no small extent affect the intercourse of people in a ball-room. Habits are formed, developed, or unlearned, which come not to an end when the time of ball-going is over. And the disposition which will be esteemed or loved in real life, will be popular in society. As the man is most popular who thinks and gives no offence, whose good humour attributes the best motives to every action, who goes through the world happy himself and using his best endeavours to make other people the same; so the girl who is never offended, never rude, who laughs if she is "thrown over," and who does not think that her friends mean to be unkind to her, will find herself with most partners and with the greatest capacity of enjoying her ball-going as well as her after-life.—*New York Home Journal*.

THE WARM FULL MOON.

Poets have so long sung of the cold, chaste moon, pallid with weariness of her long watch upon the earth (according to the image used alike by Wordsworth and Shelley), that it seems strange to learn from science that the full moon is so intensely hot that no creature known to us could long endure contact with her heated surface. Such is the latest news which science has brought us respecting our satellite. The news is not altogether unexpected; in fact, reasoning had shown, long before the fact had been demonstrated, that it must be so. The astronomer knows that the surface of the moon is exposed during the long lunar day, lasting a fortnight of our terrestrial time, to the rays of a sun as powerful as that which gives us our daily heat. Without an atmosphere to temper the sun's heat as ours does—not, indeed, by impeding the passage of the solar rays, but by bearing aloft the cloud-veil which the sun raises from our oceans—the moon's surface must become intensely hot long before the middle of the lunar day. Undoubtedly the want of an atmosphere causes the moon's heat to be rapidly radiated away into space. It is our atmosphere which causes a steady heat to prevail on our earth. And at the summits of lofty mountains, where the atmosphere is rare, although the mid-day heat is intense, yet so rapidly does the heat pass away that snow crowns forever the mountain heights. Yet although the moon's heat must pass away even more rapidly, this does not prevent the heating of the moon's actual surface, any more than the rarity of the air prevents the Alpine traveller from feeling the action of the sun's direct heat even when the air in shadow is icily cold. Accordingly Sir John Herschel long since pointed out that the moon's surface must be heated at lunar mid-day—or rather at the time of lunar mid-heat, corresponding to about two o'clock in our afternoon—to a degree probably surpassing the heat of boiling water.

Such, in point of fact, has now been proved to be the case. The Earl of Rosse has shown, by experiments which need not here be described, that the moon not only reflects heat to the earth (which of course must be the case), but that she gives out heat by which she has been herself warmed. The distinction may not perhaps appear clear at first sight to every reader, but it may easily be explained and illustrated. If, on a bright summer's day, we take a piece of smooth, but not too well polished, metal, and by means of it reflect the sun's light upon the face, a sensation of heat will be experienced; this is reflected sun-heat: but if we wait while so holding the metal until the plate has become quite hot under the solar rays, we shall recognise a sensation of heat from the mere proximity of the plate to the face, even when the plate is so held as not to reflect sun-heat. We can in succession try,—first, reflected heat alone, before the metal has grown hot; next, the heat which the metal gives out of itself when warmed by the sun's rays; and lastly, the two kinds of heat together, when the metal is caused to reflect sun-heat, and also (being held near the face) to give out a sensible quantity of its own warmth. What Lord Rosse has done has been to show that the full moon sends earthwards both kinds of heat: she reflects solar heat just as she reflect solar light, and she also gives out the heat by which her own surface has been warmed.

It may perhaps occur to the reader to inquire how much heat we actually obtain from the full moon. There is a simple way of viewing the matter. If the full moon were exactly as hot as boiling water, we should receive from her just as much heat (leaving the effect of our atmosphere out of account) as we should receive from a small globe as hot as boiling water, and at such a distance as to look just as large as the moon does. Or a disc of metal would serve equally well. Now the experiment may be easily tried. A bronze half-penny is exactly one inch in diameter, and as the moon's average distance is about 111 times her own diameter, a halfpenny at a distance of 111 inches, or 3 yards and 3 inches, looks just as large as the moon. Now let a halfpenny be put in boiling water for a while, so that it becomes as hot as the water; then that coin taken quickly and set 3 yards from the observer will give out, for the few moments that its heat remains appreciably that of boiling water, so much heat to the observer as he receives from the full moon supposed to be as hot as boiling water. Or a globe of thin metal, one inch in diameter, and full of water at boiling heat, would serve as a more constant artificial moon in respect of heat-supply. It need not be thought remarkable, then, if the heat given out by the full moon is not easily measured, or even recognised. Imagine how little the cold of a winter's day would be relieved by the presence, in a room no otherwise warmed, of a one-inch globe of boiling water, 3 yards away! And by the way, we are here reminded of an estimate by Professor C. P. Smyth, resulting from observations made on the moon's heat during his Tenerife experiments. He found the heat equal to that emitted by the hand at a distance of 3 feet.

But after all, the most interesting results flowing from the recent researches are those which relate to the moon herself. We cannot but speculate on the condition of a world so strangely circumstanced that a cold more bitter than that of our Arctic nights alternates with a heat exceeding that of boiling water. It is strange to think that the calm-looking moon is exposed to such extraordinary vicissitudes. There can scarcely be life in any part of the moon—unless it be underground life, like that of the Modoc Indians (we commend this idea specially to the more ardent advocates of Brewsterian ideas respecting other worlds than ours). And yet there must be a singularly active mechanical process at work in yonder orb. The moon's substance must expand and contract marvellously as the alternate waves of heat and cold pass over it. The material of that crater-covered service must be positively crumbling away under the effects of these expansions and contractions. The most plastic terrestrial substances could not long endure such processes, and it seems altogether unlikely that any part of the moon's crust is at all plastic. Can we wonder if from time to time astronomers tell us of apparent changes in the moon,—a wall sinking here or a crater vanishing elsewhere?—The wonder rather is that the steep and lofty lunar mountains have not been shaken long since to their very foundations.

Our moon presents, in fact, a strange problem for our investigation. It is gratifying to us terrestrials to regard her as a mere satellite of the earth, but in reality she deserves rather to be regarded as a companion planet.—*Spectator*.