

he grew stronger and had nothing else to do but study this young woman, he proceeded irrelevantly:—

"I did not know that you stayed here, till to-day. It has been fortunate for me. It will be more fortunate still if you are going to keep me on this bed all summer. Our hostess has been talking of you. She gave you such a pretty name! I've forgotten exactly what it was."

"We will move you to the lounge to-morrow," replied the doctor, rising. Yorke made no answer. He felt as if he were too sick a man to be snubbed. He found it more natural to think that his overthrown strength ought to have appealed to her chivalry, than to question if he had presumed upon the advantage which it gave him. In the subdued light of the sick-room all the values of his face were deepened; he looked whiter for its setting of black hair, and his eyes darker for the pallor through which they burned. But the doctor was not an artist. She observed, and said to herself, "That is a cinch-ona look."

She moved the night-lamp, gave a few orders, herself adjusted his window and blinds, and, stepping lightly, left him. She did not go out-of-doors, but crossed the hall, and disappeared in her own part of the house. He heard, soon after, what he now knew to be the office bell. It rang four or five times; and he heard the distant feet of patients on the gravelled walk that led to her door. After this there was silence, and he thought, "They have let her alone to rest now." It had not occurred to him before that she could be tired. He was restless, and did not sleep easily, and waked often. Once, far on in the night he thought it must have been a noise in the back yard roused him. It was Handy rolling out the basket phaeton. Yorke heard whispers and hushed footfalls, and then the brisk trot of the gray pony. There was a lantern on the phaeton, which went flashing by his window, and crossed his wall with bright bars like those of a golden prison. He wished the blinds were open. He thought, "Now they have called that poor girl out again!" He pictured the desolate Maine roads. A vision of the forest presented itself to him: the great throat of blackness; the outline of near things, wet leaves, twigs, fern-clumps, and fallen logs; patches of moss and lichens, green and gray; and the light from the lonely carriage streaming out; above it the solitary figure of the carter, courageous and erect. He hoped the boy went with her. He listened some time to hear her return, but she did not come.

When he awoke again it was about seven o'clock. He was faint, and while he was ringing for his beef-teen, the phaeton came into the yard.

"Put up the pony, Hardy," he heard her say; "she is tired out. Give me Old Oak to-day."

Yorke listened, feeling the strength of a new sensation. Was it possible that this young woman had practice enough to keep two horses? He knew nothing of the natural history of doctresses. He had thought of them chiefly as a species of higher nurse,—poor women, who wore unbecoming clothes, took the horse-cars, and probably dropped their "g's," or said, "Is that so?"

It was later than usual, that morning, when Doctor Zay came round to him. It was another of those sentient, vivid June days, and the block of light on the brown carpet seemed to throb as she crossed it. The apple-blossoms on the bureau had begun to droop. She herself looked pale.

"You are tired!" began the patient impulsively.

"I have been up all night," said the doctor shortly. She sat down with the indefinable air which holds all personalities at arms-length, and went at once to work. She examined the wounded arm, she bathed and bandaged the injured foot; she had him moved to the lounge, with Mr. Butterwell's assistance. She was incommunicative as a beautiful and obedient machine. Yorke longed to ask what was the matter with her, but he did not dare. He felt sorry to see her look so worn; but he perceived that she did not require his sympathy. She looked more delicate for her weariness, which seemed to be subtly at odds with her professional manner. He would have liked to ask her a great many things, but her abstraction forbade him. He contented himself with the pathological ground upon which alone it was practicable to meet this exceptional young woman, and renewed his entreaty—to be allowed to use his foot.

"You do not trust me," she said suddenly, laying down the sponge with which she had been bathing his arm.

"You wrong me, Doctor Lloyd. I think I have proved that I do."

"That is true. You have," she said, softening. "Trust me a while longer, then. No. Stay. Put your foot down, if you want to. Gently—slowly—but put it down."

He did so. A low outcry escaped him; he grew very pale.

"Now put it back," said the doctor grimly. But with that she melted like frost, and shone; she hovered over him; all the tenderness of the healer suffused her reticent face.

"I am sorry to let you hurt yourself, but you will feel better; you will obey me now. Is the pain still so sharp? Give me the foot." As if it had been her property, she took the aching ankle in her warm, strong, and delicate hands, and for a few moments rubbed it gently and gravely; the pain subsided under her touch.

"What am I going to do?" cried Yorke, despairingly.

"You are going to do admirably, Mr. Yorke, on invention for a while, on courage by and by. Your crutches will be here to-morrow night."

Waldo Yorke looked at the young lady with a kind of loyal helplessness. He felt so subdued by his anomalous position that, had she said, "I have sent to Bangor for your work-basket," or, "to Omaha for your wife," he would scarcely have experienced surprise. He repeated, "My crutches?" in a vague, submissive tone.

"I sent to Bangor for a pair of Wilmore crutches three days ago," replied the doctor quietly. "I should not want you to use them before to-morrow. The stage will bring them at five o'clock. If I should be out, do not meddle with them. No, on the whole, I had them addressed to myself. I wish to be present when you try them. One—dry on the tongue, if you please, every ten hours. Good-morning."

"Don't go, please," pleaded the young man; "it is so lonely to be sick."

An amused expression settled between her fine, level brows. She made no reply. He realized that he had said an absurd thing. He remembered into how many sick rooms she must bring her bloom and bounteousness, and for the first time in his fortunate life he understood how corrosive is the need of the sick for the well. He remembered that he was but one of—how many? dependent and complaining creatures, draining upon the life of a strong and busy woman. He let her go in silence. He turned his face over towards the back of the lounge: it was a black hair-cloth lounge. "I must look as if I were stretched on a bier, here," thought the young man irritably. All his youth and vigor revolted from the tedious convalescence, which it was clear this fatally wise young woman foresaw, but was too shrewd to discuss with him. He remembered, with a kind of awe, some invalid friends of his mother's. One lay on a bed in Chestnut Street for fifteen years. He recalled a man he met in the Tyrol once, who broke his knee-pan in a gymnasium,—was crippled for life. Yorke had always found him a trifle tiresome. He wished he had been kinder to the fellow, who, he remembered, had rather a lonely look. Yorke was receiving that enlargement and enlightenment of the imagination which it is the privilege of endurance alone, of all forms of human assimilation, to bestow upon us. Experience may almost be called a faculty of the soul.

He was interesting himself to the best of his ability in this commendable train of thought, when something white fluttered softly between his heroically dismal face and the pall of smooth hair-cloth to which he had limited his horizon. It was a letter, and was followed by another, and another,—his mother's letters. The big, weak, tender fellow caught them, like a lover, to his lips—they had taken him so suddenly—before he became aware that they fell from a delicately-gloved hand suspended between him and Mrs. Butterwell's striped wall. He turned, as the doctor was hurrying away, quickly enough—for he was growing stronger every hour—to snatch from her face a kind of maternal gentleness, a beautiful look. She was brooding over him with that little pleasure; he felt how glad she was to give it. But instantly an equally beautiful merriment darted over the upper part of the doctor's face, deepening ray within ray through the blue circles of her eyes, like the spark in the aureola of ripples where a shell has struck the sea.

"Another fit of the sulks to-day, if you dare!" she said, and, evanescent as an uncaptured fancy, she was gone.

(To be continued.)

FOPPISHNESS.

Foppishness is misunderstood; it is but a form of vanity, and vanity is but a form of that desire to please, which is the mainspring of all good and of most great actions. It is only our incurable hypocrisy that keeps us from owning as much. Everybody wishes to appear well-dressed; it is the safeguard of society, and all that the radicals can do with all their reforms will be to prevent people from appearing nice. Pascal was as big a dandy as any of them, though a canting world has chosen to forget his six horses only to remember Port Royal; and Rance, that tiger of austerity, was another brother of the order before he went to La Trappe. But we must distinguish between foppishness and dandyism; foppishness is the desire to please others by the cultivation of outward graces; dandyism is rather the desire to please one's self. Dandyism is a special form of vanity of one race, the English, who surpass all the world in the power of being themselves. The Frenchman may shine as a fop, but he is far too sympathetic to be a dandy. He may put on dandyism and give himself every morning his little disgusted air, but it will be only as he puts on a garment. The distressing thing is that the English themselves do not know what a treasure they possess in this manifestation of character. They have been stupidly unjust to their dandies, and their Carlyle, in his book on clothes, wherein he professes to treat of this species, has only built up a huge monument to his own splenetic ignorance. He drew a fashion plate with the drunken pencil of Hogarth and cried out, "Behold dandyism." It was not even in caricature. In a certain sense the clothes have nothing to do with it; it is the manner of wearing them; it is the man inside. Lord Spencer in rags was a dandy, and Brummel one day in a freak set the fashion of wearing napless coats by having his own s.r.p.d with

glass. The next day half the coats in London were being treated in the same way. He introduced a glove and people raved of its beautiful fit, which showed the very outline of the nails beneath; but his superlative dandyism was not in the fit, it was in the fact that he had the glove made by five different artists, one for each finger and one for the thumb. Byron knew what he was about when he said that he would rather be Brummel than Napoleon. Brummel had all the requisite gifts of nature for his great vocation—elegance and a pleasing face as a matter of course, with an intense sang-froid that nothing could discountenance or disturb, and, above all, a quick intelligence, free from the genius that spoiled many another dandy of that glorious epoch. This last disturbing quality gave Sheridan his superabundance of wit and his passion, both fatal to perfect equilibrium of manner, and it made Byron a dandy only for one moment, but something else the next. Brummel was a dandy at all times. Dandyism introduces the antique calm in the midst of modern agitation, but the calm of the ancients came from the harmony of the faculties and from the force of a life freely developed, while the calm of dandyism is the repose of a mind which has made the tour of many ideas and which is too disgusted for animation. Brummel was always like this. His faultless dressing and the cold languor of his manners distinguished him as a boy at Eton, and he was known as "Buck Brummel"—the name of "Dandy" had yet to be. No other boy had such influence in the school, except, perhaps, George Canning, and his was an influence of a totally different order. On leaving Oxford, Brummel went into the Tenth Hussars, commanded by the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., and was naturally at once taken to the stuffed bosom of that prince of fops. He possessed what the prince must have esteemed most of all human things, "youth, brought out into strong relief by the surety and coolness of a man who had seen life, and who knew he was its master, the finest and the strongest mixture of impertinence and of respect, the genius of dressing, protected by a power of repartee that was never without wit."

Women who, like priests, are always on the side of force sounded with their vermilion lips the fanfare of their admiration for Brummel; they were the trumpets of his glory, but they remained that and nothing else. And herein is the originality of the great Englishman. He was not what the world calls a libertine. In a country like England it was "piquant" to see a man and such a young man who combined in himself every conventional and every natural charm, punishing women for their pretensions by abnegation of this sort. Brummel was a sultan without a handkerchief, and yet his influence over women was extraordinary. A duchess was overheard telling her daughter to pay particular attention to her attitude, gestures and speech, if by chance Mr. Brummel should deign to speak to her. She was right; his notice was fame, for he never did a common thing. Thus he gave up dancing almost at the outset of his career. He simply staid a few minutes at the door of a ball-room, took the whole thing in a glance, judged it with a word and disappeared, thus applying the famous principle of dandyism, "in society never go until you have produced your effect; the moment it is produced, vanish."

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

Come in! Well I declare, stranger, you gave me quite a turn! I—I—was kind of expectin' somebody, and for half a minute I thought mebbe as 'twas her, but she'd never stop to knock; want a bite and a sup and a night's lodging? Why of course; sit down, do. I—a—most forgot to ask you, I was that flustered. Poor soul! How tired and worn-out you look! I can make you comfortable for the night and give you a good meal of victuals and a shaken-down on the floor, but I would h-a-r-d-ly like to put you in Lizzie's room—she was that particular, and your clothes are so wet and drabbed. Why, woman, what makes you shake so—ague? Never heard tell of any in these parts. Guess you must have brought it with you. Well, a good night's rest will set you up wonderfully, and you can lie right here by the stove, and the fire a smolderin' will keep you warm, and the light will be a burnin' till its broad day—broad day!

What do I keep the light a-burnin' for? Well, now, when folks asks me that, sometimes I tells them one thing and sometimes I tells them another. I don't know as I mind tellin' you, because you're such a poor, misfortunit creetur, and a stranger, and my heart kind of goes out to such. You see I have a daughter. She's been away these ten years, has Lizzie, and they do say as she's livin' in grandeur in some furrin' place, and she's had her head turned with it all, for she never lets her poor old mother hear from her, and the fine people she's with coaxed her off unbeknownst to me, and I don't mind tellin' you as it was a great shock to me, and I ain't the same woman since Lizzie went out one night, and when she kissed me said, "Leave a light in the window, mother, till I come back;" and that was ten years ago, and I've never seen her since, but I've burned a light in the window every night all these ten years, and shall till she comes home.—Yes, it's hard to be a mother and be disappointed so. I allowed she was dead till folks, as seen her well and splendid, told me different, and I was sick

a long time—that's what made my hair so white—but I hope she never heard of it, 'twould have made her as miserable as I was, and her fine things wouldn't have been much comfort to her! Folks blame her terribly, but I'm her mother, and it just seems as if I could see her; so pretty, with her long brown curls, and the smile she had, and her gentle ways, and I loving her better than Heaven above me! This is my punishment—to sit alone all day and never to sleep at night, but I hear her crying "Mother! mother! where are you?" and if I go once, I go a dozen times to the door, and look up and down the lonesome road and call, "L-i-z-z-i-e! L-i-z-z-i-e!" and there's never any answer but the night wind moaning in the trees!

Well, I didn't mean to make you feel bad; don't cry, poor soul. You've had enough trouble of your own, I guess, by your looks! Your hands are like ice—and your temple and your face is white and—and—why, what is this? You are not old and your hair hangs in brown curls—and your eyes—Merciful God! it's Lizzie come back to her mother—it's my child that was lost and is found—put out the light.

ECUDES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, June 24.

It has been a long time coming, but it is coming at last. Next month the clock in St. James's Palace is to be illuminated; clubmen, when they turn out in St. James's street, will know at once whether or not it is time to retire for the night.

A MEMORIAL has been presented to the council of the Royal Academy praying that the number of works submitted by any artist, not an Academician or Associate, shall be limited to three. At present a painter may send any number of pictures he pleases to Burlington House. What good can arise from the "yes" of the council?

THERE was a rumor this week that Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Bright had left the Ministry. It was first made known on the Stock Exchange, when some speculators thought it would rush down the funds a lot per cent.; but the report was merely received with laughter, and the sarcastic assertion that there was no such luck in store for the country.

It is reported that Mr. Gladstone, on entering a private box at the Gaiety Theatre the other evening, was received with a round of applause. The information we have makes it half a round or none. He either shared the applause with Madame Bernhardt, who was just appearing on the stage, or it was all his. Perhaps some one will put a query to him in the House, and settle this question of divided popularity.

A STORY is being told at the expense of a distinguished statesman, whose vacillating state of mind the public are now well aware of. It appears there was a deficiency of lavatory accommodation in his office, and the architect was ordered to design a lavatory. He did so, and it was one with a brace of basins. The statesman's valet when he saw the arrangement begged the architect to alter the plan at once to one basin, as his master would else never be able to make up his mind in which basin to wash.

It is said that the teetotal magnates intend to wage war upon the pretty barmaids, whom they accuse of seducing youths to drink spirituously for the sake of gazing on charms, to the approach of which there is a bar. The teetotal people are intemperate and vicious in thought and language to a wonderful extent; water does not cool them. If the pretty barmaids of London are very attractive, would it not be a better policy for the teetotalers to employ them, and outbid the rival shops in beauty.

THERE have been rumors during the week that the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot and Mrs. Mundy were married on Sunday last. As the decree nisi was not made absolute till Tuesday no legal marriage could take place till Wednesday, upon which day the pair were actually married privately in town. They at once left for Ingestre Hall, and were met at Milford Station by a large number of tenantry, by whom they were escorted to the hall. The route from the station was decorated with flags and arches, and the newly-wedded pair were loudly cheered. On reaching the hall his lordship thanked those assembled for their reception.

THE expectation that the sale of the Hamilton Palace collection of objects of art would realize £300,000 will probably be fulfilled. The sale on Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday produced £92,000, and as the sale is to be continued on the same days for the next month or more there is little doubt that the above enormous aggregate will be reached. The sensational bids on Tuesday were for three beautiful pieces of furniture formerly in the possession of the ill-fated Queen Marie Antoinette. The writing-table, secretarie, and commode fetched, in the aggregate, £15,000 all but £75. The Italian pictures of the collection will be sold to-day.