Romance in a Boarding-House.

Mrs. Harrington Williams was well known as one of the most fashionable and comfortable boarding-houses in Folkestone. It stood close to the Leas, with a large semi-public garden at the back and a glimpse of the sea in front. The house had what might be called a superior air. Mrs. Harrington Williams herself was the widow of a country parson of good family. From him she derived an unusually valuable collection of pictures, furniture, and household effects generally, including a quantity of old-fashioned plate, bearing the Harrington Williams crest, and a pair of massive silver candelabra, which, on special occasions gave her dining-room a distinguished air, beyond the ordinary style of boarding-houses.

Although, however, the house was nearly always full, and the guests mostly of a good paying class, the business did not return a large profit. The expenses of an establishment of this kind, especially when conducted with such liberality as Mrs. Williams', are necessarily high. Added to this, Mrs. Williams was encumbered by three daughters, the youngest of whom was now eighteen, and neither she nor the young ladies had much notion of economy. After three or four years, therefore, at Virginia House, Mrs. Williams' position had begun to cause her some anxiety.

The Misses Williams were stylish, good looking girls. They added immensely to the attractions of the Virginia House, and secured an unfailing supply of bachelor boarders of a peculiarly profitable kind. In the course of a season they would have half a dozen promising flirtations among them, but somehow they never got beyond flirtation. This was a disappointment to Mrs. Williams, who, when she condescended to start a boarding-house, had been influenced by the prospect of finding an opening in life for her girls; and the disappointment was specially keen in the case of Miss Bertha, the eldest, and, in point of looks, at least, the flower of the flock.

Bertha had made one conquest. When Messrs. Filey & Tapeham were professionally engaged in the settlement of the Rev. Harrington Williams' affairs, Mr. Frank Bartlett, their managing man, had been smitten by Miss Williams' charms, and had subsequently, on two occasions, spent his holiday at Virginia House. But though a good looking fellow and a promising solicitor, Bartlett was far from being an eligible party in the eyes of either Miss Williams or her mother. There were obvious reasons for encouraging l n up to a certain poi.t, but the young lady took good care that that poi.t was never passed.

Some little excitement was consequently caused among the Williams, when, toward the end of August, a letter was received, dating from a first-rate West-end club, inquiring whether accommodation could be at once procured for Mr. Stuart Romney-Romney, and one servant.

An answer in the affirmative was promptly dispatched, and a couple of days later the three Misses Williams, from the shelter of a convenient curtain at an upper window, beheld Mr. Stuart Romney-Romney drive up, accompanied by a highly respectable man servant, and an enormous pile of luggage.

The new arrival turned out to be a gentlemanlike man of thirty-two or thirty-three years, with keen, dark eyes, and fairly good features, rather spoilt by a low forehead across which his hair was brushed flat. His manners were at first somewhat distant and reserved. This, however, wore off on closer acquaintance, and after a few days he was unanimously voted a decided acquisition to the house.

From the first there was naturally a good deal of speculation as to who Mr. Romney-Romney was. It happened that there were then staying at Virginia House, two maiden ladies named Horncastle, sisters of a prosperous banker in the west of England. Miss Horncastle, being not only wealthy, but coming of a county family on her mother's side, was looked up to as an authority on questions of social status.

In consultation with her sister Emilia, she had discovered the possibility of their acquaintance's connection with a certain family of Derbyshire Romneys. Mr. Romney-Romney's answers to a few questions delicately put to him on the subject, confirmed this theory; and when, after this, Mrs. Williams reported that her new guest's dressing and traveling paraphernalia were not only lavishly mounted fn silver, but emblazoned with a deerhound's head, and the motto, '*Prisca fides*,' the matter was settled beyond much doubt.

Miss Horncastle was particularly gracious to the new comer, and in his honor the two old ladies even went so far as to display from time to time various instalments of their family jewelry, hitherto reserved from the gaze of all but a select circle of female friends upstairs.

But the most satisfactory thing was that from the first Mr. Romney-Romney paid obvious attention to Miss Williams. It was at once noticed that he generally contrived to have Bertha for a partner at lawn-tennis, and that more frequently he was at her side when he walked with the ladies upon the Leas of an afternoon or evening, or when music was going on in the drawing room after dinner. And it was quite certain that these attentions met with no discouragement from any quarter.

About a week after Mr. Romney-Romney's arrival, Mr. Frank Bartlett came down for his final holiday. Within the last few weeks Bartlett had been admitted to the firm of Filey & Tapeham, and now he arrived with some hope of inducing Bertha to share his improved lot. It did not, however, take him long to discover the state of the case. Had he been wanting in the natural readiness of a man in his condition to detect a rival, he would have been quickly enlightened by the changed demeanor of Mrs. Williams and her family. Hitherto he had at least been treated with considerable friendliness; now, doubtless owing to the inopportune time of his arrival, he found himself received with a marked coldness.

It was natural, therefore, that Mr. Bartlett should not take very cordially to Mr. Romney-Romney. This, however, was not due solely to jealousy. Before he had been many hours in Folkestone, an idea crossed his mind that he had seen his rival's face before—he could not recall when or where—but the idea became more confirmed every time he looked at Mr. Romney-Romney; and, working on his natural prejudice, caused him to entertain vague suspicions as to that gentleman's antecedents.

After he had been a couple of days at Virginia House, his doubts took more definite shape, and a plan occurred to him for setting them at rest, for assistance in which he determined to apply to Kate Williams. Kate and he had always been on friendly terms, and, from one or two chance expressions, he suspected that she was by no means charmed with her brother-in-law in prospect.

'Kate,' he said, taking the bull by the horns, 'I want to ask you a question about Mr. Romney-Romney. Who is he? What does your mother know about him?'

'As much as she does about most of the people who come here,' Kate replied. 'He gave a good reference, and he pays his bill regularly. Come, Frank, you may not be fond of him, but you can't deny that he is a gentleman.'

'Gentleman or not,' said Bartlett, 'there is something about him that puzzles me. Now, don't laugh—I am perfectly serious, and I have come to you because I want your help.'

'My help?' asked Kate in surprise.

'Yes. I want you to get me his photograph. I have a notion that I have met him before, and I should like to ask my partner, Tapeham, if he remembers him.'

'Mr. Romney-Romney has not got a photograph,' answered Kate. 'Mabel was asking him for one the other night, and he told her that he had never been photographed since he was a boy. He said quite seriously that he had such a nervous horror of being taken that he could not sit.'

'Fiddlesticks!' ejaculated Bartlett.

'But I tell you what we have got,' Kate went on, evidently taken with the idea of assisting in unraveling a mystery. 'Mabel took a sketch of his head one evening while he was playing bezique with Bertha. It's a splendid likeness—quite as good as a photograph. She put it away somewhere, and I have no doubt I could find it.'

Bartlett said he should like to have it; and, to his delight, a little later in the evening Kate took an opportunity of handing the portrait to him privately. It proved to be a rough, but very characteristic likeness of the original; and that same evening Mr. Bartlett posted it to Mr. Tapeham, with a short statement of the circumstances which led to his sending it.

Mrs. Williams had felt rather annoyed with Mr. Bartlett for intruding himself at this crisis in Bertha's fortunes; but it really seemed as if his arrival had stimulated Mr. Romney-Romney's attachment. On the day after Mr. Bartlett's arrival, which was Sunday, Mr. Romney-Romney escorted the ladies to church, and walked home with Miss Williams. On Monday they were together all the morning upon the beach, watching the arrival of the Boulogne boat. When, on the same evening, Frank Bartlett was holding the above conversation with Kate Williams in a corner of the drawing-room after dinner, every lady in the room was aware that Bertha and Mr. Romney-Romney were sitting tete-a-tete in the conservatory down stairs. Presently they walked up and down for half an hour in front of the sea, and ten minutes after they came in Mrs. Williams knew that her eldest daughter had promised to become Mrs. Romney-Romney.

By breakfast time the next morning the news was known all over the house, and Bertha was receiving the congratulations of her friends. Miss Horncastle came among the first. Bartlett came, too, and managed to put a fairly good face upon the ceremony.

Now that the blow had fallen, Mr. Bartlett found himself undergoing a certain revulsion of feeling toward Mr. Romney-Romney, and it was not long before he even found himself hoping that nothing unfavorable to that gentleman would come of that letter to his partner. He could not help seeing what a grievous disappointment it would be to the family if their pets should not turn out to be all it was taken for. This view struck him all the more after he had exchanged a few words with Kate on the subject of her sister's engagement.

During the last day or two he had found himself a good deal in the society of the second Miss Williams. She was a lively, amiable girl—the best of the three, most people thought—and her mother's right hand in the management of the house. Mr. Bartlett was quite surprised to find how blind he had hitherto been to her good qualities.

Consequently, when Mr. Romney-Romney confided to him, over their after-dinner cigar, that he was thinking of taking the Misses Williams and their mother to spend a day at Boulogne, and invited Bartlett to be of the party, Frank entered into the scheme without any reluctance.

'I see from the time-tables that either of the next two or three days will suit us,' Mr. Romney-Romney remarked; 'but Thursday will give us the longest time there. I shall invite some more people to join us and we will have a regular big party in honor of the auspicious event.'

The scheme was further mooted at breakfast-time on the following day. Unfortunately for Mr. Romney-Romney's idea of 'a regular big party,' it appeared that a large portion of the company, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Boxall and their three children, has already arranged to go to Canterbury by coach on Thursday. The Rev. Septimus Macrory, with his wife and sister, were going with them, and their places on the coach were already booked.

Miss Horncastle, however, after some little persuasion, consented on behalf of herself and sister, to honor the party, always providing the weather and the sea were propitious. The last two visitors—Mr. Huntley, a middle-aged bachelor of jovial dispositions, and Mr. Octavius Prout, a vacuous youth from the Stock Exchange, at present hopelessly victimized by Mabel Williams—promised to join the excursion as a matter of course.

This was the second day since Bartlett had written to his partner. No answer awaited him, however; and, as time went on, and he found himself, under the influence of Kate, more and more interested in the happiness of the Williams family, he began to hope devoutly that he would hear no more of Mr. Romney-Romney's portrait.

On the Thursday morning which dawned bright and calm, and everything desirable, the Boulogne party were on the move early. The Louise Dagmar, which was to carry them for their trip, started at 9:30, and it was desirable to be on board in good time, in order to secure places before the arrival of the tidal train from London. Consequently there was rather a scamper over breakfast.

Frank Bartlett came in late from his morning swim. A note for him lay on the table; he recognized his partner's handwriting, but in his hurry was obliged to slip the envelope into his pocket unopened. Before he had finished his breakfast carriages came to take them down to the harbor; and in the bustle of getting away, and the anxiety of looking after Kate Williams' cloak and parasol, and other small belongings, his letter, for the moment, slipped his memory.

They found themselves in capital time. When they reached the boat, and comfortable places had been secured for the ladies on deck, it still wanted twenty minutes to the time of starting. Mr. Romney-Romney was then seen whispering something to Bertha, and presently he hurried off to the shore.

'Why, where has he gone?' asked Mrs. Williams.

'To get me some flowers,' answered Bertha. 'I told him not to go, but he said there was plenty of time. Oh, I do hope he won't be late! Mr. Bartlett, do you think he will?'

'He need not,' said Bartlett. 'There is a shop just across the harbor. He could go there and back in ten minutes if he choose to run.'

Shortly after, the train from London came, in, and for the next ten minutes they were all busy watching the continental tourists swarming on board. When however, at the end of a quarter of an hour, Mr. Romney-Romney had not returned, the ladies manifested considerable uneasiness. The passengers were all on board, the pile of luggage on the quay was being rapidly reduced; and yet he did not appear.

As the harbor clock struck the half hour, and the steam whistle roared out lustily, Bertha Williams stood up and looked toward the xuay, biting her lips nervously. The last portmanteau came thundering down on deck, and the gangway was drawn up. There was an inter-change of signals between the Captain and the shore, a shout or two, and a splash as the cables were cast off, and then a quiver ran through the boat, and the quay suddenly appeared to move away, and Bertha dropped back in her chair with a sob which would not be repressed, for they were off, and Mr. Romney-Romney was left behind.

'Don't be frightened,' said Bartlett to the ladies generally. 'Perhaps he has slipped on board and gone below. I will go and look.'

He had not much faith in his own theory, but he moved away as he spoke, and looked through every part of the steamer. He was soon convinced that their friend was not on board. At this point he suddenly remembered the letter in his pocket. He hurriedly broke the seal and read as follows:

DEAR BARTLETT:—I was playing the truant yesterday, or should have answered yours sooner. The portrait you send looks uncommonly like our old friend Harris, alias 'Romney,' of the South-eastern Bank case. I have sent the picture on to Scotland Yard for further inquiry, and will let you know the result. Meanwhile keep your eyes open, and don't let Mr. Romney-Romney give you the slip. He is pretty sure to know you.

Yours truly,
LAURENCE TAPEHAM.

'Confound it all! he has given me the slip,' muttered Bartlett to himself. He remembered Mr. Romney-Romney well enough now, and as his mind ran over the events of the last few days, he began to have a general idea that something was wrong, though he was unable to see clearly in what direction. The first suspicion, however, which crossed his mind, led him to go at once to Kate Williams and inquire privately who was left in charge of Virginia House.

What he learned from Kate gave his suspicions more definite shape. It appeared that 'James,' Mrs. Williams' man-of-all-work, had gone out for the day, taking with him Maria, the upper housemaid, with whom he was 'keeping company.' Mr. Romney-Romney himself had arranged this, like the rest of the excursion. He had made presents to all the servants in honor of his engagement, and had condescended to ask, as a personal favor, that James and Maria might be allowed to go and visit friends at Dover. There remained the cook and the under house-maid, and, of course, Kate added, Walters—Mr. Romney-Romney's man.

'Ah, I forgot him!' said Bartlett to himself. 'That makes two to reckon with. And as likely as not they have murdered the two women, and are now rifling the house at their leisure, while we are hung up on board this confounded steamer.'

There was just one chance of being even with Mr. Romney-Romney, yet. While he was looking regretfully at the English coast, now rapidly dropping down astern, Bartlett bethought him that the morning steamer from Boulogne was due to start somewhere about the time that the boat from Folkestone came in. He at once made his way to the Captain of the Louise Dagmar, and interrogated that officer as to the chance of catching the boat back.

If they were up to time at Boulogue, the Captain said, there would be ten minutes before the other steamer started Unluckily, however, they had been five minutes late in getting off, and had lost another three minutes through a smack passing across their bows, coming out of the harbor. On the other hand, they had one of the fastest boats on the service, and a good tide under her. With luck, the Captain told Bartlett, he might do it.

After that, there was nothing to be done but to return to the ladies and endeavor to beguile the next hour with some talk. It was an anxious and exciting an hour as Bartlett had ever passed. And he found himself continually relapsing into vacant silence as he mentally timed the stroke of the engines, or measured the seemingly endless distance between the ship and the French coast.

When at last the Boulogne harbor came in sight, he was fain to bolt away from his friends, and take up a position in the bows. From that point of advantage he descried to his relief the smoke of a steamer within the harbor. A moment later he learned from one of the crew that the Louise Dagmar, after one of the best passages on record, was in nearly five minutes before her time.

Bartlett never quite knew how he got on board the other steamer, still less what excuses he made to his party for this second desertion. All he clearly remembered was his arrival, perspiring and breathless, on board the Folkestone boat about half a minute before she cast off.

It was barely one o'clock when he found himself jumping on shore again in Folkestone harbor. In the meantime he had planned his next operations very carefully. The first step was to drive to the plice-station and obtain the assistance of an Inspector and constable in plain clothes. The three alighted just before they came in sight of Virginia House. After sending the constable round to watch the house from the back, Bartlett and the Inspector advanced to the front door. Contrary to custom, it was shut, but Bartlett had a latch-key in his pocket, and they effected an entrance without difficulty or noise. They at once became aware of a large pile of luggage in the hall, portmanteans, trunk and packing cases being heaped up indiscriminately; so, on seeing this the Inspector changed his plan of operation. Upon a sign from him they retired cautiously, closing the door again noiselessly behind them, and took up their position in a narrow side street.

They were none too soon. Scarcely were they out of sight, when Walters drove up in a large, roomy fly. He led the way into the house, and was soon busily engaged, with the flyman, in removing what Bartlett's companion spoke of as the 'swag.' As the boxes and portmanteans mounted up, Bartlett became impatient, but still the Inspector bided his time.

At last Mr. Romney-Romney appeared on the steps, arrayed in a suit of fashionably-cut garments, and carrying a rather pretty travelling bag, which Bartlett recognized as his own. Then, at a given signal, the two policemen darted forward, and just as he was directing the coachman to drive to 'Shorncliffe station, Dover side,' Mr. Romney-Romney found himself, with his confederate, in the grasp of the law.

An hour or two later the cook and house-maid came back in a state of considerable excitement. They had been escorted down to Sandgate by the affable Mr. Walters, who after setting them down to a lunch at a small inn, had suddenly left them to speak to a friend who was passing down the street, and had forgotten to return. They assisted Bartlett to unpack Mr. Romney-Romney's luggage.

* * * * *

Miss Kate is now Mrs. Bartlett, but Miss Bertha is still unmarried, though from her attitude toward one or two gentlemen boarders, there is no reason to suppose that she is not inconsolable for the loss of Mr. Romney-Romney.—[London Truth.

Flowers on the Kansas Prairies.

Barbaric splendor of the scenes in *Atda* and *L'Africaine* seemed repeated as the glorious panorama of blossoming prairie unrolled day after day. Can you picture to yourself ten acres of portulaca? or whole hillsides curtained with what seems a superb variety of wistaria, except that it grows on a stalk instead of hanging from a vine? Do you know how it feels not to be able to step, without crushing a flower, so that the little prairie-dogs, sitting contentedly with their intimate friends the owls on the little heaps of earth thrown up around their holes, have every appearance of having planted their own front yards with the choicest floral varieties? Think of driving into a great field of sunflowers, the horses trampling down the tall stalks, that spring up again behind the carriage, so that one outside the field would never know that a carriage-load of people were anywhere in it; or riding through a 'grove' of them, the blossoms towering out of reach as you sit on horse-back, and a tall hedge of them grown up as a barrier between you and your companion? Not a daisy, or a buttercup or a clover, or a dandelion, will you see all summer; but new flowers too exquisite for belief; the great white prickly poppies, and the sensitive rose, with its leaves delicate as a maiden hair fern, and its blossom a countless mass of crimson stamens tipped with gold, faintly fragrant. Even familiar flowers are unfamiliar in size and profusion and color. What at home would be a daisy, is here the size of a small sunflower, with petals of delicate rose-pink, raying from a coneshaped centre of rich maroon shot with gold. A——had brought with her numerous packages of seeds and slips, nobly bent on having ribbon flower-beds and mosaic *parterres* about the house; but she sat on the steps and threw them broadcast, never knowing in the profusion of flowers that would have been there anyway, whether hers ever came up or not. And how beautiful were the grasses—the most useful one the most beautiful of all, the delicate little 'buffalo grass,' for which the prairie is famous, waving its tiny curled sickle of feathery daintiness as if its beauty were its only excuse for being, yet bravely 'curing' itself into dry hay as it stands, when the autumn winds begin to blow, that the happy flocks may 'nibble, sharp-toothed, the rich, thickgrowing blades' all through the winter, without their being gathered into barns.—[Alice Wellington Rollins, in Harper's Magazine.

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Still A Bad Bill.

The Franchise Bill, as it passed its third reading is a widely different measure from the Franchise Bill Sir John Macdonald introduced and tried to force through at a single sitting and without amendment. Nearly every clause has been altered and many new ones have been added, as a result of the fierce fire that the Opposition brought to bear upon it. Not a word or a line has escaped their vigilant scrutiny and their efforts to improve the bill, where they have failed to be effective, have been placed on record in resolutions to which the division lists of the House are attached. Greatly as the bill has been improved by their determined exertions, it is still a monstrous bundle of iniquities. In its original shape it was a gigantic sample of legislative infamy, unparalleled in its audacity as a measure to protect the party in power against the indignation of the majority of the free electors of the country.

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