

said Dane, who had now got into his manner of lazy apathy.

"And why do you want to take Hazel there?" Mrs. Coles went on.

"I would like her to see how green it is. I shall not take her to the place where the cross stands on the Zug-spitze—though I have been there too; for her head might turn. But I will take her a half-day's walk from Windischmattrei to Gschlöss, instead."

"What is there, Duke?" asked Primrose, for Hazel did not speak.

"That is called the German Chamounix. The fields of blue ice came down almost to the bottom of the valley."

"And is it pretty?"

"Chamounix is reckoned so."

"I should think you would go to the real Chamounix, while you are about it," remarked Mrs. Coles.

"Common," said Dane. "Never be common, if you can help it. Then from Gschlöss we will mount the Grossen Venediger. It is eleven thousand feet high, to be sure, but uncommonly easy to go up; and from the top we shall have a good wilderness view of rocks and ice and snow—and little else, beside sky."

"I do not see the pleasure in that," said Mrs. Coles.

"O! do," said Primrose. "But Duke, Hazel could not walk half a day, like you."

"Yes she could, in the high Alps."

"It must be delightful!" Primrose said musingly.

"Another time I will take her over the Dobratsch. She can ride up there."

"Duke, you do use very odd words. What is the Dobratsch?"

"A mountain in Illyria—almost as good as the Rigi."

"Why not go to the Rigi?" said Mrs. Coles.

"Crowds. But I will go to the Rigi too, if Hazel makes a point of it. The Dobratsch has more variety of scenery than the Rigi. Both give you lakes and glaciers; but from the Dobratsch you have a view of tremendous weather-worn limestone peaks, and risen Dolomites. Then we will visit the Warmbad-Villach."

"What is that, Duke?"

"A little watering place. You would like it. A warm clear spring breaks forth just at the borders of the forest. It is a nice place to be late in the season. Then there is another walk I want to show her, in the Raintal, going from Taufers."

"It sounds like a guide-book," said Mrs. Coles chuckling. "Where is Taufers?"

"That is in the Austrian Tyrol. You go for a couple of hours beside a glacier stream which is almost all the way a broad ribbon of white foam. The bed of the brook is so steep and rocky that the water is dashed and shivered into spray, glittering in the sunshine, and wetting you all the same. What do you say to that, Hazel? You like brooks."

Hazel had been deep in the intricacies of a bit of netting; the little foot with the netting-stirrup perched up on a foot cushion, the long needle flying swiftly to and fro. A stir of colour now and then, a curl of the lips, were the only tokens that she heard what went on. She answered sedately,

"They are good society, to follow."

"And the lakes are not bad," Dane went on. "We should go to München of course, to study art; and from there we will take flying runs to the lakes; Ammersee, and Walchensee, and Königssee, and the rest of them."

"But won't you take her to Mont Blanc and Chamounix, and to see the Matterhorn, where those people were lost?" said Mrs. Coles, whose breath seemed to be taken away.

"Of course. But the mountains are just as good where people have not been lost."

"Have you been to all these others places, already, Duke?" Primrose asked.

"More than once, some of them. I have walked there for weeks with Heineke," he added, turning to Hazel with again the change of tone.

"And that is your wife's travelling clock?" said Mrs. Coles. "It seems to me that you are sometimes about your preparations."

"Always a good way," said Dane coolly.

"It is a fine thing to be rich!" the lady went on, gazing at the clock.

"You are just about as rich as I am," said Dane in the same tone.

"I!—As you?"

"Practically."

"I don't know what you mean by practically. You have millions, and I have a few hundred or so."

"I mean only, that neither of us has anything that he can call his own."

Mrs. Coles stared, but her interlocutor seemed to be looking at things in a very matter-of-fact way. He was now busy fitting another engraving into its frame; a plain black walnut frame, without carving or gilding, like the rest.

"I cannot conceive what you mean, Dane," Mrs. Coles broke forth.

"It is perfectly simple. Surely the fact that we are only stewards of what we hold, is not strange to you?"

It seemed to be strange however, for Mrs. Coles weighed the statement.

"But, Dane—people do not take that so closely."

"What then? There is the fact."

"Prudentia, you have heard papa say the same thing, at least a hundred times," Primrose reminded her.

"He hadn't much to talk about," said the doctor's eldest daughter. "And, Dane, you do

not take it so closely, either. What do you mean by your fine proposal to go travelling? How will you do it, if you have not the money?"

"I hold the money to be used for the very best ends and interests I know. If when the times comes, I see any way that I can spend the money better, I'll not go."

"But it would be spending the money on yourself—yourself and your wife—if you went, at any rate," persisted Mrs. Coles. "And you say, it is not yours."

"Mine to spend."

"On what you please?"

"No in such ways as will best do the work the Owner of the money wants done."

"And what has your travelling to do with that? I don't see."

"If I don't see, as I said, I'll not go."

"But how could it, you contradictory man?"

"Human nature often needs relaxation and recreation," said Dane. "Mine might."

"Relaxation!" said Mrs. Coles. "When you know as well as I do, that you are a pine knot for endurance, and a very burr for persistence."

"Don't take her statement, Hazel," said Dane. "She does not know much about the vegetable creation, if she does about me."

"But answer me, if you can."

"Human nature also needs cultivation, I was going to add. A servant must take himself the best servant he can. A man is bound to give himself and his family the utmost of every kind of cultivation that is possible to him without neglecting higher ends."

"H'm. And is Mrs. Roll's travelling clock—Which class does that come under?"

"Pleasure."

"O you hold pleasure lawful then?"

"Certainly. With the above limits."

"Prue, Prue," said Primrose. "Stop. You have gone far enough; and too far."

"I am seeking knowledge, Prim; and that, Dane says, is commendable. May I ask one other question, Dane? What head do these mean little picture frames come under?"

"You do not like them?" said Dane, surveying the one in hand with its enclosed photograph of Dannecker's Ariadne.

"Why don't you have handsomer ones?"

"Economy."

"You cannot mean it."

"Nevertheless—it is true."

"You, who have such loads of money?"

"To use, as I told you," said Dane, smiling now. "The engravings and photographs are both pleasure and education. I do not find either the one or the other in gilded stucco."

"Well, have them carved, then."

"Can't afford it, as I said."

"But, my dear Dane: are you going to regulate your whole household on such principles?"

Dane answered with the most matter-of-fact manner, that it was his intention.

"But I should think elegant frames would come under the head of pleasure."

"They would not, to me, when I thought of the money they cost."

"But, Dane, with you means? Do you know what people will say of you?"

"I know," he answered. "The world will always find a nice name for a fellow that does not go by its rules."

"You are so obstinate!" said the lady. "You always were. Nothing I could say would ever move you. I shall get Arthur to talk to you. But what does your wife think of your doings?"

Dane was silent, only the corner of his mouth began to play.

"She has stockings on this minute that cost five dollars a pair, if they cost a penny. How does that fit with your wooden picture frames?"

Dane rose and rang the bell. "You must be tired, Prudentia," he said, without the change of a muscle.

"And Prim is, I know. I shall send you to bed to get a good night's sleep, for you have a great deal to do to-morrow."

Mrs. Coles did not know how to answer. And the servant appearing, Rollo ordered candles, and himself went with the ladies to the door of their room. There he took leave of Prim, whose face had clouded painfully, with a whispered word which brought a flush of pleasure back to it. It was not yet late. The little travelling clock was only ringing its ten musical silver peals, as Dane came back into the room. Wych Hazel was still standing as the ladies had left her, looking absently down at the picture frame. Dane came silently up and stood beside her.

"Do you think I shall ever stop being perverse?" she said abruptly.

"How are you perverse now?" he asked in a very disengaged tone.

"I had been pretty nearly as perverse as I could be, all these two days!" said Wych Hazel.

"Fighting everybody and everything. I dressed just as much as good taste would let me, because I never can put your friend down in a plain dress. And I have answered five hundred questions. And I never thought about stockings in that way. I thought one must have stockings!" said Hazel, putting out her dainty foot looking down at it ruefully. But then the brown eyes came eagerly back to him. "Do you think I shall, Olaf?" she repeated.

Gently, very fondly, he gathered her into his arms and held her close. And without saying a word, his manner gave assurance of contentment enough to satisfy any woman.

"Then you are not going to scold me?" he asked at length, without releasing her.

"For what?"

"Bringing you into such perverse circumstances."

Hazel looked at him wistfully. "I knew how

it would be," she said. "I knew myself. That was why I said no. At least, partly why."

"Do you regret my action?"

"I was naughty enough yesterday morning to hope you would," said Hazel with a confessing laugh.

"I told Prim just now, privately, that if we ever went that journey I spoke of, she should go too."

The colour flushed up into Hazel's face, and went away again, but she gave neither word nor look.

"You are sorry?"

"Never ask such questions afterwards!" said Hazel. And she would have disengaged herself, but he would not let her. "Do you not know better than that?"

"Hazel," he said, gravely though full of tenderness—you and I are not going to live to ourselves."

Like a statue, so the girl stood; but with a rush of thoughts that for a minute she could not head off.

(To be continued.)

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

From official statistical returns, it appears that Paris boasts of 92,000 pianofortes in active service.

APARTMENTS have been engaged for the King of Portugal, his family and suite, during the Exhibition of 1878.

A FRENCHMAN has advanced the theory that round-eared animals love music, and that sharp-eared animals hate it.

LEAVE of absence to the officers and non-commissioned officers of the Paris Garrison is rigorously refused.

OWING to the energetic campaign carried on by Emile de Girardin during the late electoral period, the circulation of his journal, *La France*, increased to 120,000 per day.

AN American has just taken it into his head to have his *name* engraved on elegant little silver plates, bearing the name of each of his guests, who are invited to keep them as a *memento*.

To mark still farther the social chasm between the Monarchists and Republicans, when weddings among the former are celebrated, particular care is taken to announce that the religious ceremony was performed.

POSTERS on the walls in Paris announce the sale at auction of the domain of Malmaison, the former residence of the Empress Josephine. The State, which sells the domain in question, puts it up at the price of 500,000fr.

THE proofs of the exhibition tickets have been submitted to the Government, so this looks like business. The progress of the work could not be more satisfactory, and the representatives of foreign nations are actively employed at their posts.

VERDI has positively declined the honour conferred on him by the Italian Government in naming the celebrated composer member of the Musical Commission for the Universal Exhibition at Paris. It seems that the *maestro* is busy finishing a new opera.

The subscription of one franc each person to erect a monument to the memory of M. Thiers, started by the Paris journal, *Le Bien Public*, amounts at present to over 30,000fr. The journal issues each week an extra sheet publishing the names of the subscribers.

A TOURNAMENT of chess-players is to be held at Paris during the Exhibition of next year. A Sieves vase of the value of 5,000fr. will be placed at the disposal of the committee. A subscription has been opened to provide other prizes, draw up a series of problems, and publish the sittings.

THE King of Holland is about to contract a morganatic marriage with Mlle. Emilie Hambro. The young lady, who is in her 25th year, made her *début* on the stage some four years past. The lady will be created a countess, and will reside in Paris, where a sumptuous hotel has been purchased for her.

OFFENBACH continues to improve in health, and has already resumed his usual avocations. He is terminating the orchestration of *Mademoiselle Façart*, and putting the last touches to the *Contes d'Hoffmann*, the great piece which he has, with M. Barbier, prepared for the Théâtre-Lyrique, and which will be performed during the Exhibition.

A NEW club, the Cercle de la Presse, among the members of which are nearly all the leading journalists of Paris, has opened its beautiful rooms at 6, Rue Lepeletier. M. Auguste Vétu is president of the committee, and inaugurated the club by a press dinner, which took place on Wednesday last. One hundred and fifty invitations had been issued, and the affair was very successful.

A CITIZEN stopped before a blind man who carried on his breast a little picture representing a fire, and on which was written: "Blinded by

an accident;"—"Tell me, my good fellow, in what country the accident represented in this picture happened?" The blind man replied, with the greatest imaginable coolness, "Ah! I will not tell you, my good sir. It comes to me from my brother."

MR. HARRISON, the *Times* correspondent, asserts, upon the best authority, that the President really contemplated a *coup d'état*, but was miserably mortified to find that, from General Berthaud downwards, the entire army refused to follow his lead. These revelations are awkward, hence the indignation of the French official press, and the silly attempt to suppress the circulation of the *Times* in France.

M. STRAUSS is about quitting Paris for Vienna, where his engagements will retain him during the winter. He cannot, therefore, take any part in the masked balls at the Grand Opera during the approaching season; but the author of the *Tzigane* will return to the French capital for the Exhibition, assisted by his brother Edouard, conductor of the orchestra of the Court balls. They will, as in 1867, be accompanied by their band.

Hippolyte Briollet, a writer, who had made a reputation in Paris, as possessing a vein of sarcasm and humour, died last week at St. Mandé. M. Briollet was one of the editors of the Paris *Tindemur*, and was peculiarly felicitous in his squibs aimed at the follies of the day. He also meddled in politics, many of his epigrams having gone the rounds of the Opposition press. His funeral was attended by a large number of the Paris journalists, artists, and playwrights.

AT A dinner at Victor Hugo's, the other day the centre of the table was taken up by a splendid *buisson d'écrevisses*, or crabs, sent to the poet by an anonymous admirer, with the following dedication: Vous qui poussez le monde au Progrès, vous le Père

De l'avenir meilleur vers lequel nous allons, D'un froce appétit vous mangevez, j'espère, Ces petits monstres noirs, qui vont à reculons.

THE Exhibition is to have an enormous fountain in front of the Palace of the Trocadéro, which, after the Albert Memorial, is to be ornamented at the four angles of its base by groups of figures representing the four quarters of the world. Europe is to be represented by an ox, while at his feet are lying a plough, a sheaf of corn, and his yoke, and the fallen trunk of an oak. This will be a colossal figure, and is now at the workshop of M. Cain, the well-known animal sculptor.

THE Empress Josephine's mansion of Malmaison has been sold by the State for 600,000fr. to M. Gantier, the agent, it is rumoured, of a foreign personage. Another celebrated mansion, the Hôtel de Monaco, in the Rue de Varennes, built in the seventeenth century by Cortompe for Marshal Montmorency, and occupied by Grimaldi, Prince of Monaco, by Princess Adelaide of Orleans, and by General Cavaignac during his Presidency, is reported to have been presented by the Duchess of Galliera to the Comte de Paris.

IT is not yet known how M. Thiers has disposed of his fine art collection, which is found to be even larger and more valuable than was supposed. Amongst the original works contained in it are a model in bronze of a Madonna left unfinished by Michael Angelo, an antique statue of a comic actor, an admirable Venus, and a Greek bust of Anacreon. The Chinese, Japanese, and other Oriental curiosities are exceedingly interesting. M. Charles Blane, member of the Institute, is, it is said, at present engaged on a book describing the collection.

M. GAMBETTA has handed over 1,000fr. to the poor of Versailles, the proceeds of a bet with M. Tristan Lambert that that Bonapartist ex-deputy would not be re-elected for Fontainebleau. Political wagers are not uncommon in France, and are made the criterion of confidence in the success of one's party. Any leading Republican who had refused to bet a few months ago that the Left would not get a majority at the elections would have been thought to betray his expectation of defeat and those who wagered that the 363 would come back 400 have, of course, lost their money.

THE new bathing establishment at Bourboule, Auvergne, promises to be the finest in the world. Bourboule, Mount Dore, and a few other places in Auvergne are most picturesquely situated in a volcanic country, abounding in hot springs. Those of Bourboule are said to be peculiarly good for pulmonary complaints. The bathing establishment there is built in the form of a double quadrangle: it contains a handsome lobby, a promenade ground for wet weather, and the baths are luxuriously fitted. The decoration is in the Pompeian style, and each quadrangle encloses a picturesque garden. In one part of the establishments the water is pulverised, so that the spray may be inhaled and its mineral contents may produce their local effect on the respiratory organs.

ELIZUR WRIGHT insists that policy-holders who have stopped payments are entitled to an equitable share of the accumulated reserve in cash, and proposes to open a registry of policy-holders who would like to combine to test the question before the courts.