

out of hearing. "I don't want to be inquisitive, but no one will believe but that there was some concealed motive for what you said—you and Gordon such old friends, too; and if I am to act for you, don't you think that, for your sake, I ought to know it, so as to set you right in case of accidents?"

"I am afraid I can't tell you," I replied. "There is a motive, of course; but you must forgive me for using my own discretion about communicating it to any one."

Lane looked at me a moment in silence, and nothing more was said on the subject till we reached his quarters. There, about an hour afterward, De Lacy joined us. He and I had never been introduced to one another; but after a hurried glance round the room, to assure himself that there were no casual intruders, he walked towards me.

"Lieutenant Nolan, I believe?" I bowed affirmatively as I took his card. "I need hardly say, I presume, that I am here on the part of Mr. Gordon. This seems a sad business. Can nothing be done?"

"Nothing," I replied, briefly.

"Gordon has not been very explicit; but he hinted that there were reasons. Surely you will explain?" he broke off abruptly.

"I will explain nothing. Capt. Lane acts for me."

"Then things must take their course," and he returned to Lane.

Their conference was long and earnest. I heard afterward that De Lacy tried again to bring about an understanding, and even admitted that he had been instructed to use every effort to induce me to apologize; but that Lane told him he was satisfied that it would be perfectly useless to endeavor to obtain any retraction or apology from me. At last De Lacy left, bowing ceremoniously to me as he quitted the room, and then Lane turned to me.

"It is settled for to-morrow morning at five o'clock, behind the Phœnician ruins on Corradino; pistols, of course. We had better have some dinner now, and that will give you an hour or two before you turn in to see after any business you want to attend to. I suppose you'll like a long night for the sake of steadying the hand, and you'll have to be up early."

"I have 'been out' several times since, but I don't think that I ever experienced the same feelings on the eve of a meeting that I did on this occasion. It was not only that it was my first duel, that all the sensations connected with it were novel; but I seemed to be impelled by perfectly savage ferocity, by a sheer animal lust for blood. I knew that Harry was a dead shot; but the possibility of his hitting me did not greatly affect my mind. The sole feeling of which I was conscious was one of intense delight that I was about to have an opportunity of avenging what I had induced myself to consider his maliciously false imputations upon Miss Cornswall."

I had but little to do in the way of preparation, and that little was soon done,—a letter to my mother, another to Rose, and a few lines to one or two old friends on the chance of the worst,—and then Lane and I drew our chairs up to the window, and smoked and talked until our watches warned us that, with the prospect of an early journey before us, we could no longer defer going to bed.

Lane awoke me in good time the next morning.

"I have given you till the last minute, Nolan. Edwards will be here directly with the calèche; I sent him for it some time ago. You'll find a cup of coffee in the next room; or would you prefer a nip of brandy—just a something to steady the nerves?"

Out through the Porta Reale, across Floriana parade-ground, round the Maresa, with scarcely a word spoken between us; and toward Burmole, we left our calèche. A scramble over a low stone wall, a five minutes' walk through the young barley sprouting beneath our feet, and we reached the ground,—a small field encompassed with low walls of shapeless blocks of jagged, unhewn stone piled one on another. In one corner of it was a circle of upright single stones, commonly known as the Phœnician ruins—a sort of Stonehenge in miniature, and toward this we bent our way. There was no one behind them, and we were evidently first on the ground; so we sat down to await the arrival of our adversaries. It was one of those clear, glorious mornings that are so common in the Mediterranean in the early spring. Behind us, the slope of the ground, while it concealed us from observation from the ships in the harbor, also shut in the view in that direction; but in front of us the country stretched out for miles in a highly cultivated plain, till in the distance the rampart and towers of Citta Vecchia bounded the scene, and stood out, white with the early rays of the morning sun, above the purple-blue haze that toned down without obscuring the varying tints of the intervening valley. Every now and again the rumble of some country cart, or the monotonous drone of some peasant hastening to his daily toil, broke upon the silence; but beyond that all was still. Suddenly we heard the sound of falling stones, and looking round saw Gordon, De Lacy and some third person whom I did not know, vaulting the low wall that encompassed the field. On seeing us they stopped, and Lane rising and advancing a step or two toward them, he and De Lacy drew a little apart and I was left standing alone. Presently I saw the seconds measuring the ground, and then came to me and led me to my post, saying, as he put the cold butt of the pistol into my hand,—

"Gordon has brought a doctor with him. Mind and aim low." Then he added in a louder voice, "Gentlemen, are you both ready? Mr. De Lacy gives the words, one—two—three; at the last word you fire."

There we stood—Harry and I—in the brightening light, half facing one another, sombre and stern, each of us with his pistol in his hand, waiting for the word. How long this state of expectation lasted I can not say, not more than a few seconds, I suppose; but it sufficed to carry me back in thought many years, and to bring before me a vision of the old parsonage house and ivy-mantled church, the green fields and shady lanes, amongst which my childhood had been passed. At length De Lacy's voice recalled me to myself, as in clear, incisive tones he slowly uttered the words,—

"One—two—three."

The two reports rang out simultaneously, and, with a slight cry, Harry fell on his face on the ground. Then, forgetting all about Rose,—remembering only the old friendship between Gordon and myself,—I rushed forward in a paroxysm of remorse at my handiwork. But the seconds had anticipated me; and before I could cover the intervening ground, De Lacy was supporting Harry's head upon his knees. The doctor, too, was kneeling by him, examining the wound. The bullet had entered on the right side, where Harry had exposed it by raising his arm to fire, but the flow of blood was very slight. The surgeon, however, evidently thought it serious; for after a short examination he rose and shook his head sadly. Slight as the motion was, Harry's eye detected it, and he made a sign to the others to draw back. The seconds looked at one another for a moment, and then, in spite of the irregularity of the proceeding, they complied; and taking De Lacy's place, I bent down to catch the words as they fell from Harry's lips:

"Charlie, I'm afraid I'm done for this time. Don't reproach yourself, old fellow; it couldn't be helped. Of course we know what it was about, however little others may. I didn't want to do any one harm," he went on almost plaintively, "or to violate any one's confidence; but I was in hopes that what I said to you yesterday would have led to your engagement being broken off; but as you have chosen to fight for her, I suppose it is on still. Charlie, you mustn't marry her; indeed you mustn't. Put your hand into my pocket, and you'll find a bundle of letters—that's it—that will tell you all about it."

Harry's voice had been growing weaker and weaker as he spoke, until the last few words were almost a whisper; so I made a sign to the others, and carefully, tenderly we carried him to his calèche and placed him in it. He was taken to De Lacy's rooms, where for weeks he hovered between life and death, and where I saw him frequently. A good constitution pulled him through at last, however, in spite of the doctors; and the *Spartiate* being then up the Adriatic, he did not rejoin her, but invalidated to England.

And the packet! When I had gone on board and could open it quietly in the seclusion of my own cabin, I found that it consisted of four letters. The first was from Harry to myself, and was merely to the effect that, having in view the possibility that the duel might be fatal to him, and thinking that I ought to be made aware of the truth, he had prepared this packet to furnish me with the evidence of it in case of his decease. Then came two other letters, addressed to him, and dated about two years back. I had little need to read them—the handwriting told me who the author was; but I read them through. They were both signed "Hester Douglas;" and their contents were such as to leave no doubt of the relation which the writer bore to Gordon at the time they were written. The blow had fallen. All Harry's imputations—all those suspicions that his words had suggested, but that I had never allowed myself to entertain—were true. There was no need of further evidence; but as if to render it complete, there was a fourth letter still unread, and I resolutely forced myself to read it. Even at that moment I found time to notice that it looked newer, less soiled than the others. It was dated "Strada Stretta, Malta, Feb. 2, 18—" (the day that I had introduced Harry to Miss Cornswall), and ran as follows:

"I knew it must come at last,—that we should meet again. But you will keep my secret won't you? O Harry, for the sake of the love you once bore me, spare me. He knows nothing, need never know anything. And I love him, Harry, and have put away the part with the old name. Why should you visit the sins of Hester Douglas upon—"

"Rose Cornswall!" When I had finished reading the letters, I could not at once decide on the next step. My brain was in a whirl, and for the time I seemed incapable of volition. At length, however, I determined to adopt a suggestion contained in Harry's note to myself, namely, that I should forward the letters to Miss Cornswall. I inclosed them, therefore, in an envelope, together with a few lines from myself, telling her the circumstances under which they came into my possession, and intimating that, all things considered, it would, in my opinion, be better that we should not meet again. From that day to this I have never seen Rose Cornswall; but she some twelve months afterward I heard that she had become a Roman Catholic, and had entered a convent at Naples.

As for myself, I did not long remain on the station. The duel was a great deal talked about, and all sorts of reasons were assigned for it by popular rumor; and I was sick at heart, and not ambitious of notoriety. I wanted some place where I could see new faces and find new occu-

pation. So, within a month of the duel,—as soon, in fact, as Gordon was out of danger,—I applied to be superseded, and came home to England.

When I came to think coolly about it afterward, it did appear somewhat extraordinary that, considering Harry's renown as a shot, I should have come scathless out of the affair. I had not been home long, however, when I made a discovery that perhaps accounted for his bad shooting. He was then, and had been for some time previously, secretly engaged to my sister. The whole thing came out when he invalided to England, and they were married shortly after. I do not know whether Harry ever made a clean breast to his wife of what happened in Malta; but I am inclined to think that their second daughter, Rose (she is the mother of two children herself now), is not unlikely to benefit by the will of her crusty old bachelor uncle.

L. B. M.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, Sept. 29.

A LARGE Italian pilgrimage to the Vatican is going to Rome at the end of this month.

A new volume by Emile Zola, entitled *Nais Micoulin*, is announced for publication early next month.

MR. BROADLEY, who defended Arabi Pasha on his trial at Cairo, has been appointed, by decree of President Grévy, Avocat Défenseur at the French Bar.

AN idea has struck a porcelain manufacturer—namely, ornamenting plates for desert with portraits of members of the family, a very charming way of perpetuating and preserving a likeness, if the cat is left out of the reckoning.

A YOUNG American lady, Miss Datchen, recently at a fête given in Paris, made a sensation as a reciter of a peculiar and original *genre*. She has a facile talent for imitating birds, and says she spent hours in the forests of America in listening to birds, and then reproducing their notes.

AMONGST the pictures exhibited by M. Meissonnier at the Triennial Salon figures the portrait of Mrs. J. W. Mackay, which was commenced over two years ago, and which is only just finished. Of course, so far as the execution goes, it is admirable. Mrs. Mackay is, however, a young, beautiful and refined woman, and is particularly remarkable for the small size and delicate proportions of her hands.

THE Burmese Ambassadors, whose singular appearance delights the Parisians, are still in Paris. Of evenings their silken gowns are to be seen in various places of amusement, and they seem to appreciate the character of the performances. As may be supposed, they run in a pack, and do not do their Paris sight-seeing singly. Their sojourn in the French capital will soon come to a close.

AN enterprising Chinaman has recently opened a restaurant in Paris, and is now endeavoring to educate the Western palate to appreciate the subtle excellences of rotten eggs and birds' nest soup. In order to prepare the former luxuries in their full perfection, fresh ducks' eggs are covered with a mixture of cinders, chalk, lye, soda, powdered liquorice root and oil, and are then left for several months until their yolks become first green and finally black. The darker the yolk the greater the delicacy.

THE waiters of Rome have been loudly protesting against the employment of female waiters in several of the cafés and beershops. They have published a protest which is being hawked about the streets. The Romans when they are wronged are terribly in earnest, and especially severe with ladies who compete in life with the Roman male. As a rule little can be said in praise of the Roman waiter; he is dirty, inattentive, and, if his tip does not come up to his ideas, frequently insolent.

A FRENCH medical journal has been amusing itself by prescribing for the ailments of illustrious people who have been long dead, but who, according to this authority, ought not to have died as early as they did. It seems that Molière could have been saved by a few grains of caffeine; Racine's neurosis would have yielded to bromide of potassium; while any modern doctor could have cured Napoleon of his biliousness, and altered the course of history by making the great Emperor live to a green old age.

AS soon as the National Salon is over the Palais de l'Industrie will be used for holding a baby show, organized by M. Hervé de Lorin, a gentleman who has a speciality as *impresario* of various sorts of exhibitions. The baby show is not to be for infants alone, but for children of all countries, from one to six years of age, dressed in their national costumes. Baby shows, frequent in America and England, are, we believe, a novelty in France, and probably the one in question will attract a certain amount of attention at the Palais de l'Industrie.

FRANÇOIS is an excellent servant, and always sits up for his master. On one occasion Viscount d'B., François's master, came home from his club at three o'clock in the morning. He found his faithful valet in his bedroom, reclining fast asleep on the sofa near the fire. Instead of waking him, he quietly undressed and got into bed. Ten minutes afterwards François awoke and exclaimed, "Past three o'clock, and the beast hasn't come in yet!" The Viscount raised his head, and said, in a very gentle voice, "You may go to bed, François; the beast has got back to its lair!"

THE foulest and most dangerous of the rookeries with which old Paris used to abound has only just disappeared. It was a small court known as the Cité du Tarn; and, although it practically consisted only of the two houses numbered 84 and 86, Rue de Meaux, and of additions to them, it gave shelter at one time to no less than 263 different families, comprising in all 1,750 persons. The Cité du Tarn, or as it was sometimes called, the Cité Gaud, maintained its evil reputation until the last; and, although it was a relic of an old and interesting phase of Paris life, no one regrets its demolition.

THERE is a story aloft to the effect that the Comte de Chambord's fatal stomach malady arose from Bantingism. He was in youth injured in such way by a fall from his horse that he never afterwards was capable of taking as much active exercise as was good for him. He made drives through his splendid park that he might shoot deer from his chariot. He had a good conscience and an excellent appetite. He grew enormously stout, and, having heard of Mr. Banting's system, he studied it first, and then practiced it rigidly, until he not only reduced his weight greatly, but enfeebled his stomach in a manner which led to chronic disease. He fat and live rather than reduce your size, and life is the moral pointed; also don't try and be a king if you would be comfortable in mind as well as body.

AN Alpine accident befell a few days ago on Mont Chaval, in the Chablais, whither people from the Valais are in the habit of going at this time of the year to collect *gentian*, from which they distill a sort of brandy. One of the gatherers, a man named Tobie Charvaz, who had taken a drop too much, missing his footing, rolled into a deep and almost inaccessible ravine, where, after two days, his body was found frightfully mangled. The unfortunate Tobie was thus in a double sense the victim of drink, for if he had not wanted to collect the material for making it he would never have gone on Mont Chaval at all, and if he had not been the worse for drink he would not have rolled down the ravine. His story would make a very efficient awful warning for teetotal lecturers.

SOME SUMMER FLOWERS.

The fragrance of the sweet-briar is the quality that endears it. We can scent the odors as we read the following lines from "Midsummer Night's Dream":

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grow
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine."

But Shakespeare surpasses even this allusion to its fragrance in the simile, or shall we say hyperbole, contained in the following lines from "Cymbeline":

"Thou shalt not lack
The flowers that's like the face, pale primrose; nor
The azure harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetened not thy breath."

In the following lines of Shenstone we feel ourselves transported at once into the midst of the loveliest country scenes in spring:

"Come, gentle air, and while the thickets bloom
Convey the jasmine's breath divine
Convey the woodbine's rich perfume,
Nor spare the sweet-leaved eglantine."

Keats refers to the "dew-sweet eglantine," and Cowper says:

"Grateful eglantine regales the smell."

Scott, describing the scene in "The Trosach's wildest nook," where James Fitz-James lost his steed, gives us the following lines, and perhaps, for their beauty, our reader may pardon us for quoting at more length than is really relevant:

"Boon nature, scattered free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child;
Here eglantine embalmeth the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale, and violet dower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower,
Fox-glove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Grouped their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain;
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath:
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent dung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky."

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.