

"what in the world is the matter?" thought he: but he passed on, and on the stairs met one of the editors—a young man who was not always so "serious" as became his occupation.

"I say, Ravelle," said he, you'll catch it! The governor's just mad!"

"Mad! what for?"

But the other went off into a choking fit, and rushed away to avoid breaking into a shriek. Puzzled and uneasy, a slight flush on his cheek, Ravelle tapped at the door of the editorial sanctum.

"Come in!" said a gruff voice, and as he entered he felt as if he had walked straight into a thunder-storm. There stood Mr. Sherman, the *Friend of All* spread open at the "Interview," his face as black as the inkiest of thunder-clouds, his very hair bristling with wrath. He flashed out lightning and thunder together without an instant's pause.

"Pray, sir," he began, with fierce sarcasm, "will you explain the meaning of this article, and your reasons for bringing ridicule and discredit on the paper?"

Ravelle's look of absolute astonishment was almost unheeded; striking his hand on the offending sheet the editor stormed on:

"I wrote to you to interview Miss Langton, a woman whose name and work everyone knows, and you write a farrago of infernal twaddle about some disreputable dressed-up doll, soup-kitchens in Bermondsey, boy shoeing-clubs, as if boys were horses! and societies for giving cabmen gruel! Are you mad? What do you mean by all this, Mr. Ravelle? Who is this Dorothy Langton? Miss Langton's name is Martha—she is sixty at the least, stout, gray-haired. Good Heaven! sir, how dare you bring such disgrace on the paper. I——"

But here Mr. Sherman was fain to pause for sheer lack of breath, and had it not been for his chief's genuine perturbation, Ravelle could have flung himself into a chair and gone off into convulsions of laughter.

For he saw it all now—the terrible mistake he had made—all that had puzzled him about Miss Langton and her surroundings was made clear as day.

He had misread the direction, gone to the wrong house; and the mischievous girl discovering this, and his ignorance of the other Miss Langton and her "work," had, in vulgar parlance, "taken a rise" out of the young journalist.

But one assurance, at any rate, Ravelle could give his distracted chief; and this was, that Miss Langton was not "disreputable." The trickster was, beyond all doubt, a lady.

Mastering with difficulty the tempest of laughter that shook him inwardly, Ravelle began to explain matters.

"On my honour," he said, with an earnestness that carried conviction even to the angry editor, "I am guilty of no worse than a foolish mistake. I never saw Miss Langton. I know nothing of such people and their atmosphere. The address you gave me I read as 37 Malvina Road, South Kensington——"

"Good Heaven, no!—39 Malvern Road. But how in the name of common-sense could you swallow such fudge"(oh, Mr. Sherman!) "as gruel societies and Bermondsey soup-kitchens? How could you imagine such a popinjay as you describe was a benevolent friend of the poor?"

How indeed!

"You've been a fool, sir—an absolute fool!" cried the editor. "You're not fit for such a paper as this!"

Ravelle was trying to express his regret, when a tap came at the door, and Ravelle, opening it, received a letter from a messenger.

It was addressed to himself, and bore over the seal the words, "Royal Melpomene Theatre." The young man felt as if he knew what that letter would reveal.

Scarcely thinking what he did, he broke it open, and two small tickets fell on the table; but on the paper that had enclosed them Ravelle read:

"With compliments from Dorine Lesmore (Dorothy Langton)."

Dorine Lesmore! Ravelle knew that name well enough! She was the heroine of the comic opera now playing at the Melpomene, all the critics had praised her; everyone went to hear her; but Ravelle, who hated comic opera, had not yet been. Truly he had got the *Friend of All* into a dilemma! What was to be done? The editor was looking at him. Ravelle resolved to take the bull by the horns.

"The lady I interviewed is Dorine Lesmore."

"And who in the world is that, sir?"

"She is prima donna at—the—the Melpomene Theatre——"

But Ravelle's self-command was at an end. He just caught one glimpse of the editor's face, and the memory of the look on that face never left him. He fled precipitately. How he got down the stairs and into the street he never knew. He found himself somehow in a hansom, and then the tension gave way.

He fell back in the cab and laughed till he could laugh no longer; People who saw him must have thought he was in convulsions. The idea of the *Friend of All* containing an "interview" with the star of a comic opera was simply too much for the risible nerves of man. It stretched out into a vista of delights that positively dazzled the imagination. What fun the theatrical papers would make over it! How "the fellows" at the club would shriek!

When Ravelle reached home he fell down in a chair, and laughed more. How could he help it? Yet all the time he was sorry for the scandalized editor; but he gave no thought to the fact that he had done for his connection with the paper.

By-and-by he gathered himself together to go and call on Miss Langton. How she would "roast" him! But never mind!

He was shown into the pretty drawing-room, and almost immediately Miss Langton came in. She had opened her lips to say something; but the sight of her dupe seemed to be too much for her. She sat down suddenly, and began laughing, and Ravelle followed suit; and so for some minutes there wasn't a word between them.

At length the singer gasped out:

"Oh I am sorry—I really am—I thought it would have been found out before it went into the paper! But it's all there—the shoeing club, and the gruel society, and the appreciative cabmen—I thought I should have died when I read that paper! I shall be as hoarse as a raven to-night from laughing all day! Pray do forgive me!" wiping the tears from her eyes. "I couldn't resist the fun. Do tell me all the rest."

So Ravelle told her, and she went off again, but presently grew graver.

"You will lose the work," she said; and it will be my fault. Oh! dear, I am grieved. Won't the editor overlook it?"

"I can hardly expect that; but indeed I shall do very well without the *Friend*, and it's awfully uphill work writing for it. They could never trust me to interview charitable ladies again."

"Well, I'm afraid not?" and then there was a fresh fit of merriment. "You positively drove me into deceiving you," said Dorothy, at length; "and I nearly betrayed myself downright once. I was going to say 'gag'——"

"I remember. I was really very stupid."

"Oh! I don't know. You were clearly very ignorant about the benevolent platform; but I am really a good deal ashamed of myself."

"Don't be that, please," said Ravelle, earnestly. "It was a grand lark, and though I am sorry for poor old Sherman, I don't seem able to wish the thing undone."

"Don't you? Well, it was grand fun. How I kept from shrieking in your face when you were taking in all that rubbish, I can't imagine! Will you stay to luncheon? I should like to introduce you to my mother and sister."

Ravelle was nothing loth, and found Mrs. Langton a charming elderly lady, and her other daughter a very pleasant girl; but in regard to Dorothy he felt that if he could not see her often, he would be wisest not to see her at all.

He went to the Melpomene in the evening, and Dorothy's singing and acting reconciled him to comic opera; and when he reached home at night, there was a letter from Mr. Sherman, kindly, though somewhat stiffly, dismissing him from the staff of the *Friend of All*.

It was months before either the editor or the paper recovered from that unlucky "interview;" the former was chaffed personally, and through his paper, until he contemplated suicide; but the unconscious perpetrator of the mischief got—through Dorothy—on the staff of a paper, where he was well paid for congenial work.

He had become by this time a familiar friend in Malvina Road, and so when he called to thank Dorothy for the introduction that had obtained him the work, and to tell her of his success, he walked straight up to the drawing-room and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said Dorothy, and a quick color crossed her cheek when she saw who it was. She was sitting on a couch by the fire.

"Well," she said, "I hope you have good news for me?"

"The best," he answered, sitting down by her and taking her hand—"thanks to you."

"I am so glad!" said she, glancing at him fleetingly, and trying to draw her hand away; but he held it closer, and bent down to her.

"And the very crown of it all," he said, softly, "is that I owe it to you, Miss Dorothy."

The girl flushed deeply, and turned her head away.

But when Ravelle put his arm round her and drew her to his side, she did not resist him; nor did she forbid him to kiss her lips, or decline the honor of becoming his wife.

She forgot all about the new song she was practicing, finding it much more agreeable to nestle in her lover's arms, and listen to his nonsense, and to talk a little of her own.

"Fancy," said she, with a happy little laugh, "all this coming of your misreading an address, and calling at the wrong house. I think I shall have that article framed and hung up, as a memento. And, Bertie——"

"Yes, dearest?"

"I think—when—when—we are married, we must give the poor people of the theatre a dinner, and I'll ladle out the soup myself."

The dinner duly came off, and Mr. Ravelle's pretty hands served the soup. So the Bermondsey soup-kitchen was to some extent realized in fact.

But the elderly Miss Langton, the real Simon Pure, never forgave the editor of the *Friend of All* for the ridicule cast on her name and her cause.

She ceased to subscribe to the offending newspaper, and took in a bitter sheet called *Christian Charity* instead.

## Literature.

"The world of books is still the world I write."—MRS. BROWNING.

### Birth of the Dimple.

I spoke of the rose leaf within her chin,  
And she said, with a little nod,  
As she touched a dimple as sweet as love,  
"Oh, that was a kiss from God."

—ELLA HIGGINSON.

## The Reviews.

The February NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is somewhat political in its tenor. "How to attack the Tariff," by Hon. W. M. Springer; "Duty and Destiny of England in India," by Sir Edwin Arnold; "The Olympian Religion," by Right Hon. W. G. Gladstone, are the leading features. The names of the other contributors need only be mentioned to show the exceeding tempting

quality of the fare the editor of the "live" REVIEW dishes up for its readers. W. Clark Russell, Right Hon. Earl De La Mare, Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, Edmund C. Stanton, Anthony Comstock, Hon. Richard Croker, Erastus Wiman, Henry Lucy, Elizabeth Lady Stanton, General John Gibbon, Stephen Wise, are a sufficiently attractive menu for any intellectual feast. It is a capital number and is an evidence of the progress of THE REVIEW.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for February keeps up its usual high tone. Every article is a leading one. There are no special attractions, because each is special. Archibald Forbes is a name that insets one's attention on the title page of any publication. He writes on "The Failure of the Nile Campaign," and he is, needless to say, up in his subject. Francis Adams' "New Capitalist" is a wonderful bit of writing. One is carried away by the style of the author and is impressed afterwards with admiration for his grasp of the subject. "Liberal Theology in the Church" is confined to the Church of England and seems to be practicable as well as thoughtful and deadly in earnest. Lovers of Carlyle—and are not their names legion?—will find Sir Garan Duffy's "Conversation and Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle" delightfully reminiscent. The *Tsar Persecutor*, by E. B. Lavin, throws some clear light on the vexed problem of religion in Russia. Dr. Abbot's volume, "Philomy thus" is discussed by the late Bishop of Carlisle, under "Probability and Faith." Two highly instructive and interesting articles are "Village Life in France and England," and "The Water Companies."

ON the title page of THE FORUM for February, one's eyes are caught by the name of Francis G. Peabody, Hamilton W. Mabie, Horace White, Hon. E. J. Phelps. This issue discusses "Great Problems of Commercial Development," by Hon. Warner Miller, Capt. W. L. Merry, Senator C. K. Davis and Gov. John W. Irwin. The political articles are, "Perils of our National Elections," by ex-Senator G. F. Edmunds, "The Choice of Presidential Elections," "Is our Military Training Adequate," by Col. Charles W. Larned.

## A New Book.

Williamson & Co. are issuing "Christianity and some of its Evidences," by Hon. Oliver Mowat, in the little pamphlet form familiar to the readers of Professor Drummond's lectures. Satiny binding, creamery paper and clear type all making an attractive little volume. Mr. Mowat's views on any subject could but be received with respectful consideration, but peculiarly so in a question of this kind. An eminent judge, a lawyer of the highest standing, a legislator of acknowledged ability he is specially competent to deal with questions of "Evidence." While still in the vigor of intellectual manhood, he "calmly and dispassionately" submits this truly important matter to the test of a searching examination, as the result of this labor, he avows his belief in a perhaps rather broad view of the doctrines held by all orthodox believers. With broad, and comprehensive grasp. Characteristic of the man, he seizes on the great truths of the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man. With God's love to man as a starting point he marches steadily on. No turning aside to explore alluring by-paths, not a glance at the zig zag rocky way marked "Apostolic Succession." Not a turning of the eye to the sylvan shade with the music of the waterfall in the distance unheeding the disused road, "Verbal Inspiration" just pausing to leave a rich light at the entrance of the dark cavern. "Eternal Punishment." Steadily onward till in the dim distance he beholds the dawning of the day, when all men shall truly know the Lord. He pictures the world with Christ's law of love, the dominating feature. The book is written for common people. It is not necessary to be a scholar to intelligently follow the forcible reasoning and strong argument by which he establishes his "Evidences." Any attempt at condensation for the purpose of review must be futile, the book itself being a marvel of condensed and consive matter, must be read as a whole to be understood and enjoyed. We close this imperfect sketch with his description of what the happy future will be like. Sentences so eloquent, so full of noble thoughts and beautiful imagery that we should like to give it entire—but space forbids. Read it each of you for yourselves.

## Was Goldsmith a Plagiarist?

Charles R. Hardy says: "I never heard that Goldsmith was ever accused of plagiarism, but it seems to me no one can read his delightful sketch, "The Vicar of Wakefield," without noticing the remarkable resemblance between it and the book of Job. Leaving out the long philosophical arguments, which take up most of the sacred narrative, we find the following striking coincidences:

Job was a man perfect and upright; one that feared God and eschewed evil. Dr. Primrose was an upright and Godly man, of simple faith and trustfulness.

Both were men of wealth, and both had a family of several sons and daughters.

Both lost all their possessions, and were bereaved of their children.

Job was afflicted with boils and lay on an ash heap. Dr. Primrose received a severe burn, and lay on a pallet of straw in prison.

Job's wife and friends reviled him for his meekness, and Dr. Primrose's wife and parishioners urged him to resent his persecutions.

Job "did not sin with his lips," and Dr. Primrose was patient and forgiving.

In the end Job's children are restored, and God gives him twice the wealth he had before. Dr. Primrose's children also are restored and he gains greater wealth.