

His conduct makes me blush with shame. The end of it will be that, one of these nights, he will get himself assassinated by some jealous husband or other. I am, at this very moment, extremely uneasy on his account. Since yesterday evening he has not returned to his lodging."

Lehardy uttered a loud groan, and reeled away, as if stricken with giddiness. De Maurevert watched his retreating form as long as it remained in view.

"Morbieu!" he said to himself, "I could not allow my companion to make so bad a bargain. The position of Mademoiselle d'Erlanges grieves me; but what was to be done? I repeat, principles before everything. Besides, no one ever really dies of a broken heart!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A PRESENT FROM "MARIE."

During the two days which followed his interview with Marie, Raoul was extremely taciturn, and for the most part absorbed in his own thoughts. The captain also was thoughtful—hardly drank two bottles of wine at any meal, and scarcely indulged in a single oath.

As regards De Maurevert—has not even the strongest man his hours of weakness?—he was decidedly suffering from remorse. In spite of his well-regulated principles—in spite of his conviction that he had acted in the true interest of his friend Raoul—in spite, even of the elasticity of his conscience, he could not but reproach himself for his conduct towards Diane. The image of the poor girl, so cruelly treated by him, haunted him more and more.

"Morbieu!" he cried to himself, surprised and alarmed at these feelings of pity, so entirely new to him, "am I awake? What should I care for the sorrows of a sentimental girl deprived of her turtle dove? I am degenerating!"

After this outburst, the captain proved to himself a hundred times that, under the circumstances of the case, his conduct had been altogether blameless, and arrived at this singular conclusion—that he must by all means find Diane.

"Let me once put things as they were at first," he said to himself, "and then I will let them take their course without troubling myself further about them. It is not probable that the weeping of Diane will be able to stand against the experienced passion of the golden-haired Marie. I shall bring about the same results, therefore, without giving my conscience the right to crow over me."

With Captain De Maurevert, action speedily followed thought; thus, he had no sooner resolved than he set to work to discover Mademoiselle d'Erlanges.

Raoul was deeply troubled. At the idea of Diane exposed to the infamous pursuits of the Marquis de la Tremblais, he became torn with rage, and burning tears flowed from his eyes. The chaste and lovely image of Diane struggling in vain against her cowardly and odious persecutor, appeared to him surrounded by the glory of the martyr; and he fell upon his knees and invoked for her Divine protection.

The day following that on which Raoul had visited Marie at the small house on the Marché-aux-Chevaux, De Maurevert, harassed by fatigue, and after having employed his morning in fruitless researches, returned at two o'clock—that is to say, punctually at dinner time—to the Stag's Head.

The two friends, on entering the common dining-room of the hostelry, greeted each other with a simple nod of recognition, and seated themselves side by side without exchanging words. Sforzi was afraid of calling forth the rallery of the captain; and De Maurevert, on his side, was fearful of awaking, by any imprudent remark, his companion's suspicion as to the treacherous part he, De Maurevert, had played in regard to Diane.

The meal was finished, the customary diners had all taken their departure, and no one remained in the dining-room besides Raoul and the captain, when the landlord entered and addressed himself to the chevalier:

"A servant, monsieur, dressed in an assumed livery, requests to be allowed to see you without delay."

"Let him come in," said Raoul.

A man about forty years of age, whom the chevalier immediately recognized as the servant who had conducted him to Marie's presence, presented himself.

"Monsieur le Chevalier," he said, "I have been directed to convey this into your own hands. My mistress begs you to wait until you are alone before opening the parcel."

Sforzi was about feeling for his purse, to reward the servant, but whether it was that the prospect of receiving a gratuity hurt his pride, or that he had received strict orders in the matter, the messenger bowed to Raoul and hastily left the room.

When the two companions of fortune found themselves alone, both, by a simultaneous impulse, raised their eyes and looked at each other fixedly.

"My dear Raoul," said the captain, sadly, "I see that my presence incommodes you. In what way have I put myself out of favor with you?"

"My dear captain," replied Sforzi, blushing, "your reproaches are unjust."

"Unjust! No, my dear Raoul, they are not of your own great merits has been frankness; do not lose this precious quality. Say to me boldly, Captain De Maurevert, as I am a gallant man, I shall faithfully fulfil the conditions of the

treaty which unites us; but you must look upon me only as a partner, not as a companion.' This language, though it will cut me to the heart will at least permit me to esteem you."

In pronouncing the last words, the voice of the captain, ordinarily so rough, was singularly softened; his look, habitually so impudent and mocking, became almost tender; his eyes glittered with the brightness of a rising tear. Sforzi was touched by the sight, and seizing one of the captain's large hands, wrung it warmly.

"My dear De Maurevert," he cried, "if you knew the agitated state of my mind, instead of accusing me, you would give me all your pity."

"Then you are still my dear friend Raoul?" demanded the captain, eagerly.

"Certainly I am."

"In that case—open this parcel at once; I am burning to know what it contains."

Raoul, somewhat regretfully, perhaps, resigned himself to obey. He unfastened a bow of ribbon, with which the silken envelope was artistically bound, and drew forth a short velvet cloak, richly embroidered, and ornamented with jewels and magnificent lace.

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed De Maurevert, "if the Queen-mother were still at an acceptable age, I should not hesitate to attribute to her the merit of this truly royal gift! Let me admire this marvel, dear Raoul!"

The captain shook the cloak to take out the creases; a purse fell from it on the floor.

"Gold!" cried De Maurevert, transported with joy. "By Pluto, it is a long time since I have enjoyed so agreeable a surprise!" He seized the purse and shot out its contents on the table, which he instantly proceeded to count with a truly wonderful celerity.

"Two hundred sun-crowns in gold!" he cried. "The Queen-mother wishes to make up for her age! Two hundred sun-crowns!—dear Raoul, it's enough to turn one's head!"

The chevalier was very far from partaking the transports of the captain. A deep blush suffused his face, his brows were knit, his eyes flushed with anger.

"Am I then a beggar!" he exclaimed, dashing his hand so violently upon the table as to make the gold pieces upon it dance, "that she ventures to treat me thus! Does she look upon me as of so little account that my life and honour are to be at her command at the price of a few paltry pieces of gold? Oh, Marie!—you whom I thought so far superior to the great ladies of this miserable Court—why have you done this?"

"Raoul! Raoul!" cried De Maurevert, staring at him with a look of almost wild astonishment, "I cannot find words to express my sense of your black ingratitude. My tongue is impotent to describe my surprise and indignation!"

"Silence, captain, I beg!" interrupted the chevalier, violently. "Your sophisms can weigh nothing against the cry of my outraged conscience and my insulted honor. I feel a sincere friendship for you, De Maurevert; but you know that there are times when rage completely masters me. Do not, by your shameful advice, drive me to forget my sworn engagement to you! Do not condemn me to eternal remorse! Silence, I say!" he continued, seeing that the captain was disposed to interrupt him. "Have pity on me!"

A long silence followed. It was De Maurevert who renewed the conversation.

"My dear Raoul," he said, "in bowing to your anger, and in giving way to your threats, I have given you the greatest proof of my friendship it is in my power to give."

"Thanks, thanks, captain!"

"I ask no thanks—I merely state a fact; but now, if you please, chevalier, let us put an end to this painful discussion. If I understand you, your determination is to refuse the admirable cloak and the two hundred crowns sent you by Marie?"

"Captain, this question!"

"There is no occasion for you to lose your temper in answering my question with a simple 'Yes' or 'No.' As I am exceedingly fond of proceeding in all matters with order and method, I repeat my question—is it not your determination to refuse the admirable cloak and the two hundred crowns sent you by Marie?"

"It is, captain."

"Very well. Then, in my opinion, the restitution should be effected without delay."

"No doubt."

"In that case, will you charge me with the commission?"

"You! Why you, captain?"

"Because I am certain to carry out your intentions properly—which, in passing by the lips of a hired messenger, or a servant, would run the risk of being distorted in some regrettable manner. I imagine, Raoul, you do not suspect my trustworthiness?"

"A thousand times no, captain!"

"If you accept my offer, then, I pledge my word to act loyally in regard to the said restitution."

"I would accept your offer with pleasure, my dear companion, if it were in my power to do so," replied Raoul, after a moment's reflection; "but you forget that the unknown, or Marie, has my promise that I will reveal to no one the mystery of our meeting."

"There is no difficulty in that, chevalier," replied De Maurevert. "I know perfectly well the house on the Marché-aux-Chevaux."

"What!" cried Raoul, with extreme surprise—"you, too, know it?"

"I, too, know it," replied De Maurevert, lowering his eyes modestly.

"And you did not tell me?"

"Like yourself, I was bound by an oath, Raoul. You accept my offer then?"

The chevalier's only answer was to push the

clock and purse over to De Maurevert, who doubtless fearing that Raoul might change his mind, seized the precious objects, and scarcely giving himself time to pass his sword into his baldric, hurried from the dining-room of the Stag's Head.

(To be continued.)

DANDIES v. MEN.

It is generally conceded that the prettier a woman makes herself the more credit is due to her. It is accepted as the natural order of things that she should spend a large portion of her time before a mirror, and in devising means to enhance her attractiveness. So long as she makes herself beautiful, minor imperfections, such as vanity, unthriftiness, intellectual shallowness, and indolence can be readily forgiven her. At least, so judges the world. A few philosophers unsparingly condemn this view, perhaps, declaring that its effect is to make woman a mere toy and plaything, incapable of lofty aspirations or earnest work, but the murmurings of these thinkers seem to affect no one but themselves, and fail to induce any visible alteration in public thought. Many who grumble at women do so, not because women give much time and trouble to their self-adornment, but because they do so to little purpose. They may regret to see them aping such a malformation as the Grecian bend, but they would not think it a pity if the personal inconvenience endured by the actresses were gone through with a more satisfactory result. Thus it may be said that women are privileged beings, and that they are not, at any rate, thought the worse of because they exhibit a great deal of conceit, and go out of their way to attract attention. Simple compassion is felt for them when, in their endeavor to display a great deal of finery, and, by so doing, indicate the length of the purse from which they may freely draw supplies, they encumber themselves with a load which is difficult to bear, and look something like travelling mountebanks. The case is very different so far as men are concerned. An over-dressed man, at first sight, conveys the impression to nine beholders out of ten that he is a brainless puppy. The whiteness of his well-kept hand is intuitively deemed a reproach rather than a credit to him. When most people look at his fine clothes they murmur a statement that he would be all the better if he were stripped of them, and placed in such circumstances that he would have to work hard to gain his daily bread. The reason for all this is that it is universally felt that man was made for use, not ornament, and that he is not doing his duty either to himself or those by whom he is surrounded if he is not engaged in some active sphere of usefulness. It aggravates the man who works to look at the man who is able to get along in the world, clothing himself in the finest raiment, surrounding himself with all the beauties and comforts which art and science can produce, and living upon the fat of the land, without doing anything at all. It is not the sight of rich ladies reclining indolently in luxurious carriages so much as the vision of extensively got-up dandies taking their ease, which rouses the advocate of communistic principles to a state of absolute frenzy. The latter argues that it is monstrous he should be compelled to labor in order that the former may be in a position to abrogate all that is manly in them. Allied to this feeling of indignation there is one of thorough contempt. Your man of communistic proclivities feels that he is in all respects superior to the kid-gloved dandy, and that it is only by a peculiar combination of circumstances, arising from the fact that his enemy maintains his position of superiority. It is argued that were the two placed somewhere where they had both to depend upon their own efforts it would quickly be found that the dandy would prove himself what he is, a useless encumbrance. Possibly the dandy may be, in nine cases out of every ten, effeminate and not over-burdened with brains, but there is no doubt whatever about one fact. He commands a certain amount of respect. Even your socialist will, almost in spite of himself, become rather awed when he is brought in contact with a dashing specimen of the order. He will assume a conciliatory tone, he will adopt an humble mien, and he will submissively give in to the man whom he professes so greatly to despise and loathe. He hates himself because he so acts; he heaps denunciations on the head of him who extorts an unwilling homage when he escapes from the sphere of his influence; but the "fine feathers," added to the manner which the "fine feathers" help to sustain, are too much for him to hope to combat openly and successfully.

Perhaps all this is owing to the fact that pronounced dandyism is supposed to represent a certain amount of wealth and a certain social status. Certainly, to the circumstance that fine clothes exercise such an influence, we owe the possession of so many men in our midst who ostentatiously ape the dandy, who may be said to study but one art, viz., that of dressing themselves. When it is evident to the most obtuse that the man whom the little arabs of the street look after and call a "swell" has a manifest advantage over the individual who clothes himself in a very ordinary fashion, it would be surprising if many men did not undertake the rôle indicated. There should be no mistake in judging dandies. They are of two distinct classes. The one is led to act as

he does because he is innately conceited, and is so addle-pated that he can appreciate but one fact, viz., that it is only by extravagantly over-dressing himself he can hope to attract any attention, favorable or otherwise. Perhaps he imagines that he has a good figure, which should be seen to the best advantage, or perhaps he wishes to be taken for one of the aristocrats of the community. But, whatever be his ostensible object, his conduct has its rise in overweening vanity, and is a tacit confession that he has no faith in his own powers. The other class is actuated by different motives. A man feels doubtful about his position, which, naturally, he desires to sustain. It is not surprising, then, that he is led to ape the eccentric foppishness and lavender-water style, which is, probably, affected by many of those with whom he desires to associate. Thus, in this case, dandyism is a means to an end. A better one might be chosen, no doubt, but still the fact is as we have stated. Many who attempt to play this little game come to grief. It is impossible to avoid noticing the startling incongruities of some men's attire. Flashy everything is, but then one portion is positively shabby and dirty, while the other is simply remarkable for its brilliancy and new look. Moreover, there are often little evidences showing that the actor really does not know how society requires a man should be dressed. The reason for this is very simple. The class now under notice are of imperfect education, and their early training has been received amidst associations not calculated to enforce a knowledge of the proprieties.—*Liberal Review.*

A ROYAL SWINDLER.

Prince Charles of Leiningen, a not very distant relative of Queen Victoria, was convicted at Mannheim, in Germany, on the 9th of April last, of theft and forgery, and sentenced to a brief term of imprisonment in the penitentiary. The prince is a fine looking man, about thirty years of age. During ten years he has run through with a fortune of 1,000,000 florins, visited every country on the globe, and been a guest of the Queen at Windsor Castle, until his extravagance finally utterly ruined him, caused him to commit crime, and sent him to a convict's cell. His cousin, Prince George of Leiningen, is now a member of Queen Victoria's household, and among the correspondence of the prisoner were found autograph letters from most of the sovereigns of Europe. About ten years ago Prince Charles set out on a journey round the world. He visited North and South America, and upon his return, published a volume of sketches, several chapters of which were devoted to New York and Boston. He next took up his abode in Paris, where he was connected with the Comte de Grammont, Caderousse, and other spendthrifts, and like them became a confirmed gambler. In 1866, he had barely one hundred thousand florins left, and returned to Baden, his native country. His family tried to make him marry the daughter of a wealthy nobleman, but he abruptly married a French ballet girl, Petrelle Jonuva, who soon helped him to get through with the remainder of his fortune. When he had nothing left, the heartless woman deserted him, and the prince became very poor. His relations almost disowned him, and when he was on the brink of starvation, they settled on him a life rent of twelve hundred florins. The Prince, however, resumed his former habits, and before long he had pledged nearly the whole of his life rent until the year 1880, for loans. Learning this, his relatives declared publicly that they would not have anything further to do with him. Thenceforth, Prince Charles became a regular confidence man, and finally a common thief and forger. He would order goods from distant cities, and in many instances his aristocratic name was sufficient to make them execute the orders. In this manner he obtained many valuable articles, which he at once converted, at ruinous rates, into cash. Finally the police cautioned merchants against him, and then the prince became a shop lifter. He was caught in the act at Carlsruhe, in January last, and sentenced to two weeks' imprisonment. The light sentence was undoubtedly due to his exalted rank, and a clear violation of the law. After serving his two weeks in prison, the degraded young man went to Baden Baden, where he insinuated himself with a poor widow, who entrusted all her savings, amounting to two hundred florins, with him. As security he gave her several spurious certificates of deposit, which, upon being examined, were found to have been forged. During the trial the president asked him why he had not tried to make an honest living. "What was I to do?" asked Prince Charles back. "Work," replied the president. "Work!" exclaimed the prisoner scornfully; "my high rank does not permit me to work."

A SCOTCH postmaster, puzzling out a very uncertain superscription to an Irish letter, jocosely remarked to an intelligent son of Erin who stood by, that the Irish brought a hard set of names to Scotland. "That's a fact, yer honor," replied the Irishman; "but they get barder ones after they arrive here."

A FASHIONABLE young lady accidentally dropped one of her false eyebrows in her opera box the other evening, and greatly frightened her beau, who, on seeing it, thought it was his moustache.