

"Papa," Floy said, going up and taking one hand down from his gray head. "Listen to me, papa. Wilder has brought news for you."

Mr. Gay held out his other hand in a bewildered way to receive the envelope Mr. Martyn handed him, and read mechanically:

"Yours received. All right. Will act under orders. Stokes & Rathbone."

He read it twice before the meaning seemed to make itself clear to his troubled brain.

"How was it done?" he said, at last.

"This young man went all the way astride of a bicycle," said Aunt Cyn, "and he came back on a bicycle, too," as if the return trip was the climax of the marvellous.

"Mr. Martyn, you have made me your debtor for life," said Mr. Gay, rising slowly and giving his hand to the young man he had once treated so cavalierly.

"I should think you did owe him considerable gratitude," remarked Aunt Cyn, with emphasis. "Tearin' over rocks and trees on one of them ticklish bicycles, and comin' back in the dead of night, too."

"But who told him to go? How did he know I wanted to send the despatch? I don't understand it at all."

"Well, this is the length and breadth of it," said Aunt Cynthia. "Helen, she thought she could catch the young man alone they started to row over the lake, 'cause one of 'em had just left her up here. That was her hurry to make you write the telegram, and when she got it she just tore down the hill. They'd got off in the boat, but she yelled at 'em and they come back. Then she give this one the despatch and he went for his bicycle and put. How he ever stays on it when it's a spinnin' is more'n I know. I couldn't stick on half a minute even 'twas standin' stock still."

Mr. Gay repeated his thanks more warmly, but his old aunt was not satisfied.

"I was to a play wost," she said, addressing the company generally; "it was the only one I ever went to, and there was a king into it and he had a jewel that was worth as much as his head, for if he lost it his high country would slip out of his hands. 'Twas a kind of a fairy piece. Well, he lost the jewel on the bank of a lake, and a great fish, that looked like a cod, came out of the water and gobbled up the precious stone. The king was just crazy then, and went round like he'd had a knock on the head. Bim-bly, a young man, he jumped into the lake and tumbled up the fish and slashed it open, and handed the king the jewel. I tell you the old fellow was pretty well set up then, and he was as grateful as you please. He just says to the young fellow, says he, 'Take anything you want in the hull kingdom an' welcome.' Now, then, what d'ye s'pose he took? Why, the old man's daughter. A very nice young lady she was, too, if her cheeks hadn't all been all painted cherry color."

The application of the parable was very palpable. Floy turned as cherry-red as the king's daughter, and Mr. Martyn stepped to her side as if it was in his heart to follow the lucky fisherman's example. What Mr. Gay was about to say cannot be told, for at this delicate juncture the rest of the party entered the tent, Helen holding up her hand to shade her eyes from the fierce light of Mr. Gay's mechanical lamp.

"My sakes!" exclaimed Aunt Cyn, "where'd you git that big diamond ring? You girls both agreed to leave every mite of jewelry to home."

"My mother sent it to her, Miss Steel," said Arthur Maxwell, gravely, stepping between Helen and the light.

Aunt Cynthia understood the situation in an instant.

"Then, James," she said, "you may just as well give in first as last. Here's Mr. Maxwell and Helen been striking up a bargain. I ain't surprised at it neither, and as the young people has parted off, you may as well let the others jine hands and give 'em your blessing. Now that Providence seems to have took up the affair, there's no use in your trying to go against it."

Floy's arms were around her father's neck, as the last words were spoken, her soft cheek pressed against his face. "I will do nothing to displease you, papa," she whispered; "indeed, I did not know Wilder was coming when I went on the lake."

Sentiment was not to be expected from Mr. Gay. He glanced at Mr. Maxwell. He had drawn Helen to his side with an air of proprietorship. He gently disengaged the clinging arms from his neck and looked for a moment into his daughter's blushing face.

"You may please yourself, my daughter, and that will please me." Then turning to the old lady, "I won't interfere with Providence, Aunt Cyn. Your remedy was worth the trial. Floy has found her cure in the woods."

MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

WILLIAM ROWE was arrested in a Western town the other day for beating his wife with a hoe as if it was manly to do so.

In searching for gold, much depends upon whether the right measures are taken to find its Quartz can be relied on as serviceable, but pints will always fail.

Indulgent parents who allow their children to eat heartily of highly seasoned food, rich pies, cake, &c., will have to use Hop Bitters to prevent indigestion, sleepless nights, sickness, pain, and, perhaps, death. No family is safe without them in the house.

THE STREAM.

The feathery touch of the south wind's wing
Waked to joy a stream that went murmuring,
Folding its ripples with glide and glance
With motions of song in its glowing dance,
It laughed with light through its reeds and sedges,
By the shaded flags on its trembling edge.
The lily unveiled her virgin breast,
In a dream of bliss, by its voice caressed;
On its margin were blooms of every hue,
Brave in the light of the morning dew;
Chased by the sun and the soft summer air
The wild-rose the depths of her heart laid bare:
The stream, odor-laden, swift and free
Bore its mystic song to the waiting sea.

Through the shivering air with icy breath
The passing winds, with a pitiless death,
Stole the bloom from the flowers; their winged seeds
Laid low at the roots of the countless weeds.
Leaf after leaf, and day after day,
The wild-rose had mingled with common clay:
The nettles and darnels were strong and rank,
The weeds of the hemlocks sunless and dank,
The reeds and the sedges that laughed in the light
Moaned with the breath of the cruel night:
The stream that was touched by the south wind's wing,
Its song all forgot in its murmuring,
Still onward sped to the waiting sea,
And was lost in its surge through swift and free!

HARRIET CONVERSE.

OLD JODDRELL.

THE OLD SHOP.

I.

"Where to, sir, in Soho?" said the cabman, opening the little trap door in the roof, and looking down.

"Greek street, No. 17," said Mr. Garrod, an artist, shouting upwards.

"But no, never mind; put us down here, and we'll walk the rest," said his friend Tollemache, jerking back the front of the hansom.

"What's the fare, cabby, from Baker street?"

"Two shillings, sir." The astute cabman put the matter interrogatively and tentatively.

"Two shillings?" said Garrod, vehemently; "eighteen pence; why, I've driven it over and over. A nice horse that of yours; goes so well, — no string-halt about him."

Garrod, associate of the Royal Academy, was in a sarcastic vein.

"Why on earth don't you turn him out to grass? He's too fat for London work."

The cabman shrugged his heavy coat up over his shoulders, and replied playfully, — cabmen being strong in repartee, —

"For, sir, why a cab is the very best nursery as was ever known for an old oss."

"Oh, give him the two shillings for that, Garrod," said Tollemache, laughing; "for, 'pon my word, it's cheap at the word."

The cabman gone, Mr. Garrod took the arm of his brother artist, and walked towards the grave square of Soho.

It is pleasant on an autumn evening to leave the roar of Oxford street, with its glittering shops, its luminous fog, and its interweaving crowd, and to plunge into the meditative dimness of a district like Soho, that has seen better days, and that struggles hard against poverty, that asserts, in a feeble, dingy way, its former grandeur, and that can afford to despise new, more showy, and more popular neighborhoods.

No! a district where the Duke of Monmouth once revelled, and where Sir Cloudesley Shovel held levees of stiff old admirals, can suffer no derogation from being slightly dull.

If on autumn evenings stray dead leaves do crawl and drag before one on the pavement, and draughty breezes run their ghostly harping fingers along the rails of the murky garden in the square, who, I should like to know, has a right to complain? People who want gaiety can go to Mayfair, where carriages roll, fat-legged footmen saunter, windows gleam and glitter, and Italian music oozes out from every chink. Soho is for serious, quiet, thoughtful people, who are really in earnest.

"It is twelve years now since you and I went to work at old Brathwaite's," said Tollemache.

"It was three years, you know, before I went to Italy; that's nine years ago, because I remember I went to ask Brathwaite for introductions to Gibson and Power, and I and Marks went together and stayed supper with him."

"I go now and then," said Garrod, "just to keep up old acquaintance. You'll find the old boy just the same, — black velvet cap, long black Titian gown, square beard, solemn frown, great thumb-ring, bad Italian, brag, Johnsonianisms, chaff, — just the same, just the same jolly, clever, vain, unfortunate, pretensions, delightful old humbug that he used to be. But the old set are gone, — the old familiar faces. Old Lush is dead, Mrs. Lush and Brown, and Baker, and Davis, they're all gone. Tollemache, it is my belief we get very old! What's the time? I've left my watch behind."

"Ten past seven."

"Good. We shall be just in time to see the fellows at the model. I like to see old Brathwaite go about from easel to easel with a word here, a chaff there, a shrug or a hint; it makes me think of old times, when we used to paint shadows in his way, with that fatal Indian red and black. Only just think of it, Tol: Indian red shadows; and how we believed in it, too; rather, eh?"

"I remember the day I first went to draw in Greek street. There was a sketch of old B.'s on the staircase, — German students drinking at a window, raising their glasses to an invisible friend opposite: reckless, coarse thing; but I

thought it sublime. 'Let me only do something like that, and exhibit it at the Academy, and I shall die happy,' I thought. I said it, too, I remember, quite loud; and turning to pick up some charcoal and brown paper I'd dropped in my enthusiasm, I looked around and saw old B. smiling approval at me from the hall. Didn't I turn rose pink neither! By the by, do you remember old Joddrell, that queer old boy, half cracked about his rejections at the Academy, who never missed the model, and always sat on the same stool? He's dead years ago, of course?"

"Not he," said Garrod; "I bet you we'll see him to-night, sure as you're alive, hard at it as evers and just as hopeful and full of veneration for old B. He is an evergreen. He was there last year, when I went the week before sending in. He was full of a theory about glazing fresh shadows with a new brown obtained from opium. He asked after you, and he told me, I remember, that Frith was overrated, and Millais was a man of promise, but he would never do anything. Old Joddrell has been, they say, fourteen years at some picture."

"Well, I should like to see old Joddrell again: he used to bear Mark's chaff so good-naturedly. I suppose he'll master the stippling in another ten years, and get a picture hung in another twenty. Yet he had some talent, too, the old dodger, in a queer sort of way."

"Very queer — burnt sienna high lights. Why wasn't he a coach painter like his father? He was disinherited, you know, they used to say, because he took no art."

"Well, I really like the man, because he adores old B.; and old B. ought to be adored, though he cannot either paint or draw. Besides, I like to see a man hold on to one idea like a bull-dog; it does me more good to see that, than to see mere bumptious success, especially if it is undeserved. Hadn't Joddrell a pretty nice, that used to call for him? She was quite a child in our time."

"Ha!" said Garrod. "Yes, I think was a child; poor little drudge, she used to carry the old food's paint-box, I remember. I suppose even the greatest duffer has some one who believes in him."

"I shall enjoy seeing the old place, Garrod. How we used to peg away at those statues! Hang that 'Laocoon'; how many pains in the back he has given me! And as for that 'Fight-b-g-Gladitor,' I used to swear, you know, his muscles changed every time I looked at him."

"Here we are," said Garrod; "how we shall see the old shop again."

The two friends had halted at the door of a gaunt, black house in Greek street, a house where Sir Thomas Lawrence had once lived, a house over whose threshold so many of the wise, and great, and beautiful, and brave of a former generation had passed.

"I feel," said Tollemache, "like a boy who has got a Christmas parcel, and won't cut the strings for a moment or two, just to increase the pleasure of anticipation. I am like a lover who will not break the seal of the long-expected letter. Garrod, come over to the other side and let us look at the old place from a new point of perspective."

"Oh, come along, old fellow!" said the less romantic Garrod, stroking his auburn beard. "I say, this is better, old man, than stewing at the Langham, or at Mrs. Ben Solomon's soiree, eh? How fresh the air is to-night!"

The two friends stood in the quiet street looking up at Number Seventeen, with the six dull windows, and the door, as sombre and dark as if it led to a family vault. Once it opened as if by magic to the one heavy knock of a youth, who carried a roll of paper and a flat tin paint-box.

"There goes one of old B.'s future Bay heads," said Garrod sarcastically, and twitching his peaked beard spitefully; "another young bear with all his troubles before him."

The two artists were about to cross the street arm-in-arm, when the door at Number Seventeen once more swung open, and a lady stepped out, — a young lady in black, dressed with the exquisite neatness of a Frenchwoman, in such a pet of a little "spoon" bonnet, the purple strings of which fluttered playfully in the air, as she turned to shake a large, pale, bony hand, belonging to a bulky man in a black velvet sleeve, that came after her through the doorway.

The young lady, in half-mourning, with a small portfolio under her arm, tripped down the three great white steps leading from Number Seventeen, with a modest grace and softness that quite bewitched the two unobserved spectators, who looking from the shadow into the light, could see without being themselves conspicuous.

"There's a chance for a bachelor," said Garrod wistfully; but his companion did not hear him, for he was gazing intently at the little slim form in black that was just turning into the square. "Old B., by gad, letting out a lady pupil," said Garrod. "Old B. was always peculiarly polite to lady pupils, especially when they were pretty. I'll knock."

Down fell the knocker, and incontinently the door opened.

There stood a thick-set, bearded man, rather below the ordinary height, who wore a long black velvet gown, that gave him the air of a magician in comfortable circumstances; a black velvet cap crowned a broad square brow, an artist's bold, clever eyes, an actor's rather coarse nose, and a somewhat weak chin. Vanity, fun, and sorrow had fought for possession of that strongly marked face. In a word, it was the face of a restless, desultory, disappointed man, who

assumes an air of superiority to cover the defeats of his ambition.

"What, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern! welcome to Denmark," he said, in a full and pompous yet kindly voice, worthy of an extraneous. "What, Garrod and Tollemache, associates of the Royal Academy, honoring our poor roof! Well, my dear fellows, I am glad to see you once more, if it is only to congratulate you. That picture of yours, Garrod, of 'Doctor Johnson doing Penance in the Market-Place,' beats Wallis, it is so manly and so tender. And your 'Dames in a Convent,' Tollemache, very vigorous and noble. You'll both do great things. Upon my word, I thought it was Miss Rose Joddrell come back for her brushes. I suppose you met a charming young lady as you turned the corner, eh?"

The two young men replied in the affirmative, as they shook hands warmly with their old master. Garrod half shut his eyes, pulled his peaked beard, and elongated his naturally long face.

Tollemache's round and fuller features literally beamed and shone with good-nature, and his spectacles glittered in the light of the hall lamp. Tollemache was not handsome, but he had an expressive, amiable face, and a good manly figure and bearing; and, above all, he was a gentleman, not merely by descent, but by sterling qualities.

The hall they stood in was a sort of marine storeroom of art. Dusty alto-reliefs hung on the wall; a huge smoky bird's-eye view of Rome tapestried the left-hand side, casts of hands and feet the other; while over the door stood a huge head of Minerva, that looked blandly down on all the novices who entered her temple to join in her humanizing worship. In the window sill rested a pile of great coats and hats, and stacks of portfolios and paint-boxes.

Through a sort of dim-lit anteroom, full of shelves and presses, a glimpse could be obtained from the long hall of the gallery, blocked up with easels, where the students were working at two rows of Greek statues — casts as large as life — on which two large gas-burners shed a glare of light.

"The model is sitting up-stairs," said Brathwaite; "otherwise we are very full now, thank you. No great profit, as you know, but still bread and cheese. I like to help in the work, and urge the young fellows on. I've been hard at it till you came at 'Kant's Critique of Pure Reason,' — the objective side of human character."

Garrod winced like a tired horse that fears the whip. He remembered of old Brathwaite's metaphysics.

"I suppose we may go up and see the men at work," he said; "I conclude they're grinding away as usual."

"Does the wheel of Ixion ever rest?" said old Brathwaite grandly, waving his hand in the direction of the stairs, "or the stone of Sisyphus ever stand still? Ascend, honored friends, and let us visit the laboratory of genius. There go the easels again; I can assure you that those young fellows knock down at least sixty-and-forty easels every blessed night of their lives."

The two artists smiled at each other, and followed old Brathwaite to the life school. They ascended a staircase hung with sketches of models in all sorts of costumes; the very ceiling was a mass of pictures.

Mr. Brathwaite paused before a large dark picture on the stair head, as full of figures as an ant-hill full of ants.

"There," said he, "is that; you've seen it before, Garrod; Tollemache hasn't, I think. Four thousand figures — 'Last Judgment'; exhibited before the queen, by Honorable Phipps — highly delighted at her Majesty's approval; offered five hundred pounds for it by Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy — refused it, gentlemen. I intend to leave that picture as a heirloom to the nation."

"Old game," said Garrod's eyes, but his tongue was silent. Tollemache laughed and coughed, rather too late to drown the sound.

"Whom have you sitting to-night, sir?" said Garrod, using from habit the old term of respect.

"Holford and Ash," replied Brathwaite grandly, as he stopped to rub a picture affectionately with his handkerchief. "I have determined to spare no expense to push the boys on. Bit of Etty, my dear old master's grand picture, 'Mercy interceding for the Vanquished.' If I can only pay for the gas, and buy my bread and cheese, that's all I want. I'm a plain liver, and if I can get my copal, and canvases, and stuff to work, I'm happy."

There was a buzz as of a vast hive in full summer; as they opened the door of the life school it grew into a louder noise of moving feet, of whispers, of easels being adjusted. About twenty young men of various ages were sitting on small sharp square stools, or standing to work. Behind a dark, railed-off space in the corner near an empty fireplace stood a high platform covered with dusty red cloth and partly framed with dusty red curtains. On this were two robust men, stripped all but their waistbands, and standing in the attitude of the men in Etty's great picture.

They were theatrical-looking fellows, with dark longish hair. As they stood there grappling with their muscular arms and brawny legs shining in the rich glowing light, they furnished no bad material for the painter.

"Did you ever see such color?" said Garrod. "By George, what a biceps! Did you ever see such a trapezius, sir? Glorious; that beats Etty."

"Yes, that's better than my dear old master