

be reading a newspaper. On the other hand, it would have been equally surprising to find him seated in a room so well supplied with books as almost to deserve the title of library, only that the partner of his home was a lady whose views on this as on most other subjects were diametrically opposed to her lord's, Mrs. Forrester being intensely, impartially devoted to French, German, and English literature.

The room was well furnished, and littered with works of art in various stages of progress. An Ariadne, lumpy and dropsical-looking, reclined on the mantel-shelf, incompletely evolved from the surrounding clay. A heap of bright silks lay on a table beside a piece of ruby plush, one incipient bud thereon alone revealing that, fortune favoring, its lustrous surface would some time be enriched by a spray of wild roses. On an easel in the corner was a half-finished crayon head of Dante; the unskilful draughtsman having been unable to reproduce the well-known melancholy droop of mouth and eyelids, the great Florentine's usual lugubrious expression was replaced by a sort of smirk which could not fail to make the judicious grieve. Besides these articles and the implements required in their execution, books, letters, pamphlets, and newspapers were strewn about in a careless confusion from which one might infer the presiding genius of the apartment to be a woman of versatile tastes and manifold intellectual resources, as well as a very untidy house-keeper.

Mr. Forrester brought to the perusal of his news-