

thing you will not understand. I have been as full of freaks this winter as ever in all my life before."

"I am moved with curiosity to hear what you can say that I shall not understand."

"I will not gratify you this time, if I can help it," said Hazel laughing a little. "Somebody must be head—that is plain, isn't it? and if it is you, it is not I. And before Christmas just that last part got hold of me,—and since Christmas—"

"Finish it! Since Christmas—?"

"Since Christmas I have taken the first part into consideration," Hazel said demurely.

Perhaps Dane thought illogical treatment was the best, or his patience gave out; for he answered with passionate kisses all over Hazel's face.

"My little Wych!" said he—"do you think you are less head at Chickaree than you used to be?"

She answered shyly, arching her brows.

"Yes. Of course."

"Don't you like it?" said he audaciously.

"That? No. I think not. Why should I, if you please?"

"You are head, just because I am head. More than ever; because you have my strength to back your decisions. Now let us go, wherever you want to take me."

Wych Hazel's lips curled in a pretty laugh.

"There are two ways of 'backing' a decision," she said. But then she moved off, and led the way through all the long-unused part of the great house. An old office room, with leather-covered chairs, and empty inkstands, and dry pens, and forgotten day-books of forgotten days! Suites of guest-chambers, reception rooms, and music room, and rooms of every sort. Broad bits of hall led to them, and narrow entries, and unexpected stairways; the old bolts turned slowly; the door knobs were dim with the mists of long ago. Old portraits looked down on them suddenly, here and there; the two bright young figures sprang out anew from mirrors that for years had seen nothing but darkness. Wherever they went they opened a window, throwing back blind and shutter; and the spring sunshine streamed in, fresh and glad, making the dust of years look even solemn in its still quiet. It was a labyrinth of a house!—and Hazel tripped along, in and out, as if she knew it all by heart; with only words of explanation, until suddenly she opened the door into a round apartment at the foot of the flagstaff and the top of the house. The room was nearly all windows, and the waving shadow of the blue banner curled and played in the sunlight upon the floor.

Nearly all; only four broad panels broke the

lookout, one on either side. Hazel laid her hand upon Rollo's shoulder, and softly led him round. The first panel held two full-length portraits; a stately pair of olden time, in old-time dress; the founders of the house. The

ruffles and lappets and powder and hoop told of long ago. Of later date, yet still far past, were the next two: short waist and slim skirt and long silk stockings and small clothes; and a

curious look of Wych Hazel herself in the lady's face. Hazel's own father and mother came next; and then she passed round to the fourth

panel, which was but half filled. A full length of herself had apparently held first place there; certain marks on the wall told of removal to the second place, where it now was. Hazel paused before the empty side of the panel.

"You see your duty," she said with a laugh.

"It is a rule of the house. Now come and look at the view."

"I think we'll break the rule, Hazel. Why was I never here before?"

"This was one of my particular haunts,—so I kept the key. Look,—there is Morton Hollow off that way, where the smoke floats up. And Crocus and the church spires shew from here. And there comes in the road by which you drove me home that very first day. I have lived a great many hours up in this place, with the old portraits."

On the whole, it was rather an eerie thing to have one's "haunts" in such a rambling, half-shut up, untenanted old house. One could imagine the loneliness which had followed her about sometimes. Dane took the effect, standing there in the Belvidere; however his words were a very practical question—"why this picture should take her side of the panel?"

"If you look at the order in which the others stand, you will see it is your side," said Wych Hazel. "I put mine there in a mood,—when I meant to be head always."

"Two heads are better than one," said Dane carelessly.

"Yes—I may be good for consultation."—She stood there, half behind him, her hand laid lightly on his shoulder, looking off with a smile in her eyes toward Morton Hollow. Had he not always had his own way, already?

"Olaf," she said suddenly, "if I had been the Duchess May, what would you have done?"

"I'll think of that," said he laughing, "and tell you when I come home to-night. For I must go, Hazel."

It was a long day before Rollo got home again. Not spent entirely alone by Hazel, for Dr. Arthur came to see his patient, and she had both gentlemen to luncheon. Mr. Heinert proved himself a very genial and somewhat original companion. If he had ever been disheartened on account of his illness, that was all past now; and the simplicity, vivacity, and general love of play in his nature made a

quant contrast with Dr. Arthur's staid humour

and grave manliness. He talked of Rollo too, whom he loved well, it was plain; he talked of Göttingen; he talked in short till Arthur ordered him back to his rooms and forbade him to come out of them again even for dinner that day.

And then, as the sharp spring day was growing dusk, the clatter of the horses' hoof beats was heard again before the door. Dane had got home. He and Hazel had dinner alone; with endless things to talk about, in the hollow and at home; and after dinner the evening was given to one of Doré's great works of illustration, which Hazel had not seen. Slowly they turned it over, going from one print to the next; pausing with long critical discussions, reading of text, comparison of schools, and illustrations of the illustrations, drawn from reading and travel and the study of human nature and the knowledge of art. A long evening of high communion, wholly unhelped by loveliness, although it wanted, and they knew it wanted, no other beside themselves to make it perfect.

Perhaps some consciousness of this was in Hazel's mind, as they stood together over the books after they had risen to leave them.

"Sir Marmaduke," she said suddenly, "would it tend to your comfort—or discomfort—to have people here?"

"Both," said Dane laconically.

"I foresee that you will live in a mixed state of mind then!" said Hazel. "I am afraid I shall have to be asking people all the time."

"Whom do you want to ask?" Rollo inquired in some surprise.

"Guess! I should like to get your idea of me," she said smiling.

"Mr. Falkirk?"

"No!"—with a great flush.

"I would try to endure Mr. Falkirk. But I do not at this moment think of any other human being I could endure,—besides Hans Heinert."

"Well—there it is," said Hazel, impressively, very busy at taking the measure of his arm just then with her little fingers.

"I do not know. Perhaps not. Let us hear."

"Olaf," she said softly now, "is not this big empty house a 'talent'?" And if it is, you know it must be increased by 'trading.' And I can think of no way but to make it reach out over heads that—for any reason—need shelter. One would want to be able to say—'Lord, thy house has become ten houses'—or a hundred, if it would stretch so far!"

"Go on," said Dane, his eyes sparkling and growing soft, both at once. "Who is to be your first guest?"

"She will not trouble you. It is only a poor little embroiderer down at Crocus who is dying for rest and good living. Dr. Arthur told me; and I am going to bring her here for awhile. But there—it seems as if I could not help hearing of things now!" said Hazel, again with a half laugh. "If it was a sick or over-worked guest of some other sort, they must come where you would see them. So what am I to do?"

"I can stand seeing them," said Dane, watching her.

"But, if there was always somebody needing fresh air and dainties," said Hazel, looking up wistfully. "Then you would never see me—and I should never see you—except across other people. Must I give that up too?"

"No," said her husband laughing. "Where did you get all those 'mustesses'—as Dingee would express it?"

"If there were always some one else on hand."

"The house is big enough for them and us too. I am glad I went over it this morning."

"Yes, big enough for anything," said Hazel eagerly. "But then at meals—in the evening. Just when the mills and I do not come into competition!"

Dane smiled now very brightly. "I will have nothing come in competition with you," said he. "Except duty sometimes. And this is not duty. Fit up some of those untenanted rooms, and let them be homes for whoever needs them. And let all such guests be entirely free, and at home, and served each with his meals in his own apartment, except when you choose to ask them to your's. That would sometimes be and sometimes not be; but the sanctity of your own home must be preserved. Do you not think so?" he added gently.

"O if we may!—You know much more about it than I do. But suppose somebody sick at heart, or mind-weary? You see I know about that," said Hazel, her girlish face all wistful again. "I thought the loneliness was often the chief thing."

"Let them have drives, and flowers, and books; rest and leisure; the sight of you occasionally; and now and then an invitation to dinner."

"That might do. I could see them when you are away. Olaf, I have been thinking how I can possibly invest all this money-power you have put in my hands."

"Wych, it will flow away with the speed of mountain brooks; and in as many and as inevitable channels."

"But I want to know where it goes. And I have been studying the question out. I want to send some of it everywhere, and take up bonds all over the world!"

"That greed will make you at last learn economy!" said Dane smiling.

"Will it? I do not know. You mean that I cannot reach round the world, even with ten thousand a year? But if all hands are stretched out, they will meet and so go round. To be sure, everybody cannot afford so much," said

and grave manliness. He talked of Rollo too, whom he loved well, it was plain; he talked of Göttingen; he talked in short till Arthur ordered him back to his rooms and forbade him to come out of them again even for dinner that day.

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Hazel thoughtfully; "and so my hands must reach just as far as they possibly can."

"Ten thousand a year has more to fall back upon," Dane suggested.

"Yes. I am talking of my power," said Hazel with a laugh. "You see I have been reading up, and listening, and thinking, all winter. And I find that the 'where,' is everywhere; and the 'how,' in every way; and the 'what'—just 'what she could.' Then there is another thing.—But you are not obliged to listen to all this!" said Hazel, checking the flow of her projects.

"I think you must be coquetting—like Jeanie Deans when she goes over a bridge."

"It was left for you to say that!" said Hazel with a glance. "Nobody else ever did. However—I read a story once which I thought simply beautiful,—and last night it suddenly announced itself as practical. You remember how pleasant it was last night?"

"I remember very well."

"In my story the people gave up one evening a week. On that night they always had a particularly good tea, and at least one invited guest. The head of the house brought home one of his deserving clerks, suppose,—or perhaps some poor acquaintance who never saw—partridges, for instance—at any other time; somebody straitened in business and low in cash. Or he found at home, already arrived, a hard-worked teacher, or a poor girl left alone in the world with her needles and thread. But whoever it was, for that evening they were made to forget everything but pleasure."

"One evening in a week," repeated Dane.

"That is not much. You and I have given a great deal more of our time than that,—often,—to the German, for instance."

"It might seem 'much'—with some people," Hazel said thoughtfully. "But it would be right to do."

"Duchess, it would not be disagreeable. It is a good plan. Then one evening in the week we will invite our poor friends—have them to dinner and give them a good time. But for the rest, Hazel, except in particular instances, it will be best on every account to leave them to themselves; those who happen to be in the house, I speak of now. With books, and good care, and all comforts around them, and the freedom of the grounds, and drives when that would be needful. Nothing but necessity would make it right or expedient to have our home privacy broken up."

"Our home privacy"—how new and sweet and strange the words sounded! A sense of all the three—the novelty, the strangeness, the sweetness—was in the shy brown eyes that looked up and then down; not willing to tell too much. How strange it was, in truth! she thought. Very natural that she should like the privacy, with him to talk to her; but how it should be chosen by him, with only such a wild, wayward, unformed personage as herself,—and again the eyes gave a swift glance, fraught with a little wonder this time. But then the strangeness fell back, and the novelty stood aside, and only the sweetness remained. Eyes might go down, and head bend lower, but lips were treacherous and told it all.

The eyes that looked read it, well enough. Yet with a man's wilfulness, drawing Wych Hazel into his arms and bending his face to hers, Rollo asked maliciously,

"Do you love me, Duchess?"

"Well," said Hazel with demure, "witchful" face and voice, "I suppose so. Just a little more than you do me."

Rollo took laughing revenge for this statement, but did not otherwise try to combat it.

"Have you worked your way out of the puzzle you were in this morning?"

"It is not a puzzle. It would be, think, if nobody was head."

"Ah!" said Rollo, very tenderly, if there was still a spice of mischief in it. "You have founp out then the solution of Dr. Maryland's old paradox—'Love likes her bonds'?"

Hazel laughed a little, colouring too.

"No," she said. "Love likes you."

"Comes to the same thing," said Rollo heartlessly.

"No," Hazel said again,—"I think I do not like to be made to 'stand' any better than the bay. But he does it,—for you."

"He likes it."

"In that sense," said Hazel. "For you. He has come out of his apprenticeship of fear, and so have I; but you may find hidden stores of wilfulness, yet."

"I have never been under an apprenticeship of fear," said Rollo laughing; "and I am not going to begin now."

"No," said Hazel, laughing too. "You were always a master hand. Do you remember when I meant to give up waiting for you—and you would make me do it on compulsion?"

(To be continued.)

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

The Japanese Commissioners at the Paris Exhibition who have just arrived at Marseilles, are said to have brought, among other curiosities, bronze howitzers 2,500 years old.

The Marseilles police have seized an engraving representing the Marshal with a *kepi* surmounted by a figure of the Pope, and the inscription, "Fighting costume, Sedan, May 16."

Mlle. Sangalli is taking lessons in singing from Mme. de Lagrange. Her voice is a dramatic soprano, and the charming *dansuse* is reputed to be an excellent musician and clever pianist.

M. Lecocq, composer of the *Fille de Madame Angot*, has engaged with M. Koning to work only for the Renaissance Theatre, until 1880, after terminating the piece he is to furnish to the Variétés this winter.

A collection of figures, illustrative of French provincial costumes from the earliest times, will be shown in the Paris exhibition. They will afford the additional interest of having been dressed in the primary shools of the districts concerned.

The estimated revenue of the city of Paris for 1878 exceeds 254,000,000fr., and the expenditure for the same period is calculated to amount to upwards of 252,500,000fr., which will give an average amount of 126fr. per head of the population. This, however, does not include the house-tax, the license tax, the taxes on stamps and bills of exchange, etc., which are Government and not city taxes. Paris has become within late years the most expensive city to reside in, with the exception of Berlin, on the surface of the civilized globe.

The splendid collection of ancient and modern instruments which might have been acquired from M. Adolphe Sax for the sum of 1,600L. has been sold by auction in Paris. The three days' sale in detail produced only 480L. the lots falling to the Conservatoires of Paris and Brussels, and to the private museum of M. Sweek of Renaix in Belgium, who has already 800 instruments. A most valuable collection, which took forty years to collect, has been thus scattered. The Asiatic, African, American, and European specimens of remote periods were some of them priceless.

The Empress Josephine's mansion of Malmaison has been sold by the State for 600,000fr. to M. Gautier, the agent, it is rumoured, of a foreign personage. Another celebrated mansion, the Hotel de Monaco, in the Rue de Varenne, built in the seventeenth century by Cortoune for Marshal Montmorency, and occupied by Grimaldi, Prince of Monaco, Princess Adelaide of Orleans, and by General Cavaignac during his Presidency, is reported to have been presented by the Duchess of Galliera to the Comte de Paris.

The first of the *revues* which appear at many theatres towards the end of the year, has been produced at the Mennu Plaisirs. It is entitled *Mennu Plaisirs de l'Année*, and is written by the veteran M. Clairville. One of the most amusing scenes is one in which Mlle. Thérèse, seated in the stalls, cries out to an actress, who is singing on the stage: "You're no good; I can sing better myself," and, being requested to prove her assertion, rises in spite of the remonstrances of her worthy husband, who is seated beside her, and sings in her well-known style her famous song, "La Femme Canon." Of the imitations, which are a favourite feature in *revues*, the most successful were that of Mme. Chaumont by Mlle. Berthe Legrand, who so well caught the peculiarities of her celebrated colleague's style as to convulse the audience with laughter, and that of M. Milher in the *Cloches de Corneville*, by M. Guyon—a life-like imitation.

The only censorship which was exercised over *Hernani* on the occasion of its recent reproduction at the Théâtre Français is the suppression of the "J'y suis" uttered by Don Carlos on hearing of his election as Emperor. Whether this was done in order to spare the suggestion of the second half of a now famous aphorism, we cannot tell. The *parterre*, however, knew their Victor Hugo too well to be balked in this fashion, and—mocking cries of "J'y suis" greeted the Imperial ears. Otherwise the audience, which included on the first night MM. Gambetta, Girardin, Jules Simon, Léon Say, Jules Grévy, and most of the other Republican notabilities, were silent and respectful, indulging in none of those clamorous outbursts which signalized the production of *Hernani* in 1830 and 1848. Even the deafening cries of "Vive l'Allemagne" in the last scene of the fourth act could not move so well-bred an audience to any sign of emotion.

VARIETIES.

THE EARL OF DERBY TO GRN. LEE.—[On the fly-leaf of the copy of the Iliad given by the late Earl of Derby to the late General Robert E. Lee, were the following verses:—]

The grave old Bard, who never dies,
Receive him in our native tongue;
I send thee, but with weeping eyes,
The story that he sung.

Thy Troy has fallen—thy dear land,
Is marred beneath the spoiler's heel;
I cannot trust my trembling hand
To write the grief I feel.

Oh, home of tears! But let her bear
This blazon to the end of time;
No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell so pure of crime.

The widows' moan, the orphan's wail,
Are roun' thee; but in truth be strong;
Eternal right, though all things fail,
Can never be made wrong.

An Angel's heart, an Angel's mouth,
(Not Homer's) could alone for me
Hymn forth the great Confederate South;
Virginia first—then Lee.