

"Dear Mrs. Courtenay;" said the cheery Sir Cecil, with a merry laugh, "don't thank me. I am congratulating myself at this moment, and am more delighted than I can tell you; for, if my valet is my only rival, I think even yet there is some chance for me."

A little later Sir Cecil Haughton explained the meaning of his words, and also accounted for his appearance at such a time without any previous warning. He had he said, more than cared for Laura for many months, and, on receipt of Mrs. Courtenay's letter, was much disturbed in mind, but did not for a moment guess the real state of affairs that his ex-valet, making use of the knowledge gained in his service of the names of his friends, and the greater part of their family history, had come to England, and passed himself off as one of his acquaintances.

Sir Cecil never imagined this; but he was vain enough to think that by diligent labour, he might succeed in setting himself before the foreign rival who had appeared in the field; and with this view he came to Brighton. His wish now, he said, was to gain the affection of Laura.

Mrs. Courtenay pressed his hand warmly at the conclusion of this little explication, and heartily wished him success, promising him her best support. Under such auspices, could Sir Cecil do otherwise than succeed?

In the evening of the same day Sir Cecil and Mrs. Courtenay sat alone, Laura having retired to her room in the morning, and being now under the directions of the family medical adviser. Their tête-à-tête was disturbed by the entrance of a servant, who was the bearer of a letter for Sir Cecil. It was a neatly-folded little pink letter, delicately scented, and directed in a fine, somewhat effeminate-looking handwriting.

"Whom on earth can this be from?" said the baronet turning the note over and over, in his hand? "I seem to recognize the writing."

"Open it," said Mrs. Courtenay, sapiently, "and you will know at once."

"I will, if you will excuse me," said Sir Cecil, and he broke the seal.

His countenance was grave at first; but as he proceeded to read the muscles of his face relaxed, and broke into a broad smile.

"Dear me!" said he, laughing heartily, "this is a curious document, Mrs. Courtenay—shall I read it to you?"

"If likely to interest me," she replied.

"I promise you it will," said the baronet, and he commenced to read:—

"Sir Cecil Haughton,—We met this morning under very peculiar circumstances; and allow me to say you did not behave so much like a gentleman and a titled landowner as you might have done. (By the way, the title of baronet could be purchased some two hundred years back; a fact on which you might ponder with advantage.) It may have seemed to you that you frightened me to-day—quite the contrary, believe me. I was, I admit, taken aback at first; but, on consideration, I find there is no cause for me to be alarmed. You could not take proceedings against me in any legal court. I do not try to excuse myself, for a fiasco allows of no excuse; and had I succeeded it would have been the same—no excuse would have been necessary. Allow me, however, to say this—I did not come to England with the intention of imposing on any of your friends; and the idea of marrying Laura Courtenay was a notion that struck me after I came down here. True, I pretended to be a foreigner; but that I always do, because I gain more respect at the hands of menials; and meeting your friends by chance, I determined to scrape acquaintance with them, and turn the little affair to my own account. That is all.

"I can only add that I shall not do myself the pleasure of calling to-morrow, as by the time this note reaches you I shall probably be a good many miles away. Another little matter that may interest you:—As you so opportunely came to the same hotel as I did, I turned the circumstance to my account. I explained that I was your valet, down here for a spree, await-

ing your arrival, and my statement must have appeared truthful to the hotel people, so much so indeed, that I go, leaving a bill behind me, which will be delivered to you, my master. Do not, on any account, forget to settle it. I explained that it was your affairs that accounted for my sudden departure: so it was.

"JAMES SMITH.

"P.S.—If you hear of any gentleman (not one with a purchased title) wanting a really accomplished valet, drop me a line."

"If that is not consummate impudence, I do not know what is!" exclaimed Sir Cecil, as he tore the note into fragments and threw them out of the window.

"Most audacious effrontery, I call it," said Mrs. Courtenay; "but surely you will set the police on his track?"

"Not the slightest use in the world, I assure you, my dear Mrs. Courtenay," replied Sir Cecil; "the fellow is far too cunning to leave any track to be followed up. I know him too well. I shall pay the bill he alludes to, and consider that we have all escaped easily in the affair not getting wind, for it is the style of thing which should be hushed up."

In this view of the matter Mrs. Courtenay thoroughly concurred; so no more was said on the subject.

There is nothing more to relate, save that though at first almost inclining to a severe illness, Laura soon fully appreciated the circumstances which had led to the breach of her engagement with "Monsieur Eugene Picciolini," and she rejoiced more in his absence than she had ever done in his presence. Ere another year had elapsed, Sir Cecil Haughton led Laura to the altar.

The last that was heard of the ex-valet, was something not by any means redounding to his credit, in connection with a forgery to a large amount, and a sentence of twenty years' penal servitude.

PASTIMES.

GEOGRAPHICAL ARITHMORUM.

- 1. 101 and *Fel rest* = A town in England.
2. 500 " *so sea* = A Russian seaport.
2. 1601 " *Horn* = A city in Virginia.
4. 500 " *Repinc* = A river in Russia.
5. 100 " *all worn* = A county in England.
6. 101 " *Milker* = A city in Ireland.
7. 1000 " *Thou ray* = A port in England.
8. 1000 " *Darken* = A country in Europe.
9. 501 " *Grub hen* = A city in Scotland.

The initials read forward name a celebrated English general. B. N. C.

ANAGRAM.

SHAKESPEARE'S PLATS.

- 1. Lo our slave bolts.
2. Hard Pat cannot loan ye.
3. 'Tis new leather. T.
4. Nations of them. B. N. C.

SQUARE WORDS.

- 1. A decree. 2. A vessel.
Black To comply with.
Related. Adam in a river.
A river in England. A musical instrument

BERICUS.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

608. My first is in brig, but not in ship; My second in month, but not in lip; My third is in fresh, but not in stale; My fourth is in bundle, but not in bale; My fifth is in walks, but not in "go it;" My whole reveals a man of whom Scotland has long been proud.

ENIGMA.

Had Phillip's wife been wiser, not with me Would she have trusted Phillip, for you see He's not come home; and there she sits and waits. Her fingers, see, of my communion tread— Although the voice I bring a charm creates— Hang listless down, as if her heart required Something not there. Look, by the water side, O'er me he staggers, powerless to hide That he, alas! is drunk. He shouts and reels, And I am in his voice—hilarious, high, While with his hand my well-known form he feels, His pocket holds—record of liberty And bondage both! Now, if that form you know, My nature and my name, I promise here, The mystery from off this page shall go, And every answer lucidly appear.

- 2. Winter's frost can never freeze me, Summer's sun ne'er melt, And yet I do not last a day, Am seen, but never felt.

CHARADES.

- 1. My first gives warmth to man and beast; my second is a period of time; my whole we ought to rest upon.
2. My first ray often bears the weight of my second; my whole is generally found at a meeting.
3. Lo where the silvery pine tops wave Their tapering spires athwart the glade, My first, with aspect calm and sweet, Wanders through that green retreat; My second oft has ruin brought O'er gilt saloon, and trellised cot; My whole a victory names of bright renown, And wreathed fresh laurels for a hero's crown. W. Z. FOX.

FLORAL ANAGRAMS.

- 1. Is M. a Celt.
2. Aid old F. F.
3. One Amen. BERICUS.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A person being asked his age, replied "If 1/3 of my age be multiplied by 1/2 of it, the answer is my age. What was his age."

ANSWERS TO ARITHMORUM NO. 67.

Arithmorum—John Bright— 1 Jeddo; 2. Omagh; 3. Hamburgh; 4. Naples; 5. Broom; 6. Rochdale; 7. Ireland; 8. Gluckstadt; 9. Himalaya; 10. Tilled.

Square Words—

- 1. B L A N K 2. E Z R A
L A B A N Z E A L
A B A T E R A F T
N A T A L A L T O
K N E L L

Cryptograph—

Imperial Caesar dead and turned to clay Might stop a hole to keep the wind away; O, that the earth which kept the world in awe, Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw.

Key—

a, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, k, l, m, n, o, p, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y. H a m l e t P r i n c e o f D e n m a r k

Enigma.—Yesterday. Decapitations.—1. Skate, Kate, tea, &c.; 2. spare-spar-spa-asp-pear, &c. Charade.—Tarantella. Arithmetical Question.—A had 60, B 30.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Arithmorum.—Bericus, A. R. O., Niagara, B. N. C., Argus, Geo. B., H. H. V., Gale. Square Words.—B. N. C., Gale, Bericus, Argus, A. R. O., Violet, H. N. V., Geo. B. Cryptograph.—Gale. Enigma.—B. N. C., Violet, Niagara, A. R. O., Argus, Violet. Decapitations.—Bericus, Violet, B. N. C., Argus, W. W., L. E. L., Gale, Niagara. Charade.—B. N. C., Gale, Bericus, W. W., Geo. B. Arithmetical Question.—Gale, Bericus, Argus, H. H. V., Geo. B.

A pleasant recognition of journalistic fraternity is about to take place in Paris. We read in the Liberte:—"On the first Monday of every month during the continuance of the Exhibition the members of the French and foreign press will dine together in the salons of the Cercle International. The first of these dinners is fixed for Monday, the 2nd of July. The cost of the dinner will be ten francs.