

with languid condescension, and she returned his gaze with candid pleasure.

He offered her his arm. "Let us go into the conservatory," he suggested, "you will find it

He did not care to be seen talking with so undoubted a "daisy," but thought her friendly advances would help to pass the time until Owen chose to turn up again. A wave of resentment against Owen crossed his mind; he was probably enjoying himself vastly with the lovely Miss Chapple.

"The fact is," Carrington said aloud, rather *apropos* of his own thoughts than of his companion, "I consider I was brought here under false pretences. I came to see the celebrated Mrs. Gribble, and I have not seen her yet."

"Mrs. Gribble! why, she is the authoress!" This in awestruck tones.

Carrington was amused at her *naïveté*.

"Yes," he said, "the famous authoress! I suppose you have never seen her?"

"No, but I have read her books," said the lady, fanning herself. Carrington had placed her in a low chair, and had found another more especially comfortable one for himself. He lay back nursing his right knee, in an attitude graceful, no doubt, but more indicative of ease than of deference. Naturally one need not be very punctilious with a little girl who has lost her chaperon, and dispenses so completely with the safeguard of an introduction.

"And I suppose you think this Mrs. Gribble's novels very clever and dashing, and all that sort of thing?" he continued in his slightly contemptuous manner.

"Yes—no—I don't know!" she said, blushing at the presumption of giving her opinion on so very exalted a personage. "What do you think?"

"I am afraid I shall shock you dreadfully when I tell you that I think her novels very great trash indeed. I have not read them all," he admitted candidly, "but such as I have looked into are distinctly poor, exaggerated and untrue to nature."

He paused, gratified to observe the impression he was making on his companion.

"Are they really so bad?" she asked regretfully. "I am sure I have heard some people call them lovely."

Carrington saw an opportunity of leading one erring young mind back to the things worthy of admiration in literature.

"Her novels," he said with calm decision, are ill composed. Now, a novel should be cast on one of three lines—the *Passionate*, the *Humorous* or the *Heroic*; you will easily understand that a woman can never rise to the height of *Passion*, is incapable of *Humor*, and from the very fact of being a woman is debarred from all knowledge of the *Heroic* or adventurous style. Not but that Mrs. Gribble is sometimes exceedingly funny too in an unconscious way. In her descriptions of field sports she falls into the most laughable blunders. I remember she somewhere gives a description of cub-hunting, which for gross absurdity and gross ignorance beats anything I have ever read."

Carrington laughed at the recollection, and proceeded to give his little companion a scathing denunciation of the errors, technical and otherwise, into which the unwary lady had fallen.

The young girl was greatly interested. She fixed her bright eyes on his face, and seemed to hang on every word which fell from his lips; her two little hands holding her fan forgot to wave it; although he was talking somewhat over her head, she evinced all the delight of the very youthful female at receiving the discourse of a clever man.

Carrington looked back at her through handsome half-shut eyes; he smiled, really pleased with her eagerness; his hand travelled down from his knee to his silken sock, which he clasped caressingly; he almost wished he were the brother of this little girl in dirty white, her gentle, malleable spirit seemed capable of being trained to minister worthily to man.

"The woman of the nineteenth century," he continued, "has invaded literature as she has invaded every other profession; we have now lady lawyers, lady doctors, lady members of the School Board, and we are threatened with lady parsons! You may not credit it, but among my friends I am accounted something of a misogynist. If I am a misogynist, it is because the woman of to-day differs so widely from the woman of my ideal. The gentle, tender, modest woman of the past exists no longer, or, rather, I have never been fortunate enough to meet her until this evening. Do you know," asked Carrington, leaning forward, "what I consider one of the best things in a woman? It is the art of being a good listener."

"There is no merit in listening well to a good talker," said the girl, smiling.

He approved of her readiness.

"Yes," he continued, "appreciativeness is the best gift for a woman. She should be able to understand a man's projects, sympathize in his ambition, rejoice in his success and console him in his trials. Such were the women of old, moving silently in the shadow of the home. They were seen neither in the pulpit nor the market-place" (here he was slightly carried away by his own eloquence, or he would have remembered that a good housewife should be frequently seen in the market-place); "such are not the women of our times—the form is left, but the beautiful soul has fled for ever!"

"I am so sorry!" said the girl, almost tearfully; "do try not to mind so much I could not we talk of something else—man, for instance!" Carrington laughed. "After all, I am afraid

man is a degenerate creature too; what do you think of him?"

"I know what I think of you, anyway," she said, with childish candor.

"A very rapid young lady, certainly!" thought Carrington, as he advanced his chair nearer to hers. "Do tell me what you think of me," said he, bending over her, and examining the downy contour of her cheek, and the little dimple in her chin. "No! well, promise you will not forget me after to-night."

She looked troubled. "I don't even know your name," she murmured.

He told her his name, "John Carrington," with such an air as one would confess to being a Guelph or Bourbon.

"Carrington," she repeated, "I knew some people of that name once."

"We are the Derbyshire Carringtons," he said, loftily.

"Oh! then I suppose you are no connection. Those I knew came from Cumberland."

He drew back slightly disgusted. The perfect woman ought to have some knowledge of pedigree and county families.

At that moment a tall bearded man passing along the gallery caught sight of them in their retreat and came toward them, pushing his way through the flowers and scattering leaf and petal on the ground. He addressed himself to the young lady in an injured, yet affectionate manner.

"Well! this is a nice trick to have played as!" he began. "May I inquire how long you have been hiding yourself away like this?"

Carrington gave the intruder a supercilious stare, but the latter seemed quite unconscious of his presence.

The lady rose and Carrington did likewise. She touched his coat sleeve with her shut fan. "Good night," said she playfully. She had taken the stranger's arm and was being rapidly dragged from the conservatory.

"It is very unfair to leave me like this," said Carrington.

She leaned back her head, and, making a screen with a fan, whispered behind it in regretful accents:

"Papa! can't help myself! Goodbye!"

Her singular eyes flashed at him a moment before she disappeared behind the portière.

"What a stupid evening!" was Carrington's graceless comment, as he set out on a search for Owen. In the small drawing-room he found his hostess vigorously discussing theology with the latest disciple of atheism. Her immense train was again rolled round her arm, and Carrington wondered what possible pleasure she could find in such an impediment.

"Do come here!" she cried to him, "I have scarcely seen you at all. I want to introduce you to a delicious girl. I want to make you devoted. It will improve you ever so much!"

"If you have failed to make me devoted, which I deny, the most delicious girl in the world could not do it."

His words were pretty, but his tone and bearing as he took leave of her distilled the faintest possible aroma of contempt.

At the top of the stairs he met Owen coming up. Owen seemed in very good spirits.

"Miss Chapple has proved kind!" inquired his friend, sardonically.

"She is a charming girl," said Owen, with conviction; "I have just taken her down to her carriage; she introduced me to her mother, a most delightful woman. And now I have come to look for you: Mrs. Gribble is come, she is down stairs in old Watson's room with a lot of fellows. They seem to be having a good time from the noise they are making."

The two friends went down. Owen led the way into a large library on one side of the hall, dimly lighted by a swinging lamp. Opening out of this room was a smaller one, brilliantly illuminated with many candles. Through the looped up portière were seen the backs of some twenty men or so, sitting or standing around the table. They were all smoking, and filmy wreaths of smoke floated in circles above their heads. From the depths of his armchair Sir Henry sucked at his meerschaum and gurgled with delight. On the table stood champagne and glasses, and on one corner, facing the men and the library, sat a woman in white. Her feet rested on an empty chair and she held a cigarette between her fingers. She was discoursing volubly, and every now and then her hearers exploded with merriment.

"There are three situations in which the woman may minister worthily to the man," she declared in terms of mellifluous arrogance, "as wet nurse, as dry nurse, as sick nurse; in all other walks and callings she displays her gross ignorance and incompetency. As a general rule, we may lay it down that a woman is unfit for every remunerative calling." The speaker pushed her short hair back from her eyes and displayed a broad, well shaped forehead. With one pretty hand she nursed a pretty ankle, with the other she emphasized her well-balanced phrases.

"Woman at her best is a clinging chameleon-like creature who takes all her color from the man she leans on; at her worst, a bold faced, literary hack, who chews tobacco and writes newspaper articles."

Great applause, especially from a big, black bearded man who leant against the wall.

Carrington gazed at the scene in dumb confusion; a sort of promontory shiver of the truth was stealing down his spinal cord—a harrowing suspicion forced itself on his mind that the easy attitude, the mellifluous drawl, were in some manner connected with himself.

"Is that woman Mrs. Gribble?" he asked vacantly, and Owen told him "yes."

"And that man there with the black beard, is he her father?"

"Her father!" said Owen, laughing, "why, it's Rankin, her editor; of the *Piccadilly*, you know!"

Carrington felt quite helpless. Mrs. Gribble's bright eyes roving round encountered his, as he stood between the curtains of the doorway, all the light of all the candles shining on his bald head. She sprang to her feet on the chair and fondled an imaginary moustache with an air of easy condescension.

"The grand old women of the past, content to sit sewing in the shadows of their silent homes, have been superseded by a shrieking sisterhood, who declaim on the house tops and gyrate in the market places. But even thus the degradation of women would not be complete but for the opportunity offered her in the field of fiction. Here you may meet with every instance of depraved taste and presumptuous ignorance. As a subtle thinker of our times has remarked, 'Fiction is written by ladies—for ladies' maids!'"

The repetition of this phrase was significant to Carrington; he was sure he had never used it in Mrs. Gribble's hearing. This, then, was not a mere turning the tables on him for his recent behaviour so much as a settling up of old scores for the gratification of his enemies. For although I have only mentioned his friends, Carrington, like all great souls, had his enemies also; men who disputed his supremacy and ridiculed his affectations. He recognized several of these hostile critics among the shaking backs ranged before him. He would have given worlds to depart, but Mrs. Gribble's eye held him spellbound.

"The other day," she continued remorselessly, with a supercilious lifting of the eyebrow and a rapid movement of the hand, as though turning over the leaves of some very indifferent publication, "the other day I happened to open a novel written by a lady, who enjoys, I believe, a certain reputation. I came across a description of cub hunting—"

Here she lowered her eyes an instant in acknowledgment of the uproarious reception of her excellent mimicry; in that instant Carrington regained his freedom. He stepped briskly behind the curtain and his hands trembled with an insane desire to knock somebody down. Owen being in the way his wrath exploded over him.

"Confound you! what the devil did you mean by bringing me here?" he asked savagely, and the laughter from the next room mingled with the anger of his voice.

He strode into the hall, and, obtaining his coat, went out into the street. Owen followed in amazement.

"What have I done?" he demanded anxiously.

Carrington at first maintained a black silence, but suddenly stopped beneath a lamp-post and explained.

"That woman, Mrs. Gribble, is the girl I have been talking to the whole evening!"

Owen looked more bewildered than ever.

"Well?"

"And—and—don't you see she was amusing all those cursed fools by laughing at me?"

The two men stared in each other's faces.

"It is too bad of you, Owen, to get me into such a beastly mess—I suppose there will be some abominable portrait of me in next week's *Piccadilly*!"

He ground his teeth anew at this cheering prospect, and that night the friends parted for the first time since their acquaintance on very uncomfortable terms.

But, as it happened, Carrington was never glibbed among the "representative men"; either he was not sufficiently important, or else "Kismet" thought she had punished him enough. And—for even an intolerably conceited young man like poor Carrington may possess some compensating virtues—as he was really a sweet-tempered fellow, he knew how to forgive and forget. I have heard that he and Mrs. Gribble became good friends in after years, and though he could never be brought to renounce his theories concerning the majority of woman-kind, he has been heard to admit that a very superior woman might, on a push, equal in brain power an average man.—*Byrne Darcy in Belgravia.*

A BIT FLUSTERED.

A "summer failure" in the interior of the State started out the agent of a New York wholesale house the other day, and when he reached the town he found no satisfaction beyond an empty store.

"Do you claim that you sold out the entire stock?" he demanded in amazement.

"Every single article."

"And where's the money?"

"Well, you see, that's where I was lame. I went into business, determined to make this town bowl. I had \$3,000 worth of goods. I contracted for \$1,500 worth of advertising and printing. Then I put prices down to fifty cents on the dollar. What I got for my stock I paid to the printer, and came out ninety-eight cents behind. I call that mighty close figuring for a man who was peddling fish up to a year ago!"

"Yes, but you owe us \$3,000!" howled the agent.

"That's so—that's so, and I am sorry for it. I don't care so much for the ninety-eight cents I owe the printer, for he'll carry me sixty days, but that \$3,000 I owe you does sort o' fluster me every time I think of it."

VARIETIES.

A most agreeable and practical form of education has been voted a trial in France. A resolution has been adopted by the Municipal Council of Paris by which it is agreed to grant seven thousand dollars for the purpose of sending a certain number of the pupils at each of the colleges on a foreign tour during vacation time. A deputation of teachers is also to be sent to study Swiss methods of instruction as illustrated in the Zurich Exhibition.

The amount of land in Ireland which has gone out of cultivation the past year is no less than 58,690 acres. The reason for this is thus stated by an English paper:—"Ireland has land which may be made productive to some extent if it is well worked; but it is too poor for permanent pasture, and the attempt to turn it into permanent pasture means failure and a permanent curtailment of the area of land which can be made to support the population."

The eminent German Protestant historian, Johann Frederick Böhm, wrote in 1850: "Would to God that the next Pope, who has been predicted as a *lumen de celo*, would look upon the truth-loving, serious science of history, as a 'light from heaven' in the darkness and errors of the want of principle of the present day." The next Pope has come in the person of Leo XIII., and his letter to the three cardinals directs their attention to just this science of history.

The river Tay, which is the most productive of all the British salmon streams, rents for an aggregate of over twenty thousand pounds sterling; and to provide that sum, pay the working expenses, and yield a profit to those who lease the fisheries, it has been calculated that salmon to the value of sixty thousand pounds must be caught; say, eighty thousand fish, each of the value of fifteen shillings. This would seem to have been accomplished, for it is expected that the rental will be higher next year.

Mr. G. TURNER, the sculptor, has just placed some of his works on exhibition at Gibbon's Art Gallery on Broadway near Twenty-seventh street. They comprise "The Sensation of the Water," "The First Step," "Mother's Jewel" and "The Croquet-Player." The first depicts a charming girl standing in her bathing-dress and flower-trimmed straw hat on the sea shore and coquettishly advancing a naked foot to meet the incoming waves. The sculptor has two studios, one in New York, where he makes his models in clay, and one in Carrara, Italy, where they are cut in marble. The delicate finishing touches are done by his own hand in the New York studio.

The monument of General Zachary Taylor, at Lexington, Ky., was unveiled Thursday, September 20. A large assemblage was present, among them about forty survivors of the Mexican war, who stood in line before the tomb. The monument is in the centre of the cemetery, on an eminence which commands a view of the surrounding country. The base is of unpolished granite, lettered with the dates of the general's birth and death, also the names of the battles in which he participated. The statue rests upon a shaft, in the centre of which is placed a bronze medallion, with the initials Z. T. just below it. The statue itself is life size, and of the purest Italian marble, representing the general standing, with left foot slightly advanced. The right hand rests on the belt which encircles his military uniform, while the left holds a cap and a sword. General Thomas Crittenden, of Missouri, delivered the oration, and Bishop Kavanagh, of Kentucky, offered prayer.

The Dines are good farmers and export largely of their produce. In the first five months of this year, they sent to England thirty-two million pounds of butter and fifty-two thousand head of cattle. Besides a royal agricultural society, they have seventy local organizations for the encouragement of agriculture, though the population of the whole country is scarcely more than that of London. There is a chair of dairy farming in connection with the University of Copenhagen, held by Professor Sgelecke, who has organized a regular system of dairy instruction which is carried on throughout the country under his supervision. Farmers receive students, who are mostly women, and under a scheme of the Professor they are thoroughly trained in milking, and in preparing the milk by weighing, aerating, cooling, and separating the cream for churning, and also in the best processes for making cheese and butter, and packing them for market. All the processes are conducted on exact and scientific principles, and, of course, the best results are attained. The pupils who go through this instruction give their services, receiving a nominal sum annually, and among them are many from America.

SCIPPO, N.Y., Dec. 1, 1879.

I am the Pastor of the Baptist Church here, and an educated physician. I am not in practice, but am my sole family physician, and advise in many chronic cases. Over a year ago I recommended your Hop Bitters to my invalid wife, who has been under medical treatment of Albany's best physicians several years. She has become thoroughly cured of her various complicated diseases by their use. We both recommend them to our friends, many of whom have also been cured of their various ailments by them.