

"Unless—unless, you know, there's some stronger attraction elsewhere. Now I really believe that poor old George is quite dazzled and smitten by you, Miss Everington—on my honour I do. I know it's cruel, but if you would just help us this once! We are going to start to-morrow for Branksome Side punctually at ten. If at breakfast, Miss Everington, you were to ask Howard whether he had seen the new African shrub in the south hothouse, which I know he has not, and then, when he says he should like to see it, as of course he will, propose that he should come with you directly after breakfast—If you *would* do this, Miss Everington we might start off while Howard was nowhere to be found, and leave him behind, of course inevitably, and, I assure you, you would be conferring a benefit on all of us, and be giving us a splendid day's shooting, while poor George, I need not say, would hardly feel the disappointment at all when he has so rich a compensation in your society."

"Well, Captain Fitzgerald, though I think it is a great shame, I suppose I must say yes," replied the heiress with a smile.

"Of course I knew she would—she has so much fun about her," said the captain, when that night he told his friend Courtenay of the plot which he had prepared to prevent Howard from making one of the shooting party.

Their conversation was interrupted by the appearance of George Howard himself, who claimed Miss Everington for the next dance. The captain noticed that his old Eton chum had lost almost all his shyness that evening, and ventured even upon a long chat between the dances with Miss Everington. Had he waited a minute longer before he went down into the smoking-room, it is just possible he might have overheard the heiress whisper, "To-morrow, Mr. Howard, in the south hothouse, after breakfast." Mr. Howard did not come to smoke that evening. "Keeping his hand steady for to-morrow," remarked the captain, when he noted his absence, with a not particularly pleasant smile. But Mr. Howard did not feel much inclined for society that evening, and when he went to sleep, which he did not do for some time, he did not dream of pheasant-shooting.

George Howard had, in truth, stolen a march upon his friend, and the dashing officer of the 17th Regiment of Lancers had for once made a false step. The barrister had not the attractive exterior of his military would-be rival, but he possessed a great many more valuable qualities which Captain Fitzgerald decidedly did not; and Miss Everington was gifted with a considerable amount of penetration. She was a lively, dashing partner in a ball-room, but she was also a good deal more; she had known more of George Howard than Captain Fitzgerald had ever supposed. It was George Howard who, five years ago, had watched over her brother's death-bed when his life was leaving him far away amid Alpine snows. Ever since then she had admired and loved her brother's brave and loving friend. Of none of this was Captain Fitzgerald aware, and as he met Miss Everington on the next morning at the breakfast-table, he could not guess why she seemed so thoughtful and serious. Presently Mr. Howard came down ready equipped for shooting; and while breakfast was going on, Miss Everington, smiling at the captain asked him whether he had seen the African shrub.

"No," said George, "but I should like to do so very much," and so it was arranged that a visit to the hothouse should be paid directly breakfast was over.

The visit was paid. There is no need of relating what was said there. George had almost proposed on the evening before, but everything was settled between them then. When they returned to the hall, where the shooting party were to have assembled before starting, neither of them was surprised at finding that they had gone. But both Lady and Miss Hatherton were not a little startled at hearing the news.

It was quite dark when Captain Fitzgerald, who was walking on in advance of the others, smoking his solitary cigar, and indulging in building a great many very lofty and very unsubstantial castles, returned. Miss Everington and Mr. Howard were standing on the terrace, and

the captain, as he came up the steps, made the lowest of bows.

"George, old boy," were his first words, "I am so annoyed that you should have been left behind this morning; we could find you nowhere when we started, so we were obliged to go off without you, as Courtenay and Jervase had to leave for town this afternoon. I'm so awfully sorry you should have missed the day, which has been a splendid one. But you've been the gainer, any how, I should imagine," finished the unsuspecting captain, with a most meaning glance at Miss Everington.

"I think I have," said Howard. "Fitzgerald, I am the accepted husband of a very old friend's sister—Miss Everington."

"What?" said the captain, turning very pale; but he quickly recovered his composure, and, turning to the heiress, said, "Miss Everington, I congratulate you."

But Captain Fitzgerald soon discovered that it was time to go home and dress for dinner, and left the lovers alone. His first impulse was to go off at once to London, for he hardly knew how to face the smoking-room at Hatherton Park that evening; on second thoughts, however, he determined to make the best of a bad matter, and though within himself he felt awkward and uncomfortable enough, yet he endeavoured to appear as if he had all along been aware of the approaching engagement between Miss Everington and George Howard.

In the drawing-room he had an opportunity of speaking to the heiress alone. "Miss Everington, I don't think you ought to have allowed me to make such a fool of myself as I did last night."

Captain Fitzgerald did not go down into the smoking-room that evening, but enjoyed his lonely cigar on the balcony outside his bedroom-window, from which a full view could be obtained of Branksome Side. The night was exceedingly still, and the moon had just risen above the copse. Perhaps the sight did not soothe his troubled mind. The manner in which the captain endeavoured to win and contrived to lose an heiress is a laugh against him to this day among his more intimate friends.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

THE ROMANCE OF ADVERTISING.

A FRIEND of mine in England, a "fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," says, the sweetest and shortest moments of literary recreation which he enjoys is while a train stops at a station, and affords him time to peruse—to "read as he runs" by railway—the puffing posters, usually pictorial—which he calls "illustrated works"—set up against the wall, and for which space is hired at a much smarter rental than people imagine. The placards in question are of a bolder, more elaborate and artistic character than those usually seen in our hotels, and being frequently, like Joseph's coat, of many colours. My friend can quote them, and give out the telling lines with theatrical effect, spouting extracts from the renowned razor advertisements, the monster turnip puffs, elucidated by coloured pictures; pianofortes, patent shaving soaps, register shirts, and newspaper placards, kindly calling attention to the most desirable medium for advertising, with which every one is familiar, who has travelled in England and has stopped, with his eyes open, at a railway station. Some placards have a more literary air than others, a new solar lamp is broadsided with Goethe's famous last words, "*Light—more Light*"; a rival camphene lamp, designed by a modest brother of the mystic tie, and who will not trade upon the cabalistic signs of "*triple tau*," is advertised with "*Fuit Lux et Lux Fuit*;" upon a baker's poster there is a quotation from Shakspeare,

"O, tell me where is *Fancy Bred*?"

the interrogatory is answered in the same placard, at —'s celebrated Biscuit Baking and Confectionery Establishment, No. 1, Parliament Street.

If such a system of advertisements were adopted at the dingy stations of the Grand Trunk

Railway, it would be a relief to the eye, and might afford amusement to the passengers when they sometimes have to wait for hours, *cross* at not being enabled to effect a crossing—though the sight of a placard with antibilious pills may perhaps affect their spleen either with a fit of hypochondria or with a fit of anathema—according to their relative imaginations.

Another friend, who regularly has kept for many years a common-place book, in which to place cuttings from newspapers,—having no library in one sense, but merely a shelf, upon which are a few books suited to his humour, and these confined to the literature of the two queens, Elizabeth and Anne—has a place set apart to the renowned second column in *The Times*, which, for literary recreation is almost inexhaustible. In it the Laughing and Crying Philosophers of old might have found much matter on which to indulge their respective moods, (had printing-house square been an institution in their days). He kindly lent me the said common place book, from which I have copied the following, with his original annotations; they particularly amused me, and I hope will amuse some of your readers:

ZETA is requested to send his Real Name and Address, which will of course be received confidentially. Surely he is in error in supposing that any expression in Leviticus affords even a plausible ground of argument to our opponents. See the admirable Letter published by the Rev. C. J. Goodhart on this subject.—Benning & Co., Fleet-street. Price 6d.

This is one of the clever "catches for customers" to be found in abundance. It is the adroit dodge of some Rev. C. J. Goodhart (who ought to be called Good-*Art*) to induce the public to purchase his book, price 6d.

SHOULD this MEET the EYE of a GENTLEMAN, who talked with a Scotch accent, and who also was very tipsy, on Friday, the 9th day of March inst., in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury, such as Hart-street, Bury-street, or Great Russell-street, and will Call Personally on Mr. Inglis, baker, 13 and 14, Little Russell-street, Bloomsbury, he will hear of something to his advantage.

Whether this something to his advantage was a thrashing or a fine of five shillings for being drunk, I do not pretend to guess. What the gentleman with the Scotch accent could expect from an interview arising out of such equivocal circumstances, I can't conceive, and no doubt the "Canny Scot"—who had been having a night with Burns—thought twice before he called upon Mr. Inglis for the chance of a baker's dozen. For my part, I believe, most people hear of anything but what is of advantage to them on the morning after they have been "very tipsy" the night before.

UNCLE TOM is requested to return to his disconsolate family; his errors will be forgiven, and no questions asked. Any little liabilities he may have incurred will be cheerfully liquidated.

This is a choice "tit-bit" in its way—

I have heard of "disobedient parents," but an uncle promised to be forgiven by his nephews and nieces is about as good a piece of impudence as ever I saw. I can see the interior of this household through the three-line advertisement as if I had my eye to the keyhole. Uncle Tom is some nephew and niece-ridden old bachelor, who lives with his relatives, who live on him, and is *permitted* to have a trifle of pocket-money out of his own property.

Were I disposed to be maliciously quizzical on the whole Benedictine order of Married Men, I might say the following was a stupid advertisement, for it held out the strongest inducement to the gentleman who left his wife to stay away. He might have returned, had she declared his absence must prolong her life:—

A GENTLEMAN, who left his Wife on Tuesday Evening, the 23rd of January, with the intention of returning at nine o'clock, is earnestly entreated to return, or at least to relieve her agony of mind by communicating either with her or his friend, T. H., Salisbury-street; the most fatal consequences must otherwise ensue.

Most of us have some acquaintance with Mozart's celebrated opera of the Zauberflöte, or Magic Flute; the subjoined must certainly have some reference to it:—

DIED.—At Ramsey, Isle of Man, aged 32, J. G. Poe, Esq., of the county of Tipperary. Deceased arrived in the Island on the Wednesday previous in good health, and played some melancholy airs on the flute about an hour before he died.