

Our Story.

BARBARA STREET.

A FAMILY STORY OF TO-DAY. BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR NEIL," "A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

WATERHOUSE had started up, and standing with his back to the fire, began to pull his moustache fiercely. The two men obviously illustrated different types. The merest glance would suffice to distinguish in Waterhouse a prosperous man, as he stood there in a posture of easy strength, with his thoroughly healthy bronzed complexion, and a face in which only pleasant lines and curves were discernible.

"My dear fellow," continued Waterhouse, "you are fitted for something better than that."

Denston shrugged his shoulders. He had taken a fancy to Waterhouse, and, stranger as he was, did not resent what he would have considered impertinent familiarity in another man.

"I don't congratulate myself on possessing wasted talent," he said.

"But this copying—it is merely mechanical, isn't it? Any stick could do it. But I suppose it pays?"

"Naturally, since I am found engaged in it."

"How is your sister?" asked Waterhouse, abruptly.

"As well as she ever is, thank you."

"You're a lucky fellow, to have a sister to live with you."

"You never had one, probably."

"No; I haven't a relation in the world—no one that cares a button for me."

"You should marry."

"Marry, should I?" Waterhouse laughed—"that is a matter for reflection."

"Have matrimony and reflection much connection?"

"Ah! you are cynical on that subject. I am not. Though I suppose the age of infatuation has gone by with me, I dare say I shall fall honestly in love some of these days."

"That's a hair-splitting distinction."

"Ah," laughed Waterhouse, "there is no method in your madness. By-the-by, are you not on intimate terms with the people in this house?"

"No."

"I settled myself here with the idea that it would be more like a home than most places. But the people are not friendly."

"One of the daughters is a great deal with my sister, but I have scarcely exchanged a dozen words with her; the sort of girl that looks as if she'd want an introduction to her own mother. But there's another one, small, with dark eyes, that seems cut out on quite a different pattern."

"She's as cold as snow to me. You must be a favorite."

The two men looked at each other. Denston said—

"Not I. I never was a favourite with a woman yet; but in the presence of all Waterhouse's advantages, it was, in spite of his misanthropical sentiments, not unpleasant to remember Grace's expressed prejudice against rich men, which, it seemed likely, might imply a prejudice in favour of poor men."

"Do you play chess?" asked Waterhouse, by-and-by.

"When I can get an opponent."

"Just my case. Let us have a game, shall we?"

"Ah," he said, with a sigh, as he fetched his chess-board from a corner table, and placed a chair for Denston. "I have often played with this very set out bullock-travelling at the Cape, stretched out by the fire when we camped for the night."

"Did you play with the Hottentots?"

"No, with my father," answered Waterhouse, gravely.

They set out the pieces, and were soon deep in the game. As it chanced, they were well matched, and enjoyed a tough struggle. When Denston was going, Waterhouse said—

"Now, do come in whenever you can, Denston; never mind how late. When I'm at home, I get fearfully bored toward that time in an evening."

So it came to pass that the two spent a good many evenings over the chess-board, and found that they grewingly suited each other.

Grace observed to Hester one evening, when they heard Sarah take Mr. Denston up-stairs—

"I am glad those two men have struck up a friendship."

Hester looked up, surprised to hear this unusual expression of interest in masculine affairs.

"Why so?" she asked.

Grace laughed, and nodded her head saucily.

"I have eyes," she said, "though it pleases me sometimes to be as though I had none."

"And what do you see with your eyes in this instance?"

"Would you like me to tell you, Cobweb?"

Grace put her hand under her sister's chin, and turned upwards her face. On her own was a smile it sometimes wore, which was irresistibly winning, seeming half mocking and half a caress. "Well, then, in the first place, I see that your Miss Denston is rather a melancholy person."

"She has reason to be," said Hester.

"I have no doubt of that, poor thing! But, Hester, for my part, I think the world is too sad to be melancholy in."

"No one would choose to be melancholy," said Hester, calmly.

"I'm not so sure of that; but, at any rate, I am sorry for the brother. It is not enlivening for him, and he looks as if he needed sunshine. Now, Mr. Waterhouse radiates cheerfulness."

"Oh, Grace!" cried Kitty, who had just come into the room, "what a thing for you to say, when you always look as if you hated him!"

"Are my looks so unchristian? Fie, Kitty!"

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE BACK-YARD.

There is a universal principle at work according to which living creatures go through a process of adaptation to their environment, and we human beings are by no means exceptions to this rule. It came to pass that Waterhouse, disappointed of these social relations with the people at No. 47, which he had so confidently reckoned upon, was thrown back upon making the most of his opportunities for studying their characters and habits in

spite of themselves. He became a veritable old woman in respect of the prying aptitude he acquired. But it must be admitted in excuse that for a lonely and sociable man, his was a tantalizing position. A pleasant social atmosphere, like the dew of old; bedewed all the ground around him, while he, like Gideon's fleece, was left dry. And as time went on he did not find himself taking refuge in indifference. On the contrary, he grew more and more eager in the matter, partly because his esteem was growing; as his acquaintance grew, and partly from a little admixture of pique, which gave an edge to his feelings. He would not now have been at all content to have thrown up the affair as he had felt inclined to do at first. And that in spite of the most complete unmelting on the part of Grace, of whom he, of course, saw more than of the rest of the family. His interest in her had, in fact, grown very fast. He could not be unmoved by the fact that she was constantly at work on his behalf. Not only in his sight did she serve him with hand and foot, but he could now even imagine her at work for him in the kitchen, making his puddings and tarts in the big cooking apron he had sometimes seen her wear when she appeared in the back garden, and even hanging over the fire stirring his dishes, as was testified many a time in her scorched face when she came to wait upon him. It drove him into a state bordering on distraction that this slight tender thing should be working away day after day for him, while, by the will of the same slight thing, he was manacled so that he could do nothing for her in return—was not even allowed to express his gratitude. He even began to imagine that she was growing paler, and that she would wear herself out.

On the next day after Kitty's disclosure, he had gone to a foreign library, and put his name down for a subscription, and brought home with him a selection of French and German books, such as seemed suitable for a young lady's reading. He took the first opportunity of saying to Grace, with all the diplomacy he could command—

"Miss Norris, you read French and German, of course. I have a subscription for a library, which is at present lying useless. You would be doing me a great favour if you would relieve me of some of these books."

Waterhouse was standing by the fire as he spoke, watching Grace remove those very books from the table where he had cunningly placed them, knowing they would have to be removed before the laying of his dinner-cloth. His tone was unusually diffident, and was like that of one who asks a great favour, and is in fear that he will be refused. Grace caught the tone, and saw the weak place in the diplomacy. What reason could a man have for holding a subscription which was useless to him. The fish saw the hook in the fly, and wheeled.

"I am very much obliged to you, but I have no time for reading, thank you."

Waterhouse bit his lip, and reddened with annoyance, but he did not repeat his offer. Grace's tone was final, though quite gentle, but she could not resist just glancing at the books as she took them in her hands, and Waterhouse observed the action, which added point to her refusal.

That same evening Waterhouse was considerably surprised to hear a great deal of movement and noise on the floor below him. He could not imagine what the family could be doing. Then the piano struck up a lively tune, and a continuous sound accompanied it. Could it be possible they were giving an evening?

His curiosity at last reached such a pitch, that he opened his door to listen; then he went a little way across the landing, to the head of the stairs, and at last he actually took off his slippers, and crept down. He was sure there was dancing going on, and he set his teeth, and determined to see into the matter, quite oblivious to any ludicrous side there might be to his conduct, and of how Grace, if she had chanced to come out upon him, might regard the spectacle of this bearded fellow creeping in his stocking-feet down the dimly-lit stairs. But fortune favoured him so far. He was not detected, but neither did he detect much himself. He saw no signs of company—no extra umbrellas or hats—and the sounds were not those that would be made by a roomful of dancers. But further information he must obtain, and after he had regained his room, he cast about as to how it was to be done. He soon hit on the plan of waylaying Kitty on her way to bed. He knew she usually went up early, and alone, and he had sometimes bade her good-night as she passed his door. Presently up she came, after a good deal of singing, and playing, and laughing, and jingling of glasses had gone off below, at which festive sounds Waterhouse ground his teeth. He was not inclined to mince matters with Kitty. He went to the door, and beckoned her in.

"Kitty," he said, "what have you been at down stairs this evening?"

Kitty's cheeks were glowing, and her eyes dancing, pale, overgrown child as she was. In her excitement, she did not perceive the severity of Waterhouse's tone, which would have frightened her.

"Oh," she cried, "it is one of our party evenings."

"And who comes to your parties?" said Waterhouse, in a tone of scorn.

"Oh, nobody," Kitty laughed; "it is only ourselves. Grace and I sing, while Hester plays to us."

"And who is your audience?"

"Oh, mamma, of course, and sometimes we let Sarah come up; but generally we dress up, and pretend we are all company. To-night, Hester was Lady Montague, and we had to make-believe to receive her—properly, you know. Grace thinks it improves our manners."

Waterhouse released Kitty's shoulder, which he had grasped, and burst out laughing. He felt ridiculously relieved. Kitty was not put out by the laughter. She continued—

"And then we have a lovely supper, to end up."

"Oh! and what do you have for supper?"

Waterhouse had recovered his usual kindly tone.

"Grace makes all sorts of things. To-night we had lemonade and tarts—jam tarts—and biscuits. These were from the grocer's."

Waterhouse laughed again, but this time with a difference. The fact was, he was quite affected by the thought of the gorgeous supper; there was something pathetic in it.

"You good little girl," he said; "you must go to bed, after all this dissipation. Are you too big to give me a kiss?"

Kitty blushed very much, but did not refuse, and Waterhouse kissed her on the forehead. He was consumed with the desire to order in a supper from

the pastrycook's for the next festive occasion—a desire which he was well aware he would not dare to gratify; but, to compromise matters, he promised himself to send Mrs. Norris a couple of pheasants the next day. That would be a delicate attention which no one could object to. Accordingly, the next day he sent Sarah to the parlor, with these birds, and Mr. Waterhouse's kind regards. Sarah was commissioned with thanks and kind regards in return; and Waterhouse was relieved that they were not thrown back in his face. But that, the family were aware, would have been an impossible rudeness; and even Grace was rather glad that it was impossible; for if there was any present that could have gratified her, it would have been this—some luxury that would tempt her mother's and Kitty's delicate appetite. She had not been without occasional twinges of bitterness when she sent up Mr. Waterhouse's cakes, and when, perhaps, that very day the leg of mutton had been served up for the fourth time for the family dinner, or they had made their dinner off fresh herrings.

But Kitty, though Waterhouse found her an admirable channel of information, was seldom available. Sarah's visits now were flying ones, so that he could not gather much from her talk, and he did not choose to directly question her. Yet, for all the absence of direct information and personal intercourse, Waterhouse was thoroughly inoculated with that sense of Grace's supremacy, with which she impressed the rest of the household. Her personality seemed to pervade the atmosphere. He always recognized her rapid footsteps as she fitted about the house, knew the tunes that she crooned in her low vibrating contralto, and was quite aware when the front door opened and shut whether it was she that had gone out. He knew she went marketing in the morning, and used to wonder what she had bought for his dinner—not from interest in his dinner so much as in her. He knew when the girls went for their walk, and had often watched them down the street. Later in the day he was aware that the graceful form of Hester would cross the road on her way to Miss Denston's room; and long before he made the discovery about her brother, whose outings and incomings were too early and late for his observation, he was familiar with the figure of the invalid, which, on a summer morning, would be visible in the window sitting behind a tall arum.

But his studies at the back window were more fruitful in interest than those in the front. It looked out upon what the family dignified by the name of the garden, which consisted of a square of gravel, with a narrow border of soil running round it, surrounded by walls, on which caterwauling cats held their nightly revels. The only tree was a London poplar, growing at the bottom, to which the clothes-line was tied on a washing-day. Besides that, there was one small sickly box and two smoke-begrimed laurels. Grace every year, with great hopefulness, put seeds in, though without further results than the struggling up of a few specimens here and there. She also trained ivy on the walls and washed the leaves of the laurels. Nothing thrived except mint and London Pride. But Grace made a point of gardening, and made a great flourish with her tools, and her gardening gloves and hat, and laughed at herself for it. The garden was separated by the bottom wall from one running up to it belonging to Little Barbara Street, a street much inferior in respectability to the Barbara Street we know, and principally composed of poor lodging-houses. In this garden dirty little children played about, making their mud-pies; and Waterhouse had observed lately an older boy, who looked thin and pale, and walked on crutches. There was a slatternly woman, too, who came out to hang up her clothes, and who looked as if cares and children were dragging all the life out of her. The sounds which came from this direction were anything but pleasant. The children screamed and quarrelled. The mother scolded, and at night there had been occasionally heard sounds which indicated quarrelling of a more terrible nature. The upper windows appeared to belong to lodgers—a pretty machinist owned one, and a second family of children looked out from another. One morning soon after the "party," Waterhouse having risen very late, and having at the time just completed his toilet, saw a stone thrown over the wall by a youngurchin, with evident, though futile, intent to hit his window. Waterhouse placed himself on the outlook, for, according to precedent, he knew something would come of this. Another stone. Then Grace came out, carrying a chair with her, a wooden-seated one, evidently from the kitchen. "Cooking my breakfast," was Waterhouse's inference. She marched straight to the bottom of the garden, with those peculiar steps of hers—rapid and very long for so small a person. She placed the chair against the wall, and mounted it, and began to speak to the children on the other side. Waterhouse opened the window very softly, so that he might not be discovered, in order to hear what she said. But as she had her back to him, he did not catch much. He heard her say "You won't! You can't! Oh, dear, oh, dear, I never heard such a thing! Go and fetch a chair this minute, and I'll help you over." Then she spoke in a lower key to the cripple, and Waterhouse lost that. But he was sure it was something gentle and womanly, and some lines came into his head which had been running through it a good deal lately. He had a distinctly sentimental side to his nature, as is sometimes the case with the manliest of men, and he was at home with a good deal of poetry. When he first made acquaintance with Grace, he had been reminded of Wordsworth's "She was a phantom of delight," and had applied to her—

Her eyes were stars of twilight fair; Like twilight, too, her dusky hair; But all things else about her drawn From May-time and the cheerful dawns.

(To be continued.)

WHILE THE DAYS GO ON.

For as whatever's undergone, Thou knowest, wilt, what is done. Grief may be joy misunderstood; Only the good discerns the good, I trust Thee while my days go on.

Whatever's lost, it first was won; We will not struggle nor impugna; Perhaps the cup was broken here; That heaven's new wine might shine more clear; I praise Thee while my days go on.

I praise Thee while my days go on, I love Thee while my days go on; Through dark and death, through fire and frost, With empty arms and treasure lost, I thank Thee while my days go on!

—Mrs. Browning.

Sabbath School Work.

LESSON HELPS.

SECOND QUARTER.

THE FIRST DISCIPLES.

LESSON II., April 11th, John 1, 35-51; memorize verses 40-42.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus."—John 1, 37.

TIME.—February, A.D. 27, on a Saturday (the Jewish Sabbath) and the day following. It was 42 or 43 days after the baptism of Jesus, and was the beginning of his ministry.

PLACE.—Bethany (Bethabara) and the way between that place and Cana of Galilee. Bethany ("boat-house") is the probable reading instead of Bethabara ("ford-house" or "ferry-house"). But they were probably neighbouring villages or districts, and the baptizing of John may have been in both. The place was probably one of the fords of the Jordan opposite Jericho. It was a highway of travel.

RULERS.—Tiberius Cæsar, emperor of Rome (15th year from his association with Augustus, 13th as sole ruler, Luke 3, 1.) Pontius Pilate, governor of Judæa (2nd year). Herod Antipas, of Galilee (31st year).

CONTEMPORARY HISTORY.—The Roman empire extended over most of the known world. Greece, subject to Rome, but a leader in literature and schools. Greek, the almost universal language among the educated. Strabo, the Greek geographer (B.C. 54-A.D. 24). Ovid (B.C. 43-A.D. 18), Livy (B.C. 59-A.D. 17), and Seneca (who died A.D. 65) were all living during the life of Christ.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—John omits all the early life of Jesus and of the Baptist, the ministry in the wilderness, the baptism of Jesus, and his 40 days' temptation recorded in Matt. i., 1 to 4: xi.; Mark 1, 1-13; Luke 3, 1 to 3; xviii.; iii., 21 to iv., 13.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—John had been preaching and baptizing for more than six months (July, A.D. 26-Feb., A.D. 27) and such multitudes came to hear him, and the excitement about him was so intense, that the leading Pharisees in Jerusalem sent a deputation to him at Bethany (Bethabara) beyond Jordan, to inquire what he really pretended to be. The day after his answer to the Pharisees, he sees Jesus coming towards him, and he points him out to his hearers as the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, i.e., the expected Messiah, and declares how he recognized him. Our lesson begins on the next day.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—35. Two of His disciples: one was Andrew (v. 40), and the other was doubtless the apostle John himself. 36. The Lamb of God: i.e., the one to whom the lamb of the daily sacrifice and of the Passover had been pointing for 1500 years. 38. Rabbi: the Hebrew word for master or teacher, and therefore not familiar to the Gentile Christians. It was interpreted into Greek: 199. The Lamb of God: i.e., the one to whom the lamb of the daily sacrifice and of the Passover had been pointing for 1500 years. 38. Rabbi: the Hebrew word for master or teacher, and therefore not familiar to the Gentile Christians. It was interpreted into Greek: 199. The Lamb of God: i.e., the one to whom the lamb of the daily sacrifice and of the Passover had been pointing for 1500 years. 38. Rabbi: the Hebrew word for master or teacher, and therefore not familiar to the Gentile Christians. It was interpreted into Greek: 199. 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