

as to cause an instant sensation of sea-sickness in any unaccustomed beholder.

"Ah! she's a nice little creature," Mrs. Hutchins went on, "but spoiled. Trescott's too uppish by half. I can't think why them sort of people should give themselves airs. But they mos'ly do. Young Alfred's the flower of the flock, for my money. He do so remind me of Sir Leonardo Gonzaga of the Sable Plume. Just the pictur of Leonardo he is, accordin' to my fancy. Only he's younger, and his hair ain't quite coal-black; and he don't flash so continual with his eyes, as Leonardo do."

Mrs. Hutchins was beginning to doze, with her arms folded on the table, and her hair in dangerous proximity to the flame of the candle, when the turning of a latch-key in the house door, and the sound of voices roused her. She jumped up with a start, and hurried down-stairs, arriving in the kitchen as Mr. Trescott and his son, a lad of eighteen, entered it. Each carried in his hand one of those queer coffin-shaped boxes known as violin cases. The dress of both was poor. But while the father's attire made no pretence of smartness, but expressed a sort of resigned and conscious shabbiness, the son's was indicative in twenty ways of an attempt at fashion and rakishness. Alfred Trescott was a remarkable handsome young fellow. His hair was allowed to grow long, and was put carelessly behind his ears, in foreign fashion. His pale face and regular features were illumined by a pair of magnificent dark eyes, shaded by long lashes that many a reigning belle might have envied. These eyelashes gave a look of almost feminine softness to the eyes beneath them. But when you met their gaze full—which was not often, for they shifted restlessly from moment to moment—you perceived that there was nothing soft in the expression of the eyes themselves. but on the contrary, a sinister watchful look, that seemed to hint at mingled ferocity and deceit.

"How's Corda?" asked Mr. Trescott, limping into the kitchen.

"Ah, how's the poor little kid?" said Alfred.

"Well, she's asleep now, Mr. Trescott. I've a' been with her all the blessed evening," said Mrs. Hutchins, resuming (somewhat unnecessarily) an air of fatigue and exhaustion. "And Hutchins, he's been in bed these two hours. So be so good as not to make no more noise than you can help on going up-stairs, Mr. Alfred; for Hutchins he has to be up at his work by five to-morrow, and if he don't get his rest reglar he's good for nothing."

"All serene, Mrs. H.," rejoined Alfred, carelessly; and he proceeded to strike a match wherewith to light a short scientifically blackened pipe, which he drew from his pocket.

"Alf," said his father, speaking in jerks, and with a nervous twitching manner, "I wish you wouldn't smoke now; your tobacco is fearfully strong, and the smell of it penetrates all through the house. I know Corda doesn't like it, and I don't believe it's good for her."

"Does she say so?" asked Alf, poking out, with the unburnt end of his lucifer match, a straggling black-beetle left behind by its retreating comrades in a clink of the hearth-stone.

"Say so? Of course not. What does she ever say, with herself for its subject? But you might have a little consideration for her in her feverish state, without her entreating it."

"Ah!" returned the young man, coolly taking a long slow pull at the black pipe, "just so. Only, you have heard from Mrs. H. that Corda is fast asleep; consequently, sir, this baccy will please me and do her no harm."

While Mrs. Hutchins spread the supper-table in the untidy kitchen, setting forth cold meat, bread, and beer, Mr. Trescott took a candle and stole softly up-stairs to the room where Corda lay still sleeping. Shading the light with his hand, he stood by the bedside, and watched for a minute or two the sweet delicate face flushed with slumber, and the gold-brown curls tossed in disorder over the coarse pillow. Some sense of her father's silent presence must have awakened the child, for though he neither spoke nor moved, she opened her eyes, and held out her

arms to embrace him with a little grasp of pleasure.

"Papa!"

"My pet," said Mr. Trescott, "I have disturbed you."

"No, papa. I haven't been asleep a single minute. I was counting the clock, and that made me drowsy."

"Counting the clock, Corda?"

Mr. Trescott's face twitched as with some painful thought, and he limped uneasily once or twice up and down the room. "I'm afraid, my little one," he said, coming back to the bed, "I am terribly afraid that you are unhappy whilst I am out. What can I do, Corda? I must go."

"I know, papa."

"Isn't that woman kind and attentive to you when I am away?"

"Quite kind, papa. She gives me a drink, and moves me in bed whenever I ask her. I don't want her to talk to me. I don't amuse me, papa. I would rather lie and think."

"Well, don't think, but sleep now, Corda. You'll soon be strong again, and able to go out with me."

"Does—does Alf know I'm awake?" asked the child, wistfully.

"I think not, my darling. Mrs. Hutchins said you were asleep when we came in."

"Do you think he would mind coming to kiss me and say 'good night,' if he did know I was awake, papa?"

Mr. Trescott went to the head of the stairs and called to his son. "Your sister wants to say good night to you."

After a minute's pause, Alfred, muttering something which perhaps it was as well that the pipe between his teeth rendered unintelligible, came slowly up the stairs.

"Well, young 'un," he said, bending over his sister, "what's the latest intelligence? How are the breakages progressing?"

"Oh, my bone's coming all mended, Alf. Mr. Brett said so," answered Corda, smiling up into his face. Then, as he stooped to kiss her, the strong odour of the tobacco made her turn her head away with a little choking cough.

"What the deuce is up now?" asked Alfred, dropping the hand she had put into his.

"I couldn't help coughing a little, Alf dear. You smell of smoke so."

"It's a way I have, child, when I've been smoking. That's not a very brilliant discovery of yours."

He spoke in a dry sullen tone, and was turning to go, when his sister caught his sleeve and drew him to her.

"I know you can't help it, dear. And I don't mind it a bit, generally. Not a bit," she added, with a quiet old-fashioned air of experienced wisdom, "except when you do it too much for your health. Excess—si—sive" (Corda found the long word a little unmanageable, but surmounted the difficulty with dignity), "excessive smoking is very injurious indeed to young people, Mr. Brett says."

Alfred's ill humour was not proof against the child's caressing touch, nor the earnest loving look in the clear eyes she raised to his.

"Mr. Brett's an old woman," he replied, with a laugh. "You may tell him I say so. There, there! Never mind. Don't look shocked! As to you, you're an old woman too—the most respectably venerable party going—and I'll turn over your words of wisdom in my mind. Good night, pussy-cat!"

"Thank you, Alf dear!" returned Corda. For pussy-cat was her brother's highest term of endearment. She listened to the retreating footsteps of her father and brother as they resounded on the uncarpeted stairs, and turned her head on her pillow to sleep, with a grateful smile on her face.

"The young 'un's getting on like a house a-fire," said Alfred, when he and his father were seated at their supper, and Mrs. Hutchins had retired to bed. "It won't be long now before she's all right again."

"I don't know," returned his father. "I don't know. She's delicate, and will need care for a long time to come. Still, she is much better, certainly."

"It's been a jolly expensive game, this," remarked Alfred. "I hope she don't mean to get run over often."

"Good God, Alfred!" ejaculated Mr. Trescott. "Why do you talk in that way? I suppose you do, in your heart, care for your sister!"

"Care for her? You know I care for her. She's a first-rate little article is poor pussy-cat. All the same, I take the liberty of repeating that this accident has been a jolly expensive game."

"Mr. Charlewood has made himself responsible for the doctor's bill," said Trescott, contemplating the dirty tablecloth, and crumbling a piece of bread in his fingers.

"Damn Mr. Charlewood," said Alfred, fiercely. "What the devil should we take his charity for? A purse-proud upstart. I'm sick of Mr. Charlewood."

"Charity? Who spoke of charity? He says he considers himself responsible, and so do I. If any serious injury had happened to Corda I'd have made him smart for it."

"Bosh!" responded the son, briefly.

"What I say may or may not be bosh, but I'll tell you what is bosh, and that is your giving yourself airs to Charlewood whenever you come across him. I know, as well as you do, that he's like all these Hammerham people—that he thinks money is the be-all and the end-all of creation—and that he has no more notion of the respect due to Art and Artists than one of his father's navvies. But he has been kind—yes, he has been kind—to Corda, and why quarrel with him?"

"I don't want to quarrel with him," said the young man, rising and taking up a tin candlestick, wherein about an inch of attenuated tallow candle was embedded in a thick roll of newspaper. "I don't want to, and I don't mean to quarrel with him, if he keeps a civil tongue in his head. But let him beware of such impertinent nonsense as inquiring if I'm industrious—laugh!—and if I mean to follow music as a profession, and if I wouldn't like some regular employment. He shall not come the high and mighty over me, a confounded hodman!"

Forgetful or unmindful of Mrs. Hutchins' caution, Alfred Trescott tramped noisily up to his bedchamber at the top of the house, where the deep snores of Mr. Hutchins in the adjoining room would have sufficed to assure him (had he felt any anxiety on the subject) that his landlord was enjoying that repose which awaits the just man, especially after twelve hours' hard work.

Mr. Trescott sat for nearly an hour brooding by himself in the dreary kitchen. He did not utter his cogitations aloud; but the latter portion of them, put into words, might have run somewhat after this fashion: "I cannot think who it is that young girl reminds me of. Her face was familiar to me when I first saw her in the carriage; and to-day, when she saw me in the street, and stopped me to ask how Corda was, I could not get rid of the impression that I had known her long ago. Well, it don't much matter. It's pretty clear I never have seen her. As to long ago, why, she wasn't born long ago."

And then Mr. Trescott also betook himself to his rest, and Number Twenty-three, New Bridge-street, Hammerham, was wrapped in slumber.

(To be continued.)

Prof. Freilli, undismayed by Dr. Livingstone's probable fate, has started for Algeria, hoping to solve the Saharan problem, whether it be possible to unite the two French African colonies of Senegal and Algeria by a caravan road passing through Timbuctoo; and M. de Saint is still prosecuting his researches in Central Africa, with, it is stated, great probability of their yielding a rich scientific harvest.

Mr. Robert Bell, a journalist and writer of some repute, died recently after an illness of three months. Mr. Bell was the author of 'Temper,' a comedy, produced at the Haymarket under Webster's management,—of 'The Ladder of Gold,' a novel,—and of some minor works, including an article on Table-rapping in the *Cornhill Magazine*. Mr. Bell died in his sixty-eighth year.