

from him, the accomplished and erudite, was I to win my peerless love; on him rested my sole chance of satisfying the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Civil Service.

With such convictions, which were scarcely mollified even by a favourite cigarette, I entered the library and discovered the other fellow in conversation with Dr. Silverthorne.

"Stow," said the divine, "let me present you to Count Teleki-Glicska, who is good enough to assist me with the pupils, and whom you will find far better informed than I am in the studies necessary for your examination."

The other fellow bowed, I inclined my head, and after a few words the Doctor left us together.

"Now, Mr. Stow, let us see in what I can be of service to you." He spoke cordially and sympathetically, and I began to melt from my reserve at once. "You wish to pass your examination, and it will do me much honour if I can help you to succeed, isn't it?"

I thought it possibly might, and sat down not half so sulkily as my feeling five minutes ago gave me grounds for anticipating.

To give the other fellow his due, there could be no doubt as to his energy and intelligence as a tutor. In half an hour he seemed to have gauged my capacities and fathomed the shallowness of my knowledge. He made no demonstration either of surprise or of delight; he treated me with easy courtesy, and in his deep-set voice pointed out the way and the methods by which I should attain my goal. I was consistently grateful, but I could not shake off the conviction that he was my Dr. Fell, and I suspected him accordingly.

"You like Glicska?" asked Constance after luncheon.

"I don't know," I returned, evasively; "but, what is more to my purpose, do you?"

"Do I? Of course I do."

"Exactly; that is—er—of course."

"There, you are blushing again."

"I don't care if I do. I—I—"

"Mr. Stow."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Silverthorne. I ask your pardon for blushing. It was thoughtless for me to suggest that you had given me cause for so doing."

"Oh, nonsense! and don't try and be satirical, it's not your forte. Are you going on the river this afternoon?"

"I have half promised Stuart to practice cricket. Does—does that other fellow play?"

"No. Who ever heard of a Hungarian playing cricket? Well, good-bye, I'm going out in my canoe."

"Oh! oh! if only he could be lured out into the paddock," I thought. "I would choose the spot, and then, with the blessing of Providence and some bumpy ground, if I wouldn't bowl him down some teasers! Pitched rather short, but guaranteed to rise. Half an hour would be enough—but what was the use of building up such delightful air castles? The man was a beggarly foreigner, and as likely to play cricket as to use a tub of a morning."

Thus I, in my bitterness. And she liked him, and confessed the fact without a simper or a change of colour! I joined Stuart Smart in the cricket field, put on the pads, and let him bowl at me. I felt as mad as I knew how, and cut savagely at his first ball. Away it went, and away the small boy after it. His second ball seemed straight, but I stepped out, caught it on the half volley, and sent it over his head for an easy five. Smart grinned quietly to himself, and clean bowled me three times running immediately afterward.

So the day went by. I progressed not more in my studies than in the affection of Constance. But I, perhaps, should add that my advancement in learning was neither rapid nor overwhelming. Time sped. The Doctor was affable, Stuart Smart was laconic, Constance was distractingly fickle, and the other fellow was attentive and industrious.

A month rapidly passed, and then she avoided me. She shunned the canoe, and, in order to keep at a more appropriate distance, attached to her side a couple of girls—senseless, soulless beings I thought them—the daughters of the local doctor. Constance allowed these young persons to adore her, and they by their continual presence threw such obstacles in the way of my adoration that her victory was, if possible, more complete. She grew paler, too, and the only exercise she allowed herself was an afternoon airing on the river, when the soulless ones would punt her mildly up stream and then drift back. I accompanied her once in one of these lazy outings, and enjoyed it after a disconsolate fashion. She read a book, I remember, all the time, and I employed myself in watching the action of her dark lashes against her white skin, and the varying expression which broke from the corners of her mouth. I was hardly less egotistical than most boys of my age, but I began to realize what a worthless person I was in comparison with her bewitching and semi-divine self. Constance—why—Constance was worthy of the greatest and noblest man in the land, while I? And in the meantime Godfrey Stow, *et al* twenty, was morally convinced, however much he revelled in doubt, that Constance Silverthorne and he were spiritually one, as he was determined they should presently be morally and practically.

Some Frenchman has remarked that a man of sense may love like a madman, but never like a fool; and if this moral reflection be just it is evident enough that after the fashion of a fool I must have worshipped my divinity. I never saw a maniac making love, and nowadays I don't believe a man of sense ever loves at all.

Yes, I loved her; possibly like a fool, at all events like a boy. I have seen and known many women since whose beauty was indescribable, whose fascination was enthralling, whose wit was inspiring. I have been enticed through the fancy, I have been flattered through the intellect, but never have I thought so unselfishly or lived so free from worldly cravings as during those summer days at Greybridge, with Constance as the goal of my ambition and my life.

One happy consolation was afforded me. After the soulless ones had received their dismissal, when the house was still, the Doctor dreaming of his work on the digamma, Smart of his next cricket match, and the other fellow of his oppressed Magyars, I used to leap out of the study window and watch the flickering light which shone through the curtains of her bed-chamber. Frequently she would lean out on the sill and watch the stars for half an hour at a time. I took care to let her be aware of my presence, and then she would bid me a soft "good night" and retire to rest. One evening—how well I remember it!—the light was flickering as usual, but no divinity was forthcoming. I waited for an hour at least, and then her light was put out. Oh! the anguish of that sudden eclipse. She could not have known that I was there, leaning, anxiously expectant under the copper beech! I rushed to the study, snatched a pile of newspapers, and set light to the blameless sheets a dozen yards distant from her window. The flame rose and lit up the solemn grandeur of the trees; still no movement in her room. I threw patriarchal *Times* on blazing *Telegraph*, heaped blushing *Globe* on incandescent *World*, with such effect that never have these irreproachable journals thrown so much light on a "situation" since. Yet there was no responsive glimmer from Constance's chamber. Presently the flames died out. The fiery columns of even "world-wide circulation" are less than ephemeral, and in a minute and a half they were dust. Then a voice reached me from her window.

"Sh-sh! How could you? Do go to bed."

And I did. The next day she avoided me. I had a notion she would, but felt piqued nevertheless. At night I mastered my desire, and did not watch beneath her window; of course I passed a sleepless night. In the morning I met her among the standard roses. She gave me a budding flower.

"This, without asking," she said.

I knew I ought to say something, if only to declare my passion, but I couldn't. I blushed pinker than the rose itself.

"You are a very silly boy," she said, oh! so demurely, "and why on earth do you wander about the garden at night?"

"I didn't wander last night," I returned, with an effort of indifference.

"No," said she, fixing the rose in my coat, quite as a matter of course, as it seemed. "No, you didn't wander last night. And, pray, why didn't you?"

III.

One evening after dinner she went into the drawing-room, contrary to her usual custom, and seated herself before the piano. The other fellow was there reading his favorite Rochefoucauld, but rose as she entered and placed some music on the instrument. Then, as a matter of course, he began to sing. To do him justice, the wretch had a magnificent voice, and the two presently started the duet, "La ci darem." Somehow I felt *de trop*, and retired to a dark corner and watched them. The melody was anything but music in my ears, and a dull aching pain crept into my heart. Jealousy is nourished by a doubt, and I was determined to put an end to both as soon as possible. In the meantime their singing was unbearable; I rose and abruptly left the room, threw myself upon the lawn, and smoked.

Perhaps ten minutes passed, and then she, unconscious of my supine presence, stepped out upon the grass alone. She was singing lightly to herself the refrain of her favorite song:

"Sometimes forward, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please."

"Oh, here you are, *beau sire*. So you don't like my singing?"

"Yes, I do, Constance; I like it more than words can express when you sing to me;" and I sprang to her side, all on fire with the sweet intonation of her voice.

"And may I not sing for any one else?"

"Constance, dear, this doubt is killing me. You know I love you, do you not?"

"Yes," she returned softly. "I suppose so. I always expected you would."

"You darling!" Doubt vanished forever, and I pressed her to my heart.

"No, no, no, Godfrey! Indeed, no." But I held her close, and would listen to no maidenly protest now she was mine.

"I shall speak to the Doctor to-night," I said emphatically; "to-night, Constance."

"Gracious! what are you thinking about?" she cried in alarm. "Papa would immediately pack me off to Yorkshire. Oh! I am sure he would. He did it only last spring."

"Last spring?"

"Yes: you don't suppose that you are the first man who has—has fallen in love with me?"

"Of course! how could I expect anything so ridiculously unlikely. I felt a pang, nevertheless."

"No, Godfrey, you must be calm and un-demonstrative. Leave it all to me. And you really want me to—to be your wife?"

"Darling, my only ambition is to devote myself to you."

"That's very prettily said. No, Godfrey, not again. Tiresome boy, well—there!"

The next few days flew away like a dream. Occasionally I saw the other fellow addressing her, and then I forgave him, and began to find some good points about him which hitherto I had failed to appreciate. After all, he couldn't help loving her! At the same time I was convinced that the duty I owed myself and Constance was a speedy wedding. My mother would love her at first sight, and my good-natured guardian was, I know, an advocate for early marriages. I should be of age in a few months, and my means would be sufficient to provide for our modest wants. Again I urged Constance to let me ask the Doctor for her hand.

"And lose me forever, Godfrey?" she would ask with tears in her eyes.

Her answer was of course conclusive. There was nothing to be done but an elopement. I did not like the idea, but anything was preferable to the loss of my Constance. So she and I began to plot, and without any intense trouble we arranged our plan.

The last up-train left Greybridge Station at 9:30, we should reach London about 10:15, and I should immediately take her to the house of my old nurse, who was now married and lived in Camberwell. The good old creature was true as steel, and I could trust her. In Camberwell, therefore, Constance should remain until the wedding took place, the next day if possible, and then we would together ask forgiveness from Papa Silverthorne.

At 9 o'clock on the appointed night—it was a Friday, I remember Constance left the rectory alone. I remained behind, according to our plan, to see that no inquisitive eyes had watched her departure. Everything was quiet. The doctor was up-stairs in his sanctum, the servants were going to bed, Smart was asleep in the study, and the other fellow was reading unconcernedly by the window.

"What a terrible sell for Glicska! I chuckled to myself, and thence scudded across the fields and reached the station just in time, and I rushed to the office to take the tickets. "I have got the tickets, Godfrey," said she; "I thought you might be late, and I saved the time, you see."

We walked on to the platform. As the train entered the station, Constance—who, contrary to my suggestion, wore no veil—bade the station-master "good night."

"Good night, Miss," said the official, looking from me to her with surprise.

"Is this the train to Waterloo?" cried I.

"Yes, sir; jump in," returned the porter. And when we were seated the door was locked, and the 9:30 train started on its journey up.

"Mine at last, Constance!" I whispered to the beautiful girl at my side. "Who shall separate us now?"

She shivered slightly as my arm encircled her, but I took no notice. I was in Elysium! no matter how slowly the train rolled along, how often we stopped—at one point in the middle of the line it seemed we waited ten minutes—she was by my side, the girl I fondly loved, mine now and evermore.

At length we reached Waterloo; we were twenty minutes past our time; no matter—now for Camberwell.

I sprang out from the carriage, and—Heavens!—the first person I encountered was that other fellow, whom I had left an hour ago in the study at Greybridge Rectory. There was no mistaking him. He certainly had not traveled by our train. How on earth—

He advanced to the carriage and raised his hat.

"I have been waiting ten minutes," he said to Constance, "come." She stepped from the carriage and took his arm. I staggered back dumbfounded.

"Wait!" I cried; "counfound you, sir; what do you mean?"

He shrugged his shoulders, and led her to a hansom awaiting his orders.

"Mr. Stow," said she, turning round to speak to me, "I have been wrong, cruel perhaps, but you must learn to forgive me."

"Come, Constance, said Glicska, resolutely, as he handed her into the cab. "Good night, Stow; many thanks for your services; you are a brave boy, isn't it?"

And the driver whipped up his horse, and Constance Silverthorne was carried from my sight forever.

I never returned to Greybridge. In a few months I passed my examination and went abroad. The following year at Homburg I met Stuart Smart, who gave me some information of my Berkshire associates. Constance had married the other fellow, and the Doctor, unable to carry on his work without their assistance, had graciously forgiven them. They were quite a happy family, Smart observed. Constance and her husband had been secretly engaged for years, but as the Doctor would not hear of their marriage they had determined to elope. I had been used as the means of putting the Doctor off the scent.

"Yes, I understand all that now," I remarked to Smart; "but how on earth did that other fellow get to Waterloo before we did?"

"Ah! that was doosid clever of them. The last advertised up-train from Greybridge to London leaves at 9:30. That's a local train. At 9:15 the Southampton express is due at Greybridge, but is always twenty minutes late. You started at 9:30 punctually. Five minutes later the express arrived, which the other fellow must have caught. You were shunted on to a siding, while the express and Master Glicska passed you. *Hinc ille lacryma!* Ta-ta."

Nowadays I can look back without pain upon my sojourn at Greybridge, for I am morally convinced of the truth of the maxim that "Nothing is more natural and more fallacious than to persuade ourselves that we are beloved."

VARIETIES.

THE PIANO OF THE FUTURE.—The piano pupil of the day finds difficulties enough in his way towards the achievement of even moderate success in his art to tax his best powers and to occupy most of his time for years, but if the London *Musical Standard* is correct in predicting that a piano recently invented is to become "the piano of the future," the pianist of the future will find his task a far greater one. This new instrument is provided with a second keyboard, the scale of which runs in an inverse direction from that of the usual order; that is, it ascends from right to left. The object of this second keyboard is to facilitate the playing of the passages that now require the crossing of the hands, instead of which operation the second set of notes are to be used, the hands thus playing apart from each other. An ascending passage of the left hand, for instance, is played on the old-style keyboard to almost the centre for the piano, then continued by playing backward on the other board, and so with passages for the right hand. The increased power thus given to the musician in the execution of difficult music is obvious, but the corresponding difficulty of learning to use it to advantage will be discouraging to many already skilful pianists. It requires, for instance, a trip score, and the confusion of playing alternately backward and forward will be something requiring much patience to become accustomed to. The new instrument is a French invention.

STINGY MEN.—I despise a stingy man. I don't see how it is possible for a man to die worth fifty millions of dollars, in a city full of want, when he meets almost every day the withered hand of beggary and the white lips of famine. How a man can withstand all that, and hold in the clutch of his hand twenty or thirty millions of dollars, is past my comprehension. I do not see how he can do it. I should not think he could do it any more than he could keep a pile of lumber when hundreds and thousands were drowning in the sea. Do you know, I have known men who would trust their wives with their hearts and their honor, but not with their pocket-books—not with a dollar. When I see a man of that kind I always think he knows which is most valuable. Think of making your wife a beggar! Think of her asking you every day for a dollar or two dollars, or to humbly beg for fifty cents. "What did you do with that dollar I gave you?" Think of having a wife that is afraid of you! What kind of children do you expect to have with a beggar and a coward for their mother? Oh, I tell you, if you have but a dollar in the world, and you have got to spend it, spend it like a king; spend it as though it were a dry leaf and you the owner of unbounded forests. That's the way to spend it. I had rather be a beggar and spend my last dollar like a king, then be a king and spend my money like a beggar. If it's got to go, let it go. Get the best you can for your family, and look as well as you can yourself. When you used to go courting, how nice you looked! Ah, your eye was bright, your step was light, and you just put on the very best you could. Do you know that it is insufferable egotism in you to suppose that a woman is going to love you always, looking as bad as you can? Think of it! Any woman on earth will be true to you forever when you do your level best.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ANNA DICKINSON has given up the dramatic field and proposes to return to lecturing.

SINCE the reduction of prices by the management at Booth's Theatre the houses have steadily enlarged, and "Henry VIII." has become more popular than ever.

A SILLY boy in Chicago sent Miss Kellogg an anonymous note, recently, enclosing a diamond. She turned it into money and sent it to the yellow fever sufferers.

THE leading tenor of Vienna, who is driving the people there wild with enthusiasm, was formerly a baritone. In despair at some love affair he cut his throat and was taken to the hospital to die. A clever doctor mended his larynx and he came out of the sick room the sweetest tenor known to the world. The rest are ready now to cut their throats for jealousy.

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING CO.—Bow Ties of every description manufactured. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.