

had recommended perfect quiet and the best of care.

Judge then of the surprise of those assembled in the drawing-room when the door suddenly opened, and Regina entered, so haggard, so wild, so strange, that they scarcely recognized her.

"Regina!" exclaimed her husband, starting up; but as he advanced towards her she waved him back.

It was evident that something more than usual was the matter. Her face was deadly pale; her dark hair flowed in confusion over her shoulders, and she wore only a loose white cashmere wrapper over her night-dress. Stern and rigid she advances, her eyes riveted upon Mildred Darrell.

"Traitor!" she hissed. "I have found you out at last! And before your husband I will expose your shameless intrigue."

"Regina!" cried Jack, "how dare you! Not another word! I command you to be silent."

"Let her go on," said Mildred, whose beautiful face expressed no sign of guilt, only indignation and astonishment. "I wish her to explain her accusations."

"This will explain it," said Regina, taking from her bosom a letter. "I found this at the door of your room half an hour ago, as I passed it on the way to see my friend," and in a voice which shook with passion she read as follows:

"My darling, I must and will see you. What you told me this morning troubles me beyond expression. And now my heart aches as it never ached before. If you must suffer, let me suffer with you. You cannot blame me for feeling as I do. Heaven knows we have paid dearly for the folly which separated us. Let me know how and where I can see you."

"Well," said Mildred, quietly, as Regina paused. "What do you make of that?"

"It is in the handwriting of my husband," said Regina. "It is the proof of what I have long suspected. He has never loved me, and you, his own cousin, are my rival."

Before Mildred could reply, Jack Forrester darted forward, and struck the letter from his wife's quivering hand. He was fairly livid, and his eyes blazed like two coals of fire.

"I did not write that letter to Mildred Darrell," he said, in a voice of thunder.

"To whom, then, was it written?" demanded his wife, her eyes turning towards the shrinking form of the governess, who, pale and frightened, looked as if about to faint, and shuddered under that baleful gaze.

"I decline to say."

Regina's jealousy and rage seemed to render her incapable of speech. She turned her ashen-gray face from one to the other of those about her, as if seeking their aid in solving the problem, and then riveted her eyes upon her husband. For one moment she stood thus, and then, with a hoarse cry of despair, fell like a log at his feet.

He raised her in his arms and bore her back to her room, and as the sound of his retreating footsteps died away, Mildred turned to her husband, and threw herself, with a burst of tears, into his arms.

"How could she accuse me of such a thing?" she sobbed. "Oh, Stacy, take me away from this horrible house. I shall never enter it again!"

"We will go to-morrow by the first train," said Mr. Darrell. "The woman must be deranged! Mildred, darling, you know how I love and trust you. Don't cry so bitterly. She is not worth a single tear, dearest."

"I know it," was the sobbing reply; "but to think that she should have dared to speak so to me!"

Mrs. Markleby had been a silent and horrified witness of the scene, and had accompanied Jack when he carried his wife to her room. For a long time she was kept busy applying restoratives to Regina, who lay like one stricken with death.

It was midnight before her aunt thought that she could leave her, and then, feeling the need of rest, she directed the maid to sit by the bedside, and quietly left the room.

But not at once did she seek the repose she so much needed. She passed the door of her own room, and knocked at that of Muriel Lennox.

A faint voice bade her enter. She did so, and found the widow lying on a lounge, her hands clasped over her heart, and her dark eyes fixed on the ceiling with a look of hopeless despair. She started, and uttered a faint cry as she saw the grim face of her friend's aunt.

"You have heard of the scene in the parlor, I suppose?" said Mrs. Markleby, advancing to the side of the lounge.

The widow's pallid lips formed the word "Yes," but no sound issued from them.

"Mrs. Forrester told you, perhaps?"

This time the answer was a deep, shuddering sigh.

"I am not easily deceived. I read your secret within an hour of my acquaintance with you. I felt sure some such tragedy as this would be the result, but did not expect to witness it so soon. You ought never to have come to this house."

Into the great dark eyes came a pitious look of appeal.

"I know it," in a voice so low that Mrs. Markleby scarcely caught the words. "God forgive me! I was very weak."

"Wicked as well as weak," said Aunt Charity.

The widow started up with sudden energy, and threw back from her face her long, dark hair.

"I never meant to be," she said. "Jack and I loved each other long before he ever saw Regina. There was some misunderstanding, and he went away. While he was gone I—I—married. When he came back and found the wall which in a moment of anger I had raised between us, he was furious, and—married Regina. It was not possible for us to forget in a moment the love which had been so strong and true; but Mrs. Markleby, as heaven is my witness, we have wronged Regina only in still loving each other. It was to tell him that I had over-estimated my strength, and must immediately return home, that I sought him early this morning in his study. I could not stay here, accepting Regina's love—but why speak of it longer? I am punished for every wrong or unwisely thought by my husband's death. He believed in and trusted me. Ah, how it cuts me to the heart to think of it!"

She fell to weeping, her face covered with her hands, and when at last her sobbing ceased, and she looked up again, Mrs. Markleby was gone.

The early morning train bore away Stacy Darrell, his wife, and Muriel Lennox, and the day following their departure the Hall was closed, and the windows and doors hung with black. For Regina was dead, and lay in her coffin in the room and on the very spot where she had stood vainly seeking to discover her rival.

Two years later Mrs. Markleby, established for the winter with her invalid husband in Rome, opened an English paper to read the news to him as he sipped his chocolate.

Her eyes wandered over the paper, resting at last on the column devoted to marriages and death notices. She gave a sudden start, and the paper fell from her hands.

"My dear," she said to her husband, who looked up in surprise, "what I have been expecting has at last occurred. Jack Forrester has married Muriel Lennox."

"Write and congratulate him," said Mr. Markleby. "Poor fellow! I hope he will know something of happiness now."

His hope was gratified. Jack Forrester and happiness were never strangers again.

CLERICAL ANECDOTES.

When Archbishop Moore died, Manners Sutton was Bishop of Norwich, and also Dean of Windsor. He was at that moment residing at his deanery, and was entertaining a party of friends at dinner. In the middle of the dinner the butler came up to him with an excited face.

"Beg pardon, my lord, a gentleman wishes to see your lordship directly, but he won't give his name." "Nonsense," said the bishop; "I can't come now, of course." "The gentleman says it is very important—very important, indeed, my lord, or he wouldn't disturb you."

"Well," said the bishop, somewhat crossly, "ask him to wait a few minutes till I have finished my dinner."

"Beg pardon, my lord," said the butler persistently, "and with some confidence, 'but you had better see the gentleman directly.' The bishop, amazed at his man's coolness, made an apology to his guests, and went into the next room, where he was still more amazed to find King George III., who, as usual, was breathless and rapid.

"How d'ye do, my lord? how d'ye do? eh, eh? Just come to tell you Archbishop of Canterbury's dead; died this morning; want you to be new archbishop, you know, new archbishop. What d'ye say—eh—eh?" The bishop stood dumbfounded, and the king broke in again, "Well, well, d'ye accept—d'ye accept, eh, eh?" The bishop had by this time recovered himself sufficiently to bow gratefully and murmur his thankful acceptance. "All right," said his majesty, "go back; got a party, I know; very glad you accept. Good night, good night, good night." And with that he bustled away.

The fact was that he anticipated exactly what happened. Mr. Pitt came down to his majesty next morning to inform him that the archbishop was dead, and to recommend to his majesty Bishop Pretymann (Tomline) for the vacant primacy. The king, who had had rather too much of Bishop Pretymann at Mr. Pitt's hands, resolved to be first in the field, and was now able to tell his prime minister that he had already appointed the Bishop of Norwich.

Bishop Pretymann had a reputation for parsimony. This characteristic story is told of him:—In the summer of 1816 he was on a confirmation tour, and driving with a chaplain in the neighborhood of Strathfieldsaye. Staying to lunch at the village inn they heard the bells ringing, and on inquiring the cause found that it was the eighteenth of June, the first anniversary of Waterloo. "Bless me, so it is," said the bishop, "and here we are at Strathfieldsaye. Really we ought to drink the duke's health, I suppose. Waiter, a bottle of your best port."

The wine was no sooner brought than the chaplain upset it accidentally and broke the bottle. The bishop looked at it ruefully. "What's to be done?" he muttered; then, after a long pause, he continued grudgingly, "Waiter, I suppose you must bring us another—it need not be the best."

Archbishop Howley was a very bad speaker. With a most delicate and almost fastidious taste as to style, he was always making corrections in his speaking as some writers do on their manuscript, a fatal fault in a speaker, and one

which occasionally led the good archbishop into fearful bathos. Thus, presiding at an anniversary of the Clergy Orphan Girl's School at St. John's Wood, he delivered himself thus:—"No one can see—(corrects himself)—can look upon—these respectable looking girls—(corrects himself)—the nice-looking girls—(corrects himself)—these good girls—(corrects himself)—these female girls—(corrects himself)—Here there was a suppressed titter, under cover of which the speaker hurried on to the conclusion of his sentence, not recorded. He used to rub his hands anxiously together while speaking, as if he were washing them. I have seen him twice, and once saw a bishop imitate him to the life. There is a story that he used to bewail his own nervousness as a speaker, and that one of his chaplains recommended him to shut himself up in the Addition dining-room and address the chairs, imagining people in them. "How did your grace get on?" he was asked after the first experiment. "Well, you see, I think I got on very nicely at first, but all at once I caught sight of that high-backed chair there in the corner and he looked so formidable that he put me out and then I broke down."

JEW'S AS FINANCIERS.

Pre-eminent financial success seems to have been only attained by the Jewish race in those countries where Christians are not conspicuous for business qualities and where the Hebrew, prevented from entering the professions, has been driven to concentrate his energies on business and finance. But in France, England and the United States Jews have not, as money-makers, attained any extraordinary pre-eminence, either as creators of great fortunes or as financiers. Necker, who stands out with prominence as a financier in France, was of Irish origin. His family abandoned Ireland, in the time of Queen Mary, to avoid persecution as Protestants, and went to Switzerland; and similarly, the famous financial family of Say abandoned France for the same refuge, ultimately returning to France. In England, in the last century, not more than three or four Jews rose to the haute finance rank. One of these was Sampson Gideon, who died in 1762, and was buried with great ceremony—indicative of the reverence paid, even then, in England, to one of his faith in high position,—in the famous burial-ground in Mile-End Row, where Lord Beaconsfield's forbears are interred. Mr. Bauld observed that the carriages of Dissenters almost invariably carried them in the second generation to the parish church; in like manner, the Jew in England who gets rich, and obtains social recognition and position, seems to have a tendency to become an easy convert to Christianity. Gideon's son, before long, found himself a church member, a baronet, and ultimately a peer; and, dropping his Hebrew-sounding patronymic, assumed the more euphonious appellation of Earldale.

Of the names distinguished in England as authorities on financial subjects, scarcely any are Hebrew, save that of Ricardo. Ricardo quarrelled with his father, who wished him to go into business, for which he had no taste, and became a Christian. He has had high reputation as a finance writer; but Sir Henry Parnell, great uncle of the agitator, and Lord Overstone, also very high authorities on such subjects (the latter being, further, the most moneyed son of Britain), could not either of them claim any Jewish blood. Of other Jews who have risen to fame in England, Sir Menasseh Lopez, whose son became a Christian, and Sir Francis Goldsmith and Sir M. Montefiore, may be mentioned, —all very wealthy, yet not in the front rank of wealth. Rothschild's connection with England did not begin until he was solidly established in Germany, when he sent his son Nathan to Manchester.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, March 31.

THE Poet Laureate is engaged upon a new dramatic poem, of which Mr. Henry Irving, as usual, will have the refusal.

THE Prince of Wales will visit York in July, as originally reported; the date will be from the 16th to 18th, both inclusive.

MR. A. N. HORNBY, the well-known cricketer, intends changing the tented field for the field of politics. He will solicit the suffrages of the Blackburn people.

HASTINGS is to have a thorough system of electric lighting. The thing is to be well done, and to embrace all parts of the town—so it is said. Really this is advancing.

A PARTY of Sioux Indians is shortly to visit London on an exhibition speculation. Young people may like to see what the native Sioux is like, and he may be taken educationally after a visit to the Zoo.

ESTHERES are tired of plates for purposes of mural decoration, and the absurd mania has gradually yielded to a more pronounced form of lunacy which is covering walls with violins and guitars.

EARLY this season it is reported that the Princess Frederica of Hanover will return to England after her long residence abroad, which, it is gratifying to hear, has been very beneficial to her health.

SUICIDE will have an additional horror if, as is stated, the proprietors of a great waxwork exhibition intend to procure photographs of Mont Carlo victims, and to show waxwork representations of them.

POOR old Chang the giant is very unwell; the cold snap of weather has got at him, and he is reported to be losing flesh fast. Of course he would do it by the stone; nothing under that would be visible.

THE dismantling of the Old Law Courts is making rapid progress, and already the improvement which the demolition of this excrescence will make is very perceptible. The southern side of the Palace, hitherto obscured will be effectively restored.

SOUTHWARK is coveted by the Conservatives, and there seems some hope of winning it. Many young aspirants have been nibbling at it, and now Mr. Baumann has, we hear, taken the bait. We may state that the Marquis of Salisbury gives him his support, and will ere long address the constituents.

MR. HENRY IRVING is reported to be meditating building a house in the north of London—more circumstantially stated, on the heights of Fitz-John's Avenue. The residence will be after his own ideas and taste as to what a dwelling should be, and will be ready for him to occupy when he returns from America.

As Mr. Chatterton is taking to public readings, we would suggest a fortune to him, namely, to give a reading or lecture on the experiences of a London manager. With what he knows, and could tell if he would, well dished up by a smart writer, there would be a remarkably good evening's entertainment for the public, and they would not fail to patronize it.

PRINCE NAPOLEON has directed inquiries to be made for a suitable residence in England. He may change his mind when the residence is found; but there ought to be very little difficulty about such a matter as this. A hundred should be forthcoming from the agents at the very whisper of a desire for "an eligible property."

THE prevalent opinion in Bar circles seems to be that one of the present judges will be moved up, and that it is not unlikely Mr. Horace Davey will be offered the *puisse* vacancy thus created. By the way, the Solicitor-General is not the only name mentioned of the Hebrew persuasion as a possible successor to Sir George Jessel. The friends of Mr. Arthur Cohen are already active and energetic on his behalf.

HUMOROUS.

THE *World* says a peg in the boot is described as a sole-stirring article.

QUEEN VICTORIA should hereafter slide down on the balusters.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us to know if oysters are healthy at this season. Guess not. The consumption of oyster at this season is terrible.

RECENT experiments have demonstrated that the day is not far distant when people will be able to order their tea direct from China by telegraph.

ONE of the sweetest pictures of domestic economy is a poet blacking a white stocking so that it won't show through the figure of his boot.

IT was "darling Gweorge" when a bridal couple left Omaha: it was "dear George" at Chicago; at Detroit it was "George"; and when they reached Niagara Falls it was "Say you!"

ONE of the best definitions of faith was given by a bright Sunday-school boy to his teacher: "As near as I can make out, it is feeling perfectly sure of a thing when you have nothing to back it up."

PRACTISING on flutes, flutes, cornets or other wind instruments will, it is said, improve the condition of people with weak lungs. Not only this, but it will improve the health of next-door neighbors. Throwing bootjacks, old shoes, etc., is good exercise.

"GOOD-MORNING, Mr. Blank. Pa told me to bring back your snow shovel, which he borrowed last fall, and says he will be very much obliged if you will lend him your spade and rake and wheelbarrow. He says he will send the spade back in time to borrow your lawn-mower."

PROFESSOR YOUNG, of Princeton College, says: "Take a railroad from the earth to the sun, with a train running forty miles an hour, without stops, and it would take about 235 years and a little over to make the journey." He estimates the fare, at one cent per mile, to be \$235,000.

ENTHUSIASTIC professor of physics, discussing the organic and inorganic kingdoms: "Now, if I should shut my eyes—so—and drop my head—so—and should not move you would say I was a clod! But I move, I leap, I run: then what do you call me?" Voice from the rear: "A clodhopper." Class dismissed.

THE Prince of Wales, according to the *National*, of Brussels—which states that it has obtained its information from a sound source, although the fact is not mentioned by any other paper—when he recently passed through that capital, demanded from the King of the Belgians the hand of the Princess Clementine for his eldest son.