

ened my pace, for such an announcement suggested that there might be roughs ahead. Then I listened, but listened in vain. I should have been glad of the company of any good old market woman with whom I could have chatted as I walked along, and in fact I would not at all have minded carrying her eggs for her company's sake.

Presently I heard the sound of wheels, the sound of rapid driving. A turn of the road discovered to me a young man driving a tandem. The horses were spirited and fresh, and he had some difficulty in pulling them up when he came close to me.

"Well, my pretty maid," he cried, "are you all by yourself? Shall I give you a lift? Take a drive with me in my trap. It will be a lark for

Now I really was very tired. But it was very unpertinent of him to call me a pretty maid, indeed, I was not. Then I knew that my father quite disapproved of young men driving tandem. Then it was disrespectful, to say the least of it, to make that remark about "a lark." Besides, the young man's eye and voice and manner were not at all to his credit. They suggested the idea that he had been at the inn which I had left behind me, and had carried out the idea of getting "drunk on the premises."

So I made up my mind in a moment.

"No, thank you, sir; I had rather walk."

"Where are you going?"

It was no business of his, but I answered quietly: "I am going to Manningham."

"So am I. And it is more than seven miles. You will never be able to do it. Get up, my dear; I'll lend you a hand."

This was very insolent—I mean calling me "my dear." I gave no answer, but walked forward briskly. He was up in a moment and jumped out of his gig, keeping the reins in his hand.

"At any rate you will give me a kiss?"

I shrieked and ran away from him as fast as I could in the opposite direction, going over the ground which I had toilsomely travelled a little while before. My knees bent under me, and I thought I should have fainted. A glance showed me, however, that he did not dare leave the two horses which were champing and fretting to be off. How, in my heart of hearts, I blessed those honest horses. Then the wretch actually shook his fist at me uttering ugly words.

Presently, and with a feeling of great joy and relief on my part, he was out of sight as fast as his two horses could carry him. In the meantime I had sunk down exhausted by the wayside. The road had a wide margin of grass which rose at this point into a hillock shadowed by a copse of trees. There was literally a mossy couch where I reclined, and also literally watered with my tears. In all my life I had never been so grossly degraded and insulted. Was this, indeed, the beginning of my entrance upon the world? Surely the world was something infinitely more vile and evil than my father's sermons had ever told me it was. I felt like some poor damsel in the days of Arthurian romance whom some wicked Earl Doom had insulted; but, alas! I thought, in these Victorian days there is no knight Geraint "riding abroad, redressing human wrongs," saving fair ladies when they are lost in perilous paths. But it will be seen I did the Victorian days an injustice.

The shadows were falling faster and longer as I, once more summoning all my energies, resumed the walk. It was quite clear to me that I should not get to Donnington till midnight; and what in the world would they think of me? And I am not partial to walking in the dark in a perfectly strange country; but though I lost my spirits, my courage kept up wonderfully. I kept on bravely for another three-quarters of an hour, but instead of persevering in the walk I had to sit down and rest myself, which all good walkers know to be a very bad sign. Presently I once more heard the sound of wheels, and looking back I saw that there was a young gentleman in a dog-cart. He stopped his horse at the bottom of the hill, and I perceived that he was lighting his side-lamps. That alone would be enough to remind me that the evening was fading into night. He came slowly up hill, but easily overtook me, and might have passed me unregardingly, only, happily, his eye fell upon me as I was nervously trying to crouch out of view.

"Ah," he said, "my poor girl, you seem tired. Have you far to go?"

I thought it best to put a good front on matters. My pride revolted at being called a poor girl, although such a word exactly described me as I then was.

As I came into view by the light of the carriage-lamps he most respectfully took off his hat and said: "I venture to ask, ma'am, if I can be of any use. It will soon be quite dark, and there is no moon to-night."

"I have missed a carriage that was to have met me," I said, "and am walking on."

"This is the road to Manningham, where I am driving. You are going there, too, I presume. I think you had better allow me to drive you into the town."

There was something very courteous and pleasant in his voice. There was sufficient light to discover a bright-eyed and handsome, kindly face, with thick, curly hair. My instinct told me that I need not be afraid to be driven by him. At the same time I had a horror of being driven by solitary gentlemen, especially after what had happened such a short time before, and answered, not, perhaps, in so firm a tone as I ought:

"No, thank you. I shall manage to walk on."

He moved his hat, and with a sinking heart I saw him proceed on his way. It came into my mind that I would call after him and accept his proposition. Pride, however, came to my help, and I refrained from doing so. Fortunately, however, he stopped his horse, and waited till I should come up.

"I hope, ma'am," he said, "that you will accept my offer. It is really not fit that a lady like yourself should be out after dark, in a country you don't know, and evidently very tired."

I stammered out some kind of refusal.

"But you must come," he said, with an air of authority. "My horse will not wait any longer, and it is impossible to leave you here. No one could answer for the consequences. Please jump in at once."

He was positively ordering me to get me in, and I had not sufficient strength of mind or body to resist his orders. If he had tried to beg and entreat and coax me to get in, I know I should have walked on till I dropped; but, being peremptorily told to get in, my girlish instinct of obedience came to my help, and I was lifted in by a strong arm before I quite knew what was being done with me.

I was so thankful when I was being comfortably driven along, the swift motion and brisk air bringing back my high spirits, as they always do. I told my deliverer what was my destination. He knew Donnington, and he also knew Mr. Wilmslow very well, but he did not think that I should be able to get there that night. He questioned whether at that time of night I could get a vehicle to take me on. Perhaps it might not be right to travel up to the Wilmslows at the late hour when I should arrive. Unfortunately, he himself had to go five miles in another direction. He was already past his time, and his horse was nearly knocked up. Perhaps, too, we both doubted how far it would be in exactly good taste for a young gentleman to drive up a young lady at midnight to a sedate household where she was to be an exemplary governess.

But we had a very pleasant talk. He told me all about the gentleman to whose house I was going, a country squire, and at the same time a practical farmer, cultivating a thousand acres of his own. He thought I should like the place and the people, and he certainly amused me very much by the way in which he described all my future surroundings. But all the time it was easy for me to see that his mind was not quite at rest, that he was not quite certain what was best to be done, and rather anxious as to the upshot of the adventure.

At last the town of Manningham came in sight, pleasant streets and a broad market-place full of twinkling lights. We drove up to the principal inn, and entered beneath an archway. Here he asked me to hold the reins for a moment while he went in to talk to his friend the landlady, of whom he had spoken in kindly and confident terms as we came along. Now, it so happened that there was a little window underneath the arch opening into the landlady's private room, from which she could look out into the yard and issue her directions. A little conversation was going on in this room which turned out to be of a very unpleasant character. At first there was an indistinguishable murmur of voices, and presently the accents made themselves clear.

"No, indeed, Mr. William; you must go somewhere else. I cannot find accommodation for this person."

Mr. William seemed to be speaking in a remonstrating tone, but I could not make out what he said. But the landlady's next words brought the hot blood to my face.

"Those who really are ladies don't go tramping about the country till nearly ten o'clock, and then take seats in young gentlemen's gigs. We never take in tramps at the Royal George."

"But, Mrs. Brown, what is this young lady to do? You say that all your flies are out, and she is quite unable to walk to the Wilmslows of Donnington."

"The Wilmslows of Donnington don't expect the likes of her, Mr. William. Those sort of people who run about the country always get hold of a good name or two."

"But this is dreadful," said poor William.

"What am I to do with this lady?"

"You should have thought of that, sir, before you took her up into your father's carriage. There'll be a fine talk all over the country about this bit of work. I know you mean no harm, but you always were wild and wilful, Mr. William, and it's my belief that if you put a pair of tongs into petticoats you would want to drive them fire-irons all about the country."

"You are talking utter nonsense, Mrs. Brown; you are quite insulting."

"I know what I am about, Mr. Curtis, which is more than you do, when you let yourself be taken in in this way. You will make yourself as bad a name as John Blades himself, who's the terror of all the decent girls ten miles round."

"But only come and look at her, Mrs. Brown. Look at her for a single moment, I entreat you, and you will be more than satisfied."

"Oh, I'll take a look at my lady never fear."

She came round to the door and looked, and in return she encountered the indignant look of an honest English girl, who, although almost heart-broken, had enough spirit and energy left to hold her own. Directly the landlady saw me she became suddenly and strangely altered. She gave me a smile and a curtsy, and came forward to greet me. She did not know that I had over-

heard this strange conversation, and I am glad to say that I had enough tact to refrain from alluding to it at the time.

"Dear me, Miss," she exclaimed, "Mrs. Wilmslow will be so dreadfully sorry that you have been prevented coming to her to-night by any accident or unpleasantness. How tired and hungry you must be. Come in, come in."

She led the way into a very pretty little room furnished as a drawing-room, where a tall, handsome, bouncing girl was sitting at a table copying music, and introduced me to her as her daughter Kate. Rectors' and inn-keepers' daughters do not, as a rule, see much of each other, but this was a wholesome, pleasant, pretty, lady-like girl, as much of a lady as any girl whom I had ever met. We shook hands heartily, and at once became great friends. The good people brought me tea and cold chicken, and made me as comfortable as I could have been at home.

"You have never been at an inn before, have you, my dear?" said Mrs. Brown, now mollified beyond all description.

"Not to sleep ma'am; only now and then I have had lunch with my father when we have been at an hotel at our market town."

"Perhaps you will be a little nervous at night in a strange place," she rejoined.

"Not at all, ma'am," I answered, attempting to be polite, although in reality I expected that I should feel rather uncomfortable.

"I think, my dear, if you don't mind, you had better sleep in my daughter Kate's room. There is a little bed there which will just suit you, and you will not feel lonely."

Kitty's room was a perfect boudoir. She had all sorts of pretty things, and had been at a good boarding-school near London. She had a little swinging bookcase just like my own, with the same admixture of novels, poems, and devotional works. My little white couch was charming. In girl fashion we lay in bed ever so long talking. I told her all the story of my day, from first start in the morning until Mr. Curtis drove me into Manningham. I was glad to hear her gossip a little about William Curtis. He was the son of a big farmer, or rather a squire, just such another as Mr. Wilmslow, to whose house I was going. He had been the head boy of the Manningham grammar school, and then at an agricultural college, and he had also travelled in foreign parts. It was quite clear that Kate regarded him as one of the aristocracy of the neighbourhood. There was no difficulty in identifying the young man who had been driving tandem. Kate denounced him as "a perfect brute," and I heartily agreed with her energetic language, it was the very Mr. Blades whom I heard her mother alluding to in her conversation with Wm. Curtis. Whenever he came to the inn she took care that she never came near him. She had seen him the worse for liquor once—which she believed was his usual condition—and her mother would never let her run the chance of seeing him thus a second time.

The morning came genial and brilliant. I slept soundly, and rose refreshed. A pleasant breakfast was spread in the sitting-room, where I had been over night. There was a little matter, which was sorely perplexing me. Being at the inn, I ought to ask for and pay my account, but on the other hand, I had been treated with such motherly kindness and hospitality that I really did not like to offer them money. I remember, however, having heard my dear father say that it was very rarely indeed that you could offend people by offering them money which might be thought their due, and he also used to say that whether they took it or not they at least liked to have the offer of it. Accordingly, though with some stammering, I asked for my bill. As soon as ever I had uttered the monosyllable I was ashamed of it, for my good landlady took both my hands in hers, and said that I must not say another syllable on that subject, for they were charmed to have me there, and were thankful that I should have been their guest.

"And now, my dear," she said, "I declare there are visitors coming to see you already."

And sure enough, just underneath the archway, there was a low pony-carriage with a pair of white ponies, and a dear old lady and gentleman, white-headed, who exactly matched the ponies. In a minute they were within the room shaking hands with me very warmly.

"We are the father and mother of William Curtis, who brought you here last night," said the old lady, introducing herself. "We are very glad that he was able to render you this service. The Wilmslows are old friends of ours, and we thought that it might perhaps be nicer for you if we drove you over this morning in our pony chaise. We are afraid that they must have been very much alarmed as you did not turn up."

Nothing could be kinder than this beautiful old lady was as we drove along. She knew all about my going to be a governess at the Wilmslows, and said that she hoped that she should be often seeing me, and that I must come and spend my shorter holidays at their home—Langley Manor house, on the other side of Manningham. In due time we came to Donnington, when the Wilmslows gave me a very kind reception. They had been greatly perturbed and dismayed at my non-arrival. Mrs. Wilmslow, with natural feminine sagacity, laid all the blame upon her irrational husband, who at once meekly accepted her reprimand.

This, then, was the ongleam of romance which illumined my girlhood. It did not last so very long. That is to say, it lasted from 5 o'clock in

the afternoon till 10 o'clock that memorable September day. Since then I really cannot say that I have ever met with anything in the shape of an adventure. It is said by wise people that the nation is happy which has no history, and I think the same may be said of a woman. But from this adventure such as it was, there flowed several important results. I found in the Curties the kindest and most loving friends I ever made in my life. As I made some mention of my family at the outset, I may say that the young Squire married my eldest sister, and through her influence our curate got a living, which enabled him to marry my second sister. As for myself, I often say that I am still a governess, but with this important difference—that I am governess to children of my own, and as my boys grow up they are sometimes "cheeky," and call my dearest William the governor. I often bless the day when that one gleam of romance, through tears and troubles, brought me to the settled sunshine of my life.

## HUMOROUS.

Good deeds pan out better than good intentions.

WHAT is better than a promising young man? A paying one.

SAYS Josh Billings: "If you kant trust a man entirely, let him skip; this trying to get an average on honesty always has been a failure."

It was Thackeray who answered an American who asked, "What do you think of Tupper as a poet?" "I don't think of him as a poet!"

WELL reasoned.—Visitor: "Well, Johnny, and how do you like this weather?" Johnny: "O, first-rate! These old-fashioned winters always do agree with me."

A SOUTHERN city is said to boast of a coloured school lodge, part of whose title is "The Grand Council of the Grand Ancient Order of the Sons and Daughters, Brothers and Sisters of Moses, of the United States and the World at Large."

"WELL, I vow!" exclaimed Rogerson the other day as he stood before the mirror and contemplated the straggling silver hairs that fringed his bald pate, "I begin to believe in Methuselah's great age, after all."

A LADY living near Baltimore, who is very deaf, stopped a milkman as he was passing the house the other day, asked him how much he charged for a quart of milk, and then put up her ear trumpet to catch the reply. The man drew a quart of milk and emptied it into the trumpet, and the result has been that he has to go three miles out of his way to keep out of sight of the lady's son, who sits on the front porch waiting for him to pass.

A FUSKY old gentleman enters a railroad carriage, and without consulting any of the other passengers at once lets down both windows. Old gentleman, looking round complacently: "A cold morning, sir, but I must say I like air!" Fellow-passenger, gruffly: "It seems to me, sir, that under the circumstances it might probably suit you better, and would certainly be more comfortable to us, if you would get out and sit on the roof!"

JOHNNY has never learned anything about figures. On Independence Day a circus came to town, and after the procession had passed the house where Johnny lives, he had much to tell of what he had seen to all his little friends; but he told some very long and large stories, and one day he said he saw in the procession, marching side by side, eighteen hundred elephants! "That's a whopper," said Henry Nickle; "I don't believe that." "Well," said Johnny, "I saw a funny camel, anyway, and I can believe that myself."

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ALBANI is now drawing crowded houses at Nice.

JENNY LIND was sixty years old Tuesday, February 3.

CHRISTINE NILSSON will come to this country next season.

THE Viennese do not give Nicolini much applause, but Patti was cheered to the echo.

MME. JULIA RIVE-KING is playing with great success in the principal cities of the East.

"PINAFORE has been translated into Russian. 'What, neveroyitohski? Well, hardly ever-offskovich."

THE Boston Handel and Haydn Society will perform Handel's "Israel in Egypt," Easter Sunday, March 28.

VERDI has composed a "Pater Noster" and an "Ave Maria" to words of Dante, which are to be performed in the Scala theatre, Milan, at the close of the carnival.

FOUR companies are to sing "The Pirates of Penzance." In addition to that now singing in New York, there is one forming for Boston, one for Philadelphia and one for Chicago.

WHO Killed Cook-Robin? is the question, and, though long unanswered, we are now able to say that the problem is solved in a very pretty piece composed by Jack Sparrow, consisting of a funeral march, recitative and beautiful quartette, all together making a very attractive combination for the concert hall or parlour.

## Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had 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 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, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.