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"Couldn't get in at all at first," said he, "and while I was standing on the outside edge of the pavement a bobby has the confounded impudence to tell me to move along. 'Can't,' says I, 'I'm at the party!'"

I have always been grateful to the Aldershot officer for giving me that story to remember in connection with Lady Powderby's ball, although Mr. Mafferton, when I retailed it, couldn't see that it was in the least amusing.

"Besides," he said, "it's as old as Punch!"

But at the end of the third dance Mr. Mafferton had been sent by Lady Torquillin to look for me, and was annoyed, I have no doubt, by the trouble he had to take to find me. And Mr. Mafferton's sense of humor could never be considered his strong point.

XVI.

A great many other people were going to Aldershot the day we went there—so many that the train, which we were almost too late for, had nowhere two spare seats together. Just at the last minute, after Lady Torquillin had decided that we must travel separately, the guard unlocked the door of a first-class carriage, occupied by three gentlemen alone.

One, who sat opposite to me, was fair, with large blue eyes and an aquiline nose, and a well-defined, clean shaven face, all but his graceful mustache. He was broad-shouldered and tall, and muscular and lean, and he lounged, illuminating his conversation with a sweet and easy smile. He looked very clever, and I think he must have been told all his life that he resembled the Duke of Wellington. The one in the other corner opposite was rosy and round-faced, with twinkling blue eyes and a gray mustache, and he made a comfortable angle with his round person and the wall, crossing his excellent legs. The one on my side, of whom I had necessarily an imperfect view, was very gray, and had a straight nose and a pair of level eyes, rather pink about the edges, and carefully cut whiskers and sloping shoulders.

They began to talk, especially the two opposite, the lean man throwing his remarks and his easy smiles indolently across the valises on the seat between them. He spoke of the traffic in Piccadilly, where a "brute of an omnibus" had taken off a carriage wheel for him the day before. He was of opinion that too many omnibuses were allowed to run through Piccadilly, "a considerable lot" too many. He also found the condition of one or two streets in that neighborhood "disgusting," and was "going to call attention to it." All in cool, high, pleasant, indolent tones.

"What're you goin' to ride to-day?" asked the first. His voice was delightfully refined.

"Haven't a notion. Believe they've got something for me down there. Expect the worst!" which also, for some unknown reason, seemed to amuse them very much.

"You've heard 'bout Pubbelow, down 'eah year befoh last—old Pubbelow—used to command 25th Wangers? A. D. C. wides up t' Pubbelow, an' tells him he's wanted at head-quarters immediately. 'That case,' says Pubbelow, 'I'd better walk.' An' he did!" said my *cis-a-vis*.

"Lord!" returned the other. "I hope it won't come to that!"

"It's the last day I'll be able to turn out," he went on ruefully.

"For w'y?"

"Can't get inside my uniform another year."

"Supernatural adipose tissue?"

"Rather. Attended the Levée last week, an' came away black in the face! At one time o' life a man's got to consider his buttons. 'Pon my word, I envy you lean dogs."

He addressed both his neighbor and the pink-eyed man, who took no notice of the pleasantries, but folded his paper the other way and said without looking up that there had been a very disastrous flood in the United States.

"They do everything on a big scale," over thayah," remarked the man across from me, genially, "includin' swindles!"

The round-faced gentleman's eye kindled with new interest. "Were you let in on those Kakeboygan Limiteds?" he said. "By Jove—abominable! Never knew a cooler thing! Must have scooped in fifty thousand!"

"It was very painful," said the other, unexcitedly. "By th' way, what d'you think of Little Toledo?"

"Don't know anything about 'em. Bought a few—dare say I've dropped my money."

The talk drifted upon clubs, and the gentlemen expressed their preferences.

"Hear you're up for the Army and Navy!" said the rosy-faced one.

"Ye-es. Beastly bore getting in," returned he of the aquiline nose, dreamily.

"How long?"

"Bout two years, I believe. I'm up again for the United Service, too. Had a fit of economy in '85—year of the Taran-tillas snash. You were in that, too, wehnt' you? An' knocked off five o' six o' my clubs. They make no end of a wov about lettin' you in again."

"Well, the bug's good enough for me, and the Lyric's convenient to take a lady to. They say the Corinthian's the thing to belong to now, though," said the round gentleman, tentatively.

"If you have a taste for actresses," returned the other, with another tender glance at his foot.

Then it appeared, from a remark from the pink-eyed one, that he dined at the Carlton four nights out of seven, stood by the Carlton—hoped he might never enter a better club—never met a cad there in his life. Fairly lived there when he wasn't in Manchester.

"D'you live in Manchester?" drawled the thin gentleman, quite agreeably.

Now, what was there in that to make the pink-eyed one angry? Is Manchester a disreputable place to live in? But he was—as angry as possible. The pink spread all over, under his close-trimmed beard and down behind his collar. He answered in extremely rasping and sub-indignant tones that he had a "place near it," and retired from the conversation.

Then the rosy gentleman stated that there were few better clubs than the Constitutional; and then, what a view you could get from the balconies!

"Tremendous fine view," he said, "I tell you, at night, when the place is lighted up, and the river in the distance—"

"Moon!" inquired his companion, sweetly.

But the stout gentleman's robust sentimentality him at this point, and he turned the conversation abruptly to something else—a "house party" somewhere.

"Have you got what they call a pleasant invitation?" the other asked, and the portly one said yes—in fact, he had three, with a smile of great satisfaction.

Just then the train stopped and we all changed cars, and I, rejoining Lady Torquillin, lost my entertaining fellow passengers. I was sorry it stopped at that point, because I particularly wanted to know what a house party and a pleasant invitation were—they seemed to me to be idiomatic, and I had already begun to collect English idioms to take home with me.

Lady Torquillin was unable to tell me anything about the gentlemen from my description of them.

The young officer was at Aldershot Station to meet us, looking quite a different person in his uniform. I can't possibly describe the uniform or you would know the regiment and possibly the officer, if you are acquainted with Aldershot, which he might not like. But I may say, without fear of identifying him, that he wore a red coat and looked very handsome in it—red is such a popular color among officers in England, and so generally becoming. By the time I found this out, his name was Odie Pratte.

Which was afterward, when Mr. Pratte had occasion to write two or three letters to me, which he signed in that way. I had noticed how largely pet names cling to gentlemen in England—not only to young gentlemen in the army, but even to middle-aged family men.

XVII.

"Awfly glad you've been able to come!" said Mr. Pratte, leading the way to his dogcart, quite a marked figure, in his broad red shoulders, among the dark-colored crowd at the station. "There's so much going on in the village I was afraid you'd change your mind. Frightful state of funk, I assure you, every time the post came in!"

Mr. Pratte spoke to Lady Torquillin, but looked across at me. We are considerably more simple than this in America. If a gentleman wants to say something polite to you he never thinks of transmitting it through somebody else. I found no occasion for remark until we were well started. Then I made the unavoidable statement that Aldershot seemed to be a pretty place, though I am afraid it did not seriously occur to me that it was.

"Oh, it's a hole of sorts!" remarked Mr. Pratte. "But to see it in its pristine beauty you should be here when it rains. It's adorable then!"

Mr. Pratte went on to say that he was about the only man in the place not on parade. There was some recondit reason for this which I have forgotten. Lady Torquillin asked him how his mother and sisters were, and he said, "Oh, they were as fit as possible, thanks, according to latest dispatches, which I at once mentally put down as a lovely idiom for use in my next Chicago letter. I wanted, above all things, to convince them at home that I was wasting no time so far as the language was concerned; and I knew they would not understand it, which was, of course, an additional pleasure. I would express myself very clearly about it, though, I thought, so as not to suggest epilepsy or anything of that sort."

"That, I suppose, is your jail?" I said with polite interest, as we came in sight of a long building with that simplicity of exterior that always characterizes jails.

Our subaltern gave vent to a suppressed roar.

"What is she saying now?" asked Lady Torquillin, who had not been paying attention.

"She says—oh! I say, auntie, what a score! Miss Wick had just pointed out that building as Aldershot Jail!"

"Isn't it?" said I.

"I'm afraid Miss Wick is pullin' our leg, auntie!"

Now, I was in the back seat, and what could have induced Mr. Pratte to charge me with so unparalleled and impossible a familiarity I couldn't imagine, not being very far advanced in the language at the time, but when Mr. Pratte explained that the buildings I referred to were the officers' quarters, with his own colonel at one end, and—

"Great Scott!" said Mr. Pratte, going off again, "what would the old man say to that?"

I felt too much overcome by my own stupidity to think about it. It was, of course, impossible to mention public buildings again in any connection, and although I spent a long and agreeable day at Aldershot, if you were to ask me whether it had so much as a town pump I couldn't tell you. But I must say that I am not of the opinion that it had. To speak American, it struck me as being rather a one-horse town, though nothing could be nicer than I found it as a military center.

We drove straight out of town to the parade ground, over a road that wound through rugged-looking broken fields, yellow with your wonderful flaming gorse and furze, which struck me as contrasting oddly with the neatness of your landscapes generally. When I remarked upon their uncultivated state Mr. Pratte said, with some loftiness, that military operations were not advantageously conducted in standing corn (meaning wheat), and I decided for the rest of the day to absorb information, as far as possible, without enquiring for it.

We were rather late, and all the best places had been taken up by the dogcarts of other people. They formed an apparently unbroken front—or, more properly, back—wherever we wanted to get in. By some extraordinary means, however, more as a matter of course than anything else (it couldn't have been done in America) Mr. Pratte inserted his dogcart in an extremely advantageous position, and I saw opposite and far off the long double line of soldiers, stretching and wavering as the country dipped and swelled under the sky.

"In a minute," said Mr. Pratte, "you'll hear the 'furious joy.'" And an instant later there came splitting and spitting against the blue, from east to west and from west to east, the chasing white smoke jets of the *feu de joie*. You have a few very good jokes in England.

It seemed to me that two of the bands which defied each other for the rest of the morning began playing at that instant to prevent any diminution in the furious joy, while the long line of soldiers broke up into blocks, each block going off somewhere by itself, and Mr. Pratte told Lady Torquillin about a dance in town the night before, where he met a lot of people he loved.

"Was the fair and only one there?" Lady Torquillin enquired with archness, and Mr. Pratte's countenance suddenly became rueful as he dropped his eyelids.

"Yes," he said, "but there's a frost on—we don't play with each other any more!"

The cavalry regiments were splendid, with the colonel's horse, as conscious as anybody of what was expected of him as the colonel's horse, stepping on ahead; and particularly the lancers, with their gay little pennons flying; but there was not the rhythmic regularity in their movement that was so beautiful to see in the infantry coming after. Lady Torquillin found it very absurd—there were so many points to notice that were more admirable—that the thing I liked best in the whole parade was that long, quick, instant crinkle that we saw from the rear as every man bent his knee at once, and it seemed to me to have the whole essence of martial order in it, and to hold great fascination. The and the swing of the Highlanders' kilts, and the gleam of the sun on their fillibegs, and the pride of their marching. That Aldershot Highland regiment, with its screaming bagpipes, seemed, to my Chicago imagination, to have marched straight out of Inkerman. Then came the Royal Scots, and I heard the story of the Isandula colors, with the queen's little gold wreath above them, that went preciously furled in the middle.

I met some of the colonels and their wives and daughters afterward, and noticed with pleasure how military the tone of the entire family was in most cases. It explained itself further when I saw the "quarters" in which one or two of them kept house—very pleasant quarters, where we received most interesting and delightful hospitality. But it could be odd if domesticity in a series of rooms, very square and very similar with "C.O." painted in black letters over all their doors, did not develop something a little different from the ordinary English lady, with cornices and portieres.

Then came lunch at the mess, at which, as the colonel took care of Lady Torquillin, I had the undivided attention of Mr. Odie Pratte, which I enjoyed. Mr. Pratte was curious upon the subject of American girls at home. He told me he began to feel himself misinformed about them—seriously and dropping his eyelids. He would like to know accurately. Under a false impression one made such awkward mistakes. Well, for instance, if it were true that they were up to all sorts o' games at home, how was it they were all so deucedly solemn when they came over here? Mr. Pratte hoped I wouldn't be offended—of course he didn't mean that I was solemn, but well, I knew what he meant—I must know! And wouldn't I have some more sugar for those strawberries?

"Like crowds of sugar—don't you?" said Mr. Odie Pratte.

There was tea on the lawn afterward, and bagpipes to the full lung power of three Highlanders at once, walking up and down and beating time on the turf with one foot in a manner that was simply extraordinary, considering the nature of what they were playing, and conversation with more Aldershot ladies, one of whom kindly hoped that I would enjoy my stay in London as much as the American young lady seemed to be doing who was writing about it in the papers. I said I was sure I should.

XVIII.

Poppa's interests in London necessitated his having lawyers there. Messrs. Pink, Pink & Co., in Cheapside. If you know New York you will understand me when I say that I had always thought Cheapside a kind of Bowery, probably full of second-hand clothing-shops and ice-cream parlors—the last place I should think of looking for a respectable firm of solicitors in—especially after cherishing the idea all my life that London lawyers were to be found only in Chancery Lane. But that was Messrs. Pink & Pink's address, and the mistake was one of the large number you have been kind enough to correct for me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE QUIET HOUR.

"Patient Continuance."

The world is wide in time and tide,
And God is guide; then do not hurry.
That man is blest who does his best
And leaves the rest; then do not worry.
—Dr. Deems.

Pass it By.

There are a great many troubles, and trials, and unpleasant things in this world, enough to keep one in perpetual fret and fever and turmoil, if one will allow oneself to be fretted by them. But many of them are not worth fretting about or caring for: they are of little consequence, and we should pay little regard to them.

A man says something which is not pleasant. If we make trouble about it, he will perhaps repeat what he has said, and say as much more. If we say nothing, that will end it. The best course in such a case is to pass it by, and say nothing. We shall always have trials, but we need not grow peevish, or fretful, or impatient over them. We can bear more than we have borne. We can bear more than we think we can bear. Many a quarrel which is exceeding bitter to-day will to-morrow be lost to view. Next year we shall wonder that we worried or fretted or were disturbed by petty trials that crossed our path. A friend may grow unkind, an enemy may be malicious; never mind, pass it by. Clouds may be dark to-day, but the sunshine will come to-morrow, and the afflictions and trials of the present will pass before the brightness of the days to come.

Bury the troubles that are past; bear the trouble of the present; do not worry about the troubles of the future. Meet each trial as it comes, and in a majority of cases the best course will be to pass it by, and leave it with God.

For we know that he alone hath riches
Who hath proved the greatness of a little;
He alone hath store of heavenly treasure
Whom God loveth as a cheerful giver;
That he only walks in truest freedom
Who can bear his chains without a murmur.
And that he is victor over trouble
Who hath learned the blessedness of yielding,
And possesseth his own soul in patience.

The Things That Are Lovely.

Some very earnest young Christians make a mistake in putting too light a value upon those graces of manner and little courtesies of speech and conduct which might commend their excellent qualities to others, and give them the vantage ground of personal influence. If a merchant has diamonds to sell he does not shut them up in a drawer nor display them in a rough box. He does not say, "Nothing can add to the value of a diamond, and I will not condescend to any tricks to catch admiration or draw customers. If a man really wishes to buy he will come to me."

What he does is to put his jewels upon beds of satin, in cases of velvet; to use every art to display their beauty. He knows very well that people who have never thought seriously of buying may be attracted by the beauty which catches the eye and arrests the attention.

Your Christian principles ought to be rendered so attractive by your personality that those who know you will associate goodness with graciousness.

Bear One Another's Burdens.

Help carry your neighbor's burden,
The way is weary and long;
Let your voice be heard with a cheering word
And little snatches of song.
You never know who may falter,
Or the good that a smile may do,
And the loads you lift make a kind of shift
For your aching shoulders too.

I know your load is so heavy,
We each have all we can bear,
But our backs grow strong in the pressing throng,
If we think of another's care.
And our toil somehow grows lighter
When we share the weight of woe
That quivers and sobs and moans and throbs
Wherever our footsteps go.

Help carry your neighbor's burden,
Although you have one of your own;—
We each have enough, and the road is rough,
To carry it all alone.
Lean hard on the tender Master,
But give of this strength to all,
For the human touch has a virtue, such,
If we feel, we may not fall.

O, if we only lifted the burden
Of the weak with the hand of a friend,
Who knows but the heart that failed it's part
Might struggle on to the end?
Who knows but the debt of our neighbor
Some time we may have to pay,
For the love denied as he toiled beside
Life's rugged, thorny way!

The yoke of the Master is easy,
If we let love carry the load,
And the burden is light, both day and night,
If love is treading the road.
No matter how heavy your sorrow,
A greater one you can see,
And as ye have done to each suffering one
"Ye have done it unto Me."
—E. P. Seabury.

R. W. PHILP, Beresford, Man.:—"With compliments to your management for the splendid Christmas number." Jan. 3, '90.