

EUROPEAN LIVERIES.

Liveries of uncommon and unheraldic shades are more common in England than on the continent. The Blounts, for instance, dress their servants in Marengo pepper and salt, and there is to be seen in the parks a well known livery of violet with amaranthine facings—a rather startling combination. However, as a rule, good form and good taste are on the side of simplicity, and the habitual livery in the best English houses is a black or dark coat with only the colored or striped waistcoat and the dress white tie. The long white tie fastened with a pin is only allowable to the coachman and the footman who rides on the box. The butler in England permits himself or is permitted to indulge in a license which is unheard of abroad; he appears till dinner time in a dress coat; the rest of the costume being emphatically a morning one. Abroad this is never done; either this functionary does not show, or he is invariably in a full-dress suit. On great occasions and in some aristocratic houses this is exchanged for the black coat "à la Française," the black silk breeches and stockings, and sometimes even a slender court sword, sheathed in black. The concierge, or hall porter, on gala days wears a rich, heavy-galloon uniform shoes, and silk hose, his big cocked hat worn straight across the forehead en bataille, and he carries a tall, massive silver-headed cane. For coachman and footmen the winter many caped overcoat has been almost entirely superseded by the huge fur tippets and long fur cuffs reaching nearly to the elbow; some of these have been known to cost large sums of money.

The greatest point of resemblance between the liveries of the present day and the "robes de livree" whence they derive their name, is that they are provided by the masters as they used to be given by the kings,

PHILOSOPHY IN SPLINTERS.

The unraveling of a mystery frequently requires a long yarn.

When the profane man appears in print it is usually as a fellow of considerable dash.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

"Good morning, Uncle Charles! Did you sleep well? I'm afraid your bed was rather hard and uneven, but—"

"Oh, it was all right, thanks. I got up now and then during the night and rested a bit, you know."

THE ADVENTURE OF THE YELLOW FACE.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE, IN "STRAND."

"I had gone into town on that day, but I returned by the 2.40 instead of the 3.30, which is my usual train. As I entered the house the maid ran into the hall with a startled face.

"Where is your mistress?" I asked.

"I think that she has gone out for a walk," she answered.

"My mind was instantly filled with suspicion. I rushed upstairs to make sure that she was not in the house. As I did so I happened to glance out of one of the upper windows, and saw the maid with whom I had just been speaking running across the field in the direction of the cottage. Then, of course, I saw exactly what it all meant. My wife had gone over there and had asked the servant to call her if I should return. Tingling with anger, I rushed down and hurried across, determined to end the matter once and for ever. I saw my wife and the maid hurrying back together along the lane, but I did not stop to speak with them. In the cottage lay the secret which was casting a shadow over my life. I vowed that, come what might, it should be a secret no longer. I did not even knock when I reached it, but turned the handle and rushed into the passage.

"It was all still and quiet upon the ground-floor. In the kitchen a kettle was singing on the fire, and a large black cat lay coiled up in a basket, but there was no sign of the woman whom I had seen before. I ran into the other room, but it was equally deserted. Then I rushed up the stairs, but only to find two other rooms empty and deserted at the top. There was no one at all in the whole house. The furniture and pictures were of the most common and vulgar description save in the one chamber at the win-

dow of which I had seen the strange face. That was comfortable and elegant, and all my suspicions rose into a fierce, bitter blaze when I saw that on the mantelpiece stood a full-length photograph of my wife, which had been taken at my request only three months ago.

"I stayed long enough to make certain that the house was absolutely empty. Then I left it, feeling a weight at my heart such as I had never had before. My wife came out into the hall as I entered my house, but I was too hurt and angry to speak with her, and pushing past her I made my way into my study. She followed me, however, before I could close the door.

"I am sorry that I broke my promise, Jack," said she, "but if you knew all the circumstances I am sure that you would forgive me."

"Tell me everything, then," said I.

"I cannot, Jack, I cannot!" she cried.

"Until you tell me who it is that has been living in that cottage, and who it is to whom you have given that photograph, there can never be any confidence between us," said I, and breaking away from her I left the house. That was yesterday, Mr. Holmes, and I have not seen her since, nor do I know anything more about this strange business. It is the first shadow that has come between us, and it has so shaken me that I do not know what I should do for the best. Suddenly this morning it occurred to me that you were the man to advise me, so I have hurried to you now, and I place myself unreservedly in your hands. If there is any point which I have not made clear, pray question me about it. But above all tell me quickly what I have to do, for this



"TELL ME EVERYTHING," SAID I.