

what anybody is doing in the city." This restless habit of never being able to feel without analyzing what she felt was what prevented Eustace from ever being contentedly guided by feeling, and played the mischief with her nervous system.

Nely came out with her hat on. "Goin' to meetin'?" said she.

Eustace looked at her. "Why," said she, hesitating, "it hadn't occurred to me up here, somehow. Yes, now I think of it, I should like to go. Wait a minute."

Nely couldn't get used to this boarder at all. She had never met anybody before who went to church because it occurred to her. She had seen people who, rebelliously inclined, had stated, with a certain touch of bravado, that they were going to stay away, but never anybody who hadn't thought of it.

Who does not know the country church? There were the four old deacons in the front seat, who had heard the world of life so many more years than the minister above them had preached it that after a few moments' indulgent attention they dropped off to sleep, with a calm confidence that no heresy would be broached for their temporary inattention. Indeed, they had already begun to doubt if heresy was always as black as it is painted, so near were they to the land where dividing-lines converge; but they did not know this: one only read it in the softened old faces. They waked up in time to pass the contribution-box in good order; that was all that was expected of them. Then, there were the old women. They listened with more attention. "Parson Fields was a good man, but he was gettin' sort of unsettled," according to a few minds, and it behooved that careful attention should be paid by the sisters to arrest the least sign of laxity of doctrine, seeing as the brethren, whose business it was, "were so careless and neglectful." There were pretty, conscious girls, and plain, unconscious, and uncaring ones. Henry James, thought Eustace, says women's lives are fashioned out of what is left of the piece when men's lives have been cut out. Plain sisters' bonnets are fashioned out of what is left when pretty sisters' bonnets have been trimmed. Among the young men who came in late, and whose boots made a good deal of noise, and whose hair was very nicely and enduringly arranged, and whose neckties were of a particular taking sort attracted Eustace's attention from the unremitting persistency with which he turned his eyes in the direction of the Nott seat. A glance at Nely's beautiful unconsciousness was enough to convince her of the state of the case, and she unvoluntarily gave him a smile of encouragement to make up for this indifference, which caused him to suddenly shift his feet, blush crimson with embarrassment and settle farther down into the pew, and, finally, to smile himself in a shamefaced manner, like a child detected in stealing raspberry-jam.

That evening, Eustace left the tea-table, and, calling Nely to come with her, seated herself on the stone steps.

Nely was more silent than usual. An absent manner showed that her thoughts were not at her own control.

"He is very handsome, Nely."

"Who?" said Nely, with a guilty start.

"And he has the most delicate coat of tan I've seen since I came."

"Oh,—Dick Willetts," said Nely, with more indifference. "How did you know?"

"Oh, I knew. I hope he isn't coming to see you to-night, for I shall certainly fall in love with him, and that would be so very unfortunate."

"Oh, Miss Eustace!" burst out Nely, "I'm going to tell you all about it, if you won't mind."

"Oh, no, I shan't mind. I shall like it. And the more obstacles, and the more cruel parents, and the more idle tears there are in it, the better I shall be pleased."

"There isn't any obstacle,—that is, if I wanted to," began Nely, with her ready blush.

"Certainly,—if you wanted to. I've heard of similar doubts proving quite serious obstacles," observed Eustace, with a retrospective glance toward certain incidents in her own life.

"Only just—one other."

"One other? Well, two obstacles are sometimes better than one."

"And that's—Philip Edson Cartwright."

"Oh, my! he sounds like a very large obstacle indeed. I'm afraid that, taking the fact that you don't want to and Philip Edson Cartwright both into consideration, the prospects for Dick Willetts are rather slender. In that case I'll take him myself, if you don't mind; for he's quite the handsomest man I've seen in a year."

"But yet I don't know: that's the trouble,—I don't know." And poor Nely, almost in tears over her month's perplexity, poured forth her words with a perfect confidence in her hearer's sympathy and wisdom which was most flattering. "You see, Dick and I—well, Dick and I have almost always kept company, and we've always been to school together, and then he's walked home with me from singin'-school and meetin' and everything, and mother was pleased; she said the old lady herself couldn't find any fault with Dick Willetts, and so I just kind of let things go; not but what I liked him, though."

"No," said Eustace: "I quite understand."

"One night, about three months ago, along in April, we were at the sewing-society over to Miss Lane's, and she had a nephew up from the city,—I wonder if you've ever met him, Miss Eustace?—Philip Edson Cartwright."

"No, I don't think I ever did. New York is a big place, you know."

"Yes, I know; but I thought perhaps you would know him." And she looked a little disappointed. "All the girls thought he was splendid. He talked a great deal, and told you a great many interesting things about himself; and Miss Lane told mother that she never knew anybody who conversed so beautifully." Nely was evidently a little afraid Eustace would not appreciate the full force of Mr. Cartwright's attractions. "He had a black moustache, and, oh! he'd had so many things happen to him, and you could see people thought so much of him, and he'd seen so much splendid society."

"He must have been very entertaining."

"Oh, he was! He talked to me a good deal. He said I seemed to appreciate him; I don't know why, I'm sure, only I liked to hear him talk. He came home with me, and Dick went home with Melia Bent. Did you see her this morning, Miss Eustace? She was that washed-out-looking girl with all those yellow ribbons."

"Yes, I saw her," said Eustace. "I don't see what Dick Willetts could see in her."

"That's just what I said! Well, Mr. Cartwright came here to see me once or twice, and then after he'd gone back to the city he wrote me letters,—and such beautiful letters, Miss Eustace! I want to show you one of them. It seems to me a man must be dreadful smart to write such letters."

"Complete Letter-Writer," thought Eustace.

"And in his last one he said that he was coming up in a week or two, and he said—I can't express it as he did, but I'll show you the letter. But here comes Dick!"

"In fact, Dick's tall, handsome form came up the path with that decidedly uncouth gait which country roads seem to impart."

"This is Miss Eustace Edworthy, Dick," said Nely,—"our new city boarder."

"How do you do, Mr. Willetts?" said Eustace; "I am very happy to meet you." And she held out her hand to him, which he took with as much ease and familiarity as if it had been a cambric needle. "I saw you in church this morning, and I wish you'd tell me who that pretty girl was you walked home with: I'm interested in her because she reminded me of a friend of mine."

"That's my sister, ma'am," said Dick bashfully.

"Your sister! She doesn't look a bit like you.—Why didn't you tell me, Nely?"

"I didn't notice who Mr. Willetts walked home with," said Cornelia loftily. The "Mr. Willetts," which at another time would utterly have crushed Dick, was scarcely heard, so flattered was he for the moment by the absorbing interest of Eustace.

"Do you know," she went on, "in spite of church this morning and raspberry pie for dinner, I've been very near regretting it was Sunday to-day!—you'll never guess why."

"I'm always kind of glad when Sunday comes," said Dick, with a side-glance at Nely.

"Sunday evenings, that is," he added, lest the point should fail of appreciation: "so I guess I won't be able to say why you're sorry."

"Well, there was a machine that I saw working Saturday afternoon that perfectly fascinated me, and you people are all so good I knew there was no chance of seeing it to-day, and Monday seemed so far off."

"What sort of machine?" asked Dick eagerly.

"Was it a mowing machine?"

"There!" thought Eustace, "for a chance shot that's not so bad."—"It must have been a mowing-machine," she said aloud, "for it mowed, and I saw it at work up on that hill."

"Oh, yes," said Dick; "it's that new kind. Mr. Dixon got one down to the city.—Don't you remember, Nely, I told you 'bout it?"

But Nely didn't remember, or appear to be sorry she didn't: so he turned to Eustace for sympathy, and made such demands upon her attention, losing entirely his bashful manner in his active interest, that it was with some difficulty she could gracefully withdraw and leave the others to more personal conversation.

At nine he took his departure, and Nely came into the house. "Why, Miss Eustace," she said, "I didn't know you knew so much about mowing-machines."

"Didn't you? Why, an accurate knowledge of mowing-machines is indispensable to a fashionable education. I passed an excellent examination in mowing machines. But I don't know as much about them as Dick Willetts does. He's the kind of man that always knows all about his own business,—just the kind of man I admire."

(Let it here be observed, as illustrative of female character, that if Tom ever mentioned the law he was begged not to talk shop.)

"He didn't seem able to talk about anything else to-night," said Nely a little pettishly. "After you'd gone he kept on about that, and about how much you knew about such things."

"Indeed!" said Eustace demurely. "I'm so glad you don't care about him; for now I can talk to him all I like. Are you going to show me that wonderful letter to-night?"

"Oh, yes." And Nely slipping away to her own room, returned with the document in question. "It's such a comfort to show it to somebody!" she said, with a sigh of pleasure. "I knew mother wouldn't understand. She and father think there's nobody in the world but Dick Willetts."

"I'll take it to my room," said Eustace. "I must have time to read it carefully." Upstairs she took the letter out of the envelope. "The hand-writing rather good,—so much in his favor," thought Eustace. Then she read it:

"MY DEAR MISS NOTT,—I have returned to the city's dust and moil, so inexpressibly fatiguing after the verdure of the country. Like all men of thought and perhaps too close attention to the problems of cause and effect, I am prone to self-analysis, and since my return, sitting here in this dingy office, I have sought to probe my inner consciousness for the secret of why its dinginess seems greater than ever, why the mass of confidential matter my employer—I might almost say my partner—has intrusted to my care seems more ponderous, why the laughing belles whose glances seek mine in society (Idiot must be rare in that section of the country," interpolated Eustace) "seem more empty-headed. I wish I could tell you. Let me try. As authors of all times have sought to convey their meaning by some graceful allegory, let me recall an incident of my youth to illustrate my point." ("If this is Complete Letter-Writer, it must be extra edition, half calf, uncut. I don't believe it is.") "I used as a boy to be fond of wandering over the mountain-side, following up mountain-rills, gazing into mountain-tarns" ("Tarn is good," said Eustace), "impressed by the stillness and purity of the situation. While there, often in mere thoughtlessness, I would snare a little helpless bird or other offspring of nature, and amuse myself with its pretty, pleading ways, only in the end to let the little creature go. It was a boyish action, but through it spoke the impulses which have guided my character ever since. Then, on coming down from those heights and mixing again with men, I would think of those solitudes with pleasure,—yes, and long for the little bird I had caught and almost tamed, sorry that I had let it go. Do you see my allegory?" ("Insufferable coxcomb!" "Miss Nott,—Cornelia,—in the country-lanes of Menton I found a bird. Its eyes spoke a language only translatable to one like myself, accustomed to look through those windows of the soul." ("Windows of an asylum, more likely!") "I read them then, and now, back here in the busy life of the city, I long for the bird. I close my hand. I do not wish to let it go." ("Oh, don't, by any means," said Eustace, satirically; "only be sure it's not a bird in the bush instead.") "I shall come up two weeks from Sunday, to receive your fond reply."

"Your devoted lover,
"PHILIP EDSON CARTWRIGHT."

"If Nely throws over that handsome, devoted giant for this insufferable little man made out of a cheese-paring, I'll never see her again!" exclaimed Eustace. Then she fell a-thinking. What was it? why was it that this bombastic nonsense seemed to Nely so much finer than Dick's straight-forward love-making? What could so blind a bright girl's common-sense? It was only because it was something different. To her this seemed the most elevated language,—the language of the poets. She had never heard it ridiculed and people told to "come off." The young woman and unsophisticated girl always half fancies that the language of love should be of an unusual sort and as from another sphere. What folly!—to prefer the imaginative, the unusual, the fictitious, to the actual, the true and the every-day! Fortunately, her own bringing-up saved her from such folly. She did not expect the man she should some time marry to address her in Oriental metaphor, or tilt in a joust for her hand, or anything of the sort; while as for the man that just now wished to marry her, let us see—Where's his last letter!

"DEAR EUSTACE,—Glad to know you're so well off. Everything slow here, and beastly hot. You'd better not come back until you get good and ready. Went down to Manhattan the other day with a lot of people,—the Randalls' party,—and Miss Lena fell to my share. She can sing, can't she! Saw your friend Larry the other day in the street, and thought of telling him you were getting freckled (you didn't say freckled, but I know you are,—you always do) picking raspberries; but it was a warm day, and I couldn't stop to put ice on his head. There's no use in telling me not to say that I'm in love with you, you know. I shall say it right straight along to the end of the chapter. Unfortunately, very, but I'm not Shakespeare, and I always repeat. I'm glad Miss Cornelia is such a daisy. I'm coming to see her before long."

"Yours,
"Tom."

Not much Oriental metaphor or mountain-tarn about that! Then she thought some more. The next morning she walked down to the mill with Nely to see about some flour. On their return, "Nely," said she, "I've read your letter. It's a very remarkable composition, but don't you ever marry the man who wrote it. Do you suppose he'll ever want you to do anything but listen to him and feed his vanity? Do you suppose he'll ever allow himself to be natural,—except when he wants his boots blacked in a hurry? Do you know what people will call you?" went on Eustace, with awful emphasis. "They'll call you that pretty, shy little Mrs. Cartwright and her awful bore of a husband. And that won't be the worst, either. He'll have views,—not original views, but views he's found in a book,—and you'll have to listen to them; and he's very conceited and very selfish, and he can't any more hold a candle to Dick Willetts than—anything! And don't you dare to snub Dick the least bit for the sake of his airs and absurdity, Cornelia Nott!"

And Cornelia Nott was so overwhelmed by this exhortation that she meekly answered, "No,

"m." So it wasn't the real thing after all,—for of course Miss Eustace knew,—and smart people didn't always talk so, and he wasn't a bit splendid. It was very humiliating, when all the girls thought he was something so out of the common way. Well, she knew better now than they did, and she'd had better opportunities for finding out. Whereupon she gave her head a satisfied little toss.

Just then Melia Bent came across the road. "Oh, Nely!" she said,—her voice was small and very flat,—"I had to tell you. You remember Philip Cartwright? Well, he sent me the most beautiful letter,—all about bein' on the mountains and walkin' about there for hours,—though pa did say he didn't believe he ever walked anywhere he could find anybody fool enough to give him a ride,—and about ketchin' little birds and lettin' 'em go again; and then there's somethin' about me." And Melia became embarrassed. "I'll show it to you sometime."

"Thank you," said Nely loftily: "I don't care to see it. I've seen several of Mr. Philip Cartwright's letters already, and I don't care to read any more of his nonsense." And she walked toward the house.

"Well," called Melia after her, "I wouldn't be so huffy, if you did think he was your beau, Miss Nott."

As for Eustace, she sat down that evening and wrote to Tom,—

"DEAR TOM,—This may be the last letter you'll ever have from me, because the kerosene-lamp is acting in a very singular manner, and the more I turn it the more it flares; but, as I've already aroused the whole family twice in the dead of night with the announcement that it was going to explode, I propose to-night to await my fate in calmness and sobriety. I've given up collecting grasse, and have taken to birds' eggs. There's an element of cruelty in it that pleases me. I haven't found any yet. Mrs. Nott says it's late for them, but I'm going to blow them and string them. But I'm not going to be conversational and chatty any longer. Perhaps you remember that I wrote you the other day that you were not going to come up to see Cornelia at all,—I didn't want to see you. Well, you can if you like. There's them as think I made a mistake six months and again two weeks ago. Now, don't you be too much set up by this, because it isn't because I'm inconsistent, or because a woman never knows her own mind, or because a woman never accepts a man the first time; but I've just been sending Nely down on her knees to thank heaven for a good man's love, and I always wanted to do everything I saw anybody else do."

"Yours ever,
"Eustace."

RESULTS OF THE RECENT SURVEY OF PALESTINE.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G., presided at the Annual Meeting of the Victoria Philosophical Institute of Great Britain, which took place in London on the 15th of June. The honorary secretary, Captain F. Petrie, read the report, which showed the total number of Home, Indian, and Colonial members to be 950. Professor Pasteur and many other well-known men of science had joined in the past year, to further the Society's objects,—namely, the investigation of all philosophical and scientific questions, especially those said to militate against the truth of Revelation. An address was delivered by Mr. Trelawney Saunders, the Official Geographer of the Survey of Palestine. He described the scientific results of the exploration of Palestine, and their great value to the historian, especially as the recent work of the exploration seemed to bring the country before the student of the present day as it appeared to the inhabitants nineteen centuries ago, and confirmed in a most remarkable manner the accuracy of the Bible record. Among the speakers were the Right Hon. A. S. Ayrton; the Bishops of Adelaide and of Nelson;—who spoke of the value of the Victoria Philosophical Institute's Transactions, and their great anxiety for the increase of the number of its members in the colonies, where its Journal, recording the investigations of learned men into the truth as regards the philosophical and scientific questions of the present day, would be even more welcome than in England; Dr. Stern, the celebrated Abyssinian captive; Mr. J. F. Bateman, F.R.S.; and Mr. D. Howard, Vice-President of the Institute of Chemistry of England; and others.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

CLARA MORRIS says she is not going to Europe next season.

A WESTERN paper says that Bob Ingersoll is writing a play.

MR. CAZAUAN who was reported to be so seriously ill last week is better.

MISS MARY ANDERSON will appear at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in November.

A NEW American comic opera has been produced in Boston, entitled, "The Light-Keeper's Daughter." It was a failure.

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH, the original Admiral in "Pinafore," the General in the "Pirates" and Bunthorne in "Patience," is said to be coming to New York next season.

MR. HENRY E. ARBY, the American theatrical manager, has signed a contract with Mrs. Langtry, the actress, for a tour in America, beginning in November next.