

to do for me during the coming fortnight—tasks of not a very agreeable nature—for I am sure I would rather be the sufferer than the one to inflict pain."

"And must I hurt you, little one?" exclaimed Frieda, drawing the girl to her; for in spite of her self-engrossment she did love Jenny.

"Oh, I'll survive it doubtless," replied the other laughing.

But there are few who would have stood the ordeal as bravely as did these young girls. For love of Frieda, Jenny endured the pain without flinching, while Frieda performed with a serene face a duty which cost her many secret tears.

Once only did Jenny rebel. It had been a warm, sultry day, and the dust-filled air choked and irritated her sensitive throat. She came home from her lesson looking fagged to death. Frieda removed her hat and gloves and sprinkled her face with perfume.

"You must not go to the academy again without me, little one," she said decidedly.

"I am never going again anyhow," returned Jenny.

"You are never going again! What do you mean?" exclaimed Frieda with wide-open eyes.

"I mean what I say. I am never going near the place again," and the bright colour flew to her face.

"You have surely never quarrelled with Flossi—you of all people, Jenny—his pet pupil?"

"But I have."

"Oh, Jenny! I should never have thought it possible. How did it happen?"

"It was this way. I had had a magnificent lesson, when he proposed that I should take the soprano parts in the great Messiah concert which is to be given in W. cathedral next autumn. I thought he was laughing at me, and refused, saying for excuse that I was going to stop work for a few months and recruit my health. But I had no idea how he would take it. He rose and flung the stool under the piano with such force that it rolled to the other side of the room. 'And this is the pupil I have taken such pains with,' he cried. 'Well, madame, allow me to tell you it is not every one I should make such an offer to, and only a few—only a few—who would be fools enough to decline it. But I shall not repeat it. Adieu, we shall not meet again.'

Frieda! Can you imagine how taken aback I was? It was the first time I had ever received an angry word from him—and I meant either too."

"You are the only pupil who has escaped these fiery blasts. Don't distress yourself; it will all come right. Now it is time for bed, dear," she said, laying her hand on the girl's shoulder.

"Oh, I have no intention of enduring that torture any more," she exclaimed with unusual impatience.

"But, Jenny, you must." Then changing her tone she said, "It is the last night, perhaps the remedies will be changed to-morrow. Come, dear, you have been so good all along."

"More fool I," cried the girl bitterly, "but I am not going to be one any longer."

"But, Jenny, you must," reiterated Frieda. "It is the only thing that will cure you. Did not Sir Arthur say so himself?"

"Frieda, my dear love!" exclaimed the girl, suddenly rising and stretching out her arms to her friend. "Nothing will save me—nothing, I know this as well as does the great God Himself. For years and years the haunting sensation of an early death has come over me at times and sickened me with fear. But I am no longer afraid, Frieda, though I am now certain of my fate."

Frieda looked at the slight form, at the sunken cheeks and the great eyes so dangerously bright, and she too knew that death had marked her for his own. She covered her face with her hands and sank into a chair. A black mist clouded her mind. "Why should she be taken—so young, so divinely gifted, and I left?" she groaned in the bitterness of her heart, and Jenny stood over her with tears in her eyes. Then through the gloom came a sudden gleam of light—a desperate determination to defy death's power, and with Sir Arthur's help to keep her friend with her for many years to come. To-morrow she would hear what the great doctor had to say. Perhaps Jenny's over-excited state of mind made her morbid. So the next day she jumped quite gaily into the hansom which was to take them to Harley Street. It had been better she had never raised her hopes.

After a searching examination the doctor raised his kind eyes to Frieda's and motioned her into the adjoining room. Her face was

white with anxiety. Sir Arthur laid a hand on her shoulder, which seemed to convey to her heart a world of tender sympathy.

"Is there no hope?" she whispered.

He shook his head. "None, she cannot live above twelve months."

The girl's breath came so quickly that it seemed to choke her, then with a supreme effort she spoke.

"Only yesterday she told me she knew her fate was sealed—that she would soon die."

"She did!" he exclaimed. "I thought to save her from this knowledge."

"But she does not fear death—and her voice, Sir Arthur, her voice?"

"She will retain it to the end, I believe. I have known similar cases of decline, where the sufferers' voices gained in beauty, in proportion as the body lost in strength."

"And the end, Sir Arthur, will it be painful?"

"It may not be," said the doctor doubtfully.

"But you think it most likely will be painful?"

"Poor child, I would spare you if I could," he exclaimed compassionately. "But the struggle for breath is too often terrible."

"And meantime, can you alleviate the pain, that at least her last days may be happy?" asked Frieda in a thick, unsteady voice.

"Thank God, I can to a great extent do that," he replied.

Frieda thanked him mutely with her dark woe-filled eyes and rejoined her friend.

"Am I a hopeless case?" asked the girl, smiling so winningly, that the doctor's heart bled for her.

"Oh, we shall see what can be done," he replied with affected cheerfulness, seating himself at his desk. Presently he felt a light touch on his arm. "I know there is no hope, Sir Arthur," said the bell-like voice.

He turned to her and their eyes met.

"God bless you, my dear," he said rising. "At any rate I can ease the pain," and he took both her hands in his. "Good-bye, child, and make a name for yourself before you go. I will see you again."

These were his last words, spoken softly. Jenny understood their meaning, and she passed out of the house with the seal of death upon her.

(To be concluded.)

## VARIETIES.

### A POET FOR A GUEST.

The famous poet Lord Tennyson used to tell the following anecdotes of a visit he paid to Scotland.

After he had left an inn in the island of Skye the landlord was asked, "Do you know who has been staying in your house? It was the poet Tennyson."

"To think o' that!" he exclaimed, "and sure I thought he was a shentleman!"

Near Stirling the same remark was made to the keeper of the hotel where he had stayed.

"Do you know whom you had wi' you t'other night?"

"Naa; but he was a pleasant shentleman."

"It was Tennyson the poet."

"An' wha may he be?"

"Oh, he is a writer of verses, such as ye see i' the papers."

"Noo, to think o' that! Jeest a public writer, an' I gied him ma best bedroom!"

Of Mrs. afterwards Lady Tennyson, however, the landlord remarked, "Oh! she was an angel."

### NOT HE BUT SHE.

A former vicar of a country parish not far from Sheffield was a gentleman distinguished for his learning and for the position he took at Cambridge.

One day a visitor to the village got into conversation with one of the parishioners, and the talk turned to the vicar.

"Your clergyman," said the visitor, "is a very able man. Why, he is a wrangler."

"I never heard that," was the villager's reply; "but his missus is."

### JUSTICE.

"No crime can outspeed justice,  
Who, resting seems delayed;

Full faith accord the angel

Who points the patient blade."

Victor Hugo.

LOVERS OF TRUTH.—"I have always found," says Carlyle, "that the honest truth of one mind has a certain attraction for every other mind which loves truth honestly."

### SHE SHOULD HAVE SPOKEN SOONER.

A popular authoress says she knows an Angelina who loathes roast mutton. It is actual penance for her to sit at a table graced by this particular food. In a small household it is not convenient always to have a second plate, and for ten years this poor woman immolated herself at least once a week on the altar of wifely duty. So nauseous to her was this particular dish that she could never get through the few mouthfuls she forced herself to eat without liberal helpings of red-currant jelly.

At the end of ten years she happened to say, quite casually—

"Well, I think we shall have roast mutton; you are so fond of it."

Edwin looked up in mild surprise.

"I—I fond of roast mutton?" he said.

"Oh, you are quite mistaken, Angelina. I only eat it to please you. I dislike it rather than otherwise."

So ten years of self-immolation had passed merely for the want of putting the question plainly.