

London, that was an easy business, particularly for a young man. She ended by proposing that, if he had nothing better to do, he should come and see her some day. She was at home on Thursday. Bengough was delighted. He accepted, his face radiant with pleasure.

When the gentlemen joined the ladies he came straight to Miss Bethune, and remained with her the rest of the evening. When she played he turned the leaves for her, a thing which his anxiety to be exactly at the right moment caused him to do it with very little adroitness.

Afterwards they had more conversation; Miss Bethune introduced him to a young lady who was a friend of hers, and who was seated near, and the three chatted very agreeably. When it was time to go the Clinton girls took an effusive farewell of Hester, less, indeed, on account of any particular feelings which the occasion excited than because there were those present whom they wished to show how well their effusive farewells became them.

Bengough walked home in the highest spirits, delighted with Miss Bethune and with himself, and full of visions of successes in society.

CHAPTER III.

"Well, I think everything went off very well last night," said Mrs. Clinton to her daughters the next morning at breakfast. "There was considerable satisfaction in her voice."

It was Sunday, the dinner-party having been given on a Saturday in order that a member of Parliament, whose acquaintance was felt to be creditable, might be present.

"On the whole, yes," replied Louisa, after a moment's meditation; "the eating was delicious. I still regret extremely that I did not take twice of those sweetbreads."

"Don't say they were good," exclaimed her sister, "for I did not taste them. I had fully intended to when writing the *menu*; but that hired waiter handed everything with such indecent haste, that, in the excitement of talking, I let them pass."

"John Bengough was the blot on the evening; why can't he get boots with pointed toes?"

"His talk was I can't tell you how trite, too," said Harriette. "I overheard him speaking of Irving in *Hamlet*, comparing the Academy and Grosvenor Gallery, and other such painful solecisms. It quite made me blush."

"Miss Bethune seemed to find plenty to say to him."

"O, it is a forlorn hope, I suppose; old maids are always like that; they cannot afford to be disagreeable to any one."

And breakfast being late, the young ladies hastened upstairs to get their hats and *schuss* for church; prayer-books they did not require, being of those who knew the service by heart.

That very day John Bengough called on Miss Bethune. She was in her room when he arrived, and he had to wait a few minutes in the drawing-room. He examined the room with great admiration. Bengough had never been accustomed to think of these things before; but he now began to experience a vague pleasure from the harmonious colouring of the crotonne, the old china and wall-paper, and the subdued fragrance of some genista. When Hester entered the room she seemed entirely in keeping with all this delicate refinement. Her gently modulated voice and her soft drab draperies belonged to the same category of things.

Bengough had just come from making his duty-call on the Clintons. It being an early hour, he had found them all unprepared for visitors. The whole family had been digesting their early dinner in easy postures in the drawing-room, and there had been a general scrimmage when he was announced, for all the crocheted antimacassars were either rucked up in wisps or else on the floor, and Louisa had taken off her shoes. When it had been discovered that the disturber was only their relation, the shock to their digestions had reacted on their tempers, which had remained during the rest of the interview in the condition associated with packing up in haste or riding in a close carriage with one's back to the horses.

During his conversation with Miss Bethune John involuntarily contrasted these two visits. "How pretty your room is!" said he almost immediately.

"Do you like it?" answered she with modesty; "well, that is a compliment of a peculiarly gratifying nature to me."

"I think it is the prettiest room I ever was in," exclaimed John enthusiastically.

"You know one of the things I plume myself on is a knack of picking up pretty things at reasonable prices. I must show you a bargain I made the other day, and which is still filling me with self-satisfaction."

The bargain was a piece of Venetian glass. They went across the room to examine it, and Hester entered upon a humorous description of the manner by which it had come into her hands. As she began at her first sight of it in the back shop of a *brocanteur* in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, and narrated circumstantially the various steps which had led to her at last securing it, the description occupied a few minutes. Bengough's attention had time to wander, for his interest in the Venetian glass was not quite such as its exquisite workmanship might have warranted. Miss Bethune had a lively sensibility, and quickly suspected this. Nevertheless, she was surprised when on raising her gaze she beheld her visitor's eyes, which were not generally of a particularly speaking

order, fixed upon herself with an undeniable expression of the frankest admiration.

She was disconcerted, and turned aside, finishing her story in a few words.

Mr. Bengough's visit was a long one, but Miss Bethune did not find it fatiguing, for she was one of those who would as soon listen to a man's experiences and hopes, as to his rendering of the recent scandal, or quotations from the anti-criticisms in the newspapers.

At last Bengough took his departure. Miss Bethune had mentioned an intention of attending evening service at St. James', and it struck her visitor with astonishment as he was walking home that he had not yet heard Mr. Haweis preach. It was an intention he had so long cherished. He dined hastily, and started in the direction of Paddington. But Hester was a devout listener in church, and when she chanced on one occasion to raise her eyes to the gallery she did not remark that a gaze which had long been levelled in her direction was withdrawn with the speed of an unquiet conscience, a sight which might have suggested certain reflections to her mind.

(To be Continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

GOOD ADVICE.—If misfortunes have befallen you by your own misconduct, live, and be wiser for the future. If they have befallen you by the fault of others, live; you have wherewith to reproach yourself. If your character be unjustly attacked, live; time will remove the aspersion. If you have spiteful enemies, live, and disappoint their malevolence. If you have kind and faithful friends, live, to bless and protect them. If you have a hope for immortality, live, and prepare to enjoy it.

HEALTH.—Such is the power of health that, without its co-operation, every other comfort is torpid and lifeless as the power of vegetation without the sun. And yet this bliss is commonly thrown away in thoughtless negligence, or in foolish experiments on our own strength; we let it perish without remembering its value, or waste it to show how much we have to spare; it is sometimes given up to the management of levity and chance, and sometimes sold for the applause of jollity and looseness.

MAKE THE CHILDREN HAPPY.—You never know how long you and your children will have each other. At best, they will not be little children always. Make the life which you live together as happy and as full of yourself as possible. If you can do but little, put plenty of love and sunshine into that little. It is worth a great deal to have them grow up with the habit of being happy. If this habit comes—not because every wish is gratified, not because they are always busy at some cheerful or helpful work, never fear that they will grow up querulous and selfish. Children so trained are not apt to fall into fashionable listlessness, or to give themselves up to idle grief if disappointment and sorrow come into their maturer lives.

HOW TO BE NOBODY.—It is easy to be nobody, and we will tell you how to do it. Go to the drinking saloon to spend your leisure time. You need not drink much now, just a little beer or some other drink. In the meantime, play dominoes, or something else to kill time, so that you will be sure not to read any useful books. If you read anything, let it be the cheap novels of the day; thus go on keeping your stomach full, and your head empty, and yourself playing time-killing games, and in a few years you will be nobody, unless you should turn out a drunkard, or a professional gambler, either of which is worse than nobody. There are any number of young men hanging about bar-parlours, just ready to graduate and be nobodies.

FRIENDSHIP.—Friendship has its duties. You owe your friend sympathy in his sorrows and in his joys. You owe him confidence and the information about yourself which confidence implies. Yet that information is to be given with a certain reserve, so that you do not seem to force your affairs upon him, or to make him responsible for you. Of crises in which he need not aid you, or would be pained by his inability, it is often wise to say nothing. There is a fine subtle instinct which guides in such matters. However near your friend brings you to him, you are to respect his individuality. Information that is purely personal you must wait for. If he does not volunteer it, be satisfied that he has his reasons. Do not seek—above all, do not claim—it as a right of your friendship. Be generous, not exacting.

NATURAL LANGUAGE OF THE HANDS.—The hand has a great share in expressing our thoughts and feelings; raising the hand towards heaven, with the palms united, expresses devotion and supplication; wringing them, grief; throwing them towards heaven, admiration; dejected hands, despair and amazement; folding them, idleness; holding the fingers intermingled, musing and thoughtfulness; holding them forth together, yielding and submission; lifting them and the eyes to heaven, solemn appeal; waving the hand from us, prohibition; extending the right hand to any one, peace, piety and safety; scratching the head, care and perplexing thought; laying the right hand on the heart, affection and solemn affirmation; holding up the thumb, approbation; placing the right forefinger on the lips perpendicularly, bidding silence.

RIGHT AND WRONG.—Knowledge is a power which never needs arresting, but only guiding in right directions. Instruction in the principles of right and wrong can alone give this much-needed guidance. The great need of such teaching for the young is visible everywhere. It seems as if the idea prevailed that, while every other species of instruction needed systematic and assiduous effort, this would come of itself. It is shifted about between parent and teachers, between the school, the home, and the church, and no one knows exactly where the responsibility ought to fall. Thus no regular plan is laid for teaching the young the grounds of honesty, purity, and truth, the functions of conscience, the basis of right living, the laws which should govern the every-day duties of life. When we reflect how strong is the hold of passion, desire, and interest, and how firm must be the principles that can control them, it would seem that the full comprehension of these principles must be the most important study that can occupy the mind of youth. Every other branch of instruction belongs to some special part of life, and may or may not come into special requisition; but this concerns every portion, it comes into use each hour, it influences every choice, and determines the character of every action. Surely then it deserves more, and not less, attention than other things.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.—Female influence is deeply felt on all religious and social charities. On these subjects, female susceptibilities are lively. Many men, involved in business, leave these things to their wives. They are willing to give, but cannot spend the time nor attention to inquire into the proper objects of charity, or canvass their claims. They trust this in the hands of their wives. The poor, therefore, look up to female charity for the bread of life, to hearts that are formed to feel. The charities which lay a claim to our contributions are of two kinds, systematic and occasional. Systematic charities, for the relief of the extreme poor, are provided by law, and every man, under that arrangement, willingly pays his assessment to the collector. But, besides these, there are objects of want in every community, whose claims cannot be innocently resisted by those who have abundance of gold and silver in stewardship. There are many industrious poor, who are too virtuous to steal, who respect themselves too much to resort to public charity, and who are too modest to beg. These are sometimes sick and in distress, when the hand of charity would prove to be an excellent oil in their wounds. But they must be sought out. And if those who are formed by nature for sympathy do not go after them, by whom will they be found? To find out and supply these occasional wants is commonly the honoured care of female activity and sympathy.

WOMEN.

SCHOPENHAUER'S OPINIONS OF THE SEX.

The mere aspect of women proves that she is destined neither for the great labours of intelligence nor for the great material undertakings. She pays her debt to life not by action, but by suffering; she ought, therefore, to obey man, and to be his patient companion, restoring serenity to his mind.

That which makes women particularly apt to care for and rear us in our first infancy is that they always remain themselves childish, futile, and of narrow mind. They are only big babies all their lives, a sort of big intermediary between the child and man. Look at a young girl dancing and singing to an infant and playing with it all day long; and try to imagine whether a man with the best will in the world could do the same.

In the young girl, nature seems to have intended a sort of *comp de theatre*. She ornaments her for a few years with an extraordinary beauty, grace, and perfection at the expense of all the rest of her life. The object is that during these few years she may take strong possession of a man and make him undertake the heavy charge of looking after her for ever. Thus nature has armed women like every other creature with weapons and instruments necessary to assure her existence, and, acting with her habitual frugality, has given these merely for use during the requisite time. Just as the female ant loses her wings when they are no longer useful to her, so woman loses her beauty soon after her conquest is made. For this reason, too, young girls are generally very contemptuous of household duties, feeling that their true vocation at that time of life is to make themselves liked.

In their heart of hearts women imagine that men are only made to earn money and women to spend it. If they are prevented from doing this during the lifetime of a husband they make up for it after his death.

The lion has his teeth and his claws; the elephant and the bear have their defences; the bull has his horns; the cattle-fish its ink. Nature has given woman for her defence and protection dissimulation, as she has given man reason and the strength of his limbs. Hence the falsity, the treason, the ingratitude of women, who perjure themselves so readily in courts of justice that it has often been a question whether they ought to be allowed to take an oath. From time to time women who want for nothing are caught pilfering in the shops.

Men are only indifferent one to another; women are by nature enemies. The reason is that

the rivalry, which among men is limited to the members of each profession, among women embraces the whole species, as they have but one single business in life.

Women have neither the sentiment nor the intelligence of music any more than of poetry or the plastic arts. All their tastes in this direction is mere apeishness—a pure pretext and affectation stimulated by their desire to please.

Women are and will remain in their *ensemble* the most accomplished and the most incurable Philistines, thanks to our social organization, which is absurd to an extreme degree, and which makes them share the title and situation of man, no matter how elevated he may be. Thus they excite and stimulate the less honourable part of his ambition, and as a natural consequence their domination and the tone they give corrupt modern society. The ancients took this view of them, and the Eastern peoples preserve it to our day. Both have better understood the part suitable to woman, and her proper place. Our gallantry of the old-fashioned French style and our stupid veneration have only served to make her as impertinent as the sacred apes of Benares, who may take any liberty with impunity by virtue of the false position they hold. What may be called the European woman is a sort of being that ought not to exist. Those who help in the house and look after the house ought to be the only women in the world.

ARTISTIC.

A MONUMENT to Hector Berlioz in his native place, La Cote St. André, near Grenoble, is to be erected. Berlioz died in March, 1869.

CHARLES KEENE, who is called the true successor to Leech, is about to publish a volume of his contributions to *Punch*, containing four hundred of his favourite productions.

EDINBURGH has voted a sum of £1,200 for the execution of thirty statues, representing the heroes of Sir Walter Scott's novels. These are destined to fill the thirty niches on the monument erected to the great novelist in Edinburgh which have hitherto remained empty.

CHAPU is the artist elected to the last vacant seat in the fine art division of the Institute. His works are well known—"Fame," forming a portion of the Henri Regnault monument, and, above all, "Joan of Arc Listening to the Voices," rendered popular by Barbodienne's bronze reductions.

MADRID has added to its artistic literary institutions a Water-Colour Society, under the honorary presidency of Senor Pradilla and the management of Senor Manresa. Water-colour art, which may be said to have been commenced by Fortuny, has become a favourite study with the new school of Spanish artists.

LITERARY.

MRS. FRANCIS HODGSON BURNETT, is so ill that she writes while lying on her back. She is writing a new novel.

PROFESSOR DAVID SWING has sued the *Chicago Times* for damages, under the copyright law, for publishing a sermon of his before it was delivered.

A reaction, says the *Athenaeum*, is said to be setting in in America against the very shabby race of books which the competition of the "torpedoes" produces.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON is, it is said, still erect, and moves about with tolerable celerity; yet there is considerable of the automaton in his carriage and a "mild favour of decay" in his impressive features.

It is said the professional English novelists of name and fame are being injured in the "annals of literature" by the large number of amateur writers who are springing up and who desire no pay for their writings.

THE *Boston Herald* says that Wendell Phillips and Robert C. Winthrop are now the only two Bostonians left, who can really be called orators, and each of these has touched seventy. There are a good many people in Boston who make what are called speeches, but few of them have anything to say.

THE Council of the Victoria Philosophical Institute of London, England, report a large accession of Indian and Colonial members this year, amongst whom are several prelates: the *Standard* and *Globe* note that the new number of its quarterly journal, just issued to members and associates, contains papers by Professor Stokes, F.R.S., of Cambridge; Professor Hughes, of the same University; Professor Nicholson, M.D., F.R.S., of St. Andrew's University; and Dr. Rassam, with maps of the scene of the latter's last researches at Nineveh and Babylon.

WE BELIEVE

That if every one would use Hop Bitters freely, there would be much less sickness and misery in the world; and people are fast finding this out, whole families keeping well at a trifling cost by its use. We advise all to try it.

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 all 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.