

OF COURSE!

"Gwendolen!" from Mrs. Olivia Glenmoreland's sanctum.

"Jessie!" from Mr. Gerald Glenmoreland's studio.

"Yes, ma'am—yes, sir," from the pretty little maid coming up the stairs. She stops a moment when she reaches the landing, as though considering which summons to answer first, and as she pauses, a handsome young man leans over the baluster and looks down upon her, and as he looks he thinks that he never gazed upon a prettier picture.

A slight, graceful young girl, with serious dark eyes, delicately-cut features, clear pale face, and light wavy brown hair, showing little specks of gold as the sunlight falls through the hall window upon it, parted simply on the low broad brow, and rippling away behind the lovely ears until lost in the heavy Grecian coil at the back of the small round head, in a closely-clinging dress of some soft dark material, with a knot of garnet ribbon at the throat, and a sister knot on each lace-trimmed pocket of the dainty white apron.

"Oh! I say, Browneyes," he calls out, cheerily, as the girl, becoming conscious of his presence, looks up with a smile, "will you pose for me?"

"As soon as I can, Mr. Denys," she replies, in a voice softer and sweeter, but as frank and cheery as his own. "Your father and mother have both called me. I must attend to them first." And as the handsome head is withdrawn, she enters the room on the right, which one can see at a glance is the den of a sculptor, and a sculptor who, if it be true that "good order is the foundation of all good things," can never hope to attain any wondrous height in his profession. Half-finished statuettes and busts, dilapidated arms, legs, and torsos in clay, plaster and marble, are standing and lying about in the greatest confusion. Over Shakespeare's domestic forehead droops a broad-brimmed hat; from the throat of a dancing faun stream the long ends of a silken neck-tie; and a flower-girl offers with her flowers a pair of crumpled kid gloves and a soiled collar. The sculptor himself—an odd-looking man with wildish black eyes, and a massive head covered with a tangled mass of the darkest curls, a gray thread gleaming here and there—attired in a blouse, the back alone of which gives a hint of its original colour, is regarding with critical gaze a half-modeled bust on the table before him, which in turn regards him with the blank stare peculiar to its kind.

"Ah! there you are," he says, approvingly, as Jessie comes quietly in. "It is well. I want your nose, my child. 'Tis just the nose for Elaine. Couldn't find a better if I searched the wide world o'er. Stand over there by Hercules—that's a dear—and look at Mephistopheles." And he commenced to sing in a strong if not altogether musical voice the "Gold Song" from Faust, as the voice from the opposite room calls again, "Gwendolen."

"Can you spare my nose a little while, sir?" asks the model, still looking steadily at the grinning tempter in the corner, but with a gleam of mischief in her bonnie brown eyes. "Mrs. Glenmoreland is calling."

"Oh! ah, yes. Gwendolen"—working away—how long have you been, Gwendolen?"

"For two weeks past, sir. Ever since my mistress began 'The Princess and the Dairy-Maid.' May I go, sir?" still, best of models, with her eyes fixed on the fiend.

"You may; but come back soon: for kings may die and emperors lose their crowns, but Art is deathless, and forever reigns."

"Yes, sir," assents Jessie, demurely, and trips away.

Mrs. Glenmoreland, sitting before her desk, on which is piled many sheets of paper covered with eye-exasperating chirography, her right hand nervously waving her pen about, her left grasping her fluffly fair hair, to its great derangement, allows the wrinkle of perplexed thought on her brow to melt away as the pretty girl appears.

"Gwendolen, my dear," she exclaims, turning suddenly toward her, and thereby scattering the pile of manuscript in every direction. "I want your ear. She has the most correct ear"—this to an elderly lady who is sewing industriously by a small work table in the centre of the room. "Now, my prose is excellent and my poetry not bad—so I am told; but sometimes my rhymes don't rhyme exactly, and that sort of thing is only allowed by the very greatest of poets. I'm introducing a battle song in the last chapter of my novelette, and I'm in doubt about 'hurrah' and 'war'—rah! and 'war.' Are they twins, or are they not, Gwendolen?"

But before Gwendolen, who is on her knees picking up the scattered papers, can reply, somebody comes down the stairs with a rush, and bolts into the sanctum.

"Mother, I kiss your little ink-stained fingers," he says. "But all the same I must have Browneyes; I want her arm. My grape-gatherer is waiting for me wherewithal to gather the grapes."

"Is it—I mean are they?" asks Mrs. Glenmoreland, as Jessie puts the manuscript on the desk again, and places a paper-weight upon it. And then she smiles at her son, who, after tenderly ruffling the ruffled hair still more, kisses the brow beneath it.

"I don't think they are," modestly answers Jessie.

"Thanks, dear!" And the pen is dipped into the ink again.

"And now, Browneyes, your arm—your

arm!" cries Denys, striking a melodramatic attitude.

"I'm afraid you can't have it just yet, Mr. Denys. I have promised your father my nose for an hour or so," says Browneyes, dropping a cunning little courtesy.

"By Jove! is the governor at work again? Ten to one he never finishes it. I'll look in on him for a moment or two; he'll turn me out at the end of that time. By-by, mamma."

"I really don't know what we would do without her," says Mrs. Glenmoreland, musingly, letting her pen fall and blotting the sheet before her as the young people vanish.

"Meaning Gwendolen, Browneyes, Jessie, or whatever her name is?" inquires the elderly lady (who, by the by, is an aunt of the author's, on a visit to her niece for the first time in fifteen years).

"Known as Jessie to her sponsors in baptism," explains Mrs. Glenmoreland, "but Denys has always called her Browneyes, and I have a habit of giving her the name of my heroine for the time being; it helps to keep my story in my thoughts. Dear, dear, how many names the little girl has answered to since she came here four years ago! And she has never objected but to two—'Phantom of Yellow Hill,' and 'Hag of Murder Creek.' And I don't much wonder at her not liking them."

"Neither do I," says the aunt, with a grim smile. "But you have never told me anything about her. Who is she?"

"Haven't I? Well, as I can't take up the thread of my poem—that horrid Denys—I'll take up the cat"—lifting a pretty white and black kitten from the floor—"and narrate for your especial benefit. You know when Gerald and I were first married we were very impractical—"

"I should think so," interrupts the elderly lady, with a decisive nod. "One a scribbler of sixteen, the other a sculptor of nineteen."

"But dear mamma, with whom we lived," her niece goes on, "made life easy for us until nine years ago, when she died. Then for five years all was experiment and confusion. At first we tried boarding, but the people with whom we boarded objected to our breakfasting at odd moments between 8 and 12, and thought it unreasonable that we should expect little suppers at midnight. And, besides, they also complained that Denys—then only twelve, but already developing the artistic—used their best saucers, plates and things to mix paint on; and when the dear boy borrowed the marble slab of the parlour table for the same meritorious purpose, they became so very violent we were obliged to leave. Then we tried furnished rooms; made coffee over the gas in the morning, and dined at the restaurant in the evening. But we were soon obliged to give up this mode of life, the principal reason being that the bill of fare proved such a temptation; and to our shame, he it said—having the most uncertain of incomes—that when our ventures were successful we weakly succumbed to the tempter, and ate birds on toast, and broiled chicken, and omelette-souffle, and terrapin, and all sorts of expensive good things, as long as our money lasted, and, in consequence, were restricted to bread and cheese and dried beef in the privacy of our own apartments for a week or more after. At last, after having dined sumptuously one day, with a few invited guests, off a medallion and a three-columned story, and then, being obliged to live for two weeks on one short column, we concluded to try boarding once more, renting a room at the same time in the Raphael building, where Gerald could fling his clay and plaster about to his heart's content, and Denys, who wouldn't go to school, and would paint, might be out of the way of the landlady's china. But, my dear aunt, the other fellows were in that studio from morn till night; indeed, several of the most impetuous spent their nights there, and there was very little work done, and such bills for beer!

"Then fortunately—that is, not unfortunately, but providentially—no, I don't mean that either, but I waste time seeking for the proper expression—Gerald's old uncle died, and left him this house. 'Let's go to housekeeping,' said I, and we went. Heaven save the mark! I never could make change, neither could Gerald; and as for Denys, he and the arithmetic are and always have been perfect strangers. The result of this ignorance could not fail to be an expensive one. Everybody cheated us. The servant-girls wore my best dresses to wakes and parties, and one of them once had two of her friends concealed in the house for three months, waxing strong and stout on my provisions, and when at last they were discovered, declared that she never knew they were there at all!

"And we were forever in debt, and fast losing our senses, when my dressmaker, a dear, good-hearted Englishwoman, who used to give me advice, housekeeping advice, in a motherly sort of way, which I would have taken if I could have remembered it, died, after a long illness, leaving a fifteen-year-old daughter. The child looked up at me with those wonderful brown eyes when I asked her, after her mother's funeral, 'And what will you do, my dear?' and said, 'I don't know, ma'am. I have no relation but a grandfather out West, and he has just married again, and I don't think he wants me.' I gave her a kiss and told her to come home with me. And she came, and since then life has been more endurable. She proved to be the cleverest little thing that ever lived, intimately acquainted with the arithmetic and heaven's first law, and has learned to manage everything and everybody in the house with marvellous tact and skill. And the manner in which she understands my absent-

minded ways and contrary orders is absolutely wonderful. Who else, for instance, would know that often when I say 'shoes' I mean 'hat,' and vice versa? And who else could translate 'both dark and white meat and the Chinese, you know, my dear,' into 'chicken salad and rice pudding? She's a treasure—rhymes like a bird, poses like an angel, and—"

"Has she no lovers?" asks the elderly lady, looking solemnly over her spectacles.

"Lovers! Bless you, no. Never the slightest sign of one. Her mother was an old maid; that is, she wasn't when—I mean she was before she was married. Lovers! Good gracious! don't speak of such a thing. I should murder them. And I'm quite sure Alicia—the name of my next heroine," she explains, in answer to a questioning look from her aunt—"has never dreamed—Was that a knock at the door? If it be Alicia, enter; anybody else, depart immediately."

The door opens in obedience to this command, delivered in a loud voice with much emphasis, and "Alicia" enters with downcast eyes and a black-edged letter in her hand.

"I don't want it! I won't have it!" almost screams her mistress. "I hate black letters. Take it away."

"It is not for you, ma'am. It is mine; and—and (with faltering voice), I fear I must leave you."

"Leave me!" shouted Mrs. Glenmoreland, starting to her feet and dropping the cat, and in her excitement she seizes the worn garment the elderly lady has been carefully patching and darning for the last hour from that worthy person's hands and reads it from top to bottom. "Leave us! What can you—what do you mean?"

"My grandfather has sent for me, ma'am. His wife is dead, and he says it is my duty to come and live with him, as I have no other relative in the world."

"And you are going?" demands Mrs. Glenmoreland, in tragic tones.

"I do not know how to refuse."

"Gerald! Denys!" calls Mrs. Glenmoreland, loudly, running across her room and flinging the door wide open. "Come here instantly."

In flies her husband, a lump of clay in his hand, and down rushes Denys, palette on thumb.

"Thunder and Mars! my darling, what's up?" asks Gerald.

"By Jove! mother, how you frightened me! Thought the house was on fire," says her son.

"Gwendolen—Jessie—Browneyes—Alicia—she," pointing at the weeping girl, "is going away, never to return."

"Going away!" repeats her husband, striking his head with his right hand, and then stalking wildly about the room, totally unconscious that he has left the lump of clay amongst his raven curls.

"Browneyes leaving us forever," reproachfully cries Denys.

"After I've loved her all these years," sobs Mrs. Glenmoreland.

"And I've loved her all these years," says Mr. Glenmoreland.

"And I've—" begins Denys, and then stops with a blush that is reflected in the girl's sweet face.

"Going to her grandfather—horrid old hunk!—who never thought of her before he killed her step-grandmother, and who only wants her now to save the expense of hiring a housekeeper and nurse, which he is well able to do, the venerable wretch! And she thinks it is her duty to go, because he's her 'only relative.' And I've always felt as though I were her mother," and overcome with emotion, Mrs. Glenmoreland drops into her chair again.

"And I as though I were her father," assents the sculptor.

"And I as though I were her brother—" says the painter, and stops in confusion as before.

Jessie turns from one to the other with clasped hands and streaming eyes. "I shall never, never be as happy anywhere as I have been here. I would have been content to have served you all my life. But how could I reconcile it to my conscience if, without sufficient reason, I disregard the appeal of my only relative, and that relative my mother's father?"

"But he needn't be your 'only relative,'" says Denys, earnestly, flinging his palette, paint side down, on his mother's silken lap, and springing with one bound to the young girl's side. "There can be other and nearer relatives than grandfathers, Browneyes. I never knew how dearly I loved you till this moment. I can not bear the thought of losing you. I want your hand and heart. Take me for your husband, dearest, and then your duty will be to share my fortunes for evermore."

Jessie, the innocent child, holds up her pretty mouth for his kiss before them all—the cat is playing with her grandfather's letter—and a wonderful smile turns to diamonds her tears.

"The very thing," proclaims Mr. Glenmoreland.

"Of course," said his wife. "Why didn't you think of it before, you tiresome boy, and save all this bother! And now, go away, all of you. I have an idea for a story."

Love.—Women often fancy themselves to be in love when they are not. The love of being loved, fondness of flattery, the pleasure of giving pain to a rival, and a passion for novelty and excitement, are frequently mistaken for something far better and holier, till marriage disenchant the fair self-deceiver, and leaves her astonished at her own indifference and the evaporation of her romantic fancies.

HEARTH AND HOME.

CALUMNY.—When you speak evil of another, you must be prepared to have others speak evil of you. There is an old Buddhist proverb which says, "He who indulges in enmity is like one who throws ashes to windward, which come back to the same place and cover him all over."

THE HEATHEN'S GOBLET.—There was a wonderful truth in the goblet which the genius of a heathen fashioned. Having the model of a serpent, he fixed it to the bottom of a cup. Coiling for the spring, a pair of gleaming eyes in its head, and in its open mouth fangs raised to strike, it lay beneath the ruby wine. He who raised the cup to his lips to quench his thirst and quaff the wine, could not see what lay beneath till, as he reached the dregs, that dreadful head rose and glistened before his eyes.

ETIQUETTE.—The word "etiquette" is French, and means in that language a ticket or card. It appears that in former times it was the custom in France, on occasions of ceremony or festivity, to distribute among the guests tickets, or small slips of paper containing an outline of the proceedings, and directions to the company. Thus, if things were done properly, it was said to be done according to the ticket, or the etiquette. In course of time the word acquired its present general meaning, and was adopted into our language.

WORLDLY ADVANTAGES.—It is especially encouraging to one who can command but few external advantages to reflect that he is by no means dependent upon them for his success in life. It is true that the best results may be expected where a strong self-energy comes under wise instruction and guidance; but, while the latter alone can do nothing, the former alone can do much. Besides, it never is quite alone. Capacity and industry always find appreciation and help, and are apt to make themselves all the more useful for their scarcity. All young persons especially can be, and should resolve to be, self-made.

POLITENESS TOWARDS CHILDREN.—Many parents who are polite and polished in their manners toward the world at large are perfect bores inside the home-circle. What wonder if the children are the same? If a man should accidentally brush against another in the streets, an apology would be sure to follow; but whoever thinks of offering an excuse to the little people whose rights are constantly being violated by their careless elders? If a stranger offer the slightest service, he is gratefully thanked; but who ever remembers to thus reward the little tireless feet that are travelling all day long up stairs and down on countless errands for somebody? It would be policy for parents to treat their children politely for the sake of obtaining more cheerful obedience, if for no other reason.

PERFUMES.—A lady may always be recognized by her quiet taste in everything; and in nothing more remarkable is the fact exemplified than in the choice of perfume which she affects. In France what one may call "violent" perfumes have quite gone out of date, the ladies there using only those healthy and pure essences which are extracted from the ordinary products of the garden—such as lavender, rosemary, and even mint. The flowers of the linden have yielded a delicious perfume, which is one of the recent additions. Nothing more is now allowed than the slight scent which would naturally emanate from the growing flower. It is also considered a mark of good taste to make no change of perfume, but, having once made choice of a favourite, to keep solely to its use. The violet-like scent of orris-root, for instance, is delightful, and is so easily attainable that no one can complain of any difficulty in making up sachets to impart its pure fragrance to their clothes and dresses.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondent will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Thanks for several communications.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 209 received.

R. F. M., Sherbrooke, P.Q.—Correct solution received of Problem for Young Players, No. 206.

E. H.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 206 received. Correct.

The two following items we copy from the chess column of the *Globe-Democrat*, St. Louis, U.S., and insert them in order to draw attention to the methods adopted by our cousins in the "States" for the laudable purpose of promoting the cause of the Royal game.

In the first place, we are quite sure that so soon as a chess circle of ladies is formed in any locality, the reception of the game by all classes as an amusement will follow as a matter of course.

We hope that the time is not far distant when the ladies of Canada will not treat with indifference an excellent example. Already the Quebec players have made an arrangement for the admission of the fair sex to their club on stated evenings in the week, and this is a move in the right direction.

In the second place, it appears that a silver goblet called a challenge cup exists in connection with the St. Louis Chess Club, and that from the result of competition amongst members it is now in the hands of Mr. Holman, who appears from all accounts to do his best to retain it. We most heartily wish him success.

What the nature of the arrangements of the club were when the cup was first offered for competition we are not acquainted with, but it is well known that as far as a similar prize is concerned which belongs to the Canadian Chess Association (Eng.), the cup is played for once a year by a certain number of competitors, the one gaining the highest score keeping possession of it till