

HIS OWN AT LAST.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

So this is the way in which Barbara's hope dies! Our hopes have as many ways of dying as our bodies. Sometimes they pine and fall into a slow consumption, we nursing, cooking, and physicing them to the last. Sometimes they fall down dead suddenly, as one that in full health, with his bones full of marrow, and his eyes full of light, drops wordless into the next world unaware. This last has been Barbara's case. When she thought it healthiest and most vigorous in its stalwart life, then the death-mark was on it. To most of us, O, friends, troubles are as dark stones cast unexpectedly on a great night, we trip, and grumblingly stumble, cursing and angrily bruising our limbs. To a few of us they are ladders, by which we climb to God; hills, that lift us nearer heaven—the heaven which, however certain—ly—with whatever mathematical precision—it has been demonstrated to us that it exists not here, nor there, nor yet anywhere, we still dimly, with yearning tears and high longings, grasp at. Barbara has always looked heavenward. In all her mirth, God has mixed. Now, therefore, in this grief that He has sent her—this ignoble grief, that yet cuts none the less deeply for being ignoble, and excluding the solace of human sympathy, she but thrust her hands with a fuller confidence in His, and fixes her sweet eyes with a more reverent surety on the one prime consoler of mankind, who, from His Cross, has looked royally down the toiling centuries—the king, whom this generation, above all generations, is laboring—and, as not a few think, *successfully*—to discern. To her, his kingship is as unquestioned as when heretics and painims burnt to prove it.

Often, since then, in those vain longings that come to each of us I suppose, I tried in after days—sometimes I try now, to stretch my arms out wide backward toward the past—to speak the words that would have been as easily spoken then as any other—that no earthly power can ever make spoken words now, sympathy and appreciation to Barbara.

I did say loving things, but they seem to me now to have been scant and shabby. Why did I not say a great many more? Oh, all of you who live with those that are dearer to you than they seem, tell them every day how much you love them! at the risk of *weariness*, then, tell them, I pray you; it will save you, perhaps, many after-pangs. I think that, at this time, there are in me two Nancys—Barbara's Nancy, and Roger's Nancy; the one so vexed, thwarted and humiliated in spirit, that she feels as if she never could laugh quite heartily again; the other, so utterly and triumphantly glad, that any future tears or trials seem to her in the highest degree improbable. And Barbara herself is on the side of this latter. From her hopeful speech and her smiles, you would think that some good news had come to her—that she was on the eve of some long-looked-for, yet hardly-hoped prosperity. Not that she is unnaturally or hysterically lively—an error into which many, making such an effort and struggle for self-conquest, would fall. Barbara's mirth was never noisy, as mine and the boys' so often was. Perhaps—nay, I have often thought since, *certainly*—she weeps as she prays, but God is the only one who knows of her tears, as of her prayers. She has always been one to go halves in her pleasure, but of her sorrows she will never give a morsel to any one.

Her very quietness under her trouble—her silence under it—her equanimity—misleads me. It is the impulse of any hurt thing to cry out. I, myself, have always done it. Half unconsciously, I am led by this reasoning to think that Barbara's wound cannot be very deep, else would she shrink and writhe beneath it. So I talk to her all day with merciless length, about Roger. I go through all the old queries. I again critically examine my face, and arrive—not only at the former conclusion, that one side is worse-looking than the other, but also that it looks ten years older.

I have my flax hair built in many strange and offering fashions, and again *unbuilt*; piled high, to give me height; twisted low, in vain endeavor to liken me to the Greeks; curled, plaited, frizzed, and again unfripped. I institute a searching and critical examination of my wardrobe, rejecting this and that; holding one color against my cheek, to see whether my pallor will be able to bear it; turning away from another with a grimace of self-disgust.

And this is the same "I" who thought it so little worth while to win the good opinion of father's blue-eyed old friend, that I went to my first meeting with him with a scorched face, loose hair, tottering, all through prayers, on the verge of a descent about my neck, and a large round hole, smelling horribly of singeing, burnt in the very front of my old woollen frock.

His coming is near now. This *very* day I shall see him come in that door. He will sit in that chair. His head will dent that cushion. I shall sit on a footstool at his feet. The better to imagine the position, I push a footstool in the desired neighborhood to Roger's arm-chair, and already see myself, with the eye of faith, in solid reality occupying it. I rehearse all the topics that will engage my tongue. The better to realize their effect upon him, I give utterance out loud to the many greetings, to the numberless fond and pretty things with which I mean to load him.

He always looked so very joyful when I said any little, civil thing to him, and I so seldom, *seldom* did. Ah! we will change all that! He shall be nauseated with sweets. And then, still sitting by him, holding his hand, and with my head (dressed in what I finally decide upon as the becomingest fashion) daintily resting on his arm. I will tell him all my troubles. I will tell him of Algy's estrangement, his cold looks and harsh words. Without any outspoken or bitter abuse of her, I will yet manage cunningly to set him on his guard against Mrs. Huntley. I will lament over Bobby to him. Yes, I will tell him *all* my troubles—all, that is, with one reservation.

Barbara is no longer here. She has gone home.

"You will be better by yourselves," she says, gently, when she announces her intention of going home. "He will like it better. I should if I were he. It will be like a new honeymoon."

"That it will not," reply I stoutly, recollecting how much I yawned, and how largely Mr. Musgrave figured in the first. "I

have no opinion of honey-moons; no more would you if you had *had* one."

"Should not I?" speaking a little absently, while her eyes stray through the window to the serene coldness of the sky, and the pallid droop of the snow-drops in the garden border.

"You are sure," say I, earnestly, taking her light hand in mine, "that you are not going because you think that you are not *wanted* now—that now, that I have my—my own property again" (smiling irrepressibly), "I can do very well without you?"

"Quite sure, Nancy!" looking back into my eager eyes with confident affection. "And you will come back *very* soon?"

"When you quarrel," she answers, her face dimpling into a laugh, "I will come back and make it up between you."

"You must come before *then*," say I, with a proud smile, "or your visit is likely to be indefinitely postponed."

Roger and I quarrel? We both find the idea so amusing that we laugh in concert.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"Gertrude. Is my knight come? O the Lord, my hand! Sister, do my cheeks look well? Give me a little box of the ear, that I may seem to blush."—EASTWARD HO!

She is gone now. The atmosphere of the house seems less clear, less pure, now that she has left it. As she drives away, it seems to me, looking after her, that no flower ever had a modester face, a more delicate bloom. I had time to think about it, I should fret sorely after her, I should grievously miss her; but I have none.

The carriage that takes her to the station is to wait half an hour, and then bring back Roger. There is, therefore, not more than enough time for me to make the careful and lengthy toilet, on which I have expended so much painstaking thought. I have deferred making it till now, so that I may appear in dainty freshness, as if I had just emerged from the manifold silver papers of a band-box, before him when he arrives—that not a hair of my flax head may be displaced from its silky sweep; that there may be no risk of Vick jumping up and defiling me with muddy paws that know no respect of clothes.

I take a long time over it. I snub my maid more than ever I did in my life before. But I am complete now: to the last pin I am finished. Perhaps, though this does not strike me till the last moment—perhaps I am rather, nay, more than *rather*, overdressed for the occasion. But surely this, in a person who has not long been in command of fine clothes, and even in that short time has had very few opportunities of airing them, is pardonable.

You remember that it is February. Well, then, this is the warm splendor in which I am clad. Genoa velvet, of the color of a dark sapphire, trimmed with silver fox fur; and my head crowned with a mob-cap, concerning which I am in doubt, and should be nervously glad to have the boys here to enlighten me as to whether it is very becoming or rather ridiculous. The object of the mob-cap is to approximate my age to Roger's, and to assure all such as the velvet and fur leave in doubt, that I am entitled to take my stand among the portly ranks of British matrons.

"Algy was right," say I, soliloquizing aloud, as I stand before the long cheval glass, with a back hair glass in one handy whose aid I correct my errors in the profile, three-quarters or back view; "mine is not the most hopeless kind of ugliness. It is certainly modifiable by dress."

So saying, I lay down the hand glass, and walk sedately down stairs, holding my head stiffly erect, and looking over my shoulder, like a child, at the effect of my blue train sweeping down the steps after me.

Arrived in my boudoir, I go and stand by the window, though there are yet ten minutes before he is due. Once I open the case to listen, but hastily close it again, afraid lest the wintry wind should ruffle the satin smoothness of my hair, or push the mob-cap awry. Then I sit carefully down, and, harshly repulsing an overture on the part of Vick to jump into my lap, fix my eyes upon the dark bare boughs of the tall and distant elms, from between which I shall see him steal into sight. The time ticks slowly on. He is due now. Five more lame, crawling minutes—ten!—no sign of him. Again I rise, unclothe the case, and push my matronly head a little way out to listen. Yes! yes! there is the distant but not doubtful sound of a horse's four hoofs smartly trotting and splashing along the muddy road. Three minutes more, and the sun catches and brightly gleams on one of the quickly-turning wheels of the dog-cart as it rolls towards me, between the wintry trees.

At first I cannot see the occupants; the bows and twigs interpose to hide them; but presently the dog-cart emerges into the open. There is only one person in it!

At first I decline to believe my own eyes. I rub them. I stretch my head farther out. Alas! self-deception is no longer possible; the groom returns as he went—alone. Roger has not come!

The dog-cart turns toward the stables, and I run to the bell and pull it violently. I can hardly wait till it is answered. At last, after an interval, which seems to me like twenty minutes, but which that false, cold-blooded clock proclaims to be *two*, the footman enters.

"Sir Roger has not come," I say, more affirmately than interrogatively, for I have no doubt on the subject. "Why did not the groom wait for the next train?"

"If you please, my lady, Sir Roger has come."

"Has come!" repeat I, in astonishment opening my eyes; "then where is he?"

"He is walking up, my lady."

"What! all the way from Bishopsthorpe?" cry I, incredulously, thinking of the five miry miles that intervene between us and that station. "Impossible!"

"No, my lady, not all the way; only from Mrs. Huntley's."

I feel the color rushing away from my cheeks, and turn quickly aside, that my change of countenance may not be perceived.

"Did he get out there?" I ask faintly.

"Mrs. Huntley was at the gate, my lady, and Sir Roger got down to speak to her, and bid James drive on and tell your ladyship he would be here directly."

"Very well," say I, unsteadily, still averting my face, "that will do."

He is gone, and I need no longer mind what color my face is, nor what shape of

woful jealousy my late so complacent features assume.

So *this* is what comes of thinking life such a grand and pleasant thing, and this world such a lovely, satisfying paradise! Wait long enough—I have not had to wait very long for my part—and every sweet thing turns to gall, like bitterness between one's teeth! The experience of a few days ago might have taught me *that*, one would think, but I was dull to thick-headedness. I required *two* lessons—the second, oh how far harsher than even the first!

In a moment I have taken my resolution. I am racing upstairs. I have reached my room. I do not summon my maid. One requires no assistance to enable one to *unbuild*, *deface*, *destroy*. In a *second*—in much less time than it takes me to write it—I have torn off the mob-cap, and thrown it on the floor. If I had done what I wished, if I had yielded to my first impulse, I should also have trampled upon it; but from the extremity of petulance, I am proud to be able to tell you that I refrain. With rapid fingers I unbutton my blue-velvet gown, and step out of it, leaving it in a costly heap on the floor. Then I open the high folding doors of the wardrobe, and run my eye over its contents; but the most becoming is no longer what I seek. For a moment or two I stand undecided, then my eye is caught by a venerable garment, loathly and ill made, which I had before I married, and have since kept, more as a relic than anything else—a gown of that peculiar shade of sallow, bilious, Bismarck brown, which is the most trying to the paleness of my skin. Before anyone could say "Jack Robinson," it is down, and I am in it. Then, without even a parting smooth to the hair, which the violent off-throwing of my cap must have roughened and disheveled, I go down stairs and re-enter the boudoir. As I do so I catch an accidental glimpse of myself in a glass. Good heavens! Can three minutes (for I really have not been longer about it) have wrought such a monstrous metamorphosis? Is every woman as utterly dependant for her charms upon her *hush* as I am? Can this sad, sallow slip of a girl be the beaming, shapely, British matron I contemplated with so innocently pleased an eye half an hour ago? If, in all my designs, I could have the perfect success which has crowned my efforts at self-disfigurement, I should be among the most prosperous of my species.

I sit down as far from the window as the dimensions of the room will allow, call Vick, who comes at first sneakingly and doubtful of her reception, up on my lap, and take a book. It is the one nearest to my hand, and I plunge into it hap-hazard in the middle.

This is the sentence that first greets me: "Her whole heart was in her boy. She often feared that she loved him too much—more than God himself—yet she could not bear to pray to have her love for her child lessened." Not a very difficult one to construe, is it? And yet, having coming to the end, and found that it conveyed no glimmering of an idea to my mind, I begin it over again. "Her whole heart was in her boy. She often feared that she loved him too much—more than God himself—yet she could not bear to pray to have her love for her child lessened."

Still no better! What is it all about? I begin over again. "Her whole heart was in her boy," etc. I go through this process ten times. I should go through it twenty, or even thirty, for I am resolved to go on reading, but at the end of the tenth my ear—unconsciously strained—catches the sound of a step at the stair foot. It is not the footman's. It is a firmer, heavier, and yet quicker.

Eight weary months is it since I last heard that footfall. My heart pulses with mad haste, my cheeks throb, but I sit still, and hold the book before my eyes. I will not go to meet him. I will be as indifferent as he! When he opens the door I will not even look round, I will be too much immersed in the page before me.

"Her whole heart was in her boy. She often feared that—"

The door-handle is turning. I cannot help it! Against my will, my head turns too. With no volition of my own—against my firmest intention—my feet carry me hastily toward him. My arms stretch themselves out. Thank God I thank God! whatever happens afterward I shall thank God, and call Him good for allowing it. I am in Roger's embrace. No more mistakes! no more delays! he is here, and I am kissing him as I never kissed anyone—as I *certainly* never kissed him in my life before.

Well, I suppose that in every life there are some moments that are *absolutely* good—that one could not mend even if one were given the power to try! I suppose that even those who, looking back over their history, say, most distinctly and certainly, "It was a failure," can yet lay the finger of memory on some such gold minutes—it may be only half a dozen, only four, only *two*—but still on some.

This is one of my gold moments, one of those misplaced ones that have strayed out of heaven, where, perhaps, they are *all* such—perhaps—one can't be sure, for what human imagination can grasp the idea of even a *day*, wholly made of such minutes?

I have forgotten Mrs. Huntley—Mr. Musgrave. Every ill suspicion, every stinging remembrance, is dead or fallen into a trance. All had thoughts have melted away from the earth. Only joyful love and absolute faith remain, only the knowledge that Roger is mine, and I am his, and that we are in each other's arms. I do not know how long we remain without speaking. I do not imagine that souls in bliss ever think of looking at the clock. He is the first to break silence. For the first time for eight months I hear his voice again—the voice that for so many weeks seemed to me no better than any other voice—whose tone I *now* feel I could pick out from those of any other living thing, did all creation shut together.

"Let me look at my wife!" he says, taking my countenance in his tender hands, as if it were made of old china, and would break if he would let it fall. "I feel as if I had never had a wife before, as if it were quite a new plaything."

I make no verbal answer. I am staring up with all my eyes into his face, thinking, with a sort of wonder, how much godlier, younger, statelier it is than it has appeared to me in any of those dream-pictures, which mostly flatter.

"My wife! my wife!" he says, speaking the words most softly, as if they greatly pleased him, and replacing with carefullest

fingers a stray and arrant lock that has wandered from its fellows into my left eye. "What has come to you? Had I forgotten what you were like? How pretty you are! How well you look!"

"Do I?" say I, with a pleasant simper; then, with a sudden and overwhelming recollection of the bilious gingery frock, and the tousled hair: "No nonsense!" I say, un- easily, "impossible!" You are laughing at me! Ah!—(with a sigh of irrepressible regret and back-handed pride)—"you should have seen me half an hour ago! I *did* look nice *then*, if you like."

"Why nicer than now?"—(with a puzzled smile that both plays about his bearded lips and gayly shines in his steel-gray eyes). "Oh, never mind! never mind!" reply I, in some confusion, "it is a long story; it is of no consequence, but I *did*."

He does not press for an explanation, for which I am obliged to him.

"Nancy," he says, with a sort of hesitating joy, a diffident triumph in his voice, "do you know, I believe you have kept your promise. I believe, I *really* believe, that you are a little glad to see me."

"Are you glad to see me?" is more to the purpose, return I, descending out of heaven with a pout, and returning to the small jealousies and acerbities of earth, and to the recollection of that yet unexplained alighting at Aninda's gate.

"Am I?"

He seems to think that no asseverations, no strong adjectives or intensifying adverbs, no calling upon sun, and moon, and stars to bear witness to his gladness, can increase the force of those two tiny words, so he adds none.

"I wonder then," say I, in a rather sneaky and shamefaced manner, mumbling and looking down, "that you were not in a greater hurry to get to me?"

"In a greater hurry!" he repeats, in an accent of acute surprise. "Why, child, what are you talking about? Since we landed, I have neither slept nor eaten. I drove straight across London, and have been in the train ever since."

"But—between—this—and the—station?" suggest I, slowly, having taken hold of one of the buttons of his coat; the very one that in former difficulties I used always to resort to.

"You mean about my walking up?" he says, readily, and without the slightest trace of guilty consciousness—indeed, with a distinct and open look of pleasure; "but, my darling, how could I tell how long she would keep me? Poor little woman!" (beginning to laugh, and to put back the hair from his tanned forehead). "I am afraid I did not bless her when I saw her standing at her gate! I had half a mind to ask her whether another time would not do as well; but she looked so eager to hear about her husband—you know I have been seeing him at St. Thomas—such a wistful little face—and I knew that she could not keep me more than ten minutes; and, altogether, when I thought of her loneliness and my own luck—"

He breaks off.

"Are you so sure she is lonely?" I say, with an innocent air of asking for information, and still working hard at the button; "are people always lonely when their husbands are away?"

He looks at me strangely for a moment; then, "Of course she is lonely, poor little thing!" he says, warmly; "how could she help it?"

A slight pause.

"Most men," say I, jealousy, "would not have thought it a hardship to walk up and down between the laurestines with Mrs. Zephine, I can tell you!"

"Would not they?" he answers indifferently. "I dare say not! she always *was* a good little thing!"

"Excellent!" reply I, with a nasty dryness; "bland, passionate, and deeply religious!"

Again he looks at me in surprise—a surprise which, after a moment's reflection, melts and brightens into an expression of pleasure.

"Did you care so much about my coming that ten minutes seemed to make a difference?" he asks, in an eager voice. "Is it possible that you were in a hurry for me?"

Why cannot I speak truth, and say yes? Why does an objectlessly lying devil make its inopportune entry into me? Through some misplaced and crooked false shame, I answer, "Not at all! not at all! of course, a few minutes, one way or the other, could not make much difference; I was only puzzled to know what had become of you!"

He looks a shade disappointed, and for a moment we are both silent. We have sat down side by side on the sofa. Vick is standing on her hinder legs, with her forepaws rested on Roger's knee. Her tail is wagging with the strong and untiring regularity of a pendulum, and a smirk of welcome and recognition is on her face. Roger's arm is round me, and we are holding each other's hands, but we are no longer in heaven. I could not tell you why, but we are not.

Some stupid constraint—quite of earth—has fallen upon me. Where are all those most tender words, those profuse endearments with which I meant to have greeted him? And so it is actually true! with a long drawn sigh of relief; his eyes wandering round the room, and taking in all the family objects; "there is no mistake about it! I am actually holding your real live hand" (turning it gently about, and softly considering the long, slight fingers, and pink palm)—"in mine! Ah, my dear, how of ten, how often I have held it so in my dreams! Have you ever" (speaking with a sort of doubtfulness and uncertain hope)—"have you ever—no, I dare not say not—so held mine?"

The different passion in his voice for once destroys that vile constraint, dissipates that idiotic sense of bashfulness.

"Scores of times!" I answer, letting my head drop on his shoulder, and not taking the trouble to raise it again.

"I never used to think myself of a very nervous turn!" he says, presently, with a smile. "Nancy, you will laugh at me, but I assure you, upon my honour, that all the way home I have been in the most abject and deadly fright; at every puff of wind, I thought we were infallibly going to the bottom; whenever the carriage rocked in the least to-day on the way down, I made up my mind we were going to smash! Little woman, what can a bit of a thing like you have done to me to make me seem so much more valuable to myself than I have ever done these eight and forty years?"

I think no answer to this so suitable and

seemly as a dumb friction of my left cheek against the rough cloth of the shoulder on which it has reposed itself.

"Talk to me, Nancy!" he says, in a quiet half-whisper of happiness. "Let me hear the sound of your voice! I am sick of my own; I have had a glut of that all these weary eight months; tell me about them all! How are they all? how are the boys?" (with a playful smile of recollection at what used to be my one subject, the one theme on which I was wont to wax illimitably diffuse). But now, at the magic name no pleasant garrulity overcomes me; only the remembrance of my worries; of all these troubles that I mean now to transfer from my own to Roger's broad shoulders, swoop down upon me.

I raise my head and speak with a clouded brow and a complaining tone.

"The Brat has gone back to Oxford," I say, gloomily; "Bobby has gone to Hong Kong, and Algy has gone to the dogs—or at least is going there as hard as he can!"

"To the dogs?" (with an accent of surprise and concern); "what do you mean? what has sent him there?"

"You had better ask Mrs. Zephine," reply I, bitterly, thinking, with a lively exasperation, of the changed and demoralized Algy I had last seen—soured, headstrong, and unloving.

"Zephine!" (repeating the name with an accent of thorough astonishment); "what on earth can she have to say to it?"

"Ah, *what*!" reply I, with oracular spite; then, overcome with remorse at the way in which I was embittering the first moments of his return, I re-bury my face in his shoulder.

"I will tell you about that to-morrow," I say; "to-day is a good day, and we will talk only of good things and of good people."

He does not immediately answer. My remark seems to have buried him in thought. Presently heshakes off his distraction, and speaks again.

"And Barbara? how is she? She has not" (beginning to laugh)—"she has not gone to the dogs, I suppose?"

"No," say I, slowly, not thinking of what I am saying, but with my thoughts wandering off to the greatest and sorest of my afflictions, "not yet."

"And" (smiling) "you plan. See what a good memory I have—your plan of marrying her to Musgrave, how does that work?" "My plan!" cry I, tremulously, while a sudden torrent of scarlet pours all over my face and neck. "I do not know what you are talking about! I never had any such plan! Phew!" (lifting up the arm that is round my waist, hastily removing it, rising and going to the window), "how hot this room grows on an afternoon!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Two Strange Playfellows.

The peculiar attachment animals of different species sometimes have for each other is quite remarkable; singular cases of this kind are being constantly recorded. The following from the Philadelphia Press is among the most singular we have read for some time:

Among the most interesting features of the Zoological Gardens, says the Press, are the peculiar relations existing between the capybara and two pretty kittens. The capybara (*Hydrochærus capybara*) is a curious creature. It is the largest of rodents, and in its habits and characteristics very much resembles our muskrat. It lives in the water and burrows in the banks of the South American rivers. It is about as large as a big dog, and is covered with coarse hair. As it lies in the pen in the deer house it is continually accompanied by the two kittens. In cold weather they snuggle close up to him, and keep as warm as toast by lying almost under their strange protector. Sometimes he will play with them and poke them about with his nose: thereupon they will mount his back and sit serenely, while he is unable to get them off. Then he will plunge into his water tank, and water-hating tabby will spring off to escape the undesired bath. If the cats leave the pen, "Porgy" (he is so called after "Porgy" O'Brien, the circus man) will follow them to the bars and make a funny squeaking noise, beseeching his companions to come back to keep him company. Sometimes the keepers will bother the kittens. They fly at once to the protecting sides of "Porgy," while he will bare his long teeth and chatter fiercely. In the next cage is a wallaby, and while the cats go in and out, they do not attempt to be at all friendly. They confine their allegiance to the more ugly capybara.

How the "Jersey" was Invented.

One of the most charming and admired actresses in London helped to invent the "Jersey." Her companion in invention is the wife of an Irish peer. One day, the actress, Miss H. with her maid called upon my lady (they were great friends) and carried with her a pair of tights she had just bought to wear as "Rosind" in "As You Like It." Miss H. pulled part of the elastic silk goods across Lady B's beautiful arm and said: "Oh, if one could get a corsage to fit like that!"

"Let me have them a moment," exclaimed Lady B.

She drew the tights around her shoulders. Miss H. pinned them to her dress, and there at that moment was born the inspiration of the Jersey we all wear and never tire of. Lady B's brougham was called. She and Miss H. drove hastily to the theatrical costumers, ordered another pair of tights as the material could not be bought. The skirt and train from Paris was used; not so the corsage. Lady B's maid ran it together—it was literally sewn on, and never did costume excite so much admiration and curiosity as this symphony in gray velvet and satin, with the marvelously fitting corsage. No woman knew how the corsage was got into. There was no sight or even hint of fastenings. No one thought of the elastic silk material. Little by little Lady B. and Miss H. perfected the Jersey, and wore it quite three months before any one caught the idea. Then a prominent Bond street milliner discovered it and charged from thirty to fifty guineas for them. Mrs. Langtry was among her first customers, but she did not wear the Jersey until long after Lady C. and Miss H.—London Correspondent of the Chicago News.

Flowers are the sweetest things that ever made and forgot to put a soul into.