

pounds she was very grateful, and never tired of telling of Mr. Robinson's goodness to her. But she threw no light on the mystery surrounding the heiress. Her master had never received visits from a lady, either young or old; nor, as far as she was aware, had he been in the habit of visiting any one beyond the acquaintances he had made at Park. He had appeared extremely anxious for the arrival of Frank Dalton, saying more than once that when the young man came he must be left alone with him, for there was something to be explained.

As this was a proof that he had not intended any deliberate slight or injustice, Frank was comforted; for an uneasy feeling had possessed him that the youthful follies he had committed had been reported with exaggerations to Mr. Robinson, and injured his sister's prospects as well as his own. Still matters remained in the same case. The heiress—how were they to find her?

But Mr. Mellis ridiculed the idea of there being any real difficulty in this. "You are perfectly sure to find her in her claims speedily, even though she may have been—as appears probable—quite estranged from her eccentric relative."

For once, however, the astute lawyer proved at fault. Weeks went by, and the lady gave no signs of having become cognizant of Mr. Robinson's death and her own accession to fortune. Mr. Mellis inserted advertisements in the daily papers, notifying the facts, and requesting her to call upon him. But these notices, though they were repeated again and again, and brought numerous applicants to torment the lawyer with their importunate and false claims, received no reply. The solicitor who drew up the testamentary will created so much perplexity, as to perceive that his warmth of manner was gradually cooling down, and that for a long time they had not been welcome guests to his lady."

"In fact, dear Rosie," said her brother, as lightly as he could,—"in fact, dear, we are already finding out that it is the way of the world to look coldly upon the unfortunate."

"Our true friends will not desert us, Frank," she laughed a little bitterly. "Where are they, dear? Yesterday, in the Park, I met Lady Mountbarns and her daughter. The Countess was terribly evil, and Laura was too busy flirting with a new beau to give me a word for me. And yet a month ago—"

"I am ready to do anything you propose, but I must not be a burden to you, Frank. I was thinking of writing to Madame Felippon, and asking her to try and procure me a situation as governess."

"I'll not let you do anything of the kind, Rosamond," was the impatient reply. "I know too well the dreary life you would have to lead. No, no, little sister; we will face our fate together, and you shall not work for your living while I can earn it for you."

"But, Frank, dear, I have always heard that an officer's pay does not suffice to meet his own expenses. How, then, would you, with the most rigid economy—"

But here Frank interrupted her, his handsome face clouded with vexation and shame. "Darling Rosie say no more. I have an ugly confession to make. I shall be obliged to sell my commission, for I have been dreadfully extravagant, and my debts must be paid. When this has been done, I fear that I shall not have more than a hundred or two left."

Rosamond, who had begun to look very serious, smiled again.

"With two hundred pounds we may do a great deal; for if you go to your housekeeper, sir, I shall be very economical. But what do you propose doing?"

"Making use of my talents, Rosamond. I have always had a passion for art, and have painted, as you know, several pictures which have been warmly commended. Two or three artists with whom I am acquainted, approve my intention. We must rent a cottage just out of town, and while you make the puddings, and keep the weekly accounts, I will work for fame and for you!"

CHAPTER V.

THE BARONET IN TOWN.

ONE of Major Colby's favourite lounges when in town, was at the rooms of a celebrated picture dealer, and here Sir Charles Trevelian found him one morning, soon after the latter had recovered sufficiently from the effects of the railway accident to resume his usual habits.

The price of that picture would keep me in gloves for six months."

"My friend?"

"Don't forget ignorance, Charlie! What could it be but pure benevolence that kept you playing billiards till three o'clock this morning with a sharper, who was bent on fleecing you?"

"Please remember that the said sharper was introduced to me by you!" was the sulky retort.

"Do I wish to forget? I did not guarantee his honesty; I only told you that he was amusing and ingenious."

"And left me to discover for myself that his ingenuity consisted in cheating flats."

"The Major smiled provokingly. "You foolish youth; to have wanted you would have been to intimate that you are one of the simpletons he preys upon; and I hate saying rude things. Do you want to drive me to Greenwich, Charlie, and give me a whitechapel dinner? I see your capriole is at the door."

"I don't think my good impulses are strong enough to carry me to Greenwich solely to oblige you," said Sir Charles, testily.

"Would you prefer my going alone, and sending you the bill?" Major Colby asked, in his lazy, drawing accents. "I should decidedly like your society better than solitude, but I'll not have you into going merely for my sake."

The Baronet's irritability was vanquished at last.

"You're a good fellow, Colby, your impudence would be unbearable if it were not so amusing. But if I must pay for a dinner, I may as well share it; and I cannot be more engaged with you than without you. So come along."

"Would it be impertinent to ask the last news from the Court of Love?" Major Colby asked, as seated behind the Baronet's blood mare, they were dishing through the streets of London.

"If you mean, am I still wasting my money on that pretty fickle demagogue, I answer no. There are but two classes of women, the silly and the cunning, and I am sick of both."

"The lady-killer turned misanthropic at last! I say, Charlie, how long will this mood last? Till another pretty face attracts you, eh? Apropos, I saw one of your old flames this morning."

"You might have seen a dozen for all I care," Sir Charles answered, as he touched the spirited mare with his whip, and made her prance and curvet.

"The dear boy is positively ill-tempered," was the Major's comment. "I thought my Charlie would have been pleased to hear that she is found; but I suppose that fancy, like many others, has passed away."

Major Colby smiled. "As you please; but it is very certain that you cannot present yourself at the Daltons' without some valid excuse, and must, therefore, postpone your interview with the lady till she comes to Gall's, which she will do to-morrow."

"Are you sure of this?" Sir Charles demanded.

"Quite. Gall has a purchaser in view for the picture, I mean, not for himself—and she is to call in the morning. As you cannot see her till then, why not dine with me as you originally intended?"

"But, for once, his persuasions were not successful. He went to Greenwich alone, and Sir Charles, in a hired cab, rode to Gall's, to ascertain the residence of the Daltons. He was informed that it was in Holloway, and to Holloway proceeded the Baronet, and reconnoitred the neighbourhood, feeling himself repaid by catching a glimpse of Rosamond as she arranged the curtains of the windows to shield the eyes of her brother.

Little dreaming whose gaze had so lately been upon her, Rosamond entered Mr. Gall's rooms on the following morning, with fluttering heart. Frank, at the very moment that he was growing hopeful of success, had been seized with illness, the result of excessive toil and anxiety. With all their care, their little stock of cash had diminished rapidly; and the young man, haunted by a dread of seeing Rosamond suffer from absolute want, had told till his eyes grew hollow and his strength broke down. Even now that sister saw that it was impeded by his mental suffering. Irritable and restless, he would insist upon having his colours and pencils; then, as the nervous hand refused to carry out his conceptions, he would fling himself back on his couch, with a despairing groan, and it needed all her tender sympathy to soothe him into tranquillity.

It was now that the hitherto unfledged girl showed a horse-like nerve and resolve. Although the daily meal could only be procured by the sale of some cherished ornament, Rosamond never murmured, nor openly desponded. She was always so cheerful and energetic, that Frank would finally call her his sunbeam, and wonder what he should have done without her.

"The picture is sold," said Monsieur Gall, brusquely, as she entered his rooms, and half hopeful, half afraid, bent an inquiring look upon him; and the purchaser wishes to have a companion sketch. But he is here; he will give you his own ideas concerning it."

He moved aside to make way for the gentleman who was pressing forward to accept Rosamond. He did not know what a weight his words had lifted from her thankful heart; though even that scarcely sufficed to explain the start, the flush, the sudden trembling that assailed her when she found her hand clasped in Sir Charles Trevelian's.

She had thought of him too much and too often for her own peace; but in the last few months she had been learning self-control, and there was a gentle dignity in her manner that kept the Baronet's transports in check. It was evident that she was not to be addressed in the hackneyed terms of flattery and impertinent familiarity.

"It has been hard to find myself forgotten," he said, gazing at her reproachfully. "Day after day, while I lay unable to see you, I hoped to see you, and I inquired after my fate, but always to be disappointed."

Rosamond had now rallied her spirits. "Have you seemed unwell?" Forgive us. Circumstances have occurred which rendered it impossible for Frank to thank you personally for your kindness to me. The newspaper kept us informed of your progress towards recovery."

"Then you have thought of me sometimes?" the Baronet demanded, tenderly.

"Oh, yes; and of the unfortunates who were killed, and all our companions on that memorable journey."

"And you who suffered, but not of one especially. This is an advertisement which mortifies my vanity terribly, Miss Dalton."

"Why should it, sir?" she asked, gravely. "I cannot suppose that you rated your services so highly as to expect some tangible proof of my brother's gratitude."

"You are right; but still I hoped to be thought of with some of the deep and abiding feeling your image awakes in my own heart, said Sir Charles, with a glance into her face that made Rosamond colour more vividly than before, though she answered quietly enough.

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"The chairman! Oh, then it is through him that the business will principally be conducted? and Mr. Vane is probably only coming down to be referred to on points of detail. Is he a man likely to walk out quite while he is here?"

"What an extraordinary question!" said Madge. "I can scarcely understand what you mean."

"I meant was he fond of exercise? Some men whose lives are passed in the City are dislighted of every chance of getting into the fresh air. However, I only asked for the sake of something to say. I think you are perfectly right in what you propose, my dear Mrs. Pickering, and I would recommend you to take every precaution that your intentions are not frustrated."

He spoke in a nervous, jerky manner, quite foreign to his nature, and half put forth his hand, as though about to wish her good-bye. It was evident that he was anxious for her departure, so Madge, wondering much what could have so strangely moved her friend, took her leave. The rector accompanied her to the gate, and then, returning to his study, turned the key in the lock, and, falling upon his knees, prayed long and fervently.

When Madge arrived at Wheatcroft she found Sir Geoffry in a state of great excitement.

"I have received a letter from these gentlemen, Mrs. Pickering," he said, "and they will be here at midday to-morrow. Very luxurious fellows for men of business they seem to be. To complete the journey in one day; they must start at three o'clock for South. Not a sort of man to lead a forced march through a jungled country, with the thermometer at fever heat. Doubtless easy style this Mr. Delabole writes in too; says he has no doubt that, after I have perused the private papers which he intends bringing with him, and listened to all he has to say, I shall be convinced of the excellence of the underwriting, and that he shall carry away the deed of — duly inscribed with my name. He speaks so confidently that the investment which he proposes must be a very sound one, or else he must have but a poor opinion of my business qualifications. I dare say he thinks it will be easy enough, with specious words and cooked accounts, to get over an old Indian soldier; however, that will remain to be proved. You will be quite ready for the reception of these gentlemen, Mrs. Pickering, and will make them comfortable, I am sure."

"You may depend upon their being made perfectly comfortable, Sir Geoffry," said Madge. "There will, I presume, be no occasion for my being in attendance when they are here?"

"None in the world," said Sir Geoffry, promptly.

"I mean that I shall not be called upon to see them, and that I may keep to my room during their stay?"

"Certainly, if you wish it," said Sir Geoffry. "But you know, Mrs. Pickering, that I am rather proud of you, and—"

"I am a little over-fatigued by my journey, and am in such a nervous hysterical state that I dread any introduction to strangers, fearing I might absolutely break down. I—"

"Don't say another word about it; you shall do exactly as you please, and no stress shall be laid upon you. Sensitive woman that," said the old general to himself, looking after Madge's retreating figure. "High-spirited, and all that kind of thing. Does not mind the people about here, but doesn't like strangers. Is afraid, I suppose, of meeting people who knew her in better days, and who would be ashamed of recognizing her in her present position. Now I must once more look through the papers which Irving sent me, and coach myself up in readiness to meet these gentlemen from the City."

Punctual to its time, the train containing the two gentlemen arrived at the Springside station the following morning, and Mr. Delabole, hopping briskly out, called a fly, then turned back to assist his companion in extricating the luggage from the carriage. There were a few persons on the platform; for it was an early and unfashionable train; but amongst them was a tall, thin man, of stooping figure, dressed in a long elegant coat, who hovered round the two strangers, and seemed to take particular notice of them—such particular notice as to attract Mr. Vane's attention, and induce him to inquire jocularly of Mr. Delabole "Who was his friend?" whereupon Mr. Delabole started with easy assurance at the tall gentleman, and told Mr. Vane "that their friend was probably a person who had got wind of the intended marriage of Mr. Vane's son to the heiress, and had come to draw him a little money for the local charities."

They drove straight to Wheatcroft, and on their arrival were received with much formality and politeness by Sir Geoffry, who told them that luncheon was awaiting them. During the discussion of this meal, at which the three gentlemen alone were present, the conversation was entirely of a social character; Springside, its natural beauties and its mineral waters; the style of persons frequenting it; the differences between a town and country life, were all lightly touched upon. The talk then drifted into a discussion on the speculative mania which had recently laid such hold upon English society, then altering off into a narrow channel of admiration for Mr. Irving and his Midian-like power, working back into the broad stream of joint-stock companies and rapid fortune-making, and finally settled down upon the Terra del Fuogo mine. During this conversation, Sir Geoffry, as was his natural instinct, had given utterance to various caustic remarks, and what he imagined were unpleasant truths, all of which, though somewhat chafed at by Mr. Vane, were received by Mr. Delabole, who evidently acted as spokesman for himself and his friend, with the greatest assuivage, and were replied to with the coolest coolness and good temper. The promptitude which his companion displayed in seizing upon every word uttered by their host as a personal matter was not without its effect upon Mr. Delabole. When Sir Geoffry pushed his chair back from the table and suggested that they should adjourn to the library, there to discuss the object of their visit, Mr. Delabole said:

"If you have no objection, Sir Geoffry, I think that this question will be more likely to be brought to a speedy conclusion if it is left to you and I. My friend Mr. Vane is invaluable in all matters of detail, and when we come to them we can request him to favour us with his presence; for the old saying of 'two being better than three holds good in business discussions as well as in social life, and if you have no objection, I think the basis of any agreements which are to be made between our friend Irving, represented by you, and the company represented by me, could better be settled by us alone."

Sir Geoffry bowed stiffly enough. "Whatever Mr. Delabole thought he should be happy to agree to. From the position which Mr. Delabole held in the City, it was quite evident that in such a talk as they proposed to have, he, by himself, would be more than a match for an old retired Indian officer."

HIS WIFE'S MOTHER.

He stood on his head on the wild sea-shore, And danced on his hands a jig; In all his emotions, as never before, A madly hilarious gig.

And why? In the vessel which left the bay, The mother-in-law had sailed, To a truant country some distance away, Where tigers and serpents prevailed.

He knew she had gone to recruit her health, And doctor her rasping cough, But waged himself a profession of wealth That something would carry her off.

Oh, now he might look for a quiet life, And even be happy yet, Though owing no end of neurological wife, And up to his collar in debt.

For she of the spees and curled false front, And black alpaca robe, Must pick out a snare to suffer the brunt, Or her next daily trial of Job.

He watched while the vessel cut the sea, And busily upon and down, And thought if already she quitted could be He'd consider the edifice crowned.

He'd borne the old lady through thick and thin, Till she lectured him out of breath; And now, as he gazed at the ship she was in, He bowed for her violent death—

Till over the azure horizon's edge, The bark had retired from view, When he leaped to the crest of a chalky ledge, And pranced like a kangaroo.

And many a jubilant peal he sent, O'er the waves which had made him free, Then cut a last caper ecstatic, and went, Turning snuff-salts homeward to tea.

CASTAWAY. BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "WRECKED IN PORT," &c., &c. BOOK III. CHAPTER IV. VISITORS.

ALTHOUGH her mind was sufficiently made up as to the course which she would pursue, Madge thought it would be advisable to take counsel with Mr. Drage, and accordingly early the next morning she set off for the rectory. She intended to tell Mr. Drage that Phillip Vane was coming to Wheatcroft on a matter of business, but did not think it necessary to explain what that business was, nor to acquaint the rector with the information which she had gleaned by unravelling the mysteries of the cipher telegram. It would be sufficient, she thought, to tell Mr. Drage that she intended to keep herself concealed during the time her husband was at Wheatcroft; and, by every means in her power to prevent him and the slightest idea of her connection with Sir Geoffry's establishment.

She found the rector taking his morning walk round the garden, with little Bertha trotting by his side. Directly she caught sight of Madge, the child rushed towards her, putting up her face to be kissed, and clinging to Madge's gown with both hands.

"We were talking about you just now, Mrs. Pickering," said the child. "I was asking papa why you did not come back and live here. We should like it so much, pa, and I would, and it would be so much more cheerful for you than staying with that cross old gentleman at Wheatcroft."

"My dear Bertha," said Madge, with a grave smile, "I should like to be with you very much, but I cannot come."

"So papa said," cried the child, turning to Mr. Drage, who had just come up. "I suppose as papa cannot have you here, that is the reason he has bought a portrait of you?"

"A portrait of me?" cried Madge, looking towards the rector with uplifted eyebrows.

"Bertha, my darling, how can you be so ridiculous," said the rector. "The fact is, Mrs. Pickering, that when at Breicester the other day, I saw in a shop window a print of a saint's head, by some German artist, and I was so struck with it, that I could not resist purchasing it. Yes, and he has had it nailed up over the mantelpiece in his bedroom, Mrs. Pickering; and when I told him the other day that thought it was like you, his face grew quite red. Didn't it, papa?"

"Now run away, darling, and don't talk nonsense," said the rector, whose cheeks were burning; then as the child darted off, he turned to his visitor and said, "Have you any news, Mrs. Pickering, as you are away from home so early?"

"I have indeed," she replied, "and strange news. Phillip Vane is coming to Wheatcroft!"

"Good Heaven!" cried the rector. "That woman has told him of your visit to her?"

"Oh, no," said Madge, with a smile. "She has not told him; she will not tell him. She has determined to play the game out in her own way, and to run the risk of whatever future revelation may bring forth. No, Mr. Vane is coming with another gentleman from London to see Sir Geoffry on business."

(To be continued.)

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?—In the course of an address to the Young Men's Christian Association, delivered lately by the Bishop of Manchester, his lordship said: "Some people think a gentleman means a man of independent fortune—a man who fares sumptuously every day; a man who need not work hard for his daily bread. None of these things make a gentleman; not one of them; nor all of them together. I have known men who were brought closer in connection with the world, than from my childhood, I am brought now, I have known a man of the roughest exterior, who had been accustomed all his life to follow the plow and to look after horses, as thorough gentlemen in heart as any nobleman that ever wore a dual coronet. I mean I have known them as unselfish, I have known them as truthful, I have known them as sympathising; and all these qualities go to make what I understand by the term 'a gentleman.' It is a noble privilege which has been sadly prostituted, and what I want to tell you is that the humblest man in Leeds who has the lowest rank to do, yet, if his heart be tender and true, can be, in the most emphatic sense of the word, 'a gentleman.'"

M. BROWN-SQUARD experimented upon the stiffened arm of an executed criminal, by injecting warm blood into it; the muscles regained their contractility, and their nerves their irritability. As the cutting of the blood is a cause of degeneration of nerve element. Follows Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites will assist normal healthy blood, and consequently increase nervous power, induces vital activity in debilitated constitutions, and tone all the organs dependent for health on muscular or nervous strength.

CHAPTER VI. THE BARONET IN TOWN.