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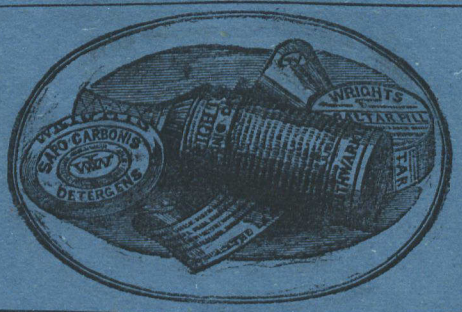

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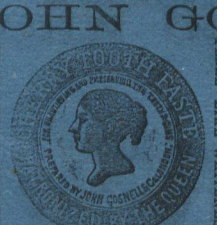

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THE
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"THEY AVOID ME—THEY ARE HIDING," LADY ESMER MURMURED

NOT LOVED, YET WEDDED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GWYN."

CHAPTER XXV.

JEALOUSY'S BITTER FRUIT.

GERARD saw the visitors to their carriage, then, mounting his horse, raised his hat to Esmer standing on the drawing-room balcony, and rode away with them.

"He is going with her," muttered his cousin, through her small, white teeth. "He does love her—he does; and she him. Never mind; wait until I am Countess of Lethrington, I will not then take it so passively. Oh!" with a burst of fury, "that I could bow that proud head with shame before her friends at daring to love a man engaged to another."

That idea got possession of the girl's jealous mind, ever craving to nurse a wrong, if only imaginary, until it would have almost delighted her to have found Gerard on his knees to Lucille, if she could only have brought society to witness the scene, and humbled her rival.

So the weeks passed, and the last evening but one before Gerard's marriage arrived. On it Lord Vavasour, the Earl's godfather, gave a grand fancy-dress ball in his and his cousin's honour.

The idea had filled Esmer with rapture. For hours had she studied the book of costumes with

Mademoiselle Stephine, consulting which would best suit her.

"I wonder what Lady Westbrook will wear?" she said, meditatively.

"*Tiens!* it would be no guide, your ladyship. She is fair, you are dark."

"I did not require a guide," retorted Esmer, proudly. "My taste, I hope, is as good as hers. Stephine, which is the handsomest, she or I?"

"She for de blonde," was the wise response; "you for de brunette; you need de richer couleur."

"Then I will go as this Spanish Infanta. See, Stephine."

"Ah, you will look superb. With your dark eyes, your small hands—you will look a princesse."

And so Esmer did. Her *petite* figure and elfish beauty gave her the appearance of a princess out of a fairy tale. Well satisfied was she with herself, and the words of real admiration with which Gerard, attired in the costume of a French mousquetaire, greeted her.

"I shall outrival my Lady Westbrook to-night," she pondered, leaning back in the carriage by Lady Davenant. "Pale beauties never look so well in fancy dress as dark ones."

When, leaning on her cousin's arm, they entered the splendid rooms, already filled with a gay assembly of motley costumes, that put chronology to the blush, Esmer's eyes eagerly sought the means of ratifying her speech and gratifying her self-love. Her heart was buoyant—she was happy because she was triumphant.

Abruptly, while they were moving on—as if it had been arranged beforehand—the crowd of guests separated, and some yards in advance, facing her, Esmer beheld Lucille.

She was dressed as Berengaria; her golden hair streamed far below her waist, and was held back from her white brow by a simple crown. A pleased smile rested on her countenance as she leaned on the arm of her cousin, dressed as Richard Cœur de Lion.

Esmer's heart fell, as Gerard's leaped. What was there in this woman which dominated, awed her, and filled her soul with fury? The girl's white teeth came sharply on her pomegranate lip as she heard some one — Lord Hampton—say close to her:

"By Jove! there is Lady Westbrook, as Berengaria; the belle as usual. By Jove! if she'd only come as an angel, she would make us all saints by a mere flutter of her silver wings."

Esmer lifted her eyes to Gerard's. What did he think of her?

The Earl's face was so cold and impassive she could not read it, only she felt him turn, apparently desirous of avoiding Queen Berengaria. With a sharp, hard laugh, she said:

"Don't run away, Gerard. Let us speak to her majesty, who ought to be an angel with silver wings. Did you not hear her called so? You are not afraid?"

He looked quickly, sternly at her, then his lip curled with pitying scorn.

"Come," he said, "Esmer, you are the creator of your own misery. No, I do not fear Lady Westbrook, as you shall see."

They met, exchanging a few words; Lucille genuinely praised Esmer's toilet, but the girl's happiness had gone.

She danced first with Gerard, then he danced with Lucille. Esmer was their *vis-à-vis*, and she could not keep her eyes off them. Her evening's pleasure was ruined. Whenever both were out of her sight she grew restless and feverish. She was sure they must be together. Thus will a mean, jealous, suspicious mind create, as Gerard said, its own causeless misery. Such is the fruit of jealousy.

It was about midnight when Esmer's self-torture reached its height. Leaning on the arm of a partner, she was promenading the ball-room, her brilliant eyes searching restlessly for Gerard and Lucille. Everybody seemed there but those two. They had been dancing together last—they must be together now. Where could they be? Oh, if she could but find them!

Her veins throbbed with the fever of restrained passion, and, finally sinking on a couch in the conservatory, she begged her companion to fetch her an ice.

It was merely an excuse to be alone. Directly she was she crossed to one of the open glass doors leading to the grounds, and, leaning there, let the air blow on her hot temples.

The night was misty, yet with a chill in its breath that felt refreshing. As the girl stood gazing out over the lawn to where the trees and shrubs commenced, she saw the shadow, apparently of a man, pass quickly into them.

Esmer started up. Her desire, her prayer, was answered. She had found them. They had sought the grounds, where they were sure of not being disturbed.

Without an instant's reflection she drew her velvet mantle about her, and, cunningly keeping in the shade, swiftly crossed the grass and penetrated the alley wherein she had fancied the figure had disappeared.

Noiselessly, rapidly, every pulse throbbing, burning with expectancy, she proceeded, searching, listening, but in vain—all was darkness, silence, solitude.

"They avoid me—they are hiding," she murmured, in a burst of fury. "Yet I will find them."

She renewed her quest, unconscious in her excitement that her satin, pearl-worked slippers were little suited for the damp ground. All was futile, and twenty minutes afterwards she found herself again on the lawn.

"It is useless this time; they have, no doubt, returned."

She drew her mantle closer, shivering; for the first time she felt the chilliness of the night. It was chill as her angry heart. Then she hastened back to the bright, warm ball-room.

As she stepped through the glass doors she perceived two gentlemen coming out of the conservatory, which extended along the whole length of the house. They were Lord Vavasour and Gerard. Perceiving her they hastened forward.

"My dear Esmer," said the Earl, "do not stand by the door. The night is damp, you will catch cold."

"I was so warm, I wanted a little air," she said; adding, with forced gaiety, "but where have you been hiding?"

"Scold me, not him," laughed Lord Vavasour. "I carried him off for a chat in the library, where we forgot time in politics. I didn't know we had been so long. You look cold; allow me to lead you back to the warmer apartments."

Esmer took his arm, and, as they went, said:

"Where is the queen of the ball, fair Berengaria, my lord? I have not seen her lately."

"Oh! Lady Westbrook? She had to leave nearly an hour ago, having to put in an appearance at the Premier's. Such are the arduous necessities of fashion, my dear Lady Mortmain."

Esmer's heart fell. All her jealousy, then, had been without foundation? She felt sick, discontented, irritable, wretched.

"Gerard," she whispered, beckoning him to her, "my head aches. Do you mind leaving?"

"On the contrary, I shall be delighted. I'll fetch Lady Davenant."

And Esmer drove home the most miserable instead of the happiest of Lord Vavasour's guests.

"But to-morrow, to-morrow," she murmured, leaning back, her eyes closed, "I shall be Countess of Lethrington."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE NEW SITUATION.

"I NEVER was so surprised in my life, dear, never. You were so very comfortable, I thought you were a fixture."

The speaker was a slightly-made little woman of over forty, with a brisk bird-like movement, a bright, clear, bird-like eye, a chirpy voice, and the kindest nature in the world.

The scene was a parlour in the house in Percy Street; the time, morning, and a neat, plain breakfast was on the table; one side was occupied by the small, bird-like lady, the other by no less a person than Maria Saproni.

She was, perhaps, a trifle paler, but a smile was on her lips as she sat leaning over the pages of the *Times* and tracing down the columns of "Wanteds."

Miss Pyefinch, for this proved the hostess's name, was the Italian's only friend. Chance had thrown them together years before.

Maria in her loneliness had eagerly clung to the kindly soul, and had made her her confidante respecting one of her engagements wherein she was not happy. Whereupon Miss Pyefinch, drawing herself to her full height, four-feet-four, and looking as if she were going to peck some one, had exclaimed, resolutely:

"My dear, you must not stop here—you shall not. It's a shame—you a young girl and a foreigner. How can you help your pretty face? and it is very pretty. If these men will make love to you, and her ladyship hasn't the nerve or power to protect you, I say you shall not stop."

"I will not," had responded Maria quite as decisively. "And her ladyship approves; she pities, and does not blame me. But—" now helplessly and despairingly—"where can I go? I am friendless, and a stranger in London."

"Not friendless," pecked Miss Pyefinch. "Where can you go? Why, to my home, of course. It isn't rich"—apologetically, then—"neither am I. I, too, have few friends, and only a small annuity; but it's enough to afford me the pleasure of your company, my dear—that is, if you don't object to plain furniture and plain living, when they are graced with a hearty welcome?"

Concluding, Miss Pyefinch, according to a habit she had, pushed up the knot of hair ornamenting the back of her head, which knot had a propensity for getting into the nape of her neck.

Maria had gratefully caught at the offer, since when the little annuitant's home had always been hers when she was out of an engagement.

"I was as comfortable, as happy as I have been in my life; nay, more so," remarked Maria, answering Miss Pyefinch's speech opening this chapter.

"Yet you have left. Peculiar;" and the little woman pushed up the lace cap, which now, in later years, covered the knot of hair until it gave her the appearance of a cockatoo.

"Never mind its peculiarity, dear friend," smiled Maria, apologetically. "Suffice I have left, and now must look out for another situation. Please listen to this:—

"'Wanted by a lady, single, a companion. Nothing menial. Must be amiable and obliging, also must like dogs——'"

"Stop—stop—stop!" interrupted Miss Pyefinch, putting her fingers in her ears. "Won't do at all, my dear. Nothing menial, only you'd have to wash Mimi and Fido every morning, cut up their diurnal chop, and take them—poor asthmatical creatures! — for their constitutional."

"Well," proceeded Maria, laughing merrily, "what do you think of this?—

"'Wanted by a lady a female amanuensis. Must write rapidly and distinctly from dictation. If possessing any literary powers, an admirer of the works of John Stuart Mill and an upholder of 'Woman's Rights' preferred. Address, Miss Tomasina Amazon.'"

Miss Pyefinch fell back, uttering a musical peal of chirping laughter.

"Oh! my love, what a contrast you and Miss Tomasina Amazon would be!" she cried. "I can see her, I'm sure I can. Hat and mantle of as masculine a cut as possible; boots with soles defying damp, blue spectacles, umbrella, black bag, large, hard features, and, my dear, a grave suspicion of a moustache. You'd have to write all her lectures, and worse, to hear them. Save us from female stump-orators. No; better wash Fido than that."

"If I'm so difficult to please I shall never get on," smiled Maria. "'Beggars must not be choosers.' Ah! stay, here is another:—

"'Wanted a lady's-maid; must be ladylike in manner and appearance. Apply between eleven and twelve at No.—— Chester Square.'"

"Ah-h-h!" ejaculated Miss Pyefinch, slowly and reflectively as she pushed her cap on to her forehead, "that sounds something better. Chester Square is a nice locality. But you should try after something higher than a lady's-maid, my love—indeed you should."

"I would; and such was my intention," answered Maria, taking up her coffee-cup; "but owing to circumstances I should prefer this employment. It is less public. A lady's-maid's radius need not go beyond her employer's dressing-room."

"True."

Miss Pyefinch paused meditatively. Then, a wistful, woman's curiosity in her eyes, blended with a little pain, perhaps, at her friend's reticence, she said:

"Why this secrecy, my love? Why, you tell me I mustn't even let your name be known here. It all seems so very, very strange. Can't you trust me?"

There was a moisture in the bright, dark eyes, and a sadness in the soft, treble voice.

Maria was touched, and could not resist the appeal.

"Trust you," she exclaimed, "why should I not? Dear Miss Pyefinch, I hesitated from no mistrust, only because the secret is scarcely my own. It concerns others; but I know I may confide in you."

"You may, my dear."

So Maria, glad on her side to unburden herself, told her tale. When she concluded, Miss Pyefinch, rising, clasped her hands in hers.

"My love!" she ejaculated, "whatever Lord Carisford may be, I know not, but of this I am certain—had he married you it would have been no misalliance. A man is exalted, not lowered, by wedding a brave, high-souled woman, though she be poor. Heaven bless you, my dear."

"Ah, Miss Pyefinch, your opinion would not be the world's," laughed Maria.

"The world's!" with an irate thrust upward of the cap. "Then the world is as far from common-sense as some people's Christianity is from the pure charitable precepts of its Founder, We all want to go to Heaven, I suppose? We all regard it as Gospel truth that there there is 'no marriage or giving in marriage; that God is no respecter of persons.' Yet in this atom in space, we set up an idol called Caste, and fall down and worship it."

Miss Pyefinch was quite in a frenzy of pecks, during which her cap underwent many changes of position.

"My dear Miss Pyefinch, for shame, you are a Radical, a Communist," laughed Maria.

"My dear child, I am no such thing. 'Liberty, equality, fraternity!' It's all nonsense, because it's all impossible, unless you cast every man's intellects in the same mould, and a pretty lively world it would be then. No; divide the world between Tom and Harry to-day, and before the year's out Harry would have the lot, and Tom be working for him as usual. I say, let the real barrier be between education and ignorance—the innate gentleman and the innate brute; for, my love, they are to be found in all classes. But as I can't alter the world, it must remain in its darkness. So tell me this," and taking Maria's hands again, she regarded her kindly: "there is only one thing that can make nobler the course you have taken. This Lord Carisford loves you. Child, do you love him?"

A moment Maria was silent; then her lips trembled; she bowed her head on the good-natured little woman's shoulder, and burst into tears.

"Oh! dear Miss Pyefinch, with my whole soul," she exclaimed. "Why should I hide it from one who I know will give me her friendliest sympathy. When I saw Lord Cecil I felt I beheld my fate. I can never love another; I can love but him."

"I guessed as much, I repeat, my brave girl," said Miss Pyefinch, clasping Maria affectionately to her, "Heaven bless and reward you. Well, after all, I know not whether it isn't, on the whole, happier in the long run to be worthy golden opinions than to possess golden joys."

The ice once broken, Maria and her friend talked long over the affair, then half-past ten striking, the Italian prepared to start to try her fortune at Chester Square.

Maria had been occupied by so many other thoughts, that it never occurred to her until she had knocked at No. — Chester Square, that a character would be required, and she could not refer to Lady Westbrook. What was she to do? She must leave it to chance, for already the door had opened, and a stately footman was superciliously waiting her to state her business, while he reflected:

"If this 's hanother lady's-maid, I pass my word she'll do."

Maria having shown Jeames' supposition was correct, that gentleman, bending from his stately dignity to an affable condescension, encouragingly remarked, as he conducted her across the hall and upstairs to the boudoir:

"You hare the sixth a'ready. But I don't think, miss, none of 'em sooted. Humph! nervis or huppish?" he added, *sotto voce*, when his companion only slightly inclined her head.

As they had traversed the hall, Maria, involuntarily raising her eyes on hearing a door open, had perceived emerging from it an exceedingly pleasant-looking young man, with a girl, evidently his sister, hanging lovingly on his arm.

The Italian's glance and the gentleman's had met, whereupon the latter had bowed low, a civility the former had gracefully acknowledged.

"By Jove! who is that?" inquired the young man of the young lady, who was hiding her face to conceal her laughter.

"Who? Oh, Hector! if Honoria had seen you bowing thus, as to a duchess!" and she cleverly mimicked him.

"Well, Cassie, why shouldn't I? Who is it?"

"Some one, I suspect, who want's to be engaged as mamma's lady's-maid."

"Never! By Heaven! Cas, the world's turning upside down, then—gentlemen hold the stirrup while the cad mounts."

"Oh, fie! you wicked boy. If mamma heard you——"

"Better than Honoria's doing so," he laughed, gaily. "I'll tell you what, Cas, if this household intends to have such a lady's-maid——"

"And such a governess," cried the girl, shaking her finger.

"Well, yes, and such a governess," he added, "there'll be followers enough to please Honie."

"Followers! How low you are, Hector," laughed Cas. "That's servant-girl language. I blush for you. If you talk so, you will make Miss Langton jealous."

"Should I?" smiled Hector, yet colouring slightly. "Now, Pussy, it's my turn. If mamma heard *you!* Does Miss Langton make you her confidante, pray?"

"I do not intend to tell you."

"Not if I give you a kiss, and promise a gallop with you on your chesnut mare? Come, what of Miss Langton?"

"I've excited your curiosity or vanity—which?" cried Cas, roguishly. "Now I'll tell you. I am sure she is in love; but I believe she doesn't care for you one bit. There!"

"And I believe that too," said Hector, mimicking his sister, who had darted upstairs. "That woman a lady's-maid!" he added, leaving the house. "What superb eyes! I wonder if mother will engage her."

Meanwhile Maria had been ushered into the presence of Mrs. Mannering and Honoria, the former of whom was a little awed, the latter mightily impressed, by the Italian's appearance. Such a lady's-maid must give style to her employers. Consequently Maria's statement of her capabilities was exceedingly well received, especially the names of the high families where she had been employed.

Mrs. Mannering tried to look as if titles were "household words," but she began to feel a little frightened. Maria seemed so grand, and such a lady. But Honoria had already decided; and when that was so, the affair was finished. The titles had determined her, while the climax was reached on hearing Maria was an Italian.

After a hurried whispered conversation, Mrs. Mannering, smoothing her dressing-gown with her jewelled hands, said:

"Well, signora, I think we may get on very well together. I don't object to the wages; money ain't of any account to me. But there's one thing that may be a drawback: my lady's-maid was taken ill suddenly, and had to go home immediately, leaving me without a soul to do my 'air. Now, when could you come?"

"If, madam," answered Maria, eagerly catching at the opportunity it offered to avoid mention of Lady Westbrook, "you would be satisfied with these written characters which I have brought, instead of waiting to apply, I would come to-day."

"To-day!" exclaimed Honoria. "That's the very thing, mamma. You know Lady Bunby Portsoaken's ball is to-night, and Craft dresses our hair frightfully."

"True, my love. P'r'aps, signora, the letters will be enough."

They were duly examined. As the mother and daughter read, their eyes wandered furtively to the stamped coronet and the crest. Truth must lurk therein; the words of their owners could not possibly be doubted; so the matter, to Maria's secret relief, was settled without any reference to Lucille, and she departed, promising to return in a few hours.

"They seem very good people," she said, in answer to a query from Miss Pyefinch. "I like the mother, and one thing much contents me, I do not fancy it is probable I shall encounter in their circle any of Lady Westbrook's friends."

That evening Maria won the gratitude of both mother and daughter. Never had they been dressed to look so well, and, perfectly satisfied, they sailed down to the carriage, and rattled off to Lady Bunby Portsoaken's ball.

Left alone, Maria turned down the lamp, and, taking her old position on the rug before the fire, fell into reverie. Her thoughts fled back to Lucille. She could not help comparing her present engagement with her last, until her lashes were heavy with tears that did not fall, when she was startled by a pleasant voice adressing her:

"Pardon my intruding upon your solitude, signora," it said; "but I imagined you might feel lonely here the first night."

Maria, looking up, beheld a tall, gentle, graceful woman smilingly gazing down at her. It was the governess, Miss Langton.

"What a sweet, lovely face, yet how sad!" she exclaimed, mentally, before she found words to acknowledge the kind consideration.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ESMER'S AMBITION REALISED.

When Esmer awakened after the ball, the cupid clock was striking ten, and a bright sun was finding its way through the rose-coloured curtains. Mellowed though it was, the light pained her eyes; she still felt tired; her head ached, too, as if a tight band were round it.

She would not rise yet; she would have a cup of chocolate, and sleep longer. In turning on her lace pillow, to resume her slumber, her gaze rested, through the silken curtains, upon Mademoiselle Stephine.

She was arranging a wonderful complication of creamy satin, lace flounces, snowy flowers, and pearls.

It banished sleep; Esmer started up with a cry of ecstacy.

"Oh! Stephine, how lovely!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands.

"It is a *chef-d'œuvre*, my lady," rejoined her companion, drawing a foot or so away, and viewing the bridal-dress she had tastefully arranged with a critical and admiring gaze. "You will look angelic. *Mais voir*, Lady Esmer! It came last night; the Earl thought you would like to see it. You will wear it at your first Drawing Room, when you are presented as the Countess of Lethrington."

Fetching a large Morocco case, Mademoiselle Stephine opened it, displaying to Esmer's enraptured eyes the dazzling gems of a countess's diadem.

"Ah! dear Stephine," she cried, "to-morrow—to-morrow I shall have the right to wear it."

Esmer thought no more of sleep. She was anxious to dress, to try on the wedding-robe, to see the perfect fit of which one of Madame De'acour's head women was in attendance.

This important ceremony, the jewels, the admiration of Lady Davenant and her daughters, the visitors who came to inspect the handsome wedding presents, rendered that day one of great excitement to Esmer. Never had she felt happier—never appeared so beautiful. Her complexion was vivid, her eyes vivid. Her tiny figure, as it flitted about, looked like some bright, dazzling, tropical insect. Gerard watched her with real admiration.

"Good-night, my darling!" he said, shortly after dinner. "Lady Davenant tells me I must not remain later this evening, or I shall tire you."

"You tire me, Gerard! The idea!" she laughed. "Yet, still I should not like pale cheeks for to-morrow. People would think I was sorry, instead of being as happy as happy could be."

As the Earl stooped to kiss her for this apparent affection, he could not prevent the thought occurring, whether the happiness arose entirely out of love for him or the accomplishment of an ambition.

"And now that you are going," proceeded Esmer, keeping his head down by her arms clasped round his neck, so that she might look into his face, "I will tell you a surprise I have for you."

"A surprise?" he smiled.

"Yes; the name of my chief bridesmaid," she replied, still holding him prisoner. "What do you think it is?"

"You told me—Rosey Davenant."

"Rosey Davenant indeed!" And Esmer's head moved contemptuously. "She is not suited to be chief bridesmaid to the daughter and bride of an Earl, Gerard. No, Lady Westbrook. There."

The Earl started violently. Nothing on earth could have prevented his doing so; and his countenance displayed grave annoyance, as he said:

"Esmer, why was this? After what has passed between us, I repeat, why?"

"Because I thought I should like it," and her eyes glittered into his. "I thought I should like the belle of the season to be my bridesmaid; so I asked her, and she consented. To please me also she promised to keep it a secret from you."

"From me!" broke out Gerard. "You asked Lady Westbrook this?"

"No; not exactly in those words. I asked her not to tell; for I knew it would be a pleasurable surprise to you her paying me this compliment."

"And what did Lady Westbrook say?" inquired the Earl, with difficulty curbing his anger.

"She looked at me quietly a moment, afterwards smiled, then answered, she would yield to my desire with pleasure, adding to herself, though I heard her, 'Perhaps it would be better;' of course she meant not letting you know."

Such was not Gerard's opinion He guessed

that Lucille had read the character of his future wife, and could imagine how full of pitying scorn her smile had been. She, as he, no doubt, had become aware how society had coupled their names, and had recognised that her consenting to become Esmer's bridesmaid would give the death blow to any yet floating suspicions.

Still he could not blind himself to his cousin's meaning. Regarding her almost sternly, he said:

"If your words were true, Esmer, I could excuse you; but confess, was it only as a *pleasant* surprise to me that you did this?"

His glance was of the description she could rarely encounter. Her eyes fell, a vivid flush suffused her cheek. He understood it all. When the cup others had forced to his lips was apparently the sweetest, she dashed into it the bitterness of gall.

"Esmer," he cried passionately, taking in the evidently wretched future in store for both, "you will not let me love you; you do not love me, for affection never dwells where there is mistrust. One day you will repent this terrible jealousy, the bane of your existence."

He moved from her, far from dreaming how soon his prediction was to be realised.

In a second, his cousin was again at his side. Her hands clasped his arm, hysterical tears were in her eyes.

"Gerard, cousin, forgive me," she pleaded. "All you say is true. I was jealous. She is so beautiful, so—so graceful; but from this moment I cease to be, I trust you. Do not to-night let us part like this?"

"Foolish child, for your own sake keep this promise," he answered. "There," he added rather wearily as he kissed her in token of pardon, "you are making yourself ill; you are excited and feverish, I should say go to bed early. Good night."

He went, and Esmer, so happy as to be really penitent, not caring for the Misses Davenants' company, retired to her own apartments.

"You look *tres fatiguè*, my lady," remarked Mademoiselle Stephine, on her entrance. "There has been too much excitement *ce jour*. If I might advise, I should say go to bed."

"I think I will; I do feel tired," responded Esmer, gaping. "Besides, to-morrow I must rise earlier;" and her eyes brightened. "Oh! Stephine, think before another sun sets I shall be a Countess!"

That thought followed her to her pillow, and even in her sleep which was broken and restless.

Meanwhile, as the clock of Westminster, giving the signal to other clocks, struck out midnight, Lucille sat alone before the fire in her dressing-room. Attired in a soft white swansdown trimmed dressing-gown, reclining in a low chair, her hands clasped on her lap, and her eyes bent on the fire, she was lost in reverie.

Abruptly she directed her gaze to her bridesmaid's toilet placed ready for the morrow.

"It will be a trying ordeal," she murmured; "one I am sure maliciously planned; one I would not have stooped to, had it not been to blind the world to the truth. No way fitter. Had Lady Westbrook loved, or been loved and deceived, she would, they will say, scarcely play bridesmaid to her rival."

Sighing, she placed her hands before her face. A trying ordeal indeed. On that morning, to which Esmer looked forward so triumphantly, Lucille was to stand by, and, smiling, hear uttered the vows which made another's the only man she had ever really loved. As, mentally, the confession rose to her lips, she moved her head quickly, and coloured.

"It seems so cruel to say—even to think it," she murmured. "Poor, poor fellow! His affection was sincere, if—if mine was not!"

Going to a book-case where she kept some favourite volumes, she brought one back with her. It was the same Maria had selected, and discovered on the fly-leaf the name "W. Selwyn." It was at this part that Lucille opened it, and her eyes rested on the name until they grew dim with tears.

"Poor, poor fellow!" she remarked again, closing the volume. "Better, perhaps, as it was. I know, now, mine was not love. I never loved but once, and that——" She stopped; then added, proudly, as she arose: "What! am I so destitute of maidenly pride that I can love one who is to be the husband of another? No! as Heaven hears me, from this moment, Gerard, I must—I *will* forget you!"

Like some beautiful priestess performing a holy rite, she raised her fair arms and her eyes upward, as if in ratification of her vow. In a few seconds an angelic peace took possession of her features. Her arms slowly dropped to her side; she had fought, and conquered. Half an hour later she was sleeping calmly, a smile on her lip.

How did the Earl pass that last night before his wedding? With one exception, in no way different from those other nights since he resolved to fulfil his duty in every point to his cousin. From that time his countenance had lost much of its brightness. A cold passivity held possession of it in repose; while, like his manner, it was more staid, and lacking of spirit.

This night's exception had not been of long duration. Once more his face was his usual face, as, unlocking his desk, he drew out a packet containing a once-worn glove, a knot of ribbons, and a few faded wild flowers. Perhaps he ought never to have kept them; certainly he must not now.

A spasm of acute mental agony convulsed him as, for a space, he regarded these stolen treasures; then, overcoming the eager longing to press them to his lips, approaching the fire, reverently he placed them on it, watching with clouded brow until they were consumed.

"As they perish," he murmured, "so dies my love; for to love now would be a sin. Oh, Lucille, Lucille!"

As the name burst from his trembling lips, his own seemed whispered in his ear, like in an angel voice.

Night deepened, and he, too, slept, becoming, even as Lady Westbrook and his cousin, the "Man of Dreams, so arbitrary of sway." Thus, the mind no longer under self-control, Gerard's stole back to Lucille, Lucille's to him; while Esmer's dwelt on the countess's diadem, and the precedence it would give her when it graced her brow.

Bright was the morning which heralded Esmer's wedding-day. The canary in the sitting-room carolled as if its little throat would burst with exuberant song of gratitude for the sunshine; while the white Maltese spaniel—Gerard's gift—went through a whole set of geometrical problems, in order to catch his own silky tail, being, probably, seized with a fit of canine domestic economy to make both ends meet.

The household of the Davenants was up betimes; and the household—even down to the little scullery-maid, who was to catch a beatific view of the bride and her attendant bridesmaids from the area step—was in a perfect flutter of excitement.

The bride's *trousseau* was now represented by large portmanteaus, ready-labelled "Paris, *viâ* Dover." The large dining-room had been surrendered to Messrs. Carter and Routs, active young men, who knew—none better—how to provide the most *recherché* of *recherché* wedding-breakfasts; and, in the Davenant household, the most critical national question must have given place that day to the god Hymen.

Of all, Esmer, the most interested, was the most spiritless; indeed, she was out of humour. The moment of her ambition had arrived, and, as so frequently is the case, the very anxiety, suspense, and longing deadened the pleasure. She was petulant to her maid—irritable even with Mademoiselle Stephine. The canary made her head ache; so the small songster had to be covered up from the bright sunshine. Floss annoyed her by his snapping and merriment; consequently, had to be banished—at which he was by no means sorry, taking refuge in Rosey Davenant's apartment.

Then the bath had not been warm enough, and had given her a chill; her hair had never been so frightfully dressed, nor the chocolate so tasteless.

"There's no pleasing her ladyship to-day," grumbled the lady's-maid to Mademoiselle Stephine. "I never did! And her wedding-day, too!"

"*C'est egal*, Janet," responded mademoiselle, soothingly. "It is nervous excitement. *C'est tout;* she is uneasy as to her appearance. Wait until she is dressed, *ma fille*, and her veil on. That will please her. Never was *une demoiselle* more vain."

"Never was a maddermozell more ill-tempered!" muttered Janet. "Thank goodness *I'm* not going to travel with her. A pretty life she'll lead the Earl! *I* know her!"

But to-day the lady's-maid did not know her. Had she, she would have recognised some excuse for this petulance.

Nevertheless, Mademoiselle Stephine was right. When Esmer, fully attired, with veil, wreath, and bouquet, saw herself in the glass, the smile came back to her lips, the sparkle to her eyes, while a bright glow was on her olive cheeks, as she descended to the drawing-room, where her bridesmaids, and Lord Vavasour, who was to give her away, were waiting.

Even at such a moment a jealous pang smote her as she beheld Lady Westbrook. How lovely she looked!—the chief, indeed, of the bridesmaids. As Esmer recollected her own small figure, and its deformity, and how Lucille's splendour cast her into the shade, bride as she was, she repented having asked her. Was there to be no happiness in this young life?—none but her own mind must render bitter?

Was it this which took the light from her eyes, the colour from her cheeks, and made her feel as if a cloud, dark and chilled, shadowed the brightness of this day, that put the climax to her hopes. She began to feel almost weary of it. Lord Vavasour, noting this languor, rallied her, bringing the colour back by the time they reached the church.

The edifice was crowded, and eager, admiring eyes followed the bride as, leaning on the arm of the tall, handsome bridegroom, she advanced to the altar, where a bishop and two clergymen were to unite them.

A brief space; then, as the organ pealed forth its jubilant "Wedding March," Esmer and Gerard rose up man and wife. The latter's ambition was achieved; she was Countess of Lethrington.

Dead Sea fruit—Dead Sea fruit, after all!

It seemed to Esmer a whirl, a dim unreality, this ceremony—the signing her name, the congratulations— a dream, from which she must awaken. She began to wish it was all over, and she could get a little rest for breathing and reflection.

But there was the breakfast to go through yet, with the speeches, and good wishes. The champagne, however, revived her; it brought the warm blood back to her cheeks. The breakfast was pleasanter than she thought.

Finally, Lord Vavasour, rising, proposed the health of the Earl and Countess of Lethrington. As the name fell on Esmer's ear she broke into a hysterical laugh, attracting every eye to her, covering her with confusion. The laugh was unbecoming in a bride; it was foolish, but it had been out of her power to prevent it. She lowered her head, and bit her lip at the idea that Lucille had heard her.

The slight silence which had ensued was broken by Lord Vavasour continuing his speech. Then came the request that Lady Westbrook would cut the cake.

Smiling she arose, receiving the knife handed her; but the rich condiment was destined not to be cut that day. As Lucille was about to perform the ceremony, Lady Davenant cried:

"My lord—my lord, see; Lady Lethrington is not well!"

It was so; Esmer had sunk suddenly back on her chair.

All was instantly confusion; the guests declared that once or twice they had thought she looked ill. Meanwhile Gerard had assisted his wife to her own room followed by Lady Davenant, Lucille and the eminent physician, Sir Mordant Cullam who was one of the guests.

In a quarter of an hour the physician reappeared, and beckoned the Earl from the breakfast-table.

"My lord," he said, "I fear I must be the bearer of unpleasant news. Her ladyship's illness is of no ordinary character; the Countess appears to be labouring under great cerebral excitement, while she also seems, from what I can ascertain, to be suffering from a severe, feverish cold, such as might be occasioned by a sudden chill, or checked perspiration. Lady Davenant, however, deems this impossible, for even at the ball she was warmly clad."

"Gerard," exclaimed Lord Vavasour, who had followed his godson, "I see it all. Do you recollect when we found Lady Esmer standing at the door of the conservatory? She said she had found the rooms warm?"

"I do, it must be that, or ——"

"It was that, my lord," said Lady Davenant, joining them. "Sir Mordant is right. I have been questioning Lady Lethrington's maid, who says that on her ladyship's return from the ball her satin slippers were soiled and quite wet, as if she had been walking on dewy grass or wet ground. Silly, silly, thoughtless child, she must have gone into the grounds."

"My lord," remarked Sir Mordant, "I fear you will have to defer your departure for the Continent. Her ladyship must not be moved yet."

"Is there danger?" asked Gerard, with real concern.

"Danger! Oh, no, no! Colds thus caught, and not attended to, as the case here, my lord, are always rather ticklish things; but, everything depends on the patient's constitution, and I believe Lady Lethrington's to be a good one. Lady Westbrook is with her. Her ladyship has the touch and tenderness of a born nurse."

So the wedding-breakfast was interrupted, and quietly the guests withdrew.

Before night Esmer was delirious, the victim of her own jealousy.

[To be continued.]

"*Not Loved Yet Wedded*," commenced in No. 670 and Part CLXVI.

"YOU SKETCH VERY UNEQUALLY, SIR INNIS," VIVIEN OBSERVED.

THE QUEEN OF THE SEASON.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHAT SHE CAME FOR.

If the feelings are very much excited, it is always difficult, if not impossible, to take any correct note of time; and so, perhaps, Lord Esselyn deceived himself when he judged that several minutes must have elapsed before Marie spoke. When she did, it was so faintly, so hoarsely, that he could scarcely distinguish what she said:

"Unfasten this door! There is no need to take precautions as if I were a common thief! I would have eluded you if I could; but, now that you have recognised me, you can do your worst. I will make no more attempts to escape; you may do with me as you please."

"Why are you here at all? Why have you left my sister?" he asked, as sternly as he could.

"The housekeeper sent me away. She said I looked pale and fatigued, and bade me go and rest awhile."

"And you came here because it was quieter than any other part of the house, and my sudden entrance startled you; that was your only reason for trying to hide from me. Am I not right?" cried Aymer, joyfully seizing upon such extenuating circumstances; for he was very loth to condemn her, even on the evidence of his own senses.

"No!" said Marie, "setting her teeth together; "I will not lie, even to save myself from disgrace. It was *not* chance that led me here to-night."

"Then you did have some other motive for coming to my study, and for touching——" He glanced significantly at the open desk, and again her face was hastily concealed, as if the shame of this discovery were more than she could bear; but still she did not refuse to answer him:

"Yes, I had some other motive; I confess it. But what I proposed taking from your desk I would have replaced at some future period. I hoped to do so before you could miss it."

Aymer thought he understood it all now. In the secret drawer he had placed, a few days earlier, a considerable sum of money, in notes. He had spoken to his sister, in Marie's hearing, of this money; and some hidden, but pressing, need might have tempted her to appropriate a portion of it until her own purse was replenished. If so, the person most in fault was the Countess, who was sadly dilatory in paying the salaries due to the members of her household.

Aymer was young and romantic enough to feel both grieved and annoyed to find his fair Marie—this pretty, refined unknown, whom he had invested with every good quality—descending to commit such an act as this! Still, he was too generous to reprobate it very severely. She was alone, and friendless; he would remember this, and urge her to have more faith for the future in the kindness of Vivien, who would have aided her freely if appealed to.

"We will say no more of this stupid affair," he exclaimed; "I am sure it will not happen again. Why did you not confide to me that your funds were low? I should have been pleased to give, or lend——"

A cry of angry astonishment from his auditor made him stop, in no little confusion.

"Great Heaven! he thinks that I came to steal from him—to take his gold! Am I fallen so low in his opinion as this?"

Aymer began to feel as if he were the culprit, and not Marie, when she confronted him with her dark eyes flashing unutterable scorn; and yet he was relieved too—so much so, that, presently, he began to laugh at her resentment.

"Don't stab me with your frowns, ma'm'selle, though I plead guilty of deserving them! I beg your pardon on my knees" (figuratively this time) "for my unlucky speech; but when damsels place themselves in equivocal positions they ought not to fly into a passion because a very natural construction is put upon the circumstances under which they are discovered."

"Natural!" she echoed, disdainfully; "your excuse does but aggravate the affront. Do I look like a pilferer?"

"You look, at the present moment, like Juno, in one of her thunder-and-lightning moods—terrifically furious, and furiously beautiful!"

"What have I done that you should insult me by such an accusation?" she exclaimed, still panting with wrath. "Will you not examine your desk before I leave the room, and assure yourself that your treasured money is untouched? Shall I turn out my pockets, to prove to you that I have none of it about me?"

"It's the first time I have ever been talked to as if I were over-fond of gold and silver!" retorted Aymer. "What have I done to have this accusation brought against me? I always thought my cash and I parted company too easily; and I may surely add, in my own defence, that I am always ready to lend to anyone who wishes to borrow."

"This is nothing to me!" said Marie, impatiently. "I bid you count it, that you may assure yourself I have not tampered with it!"

"Hang the money! Has it not been thrown in my teeth sufficiently?" cried Aymer, beginning to get cross too. "I have acknowledged that I made an absurd mistake when I allowed myself to suppose that you were about to honour me by making use of it."

"A false speech, my lord," she interposed, before he could say more. "Such an act and honour are not to be named in the same breath! You did think I had been robbing you; so why try to gloss it over?"

How exasperatingly she dwelt upon his mistake, and how charming she looked with her lip pouting resentfully, and her nostrils dilating as she surveyed him. She was gaining the advantage so entirely that Aymer was obliged to act on the defensive.

"Would it not save a great many words and much unnecessary trouble if Ma'm'selle Marie were to frankly tell me what it is she has been seeking in my desk?"

Her colour rose, and she was at a loss for a reply; seeing this, Aymer mercilessly pursued his advantage:

"Perhaps she came to place within it some pretty little *gage d'amour*—I beg pardon—*gage d'amitié*, I should have said. No? Perhaps, then, the spirit of order prompted her to assort the papers it contains, for I cannot flatter my-

self she takes sufficient interest in my correspondence to care to peruse it. Alas! no one writes *billet-doux* to *me* that are worth perusing."

"Then you burn your letters?" she observed, rather irrelevantly.

"Not when I have a profound interest in the writer. Try me. If you should feel inclined to send me a penitent little confession that the spirit of feminine curiosity impelled you to dip your fingers in yonder confused mass of circulars, bills, programmes, race-cards, and so on, to try what you could extract, I'll keep it as long as I live."

"*Merci*, monsieur; but I have no such confession to make," she retorted, drily. "It is quite true that I opened your desk; it is true that I had an object in so doing, but I could not stoop to read a letter addressed to another person. No, no!"

"And yet, as you have just acknowledged, you opened my desk? Will you not tell me what for? I am racking my brain to remember what it contains that could interest you."

"Do not rack them any longer. I have not found what I sought; if I had it would not have signified, for it was of no value to you."

Lord Esselyn made a comic gesture of perplexity.

"Ma'm'selle Marie, the Egyptian Sphinx pales into nothingness before you," he cried, for he was amused in spite of his vexation. "You grow more and more inexplicable. Talk of Psyche; pshaw! what is Psyche compared with Marie the mysterious. But it is customary when anyone propounds an enigma which you cannot guess to supply the solution, so I give it up. I've had millions of guesses, and all to no purpose; be good-natured, and rede me the riddle without more ado."

"I will, in my own time. Will you unlock this door, my lord?"

"It is only bolted, oh, most incomprehensible of maidens. One touch of your finger and you are free—free to go away and laugh in your sleeve at your humble servant. The victory is yours as usual; you are more clever at fencing than I."

"Indeed, I am in no laughing mood," she answered, with a sigh that was almost a sob. "Such victories cost one as much pain as a defeat. I am ashamed, humiliated; I did not think when I came here that I should be forced to stoop to acts that make me despise myself."

"I wish I could puzzle out the meaning of what you are saying. Who had forced you to do this? What is the secret trouble that causes you to look so unhappy? Ah, Marie, why will you not trust me with it? Do you remember how you said that if ever you consented to confide in anyone it should be in me? I am not over wise, but I would counsel you to the best of my ability. You should never repent your faith in Aymer Esselyn."

But Marie snatched her hand out of his clasp. His low, tender tones had repelled rather than propitiated her.

When she replied it was with brusque irony and frowning glances:

"How you can talk, and plead, and protest, and mean but to befool me all the while! I will have no more of it. I pray you, my lord, either to accept my apologies for this intrusion in the same spirit that they are offered, or carry your complaint to the Countess, and let her dismiss me."

"Not for worlds would I expose you to Lady Esselyn's anger," was the immediate response. "Nor will I speak to anyone of this rencontre if you wish it to remain a secret betwixt ourselves."

"I think I have already told you, my lord, that I do not like having secrets with anyone," said Marie, haughtily.

"Especially me. You think I shall presume upon your confidence; but why? Have I been so ungenerous in my behaviour to you since you have resided in my house?"

But Marie, who with trembling fingers was essaying to open the door, did not choose to answer this, and the Earl began to feel affronted at what he considered her ungracious refusal to lie under the smallest obligations to him. He would not offer to render her any assistance as she endeavoured to find the little bolt that prevented her egress, till she gave him an entreating look, and faltered:

"My lady may wake and ask for me. They may search for me; and if I am found here——"

She said no more: for Aymer, who was never proof against feminine distress, instantly stepped forward, threw the door wide open, and then moved aside to let her pass. She darted away like an arrow from a bow, without a farewell word or backward glance, leaving him irefully looking after her.

"Ungrateful little puss! She behaves in a most extraordinary and suspicious fashion, and when I civilly ask for an explanation, turns upon me as if she were the aggrieved party, and flies off at last, leaving me in as great a maze as ever. Now what could she have wanted from my desk?"

He moved the lamp close to where it stood, so that the light might shine more fully upon its recesses; then, with folded arms and wrinkled brows, gravely contemplated the heterogeneous collection it contained.

"No; there's nothing there that can account for ma'm'selle's researches. It might be labelled like one sometimes sees the letters—'contents of no value'. There is certainly no accounting for feminine caprices; but why hers should take such an unaccountable turn—— Hallo! what's this?"

At his feet lay a photograph, his own—one that he had been prevailed upon to sit for when last in town, and had offered to Vivien; but when that young lady made some impertinent comments on the streak of down just visible on the upper lip, he had revoked the gift, and tossed the carte into his desk, where it had lain ever since.

"If my memory is to be depended on," mused Aymer, "I saw this caricature of my divine countenance only yesterday, when I was searching for something else, and it was then in the photographer's envelope. Did I toss it out myself, either purposely, or by accident? No; I did not—I'm positive of it, and here's the proof. The envelope lies here, where I left it; the carte has been deliberately removed, and must have been dropped when I made my unexpected appearance on the scene. This, then, is the identical article ma'm'selle intended to carry away; this photo, which, as she very truly avowed, is of no use to its owner. Humph! but what did she want with it? Why was she overwhelmed with confusion when I detected her in the act of appropriating it? Can it be because she feels a flattering interest in me—myself?"

But just as he arrived at this agreeable conclusion, steps approached; he heard his own name loudly called, and the photograph was thrust out of sight *for the present*.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WILY WOMAN.

LADY VIVIEN came downstairs in the course of a few days to play the *rôle* of the interesting invalid, clad in the most exquisite combination of *cachemire* and furs, with a half handkerchief of Brussels lace tied loosely over her fair hair, so as to conceal the unsightly strapping that covered the still unhealed wound her head had received from the falling statue.

She was just languid enough to enjoy being waited on, and made much of by her friends; yet not sorry when some of those most eager at first to pay her attention gradually relaxed in their civilities, and she was left to the care of Cressida, the most affectionate and awkward of nurses, and the *petits soins* of her brother and Sir Innis Hatherfield.

Mr. Douceby avoided the small drawing-room where her couch was placed, protesting that his nerves were so delicately strung that the sight of suffering inflicted upon him the most exquisite torture; and Lady Vivien, pale, *distraite*, and incapable of listening to his efforts at conversation, was not half as pleasant a companion as the more sympathising widow, Mrs. Carmichael. The shy Marquis hovered about her ladyship's couch; but after receiving one or two decided checks to his attempts to engage her in conversation, he, too, retreated. Vivien had no time to spare for flirtations with awkward lads. A few weeks, and the London season, of which she intended to be a queen regnant, would commence; before then she was firmly resolved that, at her feet, helplessly captive to her charms, she would have the outwardly-indifferent friend of her brother.

Sir Innis was the first man who had regarded her calmly and critically; whose eyes had discerned her faults, and permitted her to see it; who, instead of gladly, proudly wearing her chains, had never, till the evening her accident occurred, testified more interest in her than he evinced for any other lady with whom he was domesticated. She had proposed to snub him when he came to Esselyn—to make him comprehend that Aymer's boyish belief in his perfections did not constitute him a hero, or even a sensible fellow, in the opinion of Aymer's sister; and she had been prepared to make him feel very small and insignificant before she condescended to enrol him in the ranks of her humble adorers; but it was immensely provoking to know that it was *she* who had been snubbed, she who had been made to feel her imperfections and littleness instead of the baronet.

Never yet had Lady Vivien deliberately striven to win a heart. Alas! that the fascination of a fair face should be so great, while real worth is uncared for! Yet so it was; hearts had been but too readily offered for her acceptance; and when a wooer had been blandly but firmly rejected, she had always been able to say to herself, "It is not my fault that he has to endure this disappointment. I cannot help it if he was so egotistical as to think that his admiration was worth more to me than what I received from other and better men."

She had been gratified by the homage offered her; she had dressed, sang, smiled to secure it, but only as the incense due to her beauty and her rank. Never till now had she said to herself: "I will not rest till he has confessed that he loves me; till I have revenged myself for every slight he has inflicted on me; till his pride is under my foot, and I can make him bow his haughty head, and do whatever I choose to demand."

It was a bold determination, and she had no gleam of hope to work on save those few passionately-spoken words when she lay before him fainting with weakness, and apparently unconscious; but Vivien was a passionate and wilful girl, ready to risk or dare anything rather than endure the stinging sense of such mortification as Sir Innis's coolness often caused her.

He was cool still in spite of his kindness. He was the first to see when she wanted anything; the first to hasten to her assistance, if she let her book fall, or her pillows required altering; but then there was none of the *empressement* of the lover in his manner, nor could her thanks, however softly murmured, or however prettily they were seconded by her grateful glances, cause the slightest change to pass over his imperturbable features. If she were ever so gentle and winning his pulses did not seem to quicken, nor did his eye rest more tenderly upon her; and if she grew impatient, and spoke to him peevishly, he only raised his shoulders and his eyebrows a little, and strolled away, to return when she was in a more placable mood.

"He must have lost his heart before he came here," she decided one day; but when she hinted this in a careless fashion to her brother, it was promptly negatived.

"Hatherfield a victim to the blind god! Not he, indeed. If he had formed an attachment, he is too loyal to be philandering here with Cressy and the Estridges; he would be at the feet of his lady-love; besides, he frankly told me not long since that he had not found the fair dove, fond dove, &c., who is destined to be his beauteous bride."

"It's my opinion that he is one of those intensely egotistical men who are incapable of feeling affection for anyone but themselves," Vivien exclaimed; but Aymer had ceased to testify any annoyance at her strictures on his friend.

"If you are right, what a happy fellow he must be! What aches, and pains, and miserable moments he will be spared! I wish he would teach me his secret. I'm too impressionable myself. But I'm afraid talking so much is not good for you, Vivien, dear; your face is quite flushed."

"With vexation at your ridiculous speeches," she retorted.

"Is that all? Then I'll release you of my presence. Here's Hatherfield—talk of the angels, &c.—he shall be my substitute. Innis, my dear fellow, come and try whether you can amuse this poor dear invalid, and win sweeter words for your pains than she has been giving me. I am dismissed as not worth listening to."

Sir Innis, who had been walking, came forward directly, and put into Vivien's hand the bunch of snowdrops he had brought in with him.

"Aymer does not give me much encouragement to undertake the office he offers me," he said, pleasantly. "If he, with his fund of ready wit and good humour, cannot find something entertaining to tell you, what success am I likely to have in my endeavours?"

"Please don't talk as if I were a child," said Vivien, plaintively. "Aymer's high spirits are rather overpowering when one's head aches oppressively, and I believe he provoked me into calling him absurd; but I did not wish him to trouble you to take his place."

"It will neither trouble me to talk nor to keep silence; I have had some experience with invalids."

"Oh! don't call me that. I am quite tired of seeing everyone put on a sympathetic look as soon as they enter the room, and try to walk more softly and lower their voice."

"I was merely going to observe that I know how easily the nerves are acted upon when we are too weak to do anything but lie still and endure whatever our well-meaning but often mistaken friends inflict upon us; so pray do not hesitate to order me out of the room if I am in your way."

"Thanks; but I had rather you stayed, unless it wearies you. I am afraid I am very exacting?"

Vivien looked up with a penitent air as she said this; but she bit her lip, for the polite disclaimer she expected to hear was not spoken. Sir Innis merely bowed, as if the remark were unanswerable.

"It is the first time since my childhood that I have been really ill," she went on; "and I suppose you will say that I ought to congratulate myself on that fact?"

"I don't know. There are lessons of endurance learned on a sick bed that are often of inestimable value to us."

"And you think I stand in need of such lessons?"

"I was speaking in general terms, Lady Vivien. Pray do not attach a signification to my words that they were not intended to convey."

"Did you think me in danger that evening my folly was so sharply punished?" she demanded, presently. "I fancied you were rather uneasy about me, weren't you?"

"So much so that I scarcely know what I did or said. If I shocked you with any incoherent expressions, please impute them to the true cause—my anxiety lest medical aid should not arrive in time."

Again Vivien's lip was compressed.

"It would have been a great shock to Aymer if anything had happened to me. Perhaps it was of him you were thinking?"

"It was of him I thought," Sir Innis quietly assented; and Vivien, finding that he said no more, turned restlessly upon her couch.

"I shall grow nervous and feverish if I lie here and recall such horrors; let us talk of something else. After all, I will play the child; so amuse me, *s'il vous plait*, monsieur."

"Willingly; but how? Shall I tell you a fairy story, or would you prefer a tale with a moral, or shall I read to you?"

Vivien made a *petite* movement of disgust.

"Or play noughts and crosses on a slate with me, or birds, beasts, and fishes? This is making a baby of me with a vengeance. Are you at the end of your resources?—have you nothing better to propose?"

"I am afraid not; for I heard you say yesterday that you were tired of chess, and considered écarté and besique detestable."

"Talk to me of yourself, Sir Innis," she said, imperiously. "You have been a great traveller; tell me some of your adventures."

"With pleasure. Shall I illustrate them with some sketches from my folio? My descriptive powers are not very great, but with the aid of a few photographs and drawings I may be able to bring before you more vividly the places of which I shall speak."

He went in search of the portfolio, and Vivien sat up to examine its contents, for she had an idea that here she might find some clue to the inner life of the draughtsman.

"You sketch very unequally, Sir Innis," she observed. "Here are half a dozen views drawn with a vigorous pencil, certainly, but not to be named beside this scene near Chamouni."

"That is not mine," he frankly avowed. "It was painted for me by a young artist, whose acquaintance I made while in Switzerland."

"You should advise him to come to London; such pictures as he can paint would surely obtain universal admiration. But perhaps it is his love of his art that keeps him on the Continent?"

"No," replied Sir Innis, speaking with great deliberation, "it is not that; it is a foolish passion for a lady whose affections he is afraid he can never hope to win, which has made him a wanderer in other lands for the last two or three years."

"How very romantic!" exclaimed Vivien. "One does not often hear such a love story in this matter-of-fact nineteenth century."

"You do not regret that, do you?" asked Sir Innis. "Surely this friend of mine is wasting his life and his talents when he moons about solitary places, only working by fits and starts, and making himself miserable because he cannot have the toy he sighs for."

"How flattering it is to hear one of my sex contemptuously spoken of as a toy."

Sir Innis laughed, and apologised:

"I was thinking of the pretty face, the Grecian nose, the delicately-chiselled lips, and the deep, blue eyes, not of the lady herself. It is with her beauty he is fascinated. She may be the best or the worst of her sex, a seraph or a virago, for aught he can know; he has held very little communication with her. A few hours passed in the society of a beautiful woman ought not to change the current of a man's life."

"You are so dreadfully prosaic," pouted Vivien. "For my own part, I am quite interested in your artist. What deep feelings he must have! How faithful he is to his lady-love! I am sure he must have been thinking of her when he painted this. She is a cold-hearted, ungrateful creature, or she would be proud of the affection she has inspired."

"In fact—to put it prosaically—she ought to come down from her high estate and marry him. Is this the course you would adopt if you knew that you were the *belle demoiselle* who has inspired my artist friend?"

Vivien did not answer. Perhaps she considered the question impertinent, or she was not ready with a reply to it; but, by dropping half a dozen of the drawings, she effected a diversion. By the time the scattered papers were collected, she had found other work for her thoughts, and with parted lips, and widely-dilated eyes, was bending over a water-colour sketch, which so engrossed her that when Sir Innis spoke she did not hear him.

CHAPTER XXIX.

REMINDED OF THE PAST.

WHAT was this picture that had such strange interest for Lady Vivien St. Orme? It was crude, and unfinished, nor did the subject strike a casual observer as an inviting one, for it was but the dingy interior of an old house—four bare walls, a form merely outlined on a truckle bed, and a window in a broken roof, through which only a patch of cloudy sky was visible; but the light from this window fell on an exquisitely-drawn face, upraised to it—the face of a very young girl, dressed in the conventual garb of a Sister of Mercy—the face of Vivien herself some three years before the present time.

There was perplexity and even terror in her eyes as she glanced from the picture to Sir Innis, who had been furtively watching her changing features; but he met her gaze with the greatest composure, asking:

"What have you there that interests you?"

"Nothing. I mean it is a strange—that is, an unpleasant sketch. Is it yours?"

He leaned forward to look at the picture. She was tempted to draw it away and prevent his seeing it, but checked the impulse.

"Mine? No. My 'prentice hand would not bring out the lights and shadows in a few deft touches as you see them there. It is the work of the artist of whom I was speaking a little while ago."

Vivien hurriedly thrust the scrap of cardboard under some others, for Cressida was coming, and when that young lady begged permission to examine the folio with her, she contrived to slide it beneath the cushions on which she was reclining.

No one must see it lest they should recognise the likeness, and ask questions which might result in a revelation of the story that she could not recall even now without a shudder. Ah! Heaven, what shame, what humiliation that adventure had cost, nay, was still costing her! It had placed her in the power of an unprincipled woman, who remorselessly taunted her with the disgrace that would rest upon her if it became known. The artist, then, to whom Sir Innis alluded, must be the Englishman who had shared her captivity in that dreadful house; he had remembered her face well enough to paint it from recollection. Would that his memory had been less faithful!

Then her thoughts took another but equally tormenting direction. Did Sir Innis perceive the resemblance the picture bore to herself? Perhaps the adventure had been confided to him, and he had discovered that the proud, fastidious Vivien St. Orme was none other than the rash girl whose affection for her brother had betrayed her into such an unpleasant position.

She lay with closed eyes while Cressida commented on the drawings and listened to the explanations given her by Sir Innis; but at last she ventured a question:

"Your artist friend—has he ever been in Paris?"

"I think not. I have never heard him speak of having visited that city."

She began to breathe more freely, and surreptitiously took another peep at the picture. After all, it was not so very much like her; and the room in which the sister stood was so roughly sketched that it might have been drawn for a garret in a third-rate London house, instead of the attic in the squalid dwelling of the Andrés. Besides, the Englishman she had encountered there would surely be too honourable and respectful to claim any previous acquaintance with her, if ever an unlucky chance brought them in contact with each other.

Then Vivien's cheeks began to glow painfully, for she recollected how Sir Innis had told her that this young man was wasting his days in a hopeless passion for some lady. Could it be for her? Heaven forbid! She could find nothing amusing in his romantic passion now.

"I shall tell my friend that you have praised his sketches," the baronet observed, as he was putting them together.

"Pray don't!" was the hurried response. "My opinion of them could not be of any service to him."

"But the artist, like the poet, cannot exist without praise," she was reminded. "Did I tell you that I have advised him to come to England?"

Vivien winced.

"You have? Oh, why?"

"That he may either be convinced of the folly of his passion, or encouraged to hope that it will be rewarded. It seems to me that the most manly course he can adopt is to seek an interview with this lady, boldly tell her how dear she has long been to him, and ask her if she will endeavour to reciprocate his affection."

"How could you do this?" murmured Vivien, wondering how she was to escape the dreaded rencontre if the artist acted on this advice.

"Do you, then, think the lady will be obdurate? But why? If she can boast of her ancient lineage, he, on the other hand, has the fame of his genius. She may have an ample dowry; but with his brush he can coin an equivalent, and, with her smiles to encourage him, who can say what he may not achieve? Do you not agree with me?"

"No, no; let him forget her. She is doing her best to forget him," was the vehement response, no sooner uttered than repented. Would not Sir Innis guess that she had some unavowed interest in this artist?

"I am sorry you do not share my faith in the lady's generosity, for it is the advice I have given her lover, and, if he acts upon it, he will return to England immediately. Will you not unite with me in wishing success to his wooing?"

"No," said Vivien, so harshly that Cressida looked up, and asked if she was thirsty, or did she feel hungry, or would she like to be fanned, or—dear, dear, how was it that she, Cressida, never could hit upon the identical thing darling Viva wanted? What *would* she like?

"Only to be let alone," murmured the latter; and on this hint the baronet carried his folio away, and Cressida followed.

As soon as the door closed, Vivien tore the sketch into fragments, and tossed them into the fire burning on the hearth, then threw herself back on her couch, telling herself, uneasily:

"He is coming; he will see, he will recognise me, or, worse still, he will wear my ring, and Aymer will know it, and ask how it came into his possession. Will he, like the Countess, demand proof of the tale I have to tell, and taunt me with its improbability when I confess that I have none to give him?"

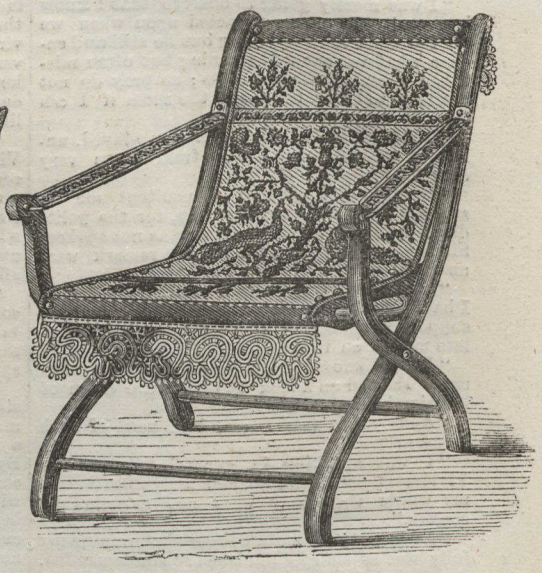
[To be continued.]

"The Queen of the Season" commenced in No. 673 and Part CLXVI.

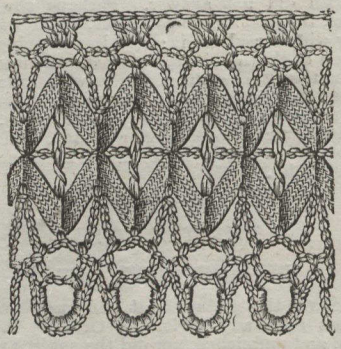
WOMEN.—Oh, the priceless value of the love of a true woman! Gold cannot purchase a gem so precious! Titles and honours confer upon the heart no such serene happiness. In our darkest moments, when disappointment and ingratitude, with corroding cares, gather thick around, and even gaunt poverty menaces with his skeleton-finger, this love gleams around the soul with an angel's smile. Time cannot mar its brilliancy, distance cannot weaken its influence, bolts and bars cannot limit its progress; it follows the prisoner into his dark cell, and sweetens the home morsel that appeases his hunger, and, in the silence of midnight, it plays around his heart, and in his dreams he folds to his bosom the form of her who still loves on, though the world has turned coldly from him. The couch made by the hands of a loved one is soft to the weary limbs of the sick sufferer, and the potion administered by the same hand loses half its bitterness. The pillow carefully adjusted by her brings repose to the fevered brain, and her words of kind encouragement revive the sinking spirit.

No. 1.—GARDEN-CHAIR.

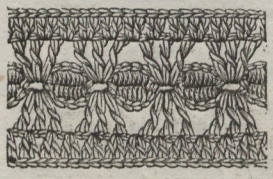
No. 2.—BRACKET.



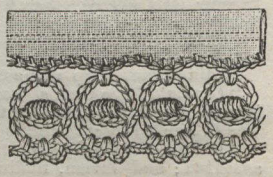
No. 3.—GARDEN-CHAIR.



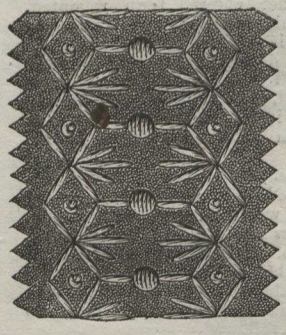
No. 5.—TRIMMING: CROCHET AND WAVED BRAID.



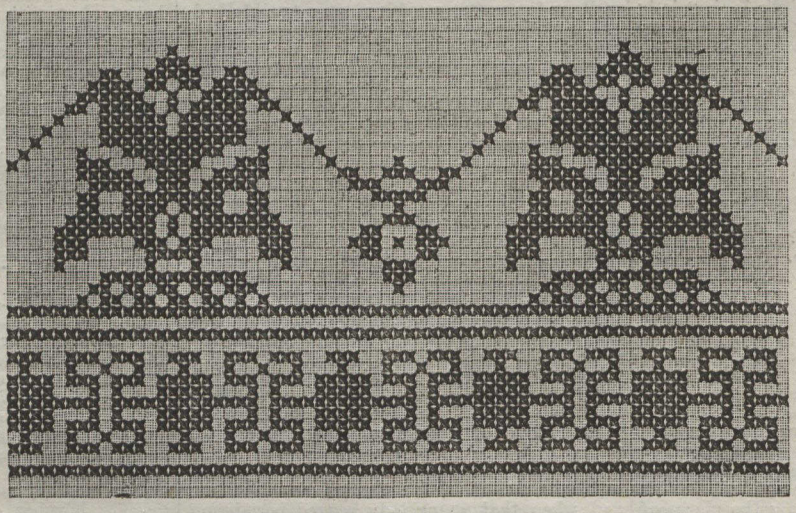
No. 4.—INSERTION: CROCHET



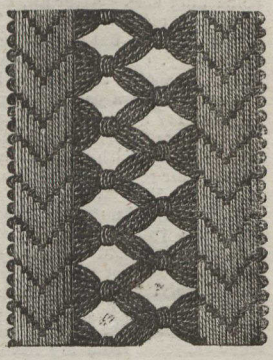
No. 6.—EDGING: CROCHET.



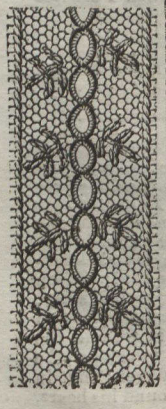
No. 7.—TRIMMING: EMBROIDERY.



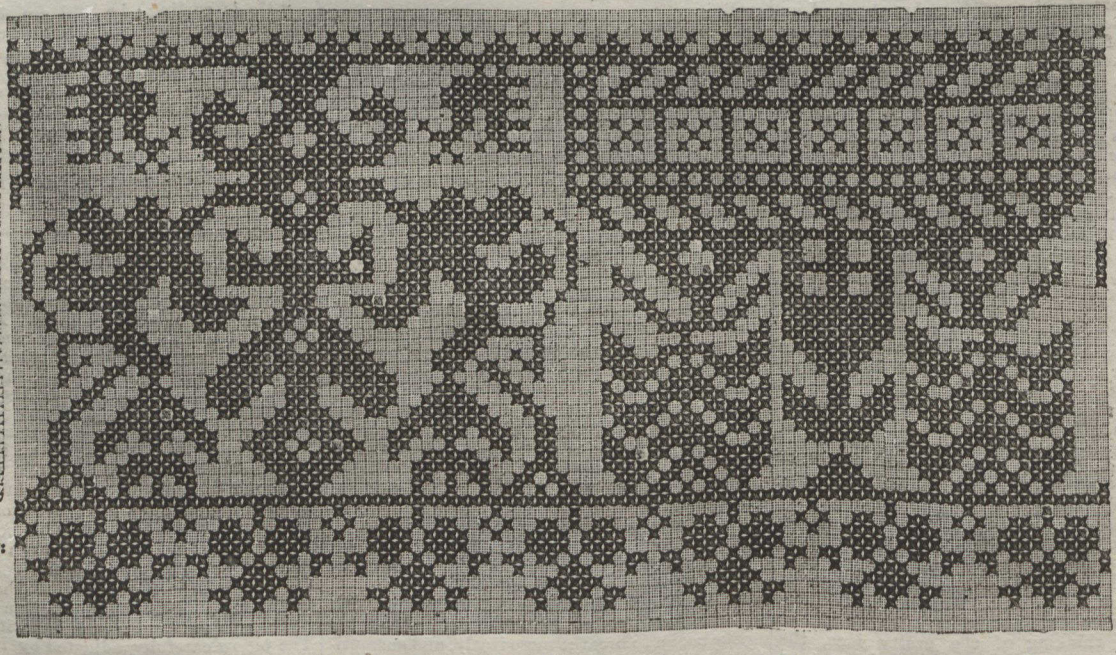
No. 8.—BORDER FOR TABLE-COVER.



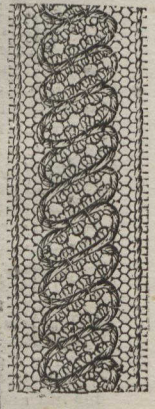
No. 9.—TRIMMING FOR DRESSES.



No. 10.—INSERTION: DARNED NET.



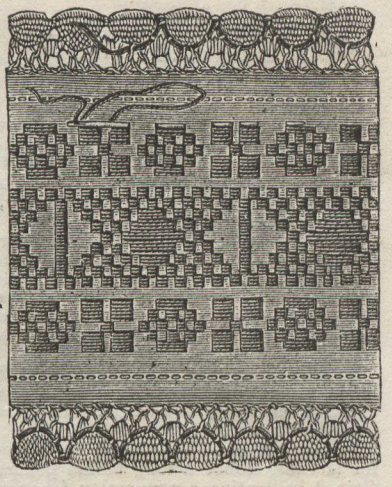
No. 11.—DESIGN FOR GARDEN-CHAIR, BORDER, &c.



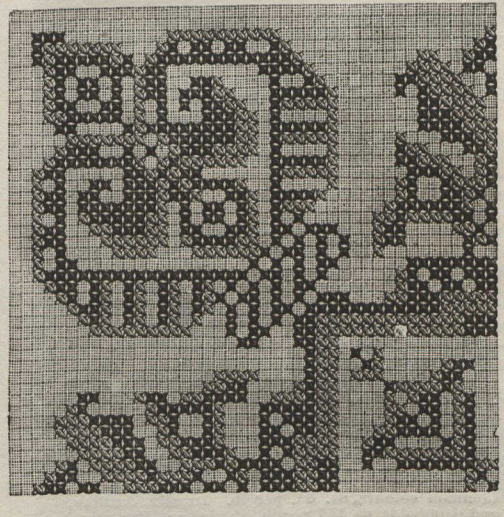
No. 12.—INSERTION: DARNED NET.

No. 13.—BORDER IN EMBROIDERY FOR DRESSES, MANTLES, &c.

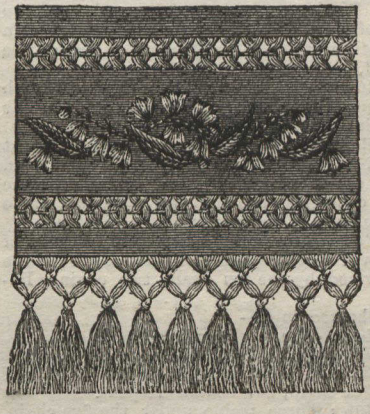
No. 14.—TABLE, WITH EMBROIDERED COVER, FOR GARDEN, &c.



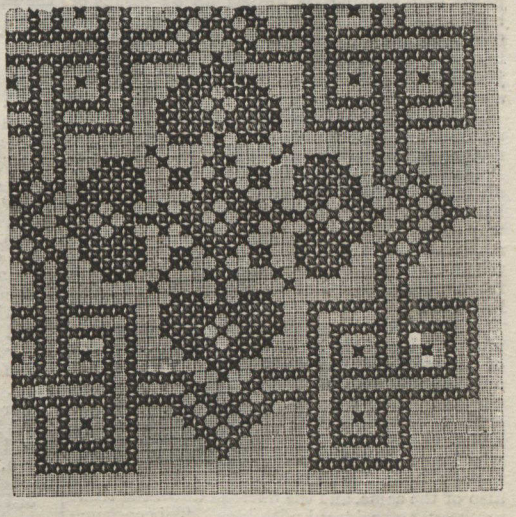
No. 15.—TRIMMING FOR WASHING DRESSES.



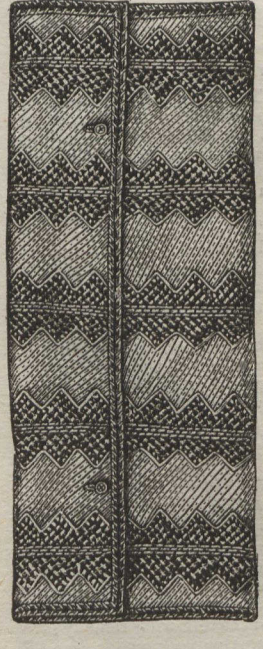
No. 16.—DESIGN FOR TOP OF TABLE.



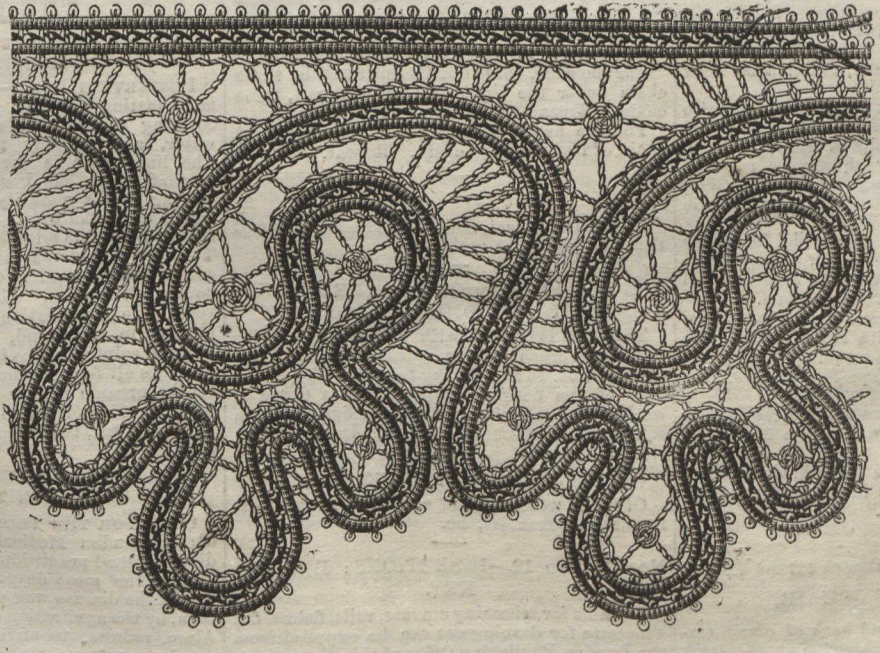
No. 17.—TRIMMING FOR DRESSES, &c.



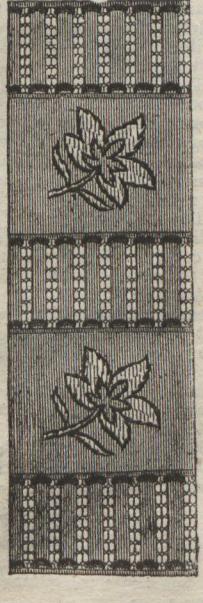
No. 18.—DESIGN FOR TOP OF TABLE.



No. 19.—WORK-POCKET.



No. 20.—TRIMMING IN MIGNARDISE AND LACE STITCHES FOR TABLE, AND GARDEN CHAIR.



No. 21.—EMBROIDERY FOR PETTICOATS, &c.

PARIS FASHIONS.

THE new models in *robes de chambre* are of fine percale or holland, made in the Princess shape, with very fine, narrow, double fluting down the front, round the collar, sleeves, and pockets, or else with dentille Barcelone, forming deep facings down the front, with narrow band in the middle, on which are placed the buttons. Collar, cuffs, and pockets trimmed with similar lace.

Another model consists of a very long, half-fitting paletot and skirt of Alsace percale, or Rouen toile, plain or striped, and trimmed with fancy braid. This can be worn as a breakfast-dress in the country; it is very pretty in striped percale, blue or green, mauve, or rust and white.

In *toile écrue* it is embroidered in white and black braid mixed, forming very pretty and effective patterns, and edged with bands of broderie Anglaise.

In new costumes this month we notice, first, for morning toilet a long blouse polonaise, of striped brillantine, a very pretty fancy woollen material, made loose, and fastened with a band round the waist. It is trimmed with a band of cream-coloured brillantine, finely braided, the pattern of the same colour as the stripe. Same trimmings round the sleeves. The skirt is of the darker colour of the stripes, and trimmed with two pleated flounces of the striped fabric, put on with headings.

Also a costume of zephyr toile, skirt trimmed with fine plissés, alternately stitched down and *en coup de vent*, that is, fastened down at the top only. A second skirt, trimmed with one plissé and heading, is draped up by means of buttons. The bodice is a jacket with loose fronts, fastened round the waist by a band, and trimmed round with a narrow plissé. This jacket is finished with a large square collar, the sleeves with frillings.

An afternoon costume is of plain noisette beige material; skirt trimmed with two narrow flounces of noisette and buff striped flounces. Polonaise of the same beige material, trimmed all round with a striped frilling, draped up at the back; in front a similar frilling is quilled all the way down. Pocket and sleeves of the striped material. Sleeveless paletot of noisette beige, trimmed round with a striped frilling, fastened in front with a bow and long ends of the same faille.

Another pretty costume is of plain silver-gray mohair. Upon the skirt there are two flounces of the material, put on with narrow headings and edged with a bias-band of very finely checked dark blue and silver-gray mohair. A similar bias-band goes all round the polonaise and the half-fitting paletot. The paletot is open, with long revers of the same checked material; the facings upon the sleeves and the pockets are also of the same, and the buttons down the front are gray, embroidered with blue. This costume is also pretty in buff and brown.

A more dressy costume is of grisaille silk. Long skirt, trimmed round the bottom with a small gathered flounce and five narrow bouillons with a heading. Long Princess polonaise, merely trimmed round with one frilling all round, it is bridled across the front and draped behind, finished in two long square lapels. Frillings and bows to match, to finish the neck and sleeves.

The *demi-cintre* paletot is still the favourite model in mantles; we also see, however, this month, very pretty black silk mantles, in shape, small circular, with long square or rounded lapels in front. Trimmings of fluted frilling, fringe, or lace, with passementerie or broderie all round the outlines.

The Breton jacket is a nice model for young ladies. It is made in fancy cloth of any shade of colour, embroidered in wool to match round all the outlines and across the plastron.

Another style of Breton jacket is double-breasted, and trimmed with close rows of the flat silver buttons, called sequins. The same are placed upon the large square jackets and the sleeves.

Most jackets, however, are made in the paletot shape, of the same material as the dress, and without sleeves.

Embroidered braid is as fashionable as ever; but the camaïeu style is in better taste than that of contrasted colours.

(*Description of Engravings on pages 408 and 409.*)

No. 1.—GARDEN-CHAIR,

Of bamboo, with seat and back of crash, embroidered with crewel. The stripe at the back is ornamented with a deep furniture-fringe.

No. 2.—BRACKET FOR SUMMER-HOUSE.

The foundation is of polished deal, with drapery of crash worked with designs in cross-stitch with crewel or ingrain cotton. The designs shown in Nos. 11 and 18 will be found suitable for this purpose. If preferred, the top of the bracket may be covered with a piece of furniture-velvet or crash. The edge is finished by a cord sewn on.

NOS. 3 AND 20.—GARDEN-CHAIR,

Of polished deal, ornamented with crash, embroidered with crewel on an application of cretonne designs. The lace trimming which is shown in No. 20 is composed of mignardise, lace stitches, and twisted bars. A tracing on transparent linen of the lace can be sent from the London Publishing Office of this Journal for 8d.

No. 4.—INSERTION: CROCHET.

1st Row of Centre: Five chain, one roll-picot into the second. (A roll-picot is worked thus: Turn the cotton six times round the hook, draw through the stitch the roll-picot is worked into, then draw through all the loops on the work together.) Repeat for the required length.

2nd Row: Five chain, one roll-picot into the second of five chain, one single into stitch the roll-picot was worked into in the 1st row, one chain, one single into the first stitch of five chain of 1st row. Repeat throughout the row.

3rd Row: Three treble under the one chain, one chain. Repeat.

4th Row: Two treble between each treble of last row. The other side is worked in exactly the same way.

No. 5.—TRIMMING: WAVED BRAID AND CROCHET.

Begin in the centre between the two lines of braid. Work one single into two points of two pieces of braid together, two chain, one treble in the depth of the scallop of braid on each piece of braid, two chain. Repeat.

1st Row of Edge: One single into the depth of the scallop of braid, eight chain, one single into point of braid, eight chain. Repeat.

2nd Row: One single under the sixth of first eight chain, ten chain, one treble into the third of ten chain, two chain, one single into the second of next eight chain, two chain, one single into the sixth of next eight chain. Repeat.

3rd Row: One single under the two chain of last row, two chain, thirteen double under the loop formed by the ten chain, two chain. Repeat.

For the heading:—

1st Row: Like the 1st row of the edge.

2nd Row: One single into the sixth of eight chain, five chain, one single into the second of next eight chain, two chain. Repeat.

3rd Row: Three treble under the five chain, one chain. Repeat.

No. 6.—EDGING: CROCHET.

For the centre, work four chain, one roll-picot into the first, eight chain, draw through the last stitch of the four chain, eight chain, one single into the stitch the roll-picot was worked into. Repeat for the length required.

For the edge, three double separated by three chain under the eight chain of last row, three chain. Repeat.

For the heading, one double under the eight chain of last row, five chain. Repeat.

No. 7.—TRIMMING,

Of cloth or velvet, embroidered with coloured silk, and pinked at each edge.

NOS. 8, 14, 16, 18, AND 20.—GARDEN-TABLE, WITH EMBROIDERED COVER.

The table is of deal, with polished legs. The cover is of crash or Java canvas. Either of the designs Nos. 16 and 18 may be used. A quarter only of the design is shown. The drape is worked in cross-stitch with the design shown in No. 8, and is ornamented with the lace shown in No. 20.

No. 9.—TRIMMING,

Of fancy woollen braid, suitable for ornamenting dresses, mantles, &c.

NOS. 10 AND 12.—INSERTIONS: DARNED NET.

Suitable for trimming cravats, veils, fichus, &c. Flossette for darning net can be supplied from the London Publishing Office of this Journal for 3d. per skein, and 1d. postage.

No. 11.—DESIGN FOR GARDEN-CHAIR, BORDER, &c.

This border is suitable for a variety of purposes, such as seats and cushions for garden-chairs, borders for table-covers, &c. The work is in cross-stitch, for which crewel, ingrain cotton, or wool, may be used, according to taste.

No. 12.—See No. 10.

No. 13.—BORDER IN EMBROIDERY OR DRESSES, MANTLES, &c.

This design may be worked on cashmere or silk with coloured sewing-silk.

No. 14.—See No. 8.

No. 15.—TRIMMING FOR WASHING-DRESSES.

This design is worked on bands of holland or any washing material with coloured ingrain cotton. The band is finished on both sides with narrow torchon lace.

No. 16.—See No. 8.

No. 17.—TRIMMING FOR DRESSES, &c.

This may be worked upon any material upon which threads may be drawn, such as linen, holland, or a soft untwilled woollen material. The threads at the side are drawn and interlaced with silk, wool, or cotton. The threads are also drawn and knotted to form the fringe. The embroidery is in satin-stitch.

No. 18.—See No. 8.

No. 19.—WORK-POCKET,

Of silk, covered with darned net, a suitable design for which will be found in No. 10, No. 678. A piece of blue silk, measuring 13 inches long and 7 inches wide, is required for the pocket; this is covered with cream-coloured net, ornamented with five bands of embroidered net. Turn up 5 inches of the silk, and sew the sides neatly together; the remainder is left to fold over. It is fastened by a button and button-hole.

No. 20.—See No. 3.

No. 21.—EMBROIDERY FOR PETTICOATS, &c.

Worked with white and coloured ingrain cotton on longcloth.

The Proprietors of THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL beg respectfully to inform their numerous subscribers that they have made arrangements with Messrs. Bedford & Co., of 186, Regent Street, W., and 46, Goodge Street, W., London, to supply them with their best Berlin wool:—Black and white, 5s. 3d. per lb. Common colours, 6s. 6d. per lb. Ingrain, Azuline, and Humboldt, 6s. 11d. per lb. Shaded and Partridge, 7s. 6d. per lb. Gas-green, 8s. per lb. N. B.—To save time, subscribers are requested to apply direct to Mr. Bedford.

THE HOME.

HOUSEHOLD.

PRESERVING EGGS.—The most certain and most lasting mode of preservation consists in covering the eggs in a jar filled with lime-water, and keeping them in a cool place. The lime-water is prepared from quick-lime, or that which has been slaked but lately, by placing it in a quantity of water greater than would cover the eggs. The milk of lime which is thus formed is allowed to stand several hours. The clear liquid that separates itself from the excess of lime used is the lime-water, which is poured off for use. Lime-water not only prevents the evaporation, since the eggs are plunged in the liquid, but the alkali which it holds in solution closes the pores of the shell and prevents all fermentation, either of the eggs or of the organic matter which the water might contain. Eggs kept in this way are good for puddings, &c., twelve or fourteen months after they are laid.

SANITARY.

CURE FOR THE TOOTHACHE.—At a meeting of the London Medical Society, Dr. Blake, a distinguished practitioner, said that he was able to cure the most desperate case of toothache, unless the disease was connected with rheumatism, by the application of the following remedy: Alum, reduced to an impalpable powder, two drachms; nitrous spirits of ether, seven drachms. Mix and apply to the tooth.

WOMEN'S DOMESTIC, USEFUL, AND LUCRATIVE EMPLOYMENTS.

No. XXV.

We have to resume the subject commenced in our last number, "The Daily Governess." The recurring seasons of recovery of nerve, tone, spirits, and mental strength which are available to the daily governess, and which are represented by her intervals of absence from her charge, are not only a precious boon, but are so recognised. The advantages of her position in this respect, indeed, are so thoroughly understood, that many ladies are willing to take the same salary as daily governess, which they would take if they were resident with the family.

This means, that they estimate the privileges of independence at the price of their rent, and one or two meals every day; for this is the sacrifice they are prepared to make in order to enjoy them. If a lady, to give figures by way of more clearly illustrating the case, values her services as resident governess at £80 or £100 per annum, she will frequently be glad to take the same salary as daily governess. And unless prudence or economy imperatively dictate to her the necessity of making as much money in a given time as she possibly can, irrespective of considerations of ease or comfort, it is impossible not to sympathise with a preference for a mode of life which leaves the governess free to pay the attentions demanded by filial duties or domestic ties; free to enjoy her own distractions in her own way, and in her own natural or selected circle, and at liberty, further, to cultivate those social intimacies from which may arise an eligible marriage.

We have already said that the advantages of the position of the daily governess are fully recognised and appreciated by ladies engaged in the work of instruction; and it is only another way, and perhaps a more practical one, of re-stating the same proposition, when we say that appointments as daily governess are in great demand. In most cases it follows that they are also in *hopeless* demand; and the anxiety of ladies to secure them has the natural result of competition in every other profession or department of a profession, that, namely, of decreasing the scale of remuneration.

But the full effect of the "run" upon non-resident engagements is even yet understated. The daily governess may devote on the one hand a part of her working time, or on the other hand the whole of that time, to the duties of her profession. And either of these characters may be supported by ladies who are more or less independent of any exertion for their maintenance or comfort, and whose time is, therefore, comparatively speaking, of little financial value. The laudable desire of such ladies to help in procuring money for their needs; or, again, the equally praiseworthy desire to employ a portion of their time in doing something tangibly useful to themselves and other people, introduces a very formidable feature into the general competition. The labour of those ladies who are so far amateurs that they seek for employment as recreative, or as a minor addition to a more or less adequate provision for their personal expenses, may be to the full as conscientious and thorough as the labour of ladies whose principles of duty and conscience are fortified by the necessity they are under of acquiring and sustaining a reputation upon which they must depend as their only hope of successful bread winning. But it is natural that the double incentive should be stronger than the single one; and it may be generally assumed that work will be done most efficiently by those who are obliged to undertake it for the pure elements of a livelihood. The latter have more at stake; and are not in a position to run the hazard of failure by any lack of effort or painstaking. All parents and guardians are not quick-witted or unselfish enough to recognise this fact; and it thus happens that the lady who is not compelled by external circumstances to show the best results for her instruction, is preferred on speciously economical principles to one whose more varied necessities compel her to seek a higher scale of remuneration.

On the whole it would seem to be a wise course for a lady not to risk her chances of an appointment as governess by making a resolution to accept only a daily one; unless there are circumstances which shut her out from the possibility of performing the functions of a resident governess. The governess, in general, may, if she prefer it, endeavour to procure an engagement on the daily system; but she will gather from what we have said that it will not be wise for her rigidly to exclude from her plan the alternative of a resident appointment.

A LONDON ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

PORTLAND PLACE.

"And therefore, my dear Lilian, I trust I may regard that matter as settled."

The speaker was a portly, rather pompous gentleman of somewhere between forty and fifty, with a florid face and a tight cravat; the hue of the one appearing the result of the other. He stood on the hearthrug of a handsomely-furnished dining-room in a house in Portland Place; one hand was behind his back, the other swung his gold eye-glass, while his glance was bent on his daughter, a graceful girl of over twenty, seated at the table where luncheon was laid.

Lilian Gray was an exquisite blonde, with soft, caressing, violet eyes, which could look very mirthful; but now tears were on her golden lashes; her cheek was pale, and as she sat back in her chair her little hands plucked nervously at her lace handkerchief.

"Putting myself aside, papa," she pleaded, in a tremulous, musical, sympathetic voice, "it seems so hard, so cruel, so unjust. Why should our feelings change because our position has? When Charley went away we were about as poor as he, and you would never have thought differently of him if Uncle John, of whom you had lost sight for twenty years, had not died in India, leaving you all his property."

"Excuse *me*, Miss Gray," responded her parent, swinging his glass first to the left then to the right, "I should have thought very differently, as any human being possessing an average amount of common sense would, of a man who promises what he does not perform."

"Surely it was no fault of his, papa; he was not to blame. How could he help the misfortunes which overtook him?"

"Tut, tut, tut! What man is, in his own opinion, to blame for not succeeding in life? Somebody says 'every man if he had his ambition granted would be a literary man.' *I* say he would rather be a wealthy one. Charles Filden said, 'I'll go to Australia and make a fortune.' He goes, and doesn't. It doesn't matter to me the reason why, but he doesn't; and I consider I have every cause to rejoice, that when he proposed for your hand, Lilian, I would permit nothing like an engagement between you until he returned with that fortune he declared he would acquire. Why didn't he?"

"Charley tells you the reason, papa. The Australian Bank, where he had placed his money, broke. The rains, the natives, and I know not what, destroyed his land, consequently——"

"He returns to England, if he ever should return, a beggar. He ought to have been more careful, but he was a reckless fellow from the first. Now, look at the contrast: Edmund Neville apparently went out much about the same time as Charles Filden, and at the very moment when all London is talking of the former's establishment, his horses, and his wealth, you receive a letter from the latter bemoaning his poverty."

Lilian Gray's pretty face turned red, then pale, at the mention of Edmund Neville, the rich Australian, of whom, as her father had remarked, all London was talking.

Mr. Gray did not fail to perceive the change.

"I believe," he remarked, raising a glass of claret to his lips, "Mr. Neville rides with you to-day in the Row?"

"He asked your permission to do so yesterday, papa, and you gave it him," answered Lilian, indifferently.

"Of course I did. As your accepted suitor he has a right."

"Accepted? Oh! papa," pleaded Lilian, "surely you will not force me to this? I like Mr. Neville much, but——"

"You still think of that fellow Filden!" broke in Mr. Gray, wrathfully. "Miss Gray, am I your father or am I not? Do you owe me obedience, or do you not? Mr. Neville desires to address you as your suitor, I have granted him his desire, and request, as I have said, that I may regard the matter as settled. You understand?"

"Perfectly," said Lilian, coldly, inclining her head.

"And your answer?"

"That, being my father, I will obey you."

She rose from her seat as she spoke, and moved to the door.

"Lilian, come here," exclaimed Mr. Gray, looking after her.

She returned at once and waited his will, her soft, sad eyes raised to his.

"Tell me," he proceeded, "did you in any way engage yourself to Charles Filden?"

"No, sir, because you forbade it."

"Then no tie exists between you?"

"None, save—save our love."

"Of that he has proved himself unworthy. A man who cannot make a living for himself has no right to take a wife. Such being the case, I may as well tell you that, owing to Mr. Neville having to leave for the Continent next autumn, I have consented that your marriage shall take place before that time."

A startled, bewildered expression sprang into Lilian's eyes; but she did not speak. Of a gentle spirit, she had ever stood in awe of her father, who, in poverty as in riches, had ever made his will supreme. Lilian would have been a bad representative of "Woman's Rights." Thus she only bent her head in submission, and hurried from the room to her own apartment. Here, securing herself from intrusion by locking the door, she drew from her pocket a letter written on thin paper, and bearing the post-mark "Adelaide."

It was from Charley Filden. When a poor curate's son he had loved Lilian, but lacking means to wed, had bravely resolved to win a fortune for her in the New World. He had started full of hope as was she, so did she trust him; but scarcely three years had elapsed, and she held in her hand the sad confession of failure—of heavy losses—of broken-hearted despair. Opening the letter for the fiftieth time, she read:

"My Own Sweet, Dearest Lilian,—

"Almost at the same time that the mail brought me the joyful news of your change in fortune, my own was utterly ruined. My land had failed; and the bank wherein I had deposited all my gains—hoarded with such miserly care, for every shilling brought me nearer to you, darling—stopped payment; and despairing, heart-crushed, comparatively penniless, I found myself confronting the future, with all the hard fight again to be fought. Still only say, sweet love, you will wait for me, and I *will* fight it—the next time with success."

"Oh, Charley, poor Charley!" exclaimed Lilian, her eyes too dim to read more. Bending her face on her hands, she shed bitter tears—tears which seemed the requiem of her hopes as of his.

CHAPTER II.

ROTTEN ROW.

Lilian Gray's marriage with Edmund Neville, the rich Australian, was a thing decided. Society talked about it. Match-making mammas and eligible daughters envied the lady's good fortune. Lilian, herself, forced to yield, was resigned. She had not heard again from Charley; but then she had not answered his letter. What could she have said if she had? That she was a weak, timid woman, so accustomed to be ruled by the paternal command, that even in this she had yielded. No less.

It wanted just a month to her wedding-day, when, attired for riding, she stood in the drawing-room awaiting Edmund Neville and an old friend, a Mrs. Arbuthnot, who kindly chaperoned her when she went abroad.

Lilian looked remarkably well in a habit, and not a mirror but repeated the tale, that never had she been prettier than on this afternoon. Her golden hair was fastened in careless braids behind with a blue ribbon; and the top hat, which becomes few women, well suited her delicately-cut features, softly shadowed by her veil. Her whip lay beside her, and she was fastening her dainty riding-gloves, when Mrs. Arbuthnot, a middle-aged widow, was ushered in.

"I hope I have not kept you waiting, my dear," she exclaimed, gaily; "but on the very eve of starting, that Sir Tunstile came in, and he is a true button-holder if any man ever was."

"Nay," smiled Lilian, "there needs no apology; Mr. Neville has not come yet."

"Not come! Gracious, what a lover! Excuse me, my dear, but when poor Arbuthnot was a suitor to me, I've heard him say that when we had made an appointment, he used to hover for a full hour about the house with his watch in his hand, that he might be at the door to the minute. Do you know it has struck me once or twice that Mr. Neville is not a very enthusiastic lover—one rather of the cold, though perhaps deep, sort."

"He is quite enthusiastic enough for me, I assure you," smiled Lilian, sadly, as she played with her whip.

"Ah, my love, I see you can't forget Charley

Filden. Poor Charley! But really, Lil, your father is perfectly right; in your present position he is no fit match, while Edmund Neville——"

"Hush," interrupted Lilian, "he is here."

Edmund Neville was a handsome man of about thirty; tall, gentlemanly, and of a fair complexion. He had languid eyes, and his manners seemed to harmonize. With perfect self-possession he greeted Mrs. Arbuthnot, kissed Lilian's hand, coldly apologised for his being late, then, offering his arm, led her downstairs.

"Well, upon my word," thought the widow, gathering up her skirts, as she followed, "if my Sam had not been more of a lover than that, I should never have been Mrs. Arbuthnot. And the girl actually seems pleased at it."

The Row chanced, on that afternoon, to be unusually thinly attended, and without the rails on the grass under the trees the Piccadilly exquisite, and the City clerk with his wife and family, loitered at their ease.

Among those watching the fair equestrians was a man, who, from his style and dress, attracted general attention. He was tall, with broad, well-made shoulders, which set off with a manly grace the loose velveteen coat he wore. His features were handsome, his expression frank and genial, while a well-kept, red-brown beard descended low over his chest. Finally, on a head of wavy, curling hair rested a broad-brimmed tourist hat, turned slightly up at the side. He certainly was not an exquisite, nor a City clerk; he might have been an artist, given a little—as the genus is prone—to eccentricity. In any case, he was a gentleman.

From half-past one he had been at the Row, either walking or leaning over the rails, his clear gray eyes moving swiftly here and there under the shadow of his hat. It was now past three when he, like all the rest, was startled by a quick, sharp, feminine cry. The stranger rose erect from his bending position and turned; then his countenance went as pale as death.

Galloping towards him, nay, almost passing him, was a spirited chestnut mare, whose rider had evidently lost all control. Her hat was off, her hair streamed over her habit, her face was ashen white, her hands laid listlessly before her, her form swayed helplessly in the saddle, her eyes were fixed on him—the stranger.

"Lilian!" he gasped. "Idiot—madman—she will fall!"

In a second he was over the rails, catching the mare's rein; then his arm encircling the fair rider, he lifted her from the saddle.

"Oh! Charley, come back," murmured Lilian Gray, as she sunk fainting on his shoulder.

To bear her from the Row to one of the seats under the trees was no difficult task to Charles Filden. Oblivious of everything else, he was gazing with passionate fondness into her pallid countenance, when Mrs. Arbuthnot, scared, alarmed, laid her hand on his arm.

"Charles Filden," she whispered, reproachfully, "in Heaven's name what do you here? Go instantly. Do not make a worse scene than you have already. You should never have come. Do you not know——"

"Everything. That the love Lilian gave me, by her father's command she has given to another. He does not surprise me. I read his character well; but it would be madness to conceive my darling as mercenary."

"You wrong her. She must obey her father's will. He is rich, you——"

"Are a beggar," interrupted the young man, bitterly. "Yes—yes, you are right. I will go, but on one condition; promise me an interview to-morrow with Lilian."

"Impossible; her father will not permit it."

"He need not know it, Mrs. Arbuthnot. You were once my friend; be so now."

The widow was in a most painful dilemma. Should Lilian, now being attended to by a lady friend and Edmund Neville, recover and see Charley, what an *esclandre* there would be!

"You force me to comply," she said. "Come to my house, Cromwell Gardens, to-morrow at eleven. If Lilian will grant an interview you shall see her."

Charley, with a few words of thanks, raised his hat, and strode off through the crowd, which stared at his handsome, well-built figure, then, contemplating Lilian, wondered.

CHAPTER III.

CROMWELL GARDENS.

EXACTLY to the hour appointed Charles Filden, attired just as he had been on the previous day, knocked at Mrs. Arbuthnot's residence, Cromwell Gardens. On being admitted he was at once ushered into the drawing-room, where he found the widow alone.

"Mr. Filden," she said, rising to greet him, "you took an unfair advantage of my position yestesday. It was cruel, very cruel to Miss Gray, who is not her own mistress. Yesterday you said you knew that in a month Lilian weds Edmund Neville," she said quietly; "yet you give her, give yourself, the pain of this interview. Why?"

Charley gripped his hat in both his hands; a sharp spasm contracted his features as he replied, bitterly:

"Why? Can you not divine, madam? Would you refuse me the smallest scrap of consolation? You, too, know all. Have I not suffered enough?"

The widow looked into the pleasant, manly face, now so full of pain and expectancy, and was troubled.

"From my heart I pity you, Charles Filden," she said. "I would have saved you both a useless agony: I am unable—she is there."

She pointed to an inner drawing-room. Charley pressed the extended hand gratefully to his lips, then disappeared through the folding-doors.

Lilian had heard his voice, and, pale and trembling, was awaiting him. As he entered, abruptly throwing out her small hands as rather to keep him off than in greeting, she cried, piteously:

"Charley—Charley, forgive me! The fault is not mine. Why did you return?"

He took the cold hands, pressing them to his lips, his heart, then said, with intense emotion:

"If not yours the fault, then whose, Lilian? Why did I return? To look upon you once again—you in whom my happiness is centred—to tell you *my* love could never change."

She raised her head quickly, meeting his glance with tender reproach.

"And do you think mine can ever, Charley?" she exclaimed. "As I loved you once must I always? At another's will we may give our hands, we cannot our hearts; that is beyond our power."

"Then you love me, Lilian?" he cried, a bright, joyous gleam in his eyes. "You do not of your own free will wed Edmund Neville?"

"Charley!" She said no more, but the tone was all-eloquent.

"Then why wed him?" he expostulated.

"Because my father commands, and you know him as I do," she rejoined; then, with sudden despair, she added: "Oh, Charley, you have come too late. Pity me, my word is given—be merciful!"

"Merciful! How can a man be merciful, Lilian, when his very life is being plucked from him? Heaven alone knows how fondly I loved—I trusted you. What matter no word of promise had passed between us—did such an affection as ours need it? That bound us surely. Oh! Lilian, could you but know the blessing that belief in you has been my strength, my comfort. Do you recollect when last we walked together, just as we said farewell, stooping, you gathered some forget-me-nots, and placed them in my hands. I vowed I would only part with them with my life—that they should be my companions—my consolation in my distant, friendless home; and they have been so. See."

Drawing from his pocket a small crystal phial he held it towards her. Apparently within lay a tiny heap of dust. Charles Filden held it awhile in his hand, pressing it to his lips, breathing upon it until, under the warmth, through chemical agency, to Lilian's amaze, the flowers seemed to form themselves into their original shape.

"Yes," he proceeded, passionately, "by the solitary watch-fires; in the dreary bush; amidst disappointment, danger, sickness, this has brought me happiness and hope. In moments of despair it has recalled you to me, Lilian, and I have arisen strengthened, strong to overcome all obstacles. Now I return—for what?"

She was sobbing bitterly, and did not speak. He went on:

"Returned for what? To say I have a home, though a poor one, in Australia. To ask you to be its mistress. To forego wealth, the Old-World friends, for my sake. Though not rich, may not our affection content us? Lilian, Lilian, I await your answer; will you make this sacrifice?"

"Charley," she exclaimed, eagerly taking his hand, "I am weak, but you have made me strong. Take me away—oh! take me to Australia as your wife. Gladly will I leave all. It is no sacrifice I make, dear. Rather do I implore you save me from the miserable future which is in store."

He had caught her to his heart; his lips had sealed the compact; when they were startled asunder by voices in the other drawing-room. A second after, Mr. Gray rushed in, followed by the scared widow, and Edmund Neville, calm and imperturbable.

"Then it's true, every word of it!" gasped Mr. Gray, crimson with rage. "He is here, Lilian quit the room. I wish to speak to—to that fellow alone. I will talk to you later."

"Before I obey, papa," said Lilian, courageously, but drawing nearer Charley, "I want to ask Mr. Neville kindly to release me from my engagement. When he knows all, I feel he is too generous to refuse. He is aware I accepted him at your command, but I find the love I once gave is impossible of recall. I intend to marry Charles Filden, and go back with him to Australia. If he has to work, so will I."

Mr. Neville, smiling, bowed; but Mr. Gray, growing redder and redder, was about to reply, when Charley, raising his hand imperiously for silence, and putting Lilian's arm under his, said:

"One instant, sir. Kindly answer me a single question. Had I realised the fortune I vowed I would for Lilian's dear sake, would you then have refused her to me? Answer me, I entreat; much may depend upon it."

"Had you done anything so meritorious, sir, I could not have refused, as you had my promise."

"A hundred thanks for that confession," broke in Charley Filden, with a bright, joyous laugh, "for there ends the comedy, as, praise Heaven, it is no drama. Mr. Gray, I have to apologise to you, to Lilian, and to society at large, for my poverty is a hoax. The wealthy Australian, of whom yourself, as all London, have been talking, is not old Ned here, my best and dearest friend, but your humble servant, and no other."

"Charles Filden," remarked Mr. Gray, after a stare of bewilderment, "I am not a guesser of enigmas."

"Then, sir, I will explain. The fact is, by a most unforeseen piece of luck, I had just put the finishing stroke to a speculation which rendered me wealthy for life, when Lilian's letter arrived, announcing your difference of position. I can't tell why, but as I read the idea entered my brain that, if you imagined me poor, you would still reject me. This was no matter of surprise; but a doubt followed, for which I have had every cause to be ashamed, that Lilian might also be biassed by this sudden access of wealth and the admiration of richer, grander suitors. Hence—I hold myself no way excusable—I got Ned, who was returning with me to England, to purchase me house, furniture, and horses in his name, also to lay siege to Lilian's heart through her father. At one time, I confess, I feared I had lost her; but——"

"Oh! Charley—Charley," interrupted Lilian, half-laughing, half-crying, "you certainly deserved to!"

"I own it, dearest. Still, am I forgiven?"

As he took her small hands in his, and looked fondly into her sparkling eyes, Edmund Neville remarked, *sotto voce*:

"My dear Mrs. Arbuthnot, the cat is out of the bag. I think, as we came up, I saw luncheon laid in the dining-room. Don't you fancy we are *de trop* here?"

"Mr. Neville, in all my life I was never so much surprised and delighted!" exclaimed the widow.

"By Jove! yes. It will be all over the town before morning. Quite a London romance, isn't it?"

"A London romance," laughed his companion, as he conducted her from the room, "which will assuredly have St. George's, Hanover Square, for an ending." E. W. P.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

HE that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night.

REMINISCENCE binds the flowers of the present and the fruits of the past on one stem.

THE manners which are neglected as small things are often those which decide men for or against you.

REMEMBER.—To be able to bear provocation is an argument of great wisdom; and to forgive it is a proof of a great mind.

THE HAND AND THE HEART.—A marriage without love is not to be endured. A loveless union, or one where the lady does not hesitate to avow that her heart belongs to a prior companion, gives little security for the formation of a placid, sympathetic, and affectionate household. It is impossible for a woman to love two men at once, and her hand ought not to be given where her heart is not already.

MY LADY JANET.

CHAPTER XXX.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

LADY JANET twisted her white hands together, and, peering into her silver-framed mirror, was shocked at the agitation painted on her face. She went and bathed it in tepid water to bring colour back to the soft cheeks; she bound up her hair afresh, unassisted by her maid, and then changed her silken costume for a white dress, with a plain gold necklet and cross, and a few real lilies of the valley in her golden hair. She looked lovely thus, as any poet's dream, fit to inspire the verse of a Tennyson or a Rosetti. The "Heavenly Damosel" of the latter could hardly have looked more angelic. Yet fair Lady Janet was sore and angry at heart—angry, of all things, with Lord Challoner for forcing her into an engagement.

"I will break it off," she said to herself, between her shut white teeth; "and if I first break it off with Max, I don't see what harm he can do me. Yes, I will first get rid of Max, and when that is forgotten, I will walk straight to grandpapa and tell him that I quite mistook my feelings towards Challoner, and that I won't marry him."

After that Lady Janet descended to the library, where she found Lord Challoner most anxiously expecting her. He sprang up when she entered, and advanced to meet her, his eyes shining with excitement and joy.

"Oh! my precious darling, how you torture me by keeping away from me!" he cried out. "How is it, Janet, that when I would shed my blood and give my life to please you, you are so cold towards me?"

Lady Janet looked down at a spray of geranium she held in her hand.

"I am not demonstrative, William," she answered, gravely.

"Not towards *me*," replied the jealous lover; "but you can be towards others."

She raised her brown eyes inquiringly to his face, and a faint pink dyed her fair cheek.

"What do you mean?" asked the young girl, haughtily.

"I mean, of course, only that favourite of yours, Miss Spindler, whom you kiss and call a darling, and that hideous old yellow hound whom you likewise kiss."

Challoner's eyes were aflame with love and anger; he felt that Lady Janet, all plighted to him as she was in the eyes of the world, was still divided from him by the width of the universe in soul, in spirit, in heart; very suspicious, most miserable and anxious he felt; and yet this young noble's love was of that insensate, mad sort, that he would willingly have married her had he even known that she loved another man. His was the very folly and ecstasy of passion; without her life seemed valueless to him as a parcel of old rags. His youth, his strength, his manhood, his intellectual vigour—his vast wealth, his sounding title, his manors, and estates, and castles—his wines, and horses, and diamonds—his plate, and carriages, and servitors—his devoted mother, his loving sisters, his kind father,—all these blessings and rich gifts from Heaven weighing as dust in the balance against the smiles and coveted caresses of that one slight, fragile girl.

"I will not caress the dog in your presence, Lord Challoner, and I will not call dear old Spindler darling either when you are near."

Lady Janet was very cruel. Girls can wound and pierce a heart that loves them sometimes, and take a savage pleasure also in the anguish they inflict. Thus did slight Lady Janet, looking half-sleepily out of the brown eyes at the passion-wrought face of her lover. "Casting pearls before swine," is it, to throw precious human love at the feet of an idol, unfeeling, and cold, and hard, as was this delicately-reared girl.

It may be said, with truth, that Lord Challoner had only himself to thank that he had dragged Janet Eustace into this engagement against her will. That is true; but his love was so intense, his suffering so acute, that one would expect a truly womanly heart to feel a few throes of pity.

Lady Janet had not one spark. She was unfeeling as the marble nymph in the niche in the conservatory close at hand.

Lord Challoner went up to her suddenly, and pressed her, against her will, with desperation to his heart; for she was cold, coy, and cruel towards him: he impressed passionate kisses on the damask cheek.

"I love you, Janet, and it seems to me that you almost *hate* me," he said, in a voice nearly broken by sobs.

"Let me go, please," she said, in a cold voice of displeasure. "I thought you knew that, even as a child, I always hated to be kissed."

Slowly he released her, folding his arms, and looking with his honest gray eyes, almost with the look of a famished hound on a coveted morsel of food. Betrothed to her! — good heavens! And with all the higher powers of parents and exalted grand-parents smiling on the proposed match, and yet she shrank from his honest, if too demonstrative, embrace, as if he had been some rough "navvy," coarse, brutal, and dirty, instead of an Oxford scholar, an English noble, who might one day help to guide the helm of the nation—he, Lord William Challoner, heir to the noble Earldom of Chandos.

* * * * *

Now the announcements of the "dance and supper to be given at the Assembly Rooms, Pendowen, patroness the Right Honourable the Countess of Chandos, the proceeds to be devoted to her ladyship's hospital at Aberglade," were posted all over the town of Pendowen.

The Fleurelands family were considerably excited. Colonel Fleurelands' arm was so much better that he was now able to leave his room, and appear in the parlour, where he scolded and grumbled, snarled and raved, from morning till night; but when he was told of the dance, and that Sir Arthur Ashmore had returned to Atherstone, he asserted that it was his intention to call on the great man one morning.

"He is quite on intimate terms with my brother, Sir Anthony, and once, when the regiment was quartered at Gibraltar, Sir Arthur dined with the mess. Yes; I shall introduce myself. No doubt I shall be asked to dine, and I shall go, if my arm *is* in a sling; it will be a comfort to get a meal decently cooked, after the diabolical messes they send us up in this lodging-house."

At that moment Clare entered with a basin of soup. The Colonel's brows met in an ominous scowl. He had not been out in the fresh air since the night when he had been tossed out of the carriage when returning from the pic-nic, and in consequence his appetite had failed.

"I smell it from here; it is an abomination!" cried the Colonel.

"I made it myself, uncle," began Clare, "according to the receipt-book;" and indeed the soup gave out a most pleasant odour, and looked brown and rich.

But the Colonel took up a spoonful and looked with an ugly leer into the lovely face of his niece.

"You made it yourself?" he whined, in a hideous voice meant to mimic the dulcet tones of Clare. "Perhaps you would like me to fling this spoonful over your dress."

Clare, who was delicacy and neatness itself in her plain attire, shrank a little at the horrible suggestion.

It is really difficult to admit that this ill-tempered little cur of a Colonel was a gentleman by birth, position, and education; he did not fling the soup at Clare, but he suddenly opened the window and threw it out upon the grass.

"There," said he, with his grim smile, "that's one thing I have done that I am glad of. No rascally lying woman with a story of her widowhood and six children will have *that* soup given to her by those charitable hands of yours. Miss Clare, I hope you will continue to make soup all your life to the same good purpose. I'm sure you must feel quite philanthropic after it, don't you?"

"Oh, uncle!"

"Don't you?" thundered the Colonel. "I *will* have an answer. Don't you feel yourself a sort of saint now that you have made that soup and that *I* have flung it out of window?"

"No, uncle."

"No, uncle!" mimicking her tone. "Well, then, I'm sorry you don't; and now shut the window, and go to Halifax as fast as ever you can."

This was the kind of life which the Colonel led his relatives.

Clare was leaving the room when Rosalinda entered.

"I flung the soup out of the window, my dear," said the Colonel to his daughter. "It was delicious."

"Papa," returned Rosalinda, ignoring the soup, "we all mean to go to this ball at the Assembly Rooms. Fancy, all the officers will be there, and Lord Challoner."

"I am glad you can all afford it," cried the Colonel.

"Ah! papa, you won't refuse us, and Sir Arthur will be there."

"I will go," said the Colonel, pompously, after a pause.

"I don't think all of us ought to go," said Rosalinda, casting a grudging glance at Clare. "I think we shall seem such a ridiculously large party—three girls. Let one of them stay at home—Clare, *you* don't care for gaiety."

But the Colonel was in the mood to contradict everybody:

"She shall go!" he snarled; "if you do make a ridiculous party; and I shall go. We will all go. I shall stand up in a quadrille myself if I find a decent set, if not I shall sit and watch the others; but I mean to introduce myself to Sir Arthur, of course!"—and then Colonel Fleurelands arose, and strutted about the room with his usual air of self-importance.

Rosalinda flew up-stairs so make all sorts of arrangements for the adornment of her fair self, to consult her mother, and to arrange the ugliest combination of colours she could devise for the purpose of defacing the beauty of her cousin Clare.

Clare herself, having handed her uncle a daily paper, for which he had asked, and having been peremptorily told by that amiable gentleman to leave him in peace, and not to disturb him by the rustling of her dress—of course, using an ugly adjective before the word dress—Clare herself sought her sister in her apartment, and here the two held consultation over their dress for the dance at the Assembly Rooms.

During the past week the visits of young Mr. Arthur Morgan to the villa lodging-house had been pretty frequent. Rosalinda and her mamma had always contrived to be in the way, and no word had the young man spoken that could in any way be construed into the meaning that his heart was full of, but that he lacked the courage and opportunity to utter. Yet Anna saw how the game lay: she knew well that the young man whose acquaintance with herself began while she sat, thinly protected from the weather, on an unsaddled horse, and he led him by the bridle through the passes of the Welsh mountains, was yearning to offer her his heart, and to ask her to promise to be his wife. Consequently and naturally, Anna had ceased to do her hair in hideous Chinese fashion, and to wear ill-assorted colours for the sake of making herself look absurd; and now she set her bright wits to work to make herself and her sister each appear as pretty as possible at the forthcoming Assembly.

Max Carstairs had been in the previous afternoon, looking pale and *distrait;* but he had passed his word to his friend Marston that he should be at the dance, and, for some subtle reason, beautiful Clare was not loth to allow her loving sister to rule that she should wear what became her, and set off her pale but exquisite, complexion to perfection.

"Her will is very strong," said Anna, setting her elbows firmly on the little toilet-table, and pursing up her red lips; "but so is mine, Clare. Presently she will be in with a hundred hideous devices for our disfigurement; but I am determined we will look charming, both of us. You shall be *ravissante*, as the French say—a perfect dream of beauty; and Max Carstairs——"

Anna paused suddenly; Clare blushed vividly.

"There!" cried Anna, "I knew you were losing your heart to that man! Clare, is it wise?"

A flash shot from the glorious eyes of Clare.

"Is this kind, Anna?" she asked. "What grounds have I given for you to accuse me in that fashion? Have I said I thought Mr. Carstairs a noble-minded young man, gifted and graceful, and one also with a high standard of right and a compassionate heart? I think him all that; he speaks so tenderly of the poor whom he has attended in the hospitals. But he has never given me the least reason to think that he holds any exalted opinion of me. He has never flattered me; he has never flirted with me."

"No," replied Anna, slowly, "he is a man of the world—one who will 'see his way clear,' as it is called; that is, begin to build his fortune before he thinks of a wife, and then, mark my words, Clare, he will marry a rich one."

Clare's beautiful head drooped. Anna watched her narrowly; then she went up to her, and clasped her passionately to her heart.

"Clare, darling, you ought to marry a prince!" she said.

And Clare answered, slowly:

"I may be wrong, but it seems to me that Max Carstairs is a prince among men."

* * * * *

"I never heard or saw anything so abominable in all my life!" cried Rosalinda, furiously.

It was the night of the dance at the Assembly Rooms. All the Fleurelands family stood dressed in the sitting-room, awaiting the arrival

of the cab that was to convey them to the festive scene.

Anna had allowed her tyrannical cousin to dictate the most hideous head-gear for herself and Clare, had listened while she forbade the wearing of fresh flowers in their hair, as though she meant to be obedient to her orders; and then, lo and behold! just as there is positively no time to alter a riband or a button, the two sisters enter the room looking positively charming, as Anna had predicted. Anna herself in white crêpe, with real vine-leaves in her shining brown hair, arranged tastefully; a wide, green sash, with trimmings of imitation vine-leaves on the skirt; a cross and necklet of white aquamarines, which had belonged to her mother: the white and pale green subdued and set-off the rather too ruddy tones of Anna's fresh complexion. She looked like a country maiden, but full of grace and refinement. Clare wore white crêpe, with full, rose-coloured trimmings, and one splendid, rich, dark, real rose nestled amid her raven tresses. Excitement had called the faintest pink to her ivory skin; she looked, indeed, beautiful.

Rosalinda was radiant in a white ball-dress, with gold stripes, and she wore pearls in her hair and on her neck; but her sallow face was flushed with anger, her eyes looked dull and angry.

"Real leaves and flowers—such affected trash! Papa, do make them pull them, out! And Anna's hair done in that absurd way, instead of being tucked away in the fashion that suits her!"

"Rosalinda, I have ceased to be a Chinese; I am again an Englishwoman!" cried Anna, lightly.

"Ah! you always reminded me of a bedpost with all the curtains pinned up for the room-sweeping, when you wore your hair like that!" snarled the Colonel. "I always thought you did it to annoy me."

At that juncture the cab drove up, the Fleurelands family entered, and were driven away to the Assembly.

* * * * *

Max Carstairs was in evening costume, with white tie and white gloves; he was going to the Assembly Rooms. Why was he going? He could hardly have told you. Only two days before he had received the following letter from Lady Janet, by post:—

"My dear Sir,

"I must beg you, after all, to forget that you ever saw me. It would be impossible for me to see you again, save on distant terms; circumstances are too strong for me.

"Janet."

How often had he read and re-read the cruel little note. It was in her handwriting; and, since then, he had seen My Lady Janet pass in the carriage, and she had deigned him no look of recognition.

And yet, though his heart felt like a lump of lead, Max Carstairs was going to this ball. The results were to be critical for all the personages of our story.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Max had read and re-read Lady Janet's cruel little epistle many times.

In the language of some fashionable novelists, the meaning thereof had "burnt itself into his soul," so that he fully comprehended, and writhed over the unwelcome truth that his love had cast him aside as a child throws away a broken, useless toy. To say he was heart-broken does not explain the nature of the lover's pain. Wrath he felt, and a something like contempt, which, perhaps, enabled him to bear the bitter smart of the insult, and the unutterable disappointment of the loss.

Of course he told himself that he had been a madman, when he had trusted to the promises, and believed in the lasting love, of a little aristocratic maiden, titled, and an heiress, and but just released from the thraldom of a school-room.

Still, he had so believed, and he had loved, and still loved Lady Janet with a very strong and passionate love.

How was it, then, that he had made up his mind to go to this county festivity, at the Pendowen Assembly Rooms, where all the magnates of the county were to be assembled together, and dance at one end of the hall, while he, and such as he, were to dance at the other?

How was it that he had made up his mind to submit to see Lady Janet Eustace floating round the room in the waltz with Lord Challoner, and giving him, Max Carstairs, a cold bow, or perhaps scarcely any recognition at all?

Perhaps poor Max could hardly have answered these questions himself.

Anyhow, were it a craving for excitement, or a desire to show the faithless lady that her coquetries had not deprived him of his manliness and self-reliance, he was going to the ball.

He was dressed for the ball, when there came a rat-tat-too upon the door of the house; and immediately afterwards Mr. Marston and two officer friends entered. They had come in a cab to call for Max, and the four started, gaily enough, for the ball.

The building called the Assembly Rooms at Pendowen is a large, square-faced, drab-coloured house, close to the sea. It contains a good-sized billiard-room, a refreshment-room, a library "in connection with Mudie's," and a very long room where lectures are given, concerts are held, various troupes of artistes disport themselves, and amuse the seaside visitors during the summer season, and where also, occasionally, a ball is given, as on the present occasion, either for some charity, some whim, or some reason best known to the givers.

As the four young men passed through the handsome, paved entrance-hall they heard the strains of the German band in the ball-room in front, the click of balls in the billiard-room, where indefatigable players were busily losing or gaining half-crowns; and in the refreshment-room the sound of voices and the drawing of corks. The supper-room was on the other side of the ball-room.

Max smiled and chatted with the rest, and entered the room and glanced round. She was not there; the golden-haired fairy who was all the world to him was absent—a single flash of his eye round the room told him that. But there was already a goodly assemblage of gaily and prettily-dressed damsels, and stalwart youths, and bearded men, waltzing, waltzing, waltzing, to the music of Strauss. The melody was exceptionally lovely.

"By George!" said one of the officers, "there's a girl to set a fellow's heart beating. Who is she, Marston?"

Now the officer in question had an eye-glass in his eye, and altogether a supercilious and patronizing manner. Max felt more irritated than the occasion seemed to demand when he saw that the beauty which had excited the admiration of the languid and splendid Captain Hawtree was none other than the pensive, dark-eyed Clare Fleurelands.

Clare was not yet dancing; she had only been a few minutes in the room. She sat next her sister. She looked beautiful, he acknowledged to himself; a faint colour in the soft cheeks—a liquid light in the glorious eyes—a smile on the rosy lips.

We believe we have already described her dress: natural flowers at the breast and in the dark hair—flowers which lent a warmth to the pure robe, and marble tintings, and raven tresses. The form, the expression, were alike perfect.

"By George!" muttered Captain Hawtree, "introduce me somebody. Who *is* the girl?"

We all know that men think more of a sought-after woman than of the most amiable, neglected one in the world.

Hitherto Max Carstairs had thought Clare lovely, graceful, amiable, gifted; but he had never thought of her charms in connection with himself. Lady Janet Eustace had absorbed every wish of his heart. Now all at once there shot through his brain a new sensation, a fantastic thought, a half-explained wish:

"If I had known her before. She is beautiful, true, and good, and gentle as she is beautiful. I am certain of it—and even now—and Captain Hawtree is a consummate donkey."

Not an elaborate phase of thought, nor an edifying or polished conclusion to arrive at; but the action was prompt that followed. Before Captain Hawtree could decide if his gloves fitted well, before he had finished pulling his moustache, Max stood by the side of Clare, and asked her to join in the waltz; and before two minutes were well over, behold the two whirling round in time to the melody. Clare was lightness and grace itself. Captain Hawtree stood sullenly, and watched her. Presently he remarked to Marston:

"Why the plague *do* you push that fellow forward on every occasion. Who the dickens *is* he—only a cad of a student is he?"

"Only a fine fellow, and one who will reach the top of his profession if he lives." And Marston walked away.

Meanwhile the two danced on without fatigue, and without taking note of time, and presently they paused, but only because the music ceased, and then Max led Clare to a seat, and stood beside her, irresolute for a space.

She spoke first, made some remark on the adornments of the room: each panel of the wall was painted to represent some sea-monster, fabulous or real, and she hazarded some criticism, in which Max heartily concurred. How it was neither of them could tell, but it happened that they glided off into a flow of converse that might be termed small talk by some and *tall* talk by others; but insensibly Max found himself listening to the dark-eyed girl, while she spoke of life as a valuable gift, to be used for the good of others and the improvement of ourselves; trials and disappointments, large and small annoyances, vexations—what were they but the discipline which ought and should train us for a nobler, grander future?

He was in a cynical mood that night, and he told her so, and that he hated the world, and almost all that it contained.

Clare smiled, shook her head, said she did not believe him; and then Max, almost without asking her, led her out in a quadrille. After that etiquette forbade that Max should continue to devote himself to her, and Captain Hawtree pounced, and Max stood watching his marked attentions with feelings of strange annoyance.

[To be continued.]

"My Lady Janet" commenced in No. 672 and Part CLXV.

THE WIFE'S REVERIE.

O Heart of mine, is our estate—
Our sweet estate—of joy assured?
It came so slow, it came so late,
Bought by such bitter pains endured;
Dare we forget those sorrows sore,
And think that they will come no more?

With tearful eyes I scan my face,
And doubt how he can find it fair;
Wistful I watch each charm and grace
I see that other women wear;
Of all the secrets of love's lore,
I know but one, to love him more;

I see each day he grows more wise,
His life is broader far than mine;
I must be lacking in his eyes
In many things where others shine.
O Heart! can we this loss restore
To him, by simply loving more?

I often see upon his brow
A look half-tender and half-stern;
His thoughts are far away, I know;
To fathom them, I vainly yearn:
But naught is ours which went before
O Heart! we can but love him more!

I sometimes think that he had loved
An older, deeper love, apart
From this which later, feebler moved
His soul to mine. O Heart! O Heart!
What can we do? This hurteth sore.
Nothing, my Heart, but love him more!

S. H.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

Why is ambition like a weathercock?—Because it is a vain and glittering thing to a-spire.

Why is a newly-married couple like a pair of sugar-tongs?—Because they are two spoons joined.

Bringing Things to a Focus.—Young lady (to bashful admirer who has just called): "Really, Mr. Miffin, I'm in a great hurry—have an engagement with a lady friend; but—if you've come to propose to me, I may wait."—*New York American.*

Suffrage in Japan has been put to a novel use. A village was harassed by a midnight robber whom no one could detect, so an ingenious inhabitant proposed that each villager should write the name of the man he suspected on a slip of paper and put it in a ballot-box. On the votes being taken there were fifteen for one man and the rest were blanks. The robber was so astonished at the proceedings that he confessed his identity.

A revenue collector recently received intimation that a person "kept a trap without paying duty." The collector called, and began: "You keep a trap, I understand."—"Yes."—"Have you a license for that trap?"—No." Down went an entry of this candid admission in the note-book. "Did you have a license last year?"—"No." Another entry in the book. "Why did you not take out a license?"—"I did not think it was necessary."—"How many wheels has it?"—"None."—"None! Why, what sort a trap is it?"—"A mouse-trap!"

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PASTIMES.

DECAPITATION.

I'm formed of lime, of stone, and brick,
And plaster, too, and many a stick.
Behead me now, and you will see
An English river I shall be.
Behead again just one time more,
I'll tell you what your hands are for.

C. E. S.

DECAPITATION AND TRANSPOSITION.

Entire, I separate; behead me, and I shall forsake you; repeat the operation, and I form part of your dwelling. Now restore my head, remove my second and third letters, and I am an underground vault.

J. D. A.

BURIED POETS AND POETESSES.

1.

I daresay you can borrow your cousin John's, on condition that you replace it before he returns.

K. H.

2.

You are sure the name over the door is Lane and Co.? O, Kate! if we have lost our way.

K.

ENIGMA.

I am a character which nobody views in the same favourable light that I do myself; and yet, though silently dwelling near the heart of a friend, I confess I am a stranger to myself. I make a fair show in humility, but, truth to tell, I am more wrapped up in pride. With the gifted I may rank myself, for I have always taken a foremost place with the ingenious, the imaginative, and the inventive. With painting and music I am also familiar. I enjoy the society of the witty, though I am also compelled to follow close in the train of the stupid. I shun the beauty, though (strange mixture of contradiction that I confess myself to be), living with the refined, I cannot resist the beautiful, and am never to be seen with the ugly. You will ever find me enrolled with the charitable, and I always attend the sick. Yet here, again, does the inconsistency of my character appear, for I am also sure to be found with vice and infamy; and though I shun the cruel, and never desert the innocent, yet there is not a compartment in the inquisition in which I am not to be met. Like a migratory bird, I am seen but one month in the year; and in the frozen regions of Iceland and the sunny plains of India I hold the same important station. I headed the Israelites in the Wilderness, and from Pisgah's heights viewed the Promised Land; but Jordan's waves or the shores of Canaan have never been favoured with my presence. I avoid both town and country, and consequently take up my abode in solitude; and yet I have no objection to society. I mix at pic-nics, where I join myself with each division—indeed, they would be nothing without me—but, domiciled with a hermit, I shun most places of amusement, and am never to be seen at the theatre, ball-room, or race-course. In past times I was united to another, but the present enlightened age, deeming a separation necessary, I am now single and free. With the immortal I have ever lived; death can never grasp me in his arms; and time and eternity will never be without me.

F. L. P. B.

SOLUTIONS OF PASTIMES IN No. 684.

BURIED ANIMALS.—1. Tiger. 2. Lion. 3. Fawn. 4. Camel. 5. Doe. 6. Bear.

CHARADES.—*Epitome*, thus:—(1) E, (2) Pit, (3) O, (4) Me. 2. *Gladstone*, thus:—(1) Glad, (2) Stone. 3. *Bandoline*, thus: (1) Band, (2) O, (3) Line.

BURIED POETS AND POETESSES.—1. Southey. 2. Hemans. 3. Scott.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS GENERALLY.

As our Correspondence has greatly increased with the increased popularity of our Journal, and as further space cannot be spared in the Journal for replies thereto, we purpose from this date to answer questions of immediate importance *by post within a few days of their receipt. A stamped, addressed envelope must be forwarded for the reply, and in no case shall we answer in envelopes addressed to be left at a post-office. Our subscribers must not expect us to reply by post to questions that are not of urgent importance.*

In future we shall not insert requests for the words of songs or poems unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope, with the nom de plume *of the sender and the name of the song, &c., required, written inside the envelope.*

EDITH.—(1) If you look at the engravings in our Fashion Supplements, you will see all the newest styles of dressing the hair. (2) With a little more care it might do. (3) It is not necessary for very young children.

MIDDY.—(1) We are unable to tell you, as it is not a matter that comes under our notice. (2) We think not. (3) Painting the bunions with iodine will sometimes decrease their size.

G. B. SLADE.—Your question is not the first of its kind we have received. We can only attribute the idea to a morbid fancy, which should be checked when it arises.

RUBY.—(1) Try Mr. Muddiman's Spanish Wash; you will find it advertised in the covers of the Journal. (2) Rub your hands before the fire with whisky, put plenty of glycerine on at night, and sleep in loose kid gloves, with the palms cut out.

UNA MAY.—(1) Unless you take lessons in deportment we know of no way for you to become proficient in what you desire, unless you shrewdly observe the movements of those of your friends and acquaintances who are acknowledged to be graceful. (2) Becoming overheated whilst walking at a moderate pace indicates physical weakness. You probably require a tonic. You should consult a doctor. (3) Glycerine will improve the texture of the skin. (4) The following is an excellent dentifrice: 1 oz camphorated chalk, ½ drachm powdered cuttlefish-bones, ½ drachm powdered myrrh.

THOUGHTFUL.—(1) Consult a medical man; although it may be observed that people who increase in size, whilst taking plenty of exercise, are generally the reverse of unhealthy. Banting's pamphlet might give you some hints. We have known several persons who have considerably reduced their bulk by following his rules. (2) We do not quite understand your question; if you are leaving, not to return again, it is polite to bow when you leave.

MORA.—We refer you to answer No. 7 to "Eliza," page 399, No. 684.

BONNY JANE.—(1) Wash the rugs in a strong lather of soap and water, rinse in clear water with blue in it, shake till nearly dry, and nail out on a board, to prevent shrinking as much as possible. (2) See answer No. 7 to "Eliza," page 399, No. 684. (3) P. P. C. are the initials of the French words, "*pour prendre congé*," signifying to take leave.

BOOK WORM.—Yes, the right of translation is reserved.

DAISY.—To work the following *Cable Pattern*, cast on sixteen stitches.

1st Row: Slip one, as if for purling, knit one, purl twelve, knit two.

2nd Row: Slip one, as if for purling, knit to the end of the row.

3rd Row: Like the first.

4th Row: Like the second.

5th Row: Like the first.

6th Row: Like the second.

7th Row: Slip one, knit one, take the third pin and purl three, then the first pin, purl three in front of the last three purled, take the fourth pin, purl three in front of last pin, then with the first pin purl three, knit two.

8th Row: Slip one, knit one, knit three stitches from the third left-hand pin—that is, the twelfth to fourteenth stitches of last row.

Now, with the same right-hand needle, knit off the three first stitches from the left-hand needle, which has eight stitches upon it. With the same right-hand needle knit off the three stitches from the left-hand needle with only three stitches upon it. With the same right-hand needle, knit the three nearest stitches, and then knit the two last stitches for the border.

EUGENIE.—See answer to "Daisy."

A MANX GIRL.—The framework for alum baskets should be of wire, with wool tightly twisted round it. Take as much water as will about twice cover the basket; put in it as much alum as the water will dissolve, making what is called a saturated solution. When it will take no more, filter it through a piece of brown paper into a saucepan. If you wish the basket to be coloured, add the dye before filtering. Madder and cochineal will produce crimson; gamboge or tumeric, yellow; sulphate of copper, blue. Boil the solution until half has evaporated, then pour it into a jar large enough to hold the basket and handle. Put it carefully in a cool place until crystallized.

ZOLO.—We do not know anything of the firm you inquire about.

MICHAEL AND MARY.—(1) The 14th of October, 1860, was a Tuesday; the 8th of February, 1862, a Saturday; the 29th of June, 1863, a Monday; the 15th of February, 1856, a Friday. (2) You will see the newest styles of dressing the hair in the Supplements.

BIANCA DE MAESTRO.—(1) The lady merely bows, and sips her wine. (2) The best excuse would be to tell the truth. No gentleman would wish a lady to waltz if it made her ill. (3) Ouida's novels are published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, 74 and 75, Piccadilly, W. The price is 5s. each.

A. O.—(1) Bethnal Green Museum closes at ten o'clock P.M. on Saturdays. (2) M.B. stands for Bachelor of Medicine; B.A., Bachelor of Arts; R.A.M., Royal Academy of Music. (3) Yes.

FAIRY.—(1) Mr. George Osborne, Brydges Street, Covent Garden, is an advertising agent for most foreign newspapers. (2) We cannot tell of anything that will prevent the dye rubbing off the alpaca.

HARRY'S N.—(1) Wash the grebe with curd soap and water, and shake it dry before the fire or in the sun. (2) Yes.

SHAMROCK.—(1) Scarlet geranium signifies "I give you preference;" shamrock, "light-hearted;" violet, "modesty;" pink moss rose-bud, "hidden love." (2) Holding a small piece of orris-root in the mouth will sweeten the breath. (3) You can purchase drawing copies from Messrs. Windsor and Newton, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street. (4) Ivy-leaves soaked in vinegar and placed on the corn will remove it in a short time. (5) The 18th of December, 1856, was a Thursday. (6) Yes.

ADA.—(1) It is very indiscreet for a lady to talk to a gentleman who accosts her in the street. (2) If the gentleman is desirous of returning to his former intimacy, he will not require much encouragement.

AMELIA.—(1) If you send a stamped envelope we will send you the words of the song you require. (2) Consult a clever medical man.

MARTHA W.—(1) As we do not know the cause of the scar you mention, we cannot possibly tell you what will remove it.

M. (Chelsea).—Light-gray cashmere, trimmed with black, black grenadine, or mauve, may be worn for slight mourning, also white, trimmed with black.

NELL.—You will find directions for knotting in No. 561. We have not given any directions for the other things you name.

EFFIE.—It is possible to learn French grammatically without the aid of a master. Ahn's "First French Course" is a useful book for a beginner.

F. W. D.—(1) Rum and castor-oil in equal parts, well shaken together, and rubbed into the roots of the hair, will increase its growth. (2) Annie signifies "grace, goodwill;" Ada, "ornament;" Clara, "clear, light;" Jane, "God's gift;" George, "a cultivator;" Thomas, "a twin;" Walter, "ruler of a host;" William, "helm of many." (3) The 18th of October, 1862, was a Saturday.

MARGARET C.—You failed to send a stamped envelope for reply to your letter.

NELLIE K. (Windsor).—The bride would have to sign her own name, which would, of course, be the surname of her own father, not her step-father. (2) Yes. (3) It is injurious to eat alum, as it is an astringent. We have never heard it would have the effect you mention.

F. C.—As we do not know the cause of the eruption, we cannot possibly prescribe a remedy for it.

SISSIE ALDEN.—(1) To Pickle Tongue: Rub it well with salt, and let it lie four or five hours; pour off the foul brine; take 2 oz saltpetre beaten fine, and rub it all over the tongue; then mix ¼ lb brown sugar and 1 oz salt-prunella, and rub it well over the tongue; let it lie in the pickle three or four days. Make a brine of a gallon of water with common salt strong enough to bear an egg, ½ lb brown sugar, 2 oz saltpetre, and ¼ lb baysalt; boil it a quarter of an hour; skim well. When cold put in the tongue. Let it remain a fortnight or three weeks, turning every day. Either boil it out of the pickle or hang in woodsmoke to dry. (2) Any person carrying a gun is required to pay duty. (3) If you read our "Paris Fashion" articles you will gain the fullest information on this subject.

MARIE.—(1) Strawberry-juice rubbed on the face at night, and washed off in the morning without soap, will remove freckles. (2) Decidedly it would be improper, if you did not know the gentleman. (3) Glycerine. (4) The gentleman would consider it his privilege to do so, if he invited you to accompany him.

J. J.—Washing the hair in strong soda and water will destroy its colour, and render it very brittle.

MENA.—(1) A hairdresser would be able to dye the hair you have any shade. (2) The polonaise is very fashionable this summer.

J. D. A.—Your pastimes are accepted with thanks.

M. J. W. is thanked for contribution of pastimes.

E. J. is thanked for answer to queries.

QUERIES.

B. E. will be glad if any reader will send her the recipe to make an Aberdeen cake.

A. L. F. will be much obliged if any reader will send her the names of the poems in which these lines occur:

"Over the grass we stepped,
Never a voice to part us."

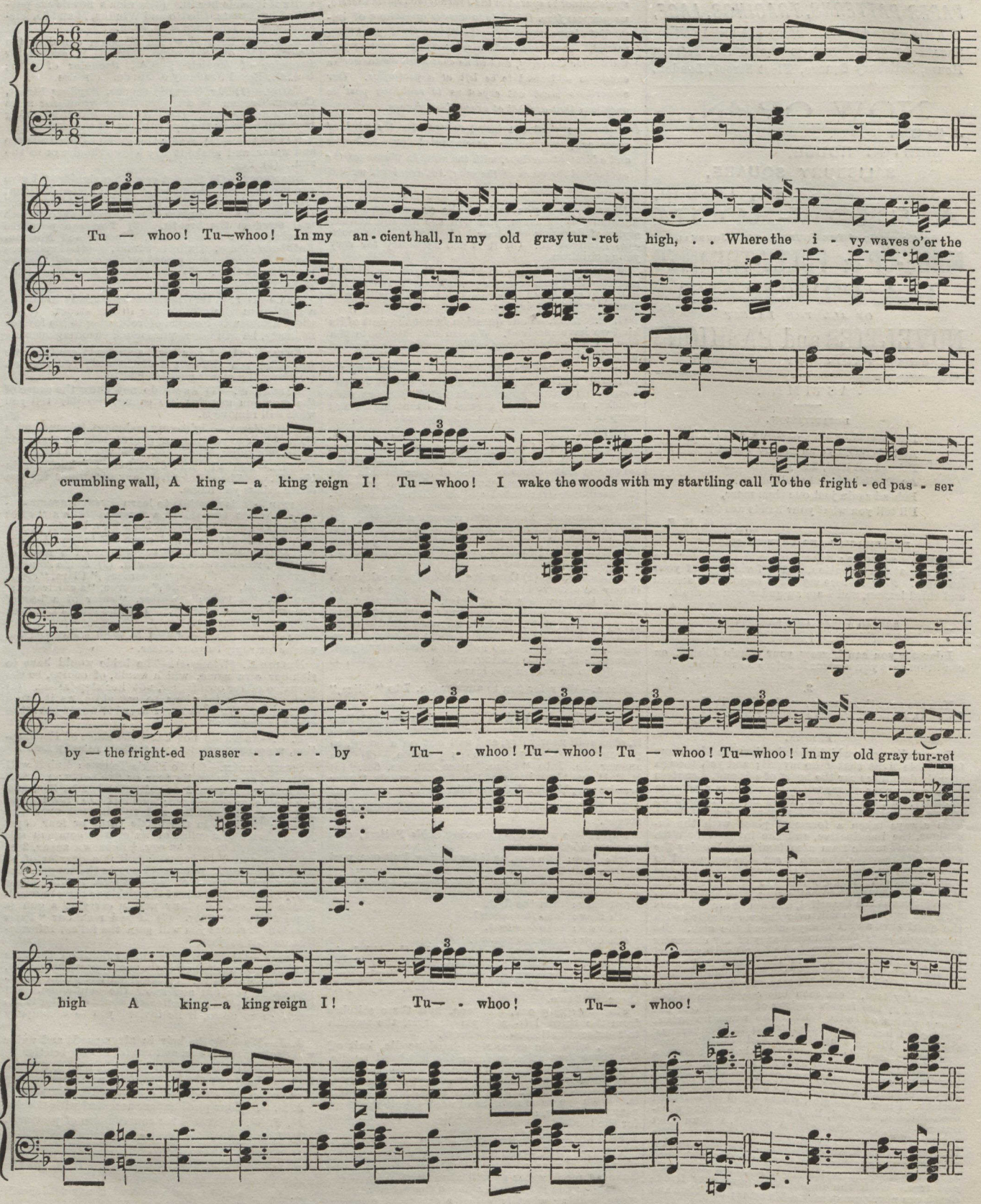
And

"As I walked by the sea,
I feel that its breadth and depth for ever
Are bridged by his thoughts, as they cross to me."

London: E. HARRISON, Salisbury Ct., Fleet St., E.C.

Song of the Owl.

Words by MRS. HEWETT. (BALLAD.) Music by F. LANCELOTT.



Tu—whoo! Tu—whoo! The vines that grow
In the chinks, climb up to me,
And the newt, the bat, and the toad, I trow
A right merry band are we.
Tu—whoo!
Oh! the coffined monks in their cells below
Have no goodlier company!
Tu—whoo! Tu—whoo! Tu—whoo! Tu—whoo!
In my old gray turret high
A king—a king reign I!
Tu—whoo! Tu—whoo!

Tu—whoo! Tu—whoo! All the livelong night
A right gladsome life lead we;
While the starry ones from their jewelled height
Bend down approvingly.
Tu—whoo!
They may bask who will in the noonday light,
But the midnight dark for me!
Tu—whoo! Tu—whoo! Tu—whoo! Tu—whoo!
In my old gray turret high
A king—a king reign I!
Tu—whoo! Tu—whoo!

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THE
YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL
AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

"WE MAY STOOP TOO LOW, EVEN TO OBLIGE A LADY," SAID SIR INNIS, AS VIVIEN TOOK OFF HER HAT.

THE QUEEN OF THE SEASON.

CHAPTER XXX.

SAYING ADIEUX.

ANOTHER week, and Vivien had so far recovered from the effects of her accident that she had no longer an excuse for playing the invalid; but by this time the guests at Esselyn Manor were beginning to say their adieux, and depart to fulfil other engagements. Mrs. Carmichael, who had just found out that she was a very timid traveller, returned to town under the escort of Mr. Douceby, who was alternately flattered and frightened at the manner in which the charming widow clung to him. The Misses Estridge, after angling in vain for an invitation to prolong their stay, went off to tell all their circle of friends how stingy the Countess was, and how openly Lady Vivien was throwing herself at the head of that stupid young Marquis; indeed, they took the trouble to hint to the latter that Vivien St. Orme was an incorrigible coquette, but the warning did not prevent his acceding gratefully when Lady Esselyn pressed him to remain a little longer.

The Countess proposed to rest and recruit herself before the London campaign, and had laid her plans, as she considered, very neatly. Cressida and Aymer, Lord Mandeville and Vivien, would form a pleasant party *quarrée*, and could amuse themselves without calling

upon her for any great exertions or vigilance. But she did not bargain for any addition to this number, and when Lord Esselyn insisted that Sir Innis should not leave them, and he consented to lengthen his visit, she was seriously annoyed.

"How very wrong-headed Aymer is," she complained to her step-daughter. "He positively refused to see the frown I gave him when he asked Sir Innis to stay. I hate to have people forced on me whom I do not want."

"What difference does his being here make to you?" Vivien's love of justice constrained her to ask. "We seldom see him till dinner, and he makes Aymer attend to the business affairs of his estate, which neither you nor I have ever been able to do."

"But he has some secret motive for stopping so long; I'm sure he has. Those grave, reserved men are never to be trusted," said the Countess, emphatically. "If you were as keen an observer of character as I am, you would know this."

"I don't want to know anything that makes me distrustful and ungenerous to one's fellow-creatures," retorted Vivien. "Perhaps he has a motive; but it may be quite an innocent one after all. I have fancied more than once that he is interested in Cressida."

"Just what I suspected!" cried Lady Esselyn. "He is craftily stealing into the poor, simple child's affection, and ousting Aymer, though pretending all the while that he is his best friend. I shall warn your brother of his treachery."

"Do," said Vivien, mischievously. "It will amuse him. You will see them laughing together over the joke. How can you imagine that Aymer will ever be induced to wed such an insignificant, stupid little thing as Cressy?"

"I have his interest at heart in wishing it," her ladyship insisted. "Her fortune would enable him to improve his estate and double his income. You sneer very rudely at my plans, Vivien; but when you are older and wiser, you will concede that it is the best match your brother can make. He would be always in hot water with a high-spirited or exacting woman, whereas Cressida will refuse to believe that he has a single fault."

"But they do not care for each other."

"Neither do you for Lord Mandeville, yet you will marry him."

Vivien's eyes flashed, and her colour rose.

"Then it will be twenty years hence; by that time I may have grown tired of having my own way, and he may have developed into a more manly and intellectual personage than he now is."

"There is no hurry," said Lady Esselyn, languidly. "I do not approve of very early marriages; and there are, as you know, reasons why the husband I select for you should not be of a jealous or suspicious temperament."

"Yes, my lady; I quite understand your tactics," Vivien muttered, as the Countess sailed away. "Your own income is so small that you dread being reduced to live upon it; and you propose to avoid this by wedding me to some good, easy youth, who will not have soul and spirit enough to object to being saddled with a mother-in-law. You are a very clever woman, Lady Esselyn, and my hatred of scenes, and Aymer's easy, good nature, have given you an exaggerated notion of your influence. But it is smaller than you imagine. You shall never dwell beneath the roof of the man who calls me wife—never!"

Lady Esselyn was now too much engaged in guarding her ward from what she termed the insidious addresses of Sir Innis, to notice how Vivien was changing and softening towards him; nor, if she had observed it, would she have had any clue to the two-fold reason that dictated the young lady's conduct.

She could not know that he owed in a great measure Vivien's greeting smiles, and flattering readiness to accept him as the companion of her rides and drives, to an instinctive faith in his chivalrous nature. An unreasonable dread was upon her of the appearance in England of the artist who remembered her too well. She had done her best to forget the adventure in which she had figured, and now that there was reason to fear that it might be revived, and she would be greatly harassed and annoyed unless *some one* interposed on her behalf, and kept this foolish man at bay, who would do this as well as the shrewd, impartial Sir Innis? Oddly enough, while protesting that she detested him excessively, she had discovered that he was the only reliable person to whom she could turn for advice in an emergency.

As a rule, Vivien decidedly preferred relying on herself; but just now she was neither as strong in health nor spirits as usual, and a strange noise or footstep would make her start and tremble, and instinctively glance towards the baronet, or even cling to his arm if they were walking together.

These airs of dependence were doubtless very attractive, for every man likes to feel that he is regarded as the protector of the fair creature who nestles to his side, and Sir Innis was always tender, always considerate; but he kept such a curb on his lips and looks that no one—not even the lady herself—could divine whether it was with love, or merely friendship, he regarded Vivien St. Orme.

"You ought to have change of scene," he observed one day, when a very trifling alarm had made her colour come and go with painful rapidity. "Your nerves do not recover their tone. Why not try a more bracing air?"

"We shall go to town soon for the season," she responded. "Yes, I know that such a change as that will be the reverse of invigorating; but it would be a pity to leave Esselyn just as the violets are coming into flower. I like the country so much in the early spring that I cannot resolve to leave it."

Sir Innis smiled.

"You answer me as my friend does." Vivien held her breath. "After all, his art is more precious to him than his lady's love, for he writes, 'how can I leave Italy just as I am commencing a picture that will be the most ambitious I have ever attempted?'"

A load was taken off Vivien's mind by these carelessly-spoken words. Her secret would be safe a little longer—perhaps for ever; after this her spirits rose, her health returned, and Aymer was delighted to see her on the best of terms with his friend at last.

Never had she taken such pains to accommodate her tastes to those of another. Sir Innis was fond of sketching; Vivien set up her own long-neglected easel, or read the works on painting he recommended. Sir Innis expressed his surprise that ladies did not take more interest in the pretty science of botany; Vivien immediately developed an interest in it; and with Lord Mandeville patiently carrying a fanciful basket and a silver-handled trowel, and the baronet to give her his arm whenever she complained of fatigue, she began to explore the copses and dells for hardy ferns and the earlier specimens of our native wild flowers. But these expeditions came to an end abruptly, for she was not *au fait* at the new *rôle* she was playing, and had much to learn. *Her* will and her opinions had never been thwarted except by the Countess, whom she despised as a malevolent woman to be endured with out of respect to the memory of the late Earl; but now she was brought in contact with a person of stronger mind, whom she might dislike but found it impossible to despise, and Vivien rashly gave him battle, and resolved, no matter at what cost, to come off conqueror.

It soon became apparent that in the skirmishes with which the struggle commenced she would have to submit to be worsted, but whether she would eventually retrieve her laurels and gain a decisive victory remained to be seen.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MY LADY LOSES HER TEMPER.

Their first actual contest arose in this wise. Cressida and the Earl declared off the botanizing expeditions—the former because her unlucky fate always led her into tangles of briers from which she was rarely extricated without many rents in her skirts; the latter because he fancied that in Vivien's absence he might obtain a glimpse of Marie, who had so carefully secluded herself ever since the night of the ball, that he had not been able to exchange a word with her.

However, Vivien, turning a deaf ear to Cressida's protest that there was much more enjoyment to be had in admiring the flowers in the conservatory, than searching for them by the side of ditches and coming back wet and muddy, set off on a sunny March morning, on one of her rambles, attended solely by Lord Mandeville and Sir Innis.

Let who would sneer at these excursions they were really very delightful ones. The fashionable belle forgot to be fastidious and ultra-refined when she was roaming the woods; the Marquis, a nonentity in the drawing-room, could be quite a pleasant companion out of doors; and Sir Innis had led such an adventurous, rambling life that he was an authority on all subjects, and could impart his information without marring it with conceit or pomposity.

The trio therefore were wont to return glowing with exercise and in the best of spirits, but on this especial occasion the stroll ended less happily.

On the summit of a high bank of chalk her ladyship chanced to espy a plant she wanted, and the Marquis unhesitatingly climbed to procure it. But in his haste to present it to her he left the trowel behind, and it was not missed till they were nearing home.

By this time Vivien was not in the most placable of moods. She had pronounced the plant to be a rare species of saxifrage, and neither of the gentlemen agreed with her. The Marquis, however, deferred to her decision as soon as she insisted that she was right, and did not discover that she was as much provoked by his too prompt acquiescence, as by Sir Innis's silent persistence in his own opinion.

"How stupid of Lord Mandeville!" she exclaimed as soon as she discovered the loss of the trowel. "Where is he?"

"Over yonder, gathering the wood anemones you were admiring."

"Pray call him Sir Innis, will you? and tell him he must go back and find it."

"Excuse me, Lady Vivien, I cannot be the bearer of such a message as this. I will send one of the servants to the bank where it was left as soon as we reach the house."

"But it may be gone by then, and I consider the Marquis deserves to be punished for his carelessness, so he shall atone for it. Will you tell him this, or must I go and do so myself?"

Sir Innis moved aside to let her pass.

"I scarcely think you would like to speak unkindly to such a devoted admirer, but if you are determined upon it, I cannot prevent it."

"Devoted admirer!" she repeated. "Was that intended as a sneer? and was it on the Marquis or myself?"

"On neither. Why should I sneer at Lord Mandeville for being one amongst the many who admire Lady Vivien St. Orme?"

"And yet you spoke as if—as if ——"

"As if I thought that it would be ungenerous to requite his eagerness to give you pleasure, with a scolding for a simple act of forgetfulness? Why so I do."

"How prompt you are to find fault with me, Sir Innis! If ever you consent to take office in the Ministry, I should advise that a new appointment be made, Censor-General."

Sir Innis shrugged his shoulders.

"What a very disagreeable fellow I must be for you to consider me qualified for such a position."

Lady Vivien turned from him pettishly, for his *sang froid* was excessively provoking.

"Say what you will, Sir Innis, I do not like losing my favourite trowel!"

"If such a misfortune should occur, I have no doubt that Mandeville will be delighted to replace the implement."

"I do not like substitutes!" pouted the lady. "The Marquis is—— but you need not look at me so gravely; I am not going to say anything slanderous of the lad you have taken under your patronage, as you did my brother. How fond you must be of the adoring homage these boys pay you!"

This was terribly stinging, and Vivian thought by the momentary flash of the dark eyes looking so steadily into her own that it told; yet the baronet answered with unruffled composure:

"Yes, it is very flattering to my vanity, but you need not hesitate to abuse my worshippers, or me."

"I was about to remark that the Marquis is exceptionally stupid. Can you contradict this?"

"Not wholly. He is warm-hearted and well-intentioned; he will, I hope, develop into a steady, sensible man; but I will confess that there are moments when I wish he would not fetch and carry like a well-trained retriever at the bidding of a lady who does not appreciate his good-nature."

"I am sure I always thank him prettily," the young lady demurely protested.

"So you do your gardener when he brings you a choice exotic for your hair, and your maid when she fastens your glove."

Vivien tossed her head.

"I did not know that men were so incorrigibly selfish as to grudge the small services courtesy demands from them, unless they obtain an equivalent for their pains."

"Everyone likes to have that, Lady Vivien, whether he be selfish or no," was the reply.

"Indeed! Your remarks are rather puzzling sometimes, Sir Innis. Would you have the Marquis keep an account against me? So many suits spoiled in scrambling through hedges and ditches for rare specimens—so much shoe-leather worn in trotting after a certain *demoiselle* on certain days? And what payment am I to give him, if gracious and grateful words count for nothing in your estimation?"

"Ask him to do nothing that can lower him in

his own eyes: or, in other words, treat him as your equal."

"By birth, certainly. I will say 'your lordship' to the Marquis the next time I have occasion to address him. What next? This is only rule the first. What else must I do to satisfy your rather—excuse me—exaggerated ideas of what is due to this foolish, awkward boy?"

"Am I to answer this question?" he smilingly demanded. "Will it not expose me to another of your cutting comments on my tendency to lecture?"

"If I ask a question, I certainly expect a response," said Vivien, coldly.

"Then, if you say to me what amends shall you make to Mandeville, I, as his friend, must reply, behave to him as to one whose deficiencies appeal to your generosity; delicately aiding him to overcome his shyness and those little weaknesses which expose him to the ridicule of the unthinking."

"Take the task upon yourself, Sir Innis. It will suit you, while to me it would be a most distasteful one. I am not so fond of opening the eyes of my friends to their faults. Now I have affronted you!" she said presently, when she found that he walked on beside her in thoughtful silence. "You think me flippant, impertinent, or, perhaps, more frank than polite?"

"On the contrary; I was trying to comprehend why you speak of these trivial spots on Lord Mandeville's character as if they were grave errors. Do you not perceive that it is only an excessive anxiety to please you that makes him forget how we may stoop too low, even to oblige a lady?"

Vivien took off her hat, and fanned herself with it; then turned suddenly to her outspoken companion:

"Sir Innis, will you fetch that trowel for me?"

"With pleasure, after I have seen you safely to the house."

"But I prefer that you should go now—immediately!"

"I will do so as soon as Mandeville joins you."

Vivien laughed saucily.

"Then you are not as grumpy in practice as you are in precept. You are as willing to do my errands as the lad on whose good nature you have been lecturing me for imposing! Monsieur, I thank you!" and she swept him a mocking curtsey. "Now prove that you are in earnest by going at once."

But Sir Innis was not a whit discomposed. He bowed equally low, and then began to retrace his steps; but as he did so the wilful lady's mood changed.

She flitted after him, and tapped his arm.

"You are too obedient! I beg you to stay where you are! I was only jesting."

"But I am not," was the grave reply. "I would rather go in search of that trowel than hear Mandeville stammer more apologies than the thing is worth, redden under your sarcastic hints that it is not the first time he has committed the same mistake, and then rush off in such haste to retrieve his error, and win back your smiles, that he will come to dinner tired and heated, and too late for the soup."

"Since when have you been seized with this sudden partiality for the Marquis," Vivien satirically inquired, "that you play the champion for him in this violent manner?"

"I have told you that I like him well enough."

"And that is all! Then it is to mortify me that you have been indulging in this treatise on good manners? No, don't spare me, sir!" she added, her eyes beginning to sparkle angrily. "If you have a still more uncivil reason for your behaviour, pray let me hear it. I have long known that Aymer's bosom friend considers himself a privileged person."

"Privileged, I hope, to run away when his fair antagonist threatens him with the loss of her temper!" and Sir Innis raised his hat, and walked quickly down the woodland path, a turn of which soon hid him from her sight.

Lord Mandeville now came up with his hands full of the delicate blossoms he had been patiently culling.

"What a pity to pick so many! They will have faded in half an hour!" was all the thanks he received as Vivien selected two or three of the finest, and let the rest fall to the ground unheeded.

"Is it my fault," she said to herself, eyeing him distastefully, as, with crestfallen air, he walked beside her—"is it my fault that he trots after me like a sheepish little dog? Must I find sense for my admirers as well as myself? Well, perhaps, I do make a butt and a convenience of him, but he should not let me. He ought to know that I despise him for it. However, I'll not be taken to task by Sir Innis Hatherfield for what I do!"

She was loitering beside a fountain in the garden, listening absently to the young Marquis's clumsy efforts to reinstate himself in her good graces, when Sir Innis came across the lawn, dangling in his hand the lost trowel, which he gravely presented to its fair owner.

"Dear me! did I leave that behind?" stammered Lord Mandeville, in great concern. "How very sorry I am! How could I have been so stupid, so awfully stupid! I really—I——"

"Don't say any more about it," interposed Vivien. "It wasn't of the slightest consequence. I shall never use it again;" and as she spoke she took it from the baronet's extended hand, bowed slightly in acknowledgment, and then dropped it into the basin of the fountain.

"Now we will go and look at the new orchids in the conservatory," she said, slipping her arm into Lord Mandeville's, and walked away with him, leaving Sir Innis to follow, or not, as he pleased.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FAIR PENITENT.

LADY VIVIEN had a headache, and could not appear at dinner, and Cressida, who, in spite of the Countess's entreaties that she would not distress herself about dear Viva's whims, ran upstairs directly she heard this, in order to condole with her, but came back snubbed.

"If Vivien is really ill——" her brother began to say; but Lady Esselyn interrupted him:

"My dear boy, when ladies are really indisposed they do not curl themselves up comfortably in an easy-chair, with a novel, and issue orders for chicken and tartlets to be sent up to their dressing-room. Give Cressida your arm, and, rely upon it, our dear Viva's only ailment is an attack of the sulks."

"Who has been affronting her?" demanded Aymer, but half-satisfied, for Vivien, though quick to take offence, rarely retained her ire for any length of time.

"Lord Mandeville, I suppose," was the reply. "She was walking with him all the morning. But it is not politic to notice lovers' quarrels, is it, Sir Innis?" Lady Esselyn asked, as she signed to the baronet to lead her down to dinner.

Yes, for once she had spoken truly: Vivien was thoroughly out of humour; yet, just after the gentlemen returned to the drawing-room, she glided in, her lovely face wreathed in smiles, and was soon engaged in singing glees and trios with her brother and the Marquis.

Presently she gave up her place to Cressida, and as soon as the opening notes of "Sweet and Low" arose on her ear, she went straight across the room to the window, by which Sir Innis was standing, enjoying at one and the same time the placid beauty of the starry night and the concord of sweet sounds.

"Do you know what I have come for?" she asked, softly. "To make confession. I was very disagreeable to-day."

"Do you really think you were?" he smilingly demanded; "or do you say so, expecting me to reply: 'Oh, no! not at all; it was I who behaved badly?'"

"If I answer 'yes,' will you do so?"

The baronet raised his eyebrows.

"I don't like acknowledging myself in the wrong," he said, and on hearing this, Vivien laughed significantly—"unless my conscience assures me that I am," he added; and she began to pout.

"I'm afraid your conscience is more accommodating than mine, or else you refuse to listen to it when it accuses you; for while I am quite ready to repeat that I was snappish and disagreeable, I am also prepared to assert that *somebody else* was quite as bad as I was."

"Meaning me. Shall I plead guilty?"

"Not now; I cannot be judge and penitent too. Let me make atonement first. No incredulous looks, sir! I will not have you behave as if you doubted my remorse."

"A penitent you may be, but certainly not in sackcloth and ashes," laughed Sir Innis, with a glance at her pale-blue evening-dress, and ornaments of dead gold and coral. "Were you weeping for your sins while you made this dainty toilet, Lady Vivien? Did you say, with a sob, 'I'm afraid I was in the wrong, but don't, oh! don't let me go downstairs with my ribbons and laces pinned awry?'"

"We don't pin our ribbons nowadays," was the retort; "nor do 'we carry our hearts on our sleeves to be pecked at'; nor proclaim our remorse aloud. It is not the fashion of the present century to take either one's maid, or the outer world, into our confidence, so you might have spared me that sneer. I flatter myself that my toilet is as *ravissante* as my own taste and a French *soubrette* can make it; 'but still I am not happy!' I was very cross to you, and I behaved shamefully to poor Lord Mandeville."

She folded her hands demurely on her breast, and bent her head, saying:

"The confession is made; I have not a word to urge in my defence; and so 'most potent, grave, and reverend signor,' you may proceed to pass judgment on me!"

"Must I not first consult with my fellow-sufferer, the Marquis?" and Sir Innis made a feint of going in search of him.

"No, no!" cried Vivien, hurriedly. "It was *you* who reproved me, and justly; it is to *you* I acknowledge myself in the wrong; but not to anyone else. My pride will not let me do that!"

She looked up as she spoke, and laid her gloved fingers—they were trembling slightly—on his arm. Oh! those blue orbs, so deeply, beautifully blue! Who had ever been able to withstand the witchery that gleamed in their depths, when Vivien St. Orme elected to try their power over the human heart! She saw Sir Innis's chest heave, and his lips relax beneath the heavy moustache that partially concealed them; and then he took into his firm, yet gentle clasp the little fluttering hand that rested on his sleeve.

A triumphant smile began to play round the lady's rosy mouth. He was but man after all! A little while and he would be at her feet, as very a slave to her caprices as the poor young Marquis, for whose weakness he had not attempted to disguise his contempt.

But she had betrayed her exultation too soon. Sir Innis detected the smile, and immediately he was himself again. Her hand was released, and his voice was as cold and steady as usual when he answered her:

"If I must take office at all," he said, lightly, "I'd rather be justice's clerk than justice; for it is well known that every lady is queen of her own little court, and will only have the law administered according to her interpretation of it."

"A base slander!" cried Vivien, gaily. "In this case, at all events, I give you permission to make your own laws, and promise not to rebel against them."

"Pray don't do that. If you invested me with authority I should soon be called upon to resign it again, and then we should quarrel."

"Indeed; and why?" she demanded.

"Because my right to rule once acknowledged, I should insist upon retaining it; and Lady Vivien St. Orme has long been too absolute a queen to be content to play the good subject."

"You are begging the question," Vivien, with crimson cheeks, protested. "I bade you pass sentence upon me for my offences against my brother's friend and guest. We were to be judge and culprit for the hour, but not for all time."

"And I declined office because, although I should administer my laws to the best of my ability, I believe that the fair culprit would instantly rebel against my dictum."

"Would it be such a very harsh one? You do not look as if you would be unmerciful in your severity," and Vivien's eyes were meditatively fixed upon him.

"Not harsh, but difficult for you to obey, for I should condemn you to be as penitent in earnest, as your frolicsome ladyship has just *professed* to be in jest."

"What a compliment to my sincerity!" exclaimed the young lady, bridling and flushing. "Then you think that I have been playing a part all this while?"

"What does Lady Vivien herself think about it?" he asked with such significance that she was embarrassed.

"Indeed you are unjust," she faltered. "I am really grieved that I displayed such ill-temper this afternoon. Will you not believe me now?"

"Certainly I will."

"And you forgive me?" she pleaded in soft, low tones, and with another of those seductive glances. But it did not win an answering one. Sir Innis's voice was hard and cold as he replied:

"My dear Lady Vivien, what have I to forgive? It was Lord Mandeville on whom you poured the vials of your wrath. I did not know whether to laugh or be sorry when you revenged yourself upon him by consigning the trowel to the waters of the fountain."

Vivien bit her lip. It was not the Marquis she had been thinking of when she committed

that impulsive act; but with ready tact she forced a smile.

"It was very absurd of me. I do not wonder at your laughing at my folly, and we shall want the trowel when we botanize again. It is a lovely moonlight evening; why should we not go and fish it out of its watery bed before either of the gardeners espies it?"

"If you really wish to have your trowel again, I will send my man to the fountain to-morrow morning," answered Sir Innis, quietly. "I should not advise you to run the risk of catching a cold by going out of doors at this hour."

"I never catch cold," said Vivien; "but I do not care to go. I did not intend to do so when I proposed it; the moonlight makes everything look so ghostly."

She went back to the piano, but could scarcely steady her voice to join in the part-song Cressida suggested. What an insensible, cold-hearted block Sir Innis was! Would any other man—young and intelligent like himself—have behaved thus, when a lady proposed to steal away with him into the soft beauty of a cloudless night; to pace with him on the soft turf of the lawn, her skirts sweeping over the clusters of March violets that bordered the parterre, and awakening their sweet odours; to lean with him over the marble basin of the fountain, or linger yet a little longer to stroll down some sheltered path talking the while in that half-whispered strain so sentimental and so alluring?

"Shall I ask Sir Innis to come and join us in 'La Carnovale?'" Cressida whispered in her ear; but Vivien's "No!" was so sharp and so emphatic that it made her jump, and utter a long-drawn "Lor'!"

[To be continued.]

"The Queen of the Season" commenced in No. 676 an Part CLXVI.

BAVARIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

A LARGE proportion of the Bavarian peasantry unfortunately entertain the superstitious notion that fire kindled by lightning is not to be extinguished. When such an accident happens they are discouraged, and do hardly anything to check the progress of the flames.

A funeral must never pass through a tilled field, not even in winter, though it might considerably shorten the way. The peasant is fully persuaded that a field through which a funeral has passed becomes barren. Except on extraordinary occasions, no funerals are allowed on Mondays and Fridays.

A peasant who is in search of a wife never goes, except on a Thursday or Sunday, into the house where he expects to make his choice. The bride and bridegroom are not to give their bare hand to anybody on the day of their marriage except to each other at the altar, otherwise they are threatened with poverty during the whole course of their union. It is also a very bad sign if, when the bride returns from church, she finds anybody on the threshold of her door.

When a young girl finds a leaf of trefoil divided into four instead of three parts, it is a sign that she will be married within a year; at all events, she carefully preserves this leaf till her wedding-day.

On Christmas Eve the countrymen are accustomed to drive out a great deal in sledges. They think that this will cause their hemp to be more abundant and higher. They do not fail to visit the ale-house and to drink heartily the same evening, being convinced that this is a way to make them look well till the following Christmas. They never destroy crickets by fire, being persuaded that those which escape will destroy their linen and clothes.

When a peasant loses his way in the wood after sunset, he avoids calling any person to show him the way, being convinced that in any case the evil spirit of the forest would cause him to plunge still deeper into its recesses.

THE newest fashion is for ladies to have their bouquets made up into fans now, and the effect is rather pretty, and no more artificial than the arrangement that prevails in the ordinary florists' bouquets. A piece of stiff cardboard is cut into the shape of an old-fashioned round fan, and to this the bouquet-holder is firmly sewed, acting as the handle. The flowers are then separately stitched on on each side, and though the stitching seems rather barbarous, the flower-fan is a goodly addition to the weapons of a coquette's armoury, and the blossoms last fresh much longer than when tied up in bouquets.

MISS MARTINEAU.

HARRIET MARTINEAU had her romance. At the age of twenty-four she became virtually engaged to a student friend of her brother James. She was at first anxious and unhappy. Her veneration for his *morale* was such that she felt she dared not undertake the charge of his happiness, and yet she dared not refuse because she felt it would be his death-blow. She was ill—she was deaf—she was in an entangled state of mind between conflicting duties, and many times did she wish, in her fear that she would fail, that she had never seen him. Just when she was growing happy, surmounting her fears and doubt, and enjoying his attachment, the consequences of his long trouble and suspense overtook him. He became suddenly insane, and after months of illness of body and mind he died. The calamity was aggravated to her by the unaccountable insults she received from his family, whom she had never seen. Years afterwards, when his sister and Miss Martineau met, the mystery was explained. His family had been given to understand by cautious insinuations, that she had been engaged to another while receiving his addresses.

Miss Martineau was always thankful that she never married. She never afterwards was tempted nor suffered anything in relation to that matter which is held to be all-important to woman—love and marriage.

THE STUBBORN BOOT.

"BOTHER!" was all that John Clatterby said;
His breath came quick, his cheek was red,
He flourished his elbows and looked absurd,
While over and over his "Bother!" I heard.

Harder and harder the fellow worked,
Vainly and savagely still he jerked,
The boot half on would dangle and flap—
"Bother!" and then he burst the strap.

Redder than ever his hot cheek flamed,
Harder than ever he fumed and blamed—
He wriggled his heel and tugged at the leather,
Till knees and chin came bumping together.

"My boy," said I, in a voice like a flute,
"Why not—ahem!—try the mate of that boot,
Or the other foot?"—"I'm a goose," laughed John,
As he stood, in a flash, with his two boots on.

In half the affairs
Of this busy life
(As that same day
I said to my wife),
Our troubles come
From trying to put
The left-hand shoe
On the right-hand foot.
Or *vice versâ*,
(Meaning reverse, sir,)
To try to force,
As quite of course,
Any wrong foot
In the right shoe
Is the silliest thing
A man can do.

H. H.

LIGHT.—The more light admitted to apartments the better for those who occupy them. Light is as necessary to sound health as it is to vegetable life. Exclude it from plants, and the consequences are disastrous. They cannot be perfected without its vivifying influence. It is a fearful mistake to curtain and blind windows so closely, for fear of injuring the furniture by exposure to the sun's rays, that rooms positively gather elements in darkness which engender disease. Let in the light often, and fresh air, too, or suffer the penalty of aches, and pains, and long doctors' bills, which might have been avoided.

THIRTEEN AT SUPPER.—Some years since, poor Albert Smith gave a supper of thirteen that discredited the ancient superstition in a remarkable manner. Himself on the point of starting for China, he entertained twelve friends who were bound for the Crimea, to encounter the perils of war as military officers or as journalists reporting the incidents of the conflict. Deeming it in the highest degree improbable that they would meet again on English ground when they had once started for the scene of danger, the twelve guests met their host with light hearts, and laughed about the fate which some of them would of course encounter in a few months. Strangely enough, all twelve returned from the war in perfect health, and supped again at a table of thirteen with the humorous lecturer.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER

WHEN is love like a battle?—When it comes to an engagement.

A PARAGON.—Lady's-maid (enumerating her qualifications for the place): "I may likewise hadd, mem, that I halways manages to marry my young ladies most satisfactory!"—*Punch.*

IT is a mistake to imagine that only the violent passions, such as ambition and love, can triumph over the rest. Idleness, languid as she is, often masters them all; she, indeed, influences all our designs and actions, and insensibly consumes and destroys both passions and virtues.

A GOOD story is told of one of our Canons. Thinking himself unjustly dealt with in one of the religious papers, the divine called upon the editor for an explanation. High words ensued. The Canon attacked the staff of the paper. The editor defended them: "I assure you we have a Dean upon our staff!"—"Ah!" replied the Canon, that may be, "but a 'Bishop' is what you want."—"Indeed! how so?" exclaimed the editor. "Why, you see," returned the Canon, "most of your statements require 'confirmation.'"

IT is said that in Tasmania there is an insectivorous plant which eclipses anything of the kind known in this country. The plant grows in the crevices of rocky ground, is about six inches in height, with a single verticle stem, from which project one or two dozen small foot-stalks, carrying small discs about one half inch in circumference, fringed with tentacles. A sticky substance exudes from the ends of the tentacles and filaments, which effectually retain a fly and at once convey it to the centre of the flower, which closes tightly over it, and, according to the report, the fly is "digested."

A NOISELESS automatic door-closer, invented by M. Krüss, of Hamburg, is described in a recent number of *Dingler's Politechnisches Journal*. In it the ordinary weight and pulley arrangement is improved on a pneumatic principle, so that after raising of the weight when the door opens, it is caused to go down again slowly. The weight is inclosed in a vertical brass pipe, which is open above, and has at its lower conical end a ball valve adjustable by a screw below. The weight moves up and down this tube like a piston; it has a disc of soft leather at its upper part. On opening the door the weight is easily raised, the air entering by the opening below. On letting go the door the weight descends slowly, the ball valve falls in position, while the leather disc has a tightening action. According as the ball is screwed higher or lower will be the rate of the descent of the weight, and of closure of the door. If the ball valve be completely closed the falling weight is stopped in the tube, and the door remains open.

HOWEVER much nerve a young man must possess before he can ask a lady to become his wife, it certainly requires more for him to work himself up to that pitch where he can unblushingly ask her father for his consent in the matter. One Sunday night last summer Bugby was drawing near the abode of his affianced, when he saw her father in the yard. What better opportunity could ever present itself? With a trembling step and a giddy brain he approached to within ten feet of where the old gentleman was seated, and gasped, "Please, sir." The person addressed made no response. If a force-pump of 40-horse power had been injecting hot blood into his head it could not have felt worse. He moved forward about two inches. "Please, sir, I—I——" This was as far as he got, for his tongue seemed to be about as thick as an Arctic over-shoe. The party addressed did not seem to move a muscle. Bugby moistened his feverish lips with his tongue and then began where he left off: "I love yo——" He could proceed no farther. Composing himself a little, by a desperate effort he began at the beginning: "Please, sir, I love your daughter and——" This was about one-third of what he had to say, but it seemed far less, there was so much remaining. It was now getting quite dark. The old gentleman's indifference made Bugby more desperate, and he determined to finish what he had to say, come life or death: "Please, sir, I love your daughter, and wish to make her my wife. Do you give your consent?" and with the question he rushed forward and flung himself on his knees before the old gentleman. Just then a gust of wind shook the tree, and the old gentleman, which proved to be a scarecrow placed there to frighten the robins, fell over on Bugby and tipped him into the mud. Bugby is still unmarried.

"ASK MY HUSBAND TO COME HERE," EXCLAIMED ESMER, AS THE NURSE APPEARED TO HESITATE

NOT LOVED, YET WEDDED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GWYN."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

EVEN UNTO THE END.

DESPITE Esmer's constitution, the physician, on his visit the next morning in company with the local doctor, who had watched the case through the night, looked exceedingly grave. The violent chill, and the excitement she had evidently been labouring under, had produced brain fever in a form which occasioned the medical men considerable uneasiness. Since the first attack she had fallen into a brief stupor, which had given place to such violent delirium as to alarm her nurses.

Lucille desired much to institute herself as one of these. She had been deeply touched by the sad event; the more so from a secret consciousness of the feelings with which she had regarded the young bride.

The idea that Esmer might die made her shiver, as if she had been to blame. Under the shock she did not only feel she must not, but that she did not, love Gerard. She feared to; and, compassionating Esmer, earnestly besought to be one of her nurses.

But the Earl, hearing of his wife's delirium and Lady Westbrook's presence in her chamber, had grown terribly nervous that the latter's delicate sensibility might be shocked by some of Esmer's sentences uttered unconsciously in her raving, and had entreated Lady Davenant to persuade Lucille to leave.

Thus the elder lady, on receiving the younger's request, had rejoined:

"Dear Lady Westbrook, I am sure no one will appreciate such generous sympathy as our poor dear Esmer herself when she is aware of it; but, even were there need, I could not permit you to turn nurse. Need, however, does not exist. I have already sent for an efficient person recommended by Dr. Cullam, and from myself and daughters her ladyship shall have every care."

"I do not doubt that for an instant," answered Lucille, with so winning a glance that it quite charmed the elder lady.

Then, feeling it would be ostentatious to press her services further, she descended to the dining-room, where the Marquis of Santyre was waiting with the Earl.

"Well, my love, how is her ladyship now?" inquired the former, as both arose upon her entrance.

"Since Dr. Cullam's report, my lord, the time has been too brief for change," replied Lucille. "The Countess seems very ill. I wished to aid in nursing her, but Lady Davenant thinks my services unnecessary."

She had asked to nurse Esmer! Gerard could not help looking almost with veneration at the fair speaker, for somehow, since his bride's indisposition, he had avoided meeting her glance.

How pure, how innocent she was! How free from the meannesses which had wrecked poor Esmer; and she, with gentle touch and kindly word, would have tended the sick girl.

"Heaven bless her!" he murmured, fervently. "May the Father in heaven bless her!"

"Her ladyship is right, my dear," said Lord Santyre, replying to his daughter. "Too many nurses, even as doctors, kill a patient, as too many cooks spoil the broth; though I, Lucille, who have seen you attend a dying father, can be surety for the inestimable blessing you are to the sick chamber. But the carriage is waiting," he added, slightly raising his voice; "and I do not doubt that Lady Davenant and the Earl, here, without meaning anything unkind, would at such an anxious moment prefer our room to our company."

Gerard murmured some response — he scarcely knew what; he was only conscious that instinctively he avoided saying anything like a compliment to Lucille. Fortunately his confusion was attributed to anxiety.

"Believe me, Lord Lethrington," proceeded the Marquis, pressing his hand, "we sympathise with you and the Countess much. It has been a sad termination to a weeding; let us hope to-morrow, however, the medical opinion will be of a brighter description."

"Thanks, my lord. Dr. Cullam relies much on—on her ladyship's constitution; on that, too, we must depend," remarked Gerard, gravely, as he gave Lucille his arm to conduct her to the carriage.

The Marquis preceding them, they followed in silence; but just before they reached the hall-door Gerard could not resist saying, in a hurried, earnest whisper:

"Lady Westbrook, how can I thank you for your offer to nurse my cousin—I mean, Lady Lethrington?"

"My lord, I acted but a woman's part," was the quiet rejoinder. "She who did not feel for another so circumstanced would be no woman. Thanks are unnecessary."

"We judge all others after our own standard, hence in your eyes women are angels; yes, you must let me thank you," he concluded; then as he assisted her into the carriage, he bowed his head, and kissed the little hand before he released it.

Having watched the vehicle drive off, he returned to the dining-room. The remnants of the wedding breakfast remained yet untouched, but the apartment was deserted, and the Earl, casting himself into a chair, covered his face with his hands.

Dared he analyse his sensations? No. Something in the physician's manner more than his words had told Gerard there was great danger: even as Lucille, though in a higher degree, he cowered from his own past thoughts as if they had been sin; he cowered from himself, as though the knowledge that he had never loved Esmer made him guilty of her present indisposition.

As he blamed himself for that for which he was in no way culpable, a strong, pitying sympathy for the poor young girl, so abruptly struck down at such a moment, seized him. It was not love, though it might have been called by that name in error. Love cannot be so created; yet he felt that henceforth he must think only of her, nay, that he could only think of her comfort.

Lady Davenant having a spare bed-room, which she placed at his service, Gerard did not quit the house an instant that night. He instinctively knew Esmer was hovering between life and death.

"So young—so young!" he cried. "Oh, Heaven, it must not be!"

In anxious tribulation he paced his room, sending and receiving frequent messages from the sick chamber. The latter were ever the same: delirious, raving, talking incessantly.

Of what? Gerard would have given much to know. During the night, when Lady Davenant came to him, he learned—though constantly uttering words, Esmer did so in such a hurried manner that their meaning was unintelligible.

The Earl felt relieved, for himself, for Lucille's sake, even for Esmer's own. He knew the poison rankling in his wife's mind, and feared that she might utter cruel, suspicious accusations which would cause pain, bitter humiliation to herself and others in the future.

For three days Lady Lethrington's life was in the balance; the physician would not pronounce either way.

"We must wait until the fever is at its height—until the turning point is reached," he remarked, seriously.

When that time came, and Esmer laid in an unconsciousness which was to give place to life or death, Gerard sat in the darkened room with Lady Davenant and Dr. Peebles, the local M.D. For three hours he had remained, his elbow on his knee, his head bent forward on his hand, never moving, but thinking and praying—praying with his whole soul that his wife might recover.

It was between night and dawn that the Earl felt a hand placed on his shoulder; starting, he raised his face pale and worn. It was the doctor.

"My lord," he said, with a smile, "the stupor has given place to a quiet sleep. The Countess will live."

"Thank Heaven!" ejaculated Gerard, fervently, like one who had been abruptly relieved of a heavy burthen, and as he spoke he fell back in his chair insensible.

When the physician arrived, he confirmed Dr. Peebles' declaration. Lady Lethrington would live; but every care must be taken to keep all excitement from her, she being naturally excitable. She must be kept quiet, very quiet. A relapse would be perilous.

So two days passed. Esmer was slowly, very slowly gaining strength, yet she was doing so. When in the evening, after she had lain for over an hour as if asleep, she drew the curtain back, the action brought the nurse to her side, Lady Davenant and her daughters having unavoidably to be absent that evening.

"Where is my husband?" she asked.

"Downstairs, your ladyship."

"Ask him to come here. I must, I *will* see him!" exclaimed Esmer, imperatively, as the nurse appeared to hesitate.

The woman, noting the sudden kindling in the dark eyes, fearing to excite her, rang the bell for a servant, and despatched a message to the Earl.

In a few seconds Gerard entered the room. Approaching the couch, he leaned over its occupant, and affectionately kissing her brow, said:

"Well, my darling, they say you want me. What is it? Remember, the doctor forbids much conversation."

Almost with something of her old petulance Esmer drew away from his embrace, and remarked:

"Send that nurse away, Gerard; I don't want her to be spying and listening about us."

The Earl requested the attendant to retire for a while to the ante-room.

"Now, my dear," he said, sitting down on a chair by the bedside and taking her hand in his, "what is it?"

She turned her face quickly towards him, her dark eyes burning with sudden fire and looking more brilliant from the wanness of her hollow cheeks.

"Gerard," she said, "they thought once that I was going to die, did they not?"

"There was danger, Esmer; but it has passed now, thank Heaven."

"Thank Heaven!" and she broke into a laugh which would have been hard, ringing, and full of scorn, but for her feebleness. "Why, Gerard, do you play the hypocrite? You would have been delighted, overjoyed, and so would she, at the barrier being removed."

At this unexpected, unfounded charge, the Earl involuntarily started from his seat, and contracted his brows. He felt cut to the heart.

"Esmer," he exclaimed, "what is the meaning of this? Is it possible you can dare—is it possible that these base thoughts——"

He stopped abruptly, recollecting her delicate state.

"Esmer," he proceeded, gravely but kindly now, "you wrong me equally as I am sure you wrong Lady Westbrook. My child, you are ill, and must not excite yourself by such absurd ideas. Lady Westbrook felt for you so much that she desired to help nurse you."

"Did she—did she?" exclaimed the Countess, with a vivid light in her eyes. "I'm glad they didn't let her. She would have poisoned me."

The Earl bit his lip; yet he felt he must not answer her; she was very—very ill; she was evidently excited; he must try to calm her:

"My dear Esmer, you are my wife and the Countess of Lethrington; as such you must regard yourself with too much self-respect to harbour thoughts so humiliating. There—there, these ideas are as injurious to your recovery as they are foolish, my love. Let us talk of something else; you are growing excited and will be ill again. Come, or I must not remain."

He spoke affectionately and with an encouraging smile.

She caught his hand between her thin ones, and gazed eagerly into his face.

"Yes, yes, Gerard, we will talk of what you please," she said; "only—only I want you to promise me something first—to promise most solemnly."

"Promise what, Esmer? What is it you desire?" he inquired, curiously.

What new whim had this child-wife formed?

Drawing herself suddenly up on her pillow, with a strength that surprised him, her hand yet clasping his, her eyes on his face, she answered, vehemently:

"Promise me, swear to me, that if I die, whenever I die, you will not marry Lady Westbrook?"

Gerard rose up quickly; the hot blood rushed to his brain, then flew like fire through his veins. Was this supportable? Surely he was cruelly tried. For the moment he was so hurt as to be forgetful of the speaker, and in accents of angry reproof, he exclaimed, bitterly:

"Esmer—shame, shame upon you! How can you insult me thus? You—my wife?"

"Never mind," she rejoined, impetuously; "I care not what you think of me. I repeat, promise this, Gerard. If you care for me at all—promise."

"Esmer, this is absurd," he protested, evasively now; for though there was no possibility of his and Lucille's ever coming together, he felt that promise could never pass his lips.

"You will live long—longer than I."

"Who can count upon life," she broke in, with angry persistence. "Gerard, promise this—or—or——" She stopped, and pressed her hand to her forehead.

The Earl was alarmed, and warning her of the danger she ran, tried to soothe her; but she interrupted, excitedly:

"I hate her—hate her! She is so beautiful, so graceful, one cannot scorn her; and if I die, I say you must not marry her. She shall not wear the coronet that was mine. Gerard, I will believe you hate me if you don't promise."

Before he could reply, happily, there was a tap at the door, and the nurse entered, followed by the doctor. Gerard, grateful for the interruption, drew back.

Esmer regarded the intruders with a vexed frown. Then the flush dropped out of her cheeks, and she fell on her pillow faint and weak. Dr. Peebles hurried forward, much alarmed.

"Her ladyship is not so well," he remarked, brusquely. "She has been excited, my lord."

"She has, indeed, I fear, much excited herself," responded Gerard. "I was summoned here ten minutes ago; I found her exceedingly restless. My efforts to soothe her were futile."

"The nurse sent for me," remarked the doctor, less roughly, "as she says she saw it coming on a quarter of an hour back."

"I thank her for her attention. She had the wisdom I lacked."

"I will trouble you to quit us, my lord. Leave the Countess with me."

That night Esmer's restlessness had become again delirium. She had a relapse; and Gerard himself went to summon Dr. Cullam. The physician said little; but the expression of his countenance was such that, as the Earl followed him into the hansom, he asked anxiously:

"Is there danger?"

"It would be wrong to deceive you, my lord; I fear there is great danger. I saw, from the first, that the Countess's excessively excitable disposition was most to be dreaded, and that a relapse would be——"

"Fatal," remarked the Earl, huskily, as the physician hesitated.

"No, no, not quite that, my lord; but dangerous—decidedly dangerous."

In silence, Gerard leaned back in the hansom. It was the abuse of sensitiveness; but he felt almost as if he were answerable for all this. Still, could he give that promise?

Hour after hour beat out its regular course, and the doctors yet remained in the sick room. Gerard remained in the one adjoining, a prey to the most terrible anxiety. The only sound breaking the silence was the voice of his wife, raised in delirium.

Frequently he heard his own name, as she called upon him; but, thank Heaven! he never heard Lucille's.

Once or twice they had come to fetch him to Esmer, his name being ever on her lips; but she had not recognised him.

Dawn was just breaking in the east in cold, chill gray, when Dr. Cullam entered the apartment.

"How is the Countess—better?" inquired Gerard, eagerly.

"My lord, I fear not," was the reply, accompanied by a grave shake of the head. "There is something evidently on her ladyship's mind. What it is I know not; but she incessantly entreats you to promise something. Whether you can do this I am unaware, only I think it right to inform you it is the sole chance of giving her rest, perhaps life. Her mind seems thoroughly imbued with it; she will listen to nothing else."

Perhaps life!

That moment appeared to Gerard to comprise a whole age of agony. He turned away to the window, not willing to let the terrible suffering betrayed on his features be witnessed by the physician.

"Doctor Cullam," he said, with a wild hope of escape, "wherein lays the use of my promising? The Countess does not know me."

"She will now, my lord, or I should not have come. Within the last half hour there has been a change. She is partly conscious; but her brain finds no rest from this terrible excitement. My lord," proceeded the physician, gently, but firmly, "it is my duty to tell you that the Countess is in immediate and imminent peril. If this excitement is not allayed she has not long to live."

Gerard's lips compressed until the colour fled from them. His hands gripped each other tightly. There was a short, fierce struggle. No; he could not see her die—he could not be guilty of her death.

"Dr. Cullam, let me go to her," he said. "First let me tell you, as an old friend of our family, that what her ladyship demands is ungenerous—a cruel insult to her husband. Nevertheless, I cannot let her suffer; I will yield."

"My lord, there are more brave men than those who perish on the battle-field," quietly remarked the physician.

They entered the sick-room, when Gerard, leaving the doctor at the door, approached the couch, from which the attendants instantly withdrew. On perceiving him, Esmer sprang up with the fictitious strength of fever.

"Gerard—husband!" she cried, "you are here. Come, come—closer—closer."

He went to her, encircling her with his arms.

"My poor child—my darling!" he said pityingly, "be composed."

"Promise—promise—promise!" she interrupted, in a hoarse whisper, her whole frame quivering and torn by excitement.

"My poor, poor child," he began, "only you promise to get well, and I——"

Before he could conclude, a great change came over the girl—she uttered a sharp cry, and dropped back against his arm.

Alarmed, Dr. Cullam hurried forward, then he bade Gerard withdraw.

Half an hour later all was over—Esmer, Countess of Lethrington, was dead.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ONCE AGAIN.

FIFTEEN months have elapsed since Esmer closed her eyes upon the world, with its pleasures and its pains. The victim of her own jealousy, she had lived to have her ambition realized. For a few brief days she had been Countess of Lethrington. In the family picture-gallery her portrait would hold its place, and her history would be recited by future descendants. Next to hers—did Gerard wed again?—must come another face. Whose? What mattered it now to her who slept in yonder quiet church, whose earthly bourne was marked by the marble monument raised to "Esmer, Countess of Lethrington, aged 19?"

The very night succeeding the funeral found the Earl a passenger in an express train travelling to Dover. His sorrow had been deep—sincere. Still, the first blow over, the peaceful earth covering the restless, self-tortured spirit,

did he not experience, despite himself, a sense of relief—of freedom?

Why hide it? We are writing of men and women, not angels. Yes; nevertheless he felt too much compassion for his young wife's memory not to respect it, and he fled temptation.

Self, perching on his shoulder, whispered warningly—If you fly her presence, she will believe you have recalled your love, and, probably, from very pride, wed elsewhere. But honour, with calm, truthful, self-searching eyes, murmured in response—If such is to be your fate, so be it. To think of self is sweet, but in the pure code of the religion of humanity it is nobler to think rather of others, even of their memory.

So Gerard fled from temptation, that he might not fail in fitting respect to Esmer. The idea never swayed his decision, that all society had its eyes upon him, curious, expectant; it never occurred to him until afterwards.

Already had Mrs. Grundy, over that proverbial cup of Bohea, nodded and winked sagaciously, and wondered how soon it would be before "The funeral baked meats (would) coldly furnish forth the marriage tables." Whispering also to her gossip that she would give something to witness the first meeting between Lady Westbrook and the Earl.

"My dear"—sententiously—"we have long grown wise enough not to measure the heart's sorrow by the depths of the crape. Grief at times is all surface, even as the hatchment put up for public gaze. Mark my word, the Earl will shut himself up in the Hall for a month or so, then he'll return to town, and then—well, we shall see."

Consequently, Mrs. Grundy looked astonished and nonplussed when it was ascertained that Gerard had gone abroad, where his stay was indefinite. For nine days society canvassed the matter; then, save with his particular friends, the Earl dropped out of thought, and for fifteen months no rumour ever occurred to recall him to mind. No news reached England. He was as though he existed not.

During this period he had travelled far and much. He had drank coffee in Arab tents, and on their fleet steeds had traversed the arid plain of Sahara, an Englishman, alone with the wandering descendants of Ishmael; he had smoked the chibook in Persian caravanserai; he had lazily dreamed the hours away on the verdant banks of the Nile; he had climbed Elbury, and had stood on the shores of the White Sea, and under the gloomy pines of Scandinavia. Restlessly he had wandered from place to place, until, finally, crossing the great European plain, he had arrived at Constantinople.

Here, meditating on the shores of the Bosphorus, watching the sails of a British merchantman homeward bound, his thoughts, too, had drifted in that direction, and a craving seized him for England; his soul grew weary of this unrest.

"Why should I not go? Why have I tarried so long?" he exclaimed, as one suddenly awakening. "Fifteen months! What may not have happened in that time? Surely I have paid due honour to the dead!"

He arose, bent his eyes in mute farewell upon the waters of the Euxine, and before dawn was travelling westward.

He planned to stop a brief while at Rome, Vienna, Paris, though craving for London. But he desired to break his coming back to life, as it were, to his friends. It was indeed like a resurrection; to them for fifteen months he had been as one buried. At either of these cities he surely should meet some people he knew who would send the intelligence to England.

At Rome, however, he found the season nearly over. Most of the visitors had departed, and he encountered no one he knew; so he bade his valet prepare for their departure on the morrow.

Restless now from another cause, feeling time most weary, the evening previously Gerard, mounting his horse, rode to the Colosseum—that mighty ruin, that monument of the past so full of memories, that *in memoriam* of man's grandeur of idea, of his vices, and his bigotry, was ever a favourite haunt with Gerard, and that night he had learned, a considerable party having arranged to visit it, it was to be illuminated.

He reached it late. Already the party had arrived. He could see their shadowy figures moving among the ruins, and hear the echo of their laughter.

In no humour for any society, especially that of strangers, the Earl, in whom a place of past grandeur always created a species of awe and desire for quiet meditation, moved away among the columns.

Unobserved, however, several of the party had also come in the same direction, and when he turned as the period for illuminating the place arrived, he noted some four or five persons grouped within a few yards of him, some seated some standing.

A strange feeling was on him that evening, rendering the human voice inharmonious and jarring to the nerves; therefore he drew slightly back into the shade, and leaning against a large fragment of ruin with folded arms, waited the starting into life as it were of the vast amphitheatre.

A hushed silence fell on all, making the scene and the hour yet more impressive. Then the light sprang up, and the stupendous arena was as though day had dawned.

A low, soft cry of admiration very near him caused the Earl to turn, stepping a pace forward.

A lady was seated on a fallen column at the other side of the ruin. His sudden movement caused her to raise her head. The light fell upon her features and his. She rose quickly, then, involuntarily, two hands went forth to meet, two voices ejaculated, simultaneously:

"Lord Lethrington!"

"Lady Westbrook!"

Neither said more at the moment, but in such cases eyes are more eloquent than words; and Gerard's eager, questioning gaze was answered by a tremulous lip, tremulous with a joyous smile that could not wholly be controlled, a blushing cheek, and drooped silken lashes.

Those fifteen months had not wrought that change which he had so dreaded to contemplate. Something whispered him Lucille was free. As they stood there, hand clasping hand, nearly two years of their lives seemed to roll back, and they were again in the Chiswick grounds, their love confessed.

As is general, the woman was the first to see the necessity of self-control, and to recover it. Looking up, with a bright smile, she said:

"This, my lord, is an unexpected pleasure. We thought you had turned hermit, and renounced the world for ever. The Marquis is with me and my cousin; they will be so delighted to see you."

"Scarcely more than I to see them, Lady Westbrook," he answered, his eyes yet drinking in her beauty, and still clasping the little hand.

"Have you a party here?" she inquired; "or will you join ours?"

"Had I twenty I should perpetrate the rudeness of neglecting them all, rather than not accept your invitation."

"Thanks, my lord," responded Lucille, smiling. "I am glad to perceive the anchorite has not forgotten how to flatter."

"Truth frequently appears flattery to those who are too generous to be egotistical," he remarked; adding fervently: "How must I thank Heaven for this fortunate meeting. To-morrow I should have quitted Rome for England, in search of that upon which, in my ignorance, I turned my back."

"And that, my lord?"

He bowed his head low to whisper his reply, for they were now close to the rest of the party:

"Yourself, Lady Westbrook."

His eyes strove greedily to read her face—to learn there that upon which now all his hopes depended. Was she offended? He could not tell, for quickly averting her head, and quitting his side, she hastened to announce his presence to Lord Santyre.

Gerard did not leave Rome the next morning, as the reader may divine. The welcome of the Marquis and Lord Cecil had been of the warmest description, especially gratifying to the Earl at such a period. Society had finally decided that he had really loved his cousin; only Lucille guessed the truth, with that subtle, indescribable power, which renders one nature capable of reading another's as though it were its own.

Lord Santyre, therefore, as he noted the young man's grave-grown countenance, its older, sadder expression, felt keen, compassionating sympathy, and from a Samaritan idea, to force the Earl out of his self-imposed solitude, invited him first to dinner, then to join his party.

Thus at last Heaven had opened to Gerard. How rapturous were the moments amid the grand, darkening shadows of the Colosseum, and those yet more rapturous during the ride home, under the deep blue skies and glorious stars of the south; conversing at times with Lucille, as he leaned towards the carriage which contained her; or gazing at her as she reclined against the cushions, lost in a dreamy reverie while others talked.

Was it actually true? or had he fallen to sleep in the Colosseum and was dreaming it all? Could it be that he sat once more at Lord Santyre's table, opposite Lucille, as in those days gone by? No, not quite the same; there was a difference—a sweet, intoxicating difference. Lady Westbrook's eyes, on occasions, fell before his now; not in anger, for a smile fluttered about her lips, while the hues of the rose bloomed deeper on her cheek.

"Then you will join our party, Lethrington?" questioned the Marquis, as Gerard finally rose to take his departure.

"If I thought I should be no intruder, my lord, nothing would give me greater pleasure. Any society is preferable to one's own—then how infinitely more so must be that which you offer!"

His eyes instinctively sought Lucille, but he was not gratified by a return glance. Her gaze was bent on her white, slender fingers, as they wandered softly over the keys of the piano, and she did not raise it.

"I must give you warning, though," proceeded the Marquis, "lest you may be in haste to reach London, that we intend to do so in the most desultory fashion; stopping at Como, Mentone, Marseilles, and Paris. There, you have the programme of our route."

"So delightful a one, my lord, that, if anything could enhance the pleasure of travelling with your party, that would do it," smiled Gerard. "I am in no hurry, now, to reach London—not in the least."

Again his eyes strayed to the graceful figure at the piano. The fair head was still drooped; but it was slightly averted. It encouraged him, and when he crossed to take his leave, retaining her hand a space longer, perhaps, than etiquette allowed, he said:

"Lady Westbrook, may I ask if you second Lord Santyre's invitation? Will my presence in any way incommode you?"

There was just a moment's pause; then she looked at him with a shy, bright expression in her eyes, and answered, moving the while from him:

"I was unaware, my lord, that you were not only a flatterer, but also would be flattered—a would-be giver and a recipient. Fie, my lord, fie!"

The soft, playful rebuke filled the Earl's soul with joy. He walked back to the once marble palace, where now he had his rooms—on air.

[To be continued.]

"Not Loved, Yet Wedded" commenced in No. 676 and Part CLXVI.

BRIDAL SONG.

Sing for the orange-wreath to-night;
With creamy corollas scarce more white
Than the fair, unfurrowed brow they press,
Or the heart that throbs 'neath the bridal dress.
Meekly she cometh with downcast eyes;
Veiled in their depths is the glad surprise
That the soul o'er feels 'neath a crowning bliss
That seems too sweet for a world like this.
Ring out, ring on, ye marriage bells!
Your silver chime of gladness tells;
Ring out, ring on, ring long and loud—
Ye that have tolled or the pall and shroud,
Ye that have rung for the sheeted dead,
For the sable plume and muffled tread,
Forget them all, and glad and gay,
Ring out this joyous wedding-day!
Forget the coffin and the tomb,
Forget the yew-tree's mournful gloom,
For life is young, and life is fair,
And flower-incense fills the air
From orange-blossoms fresh to-day;
Ring out, ring on, ring glad and gay!
And if—ah! if—from the days to come,
There falleth a shadow of grief or gloom,
Banish the thought, ring loud and long,
And join your chimes with the marriage song.

S. J. J.

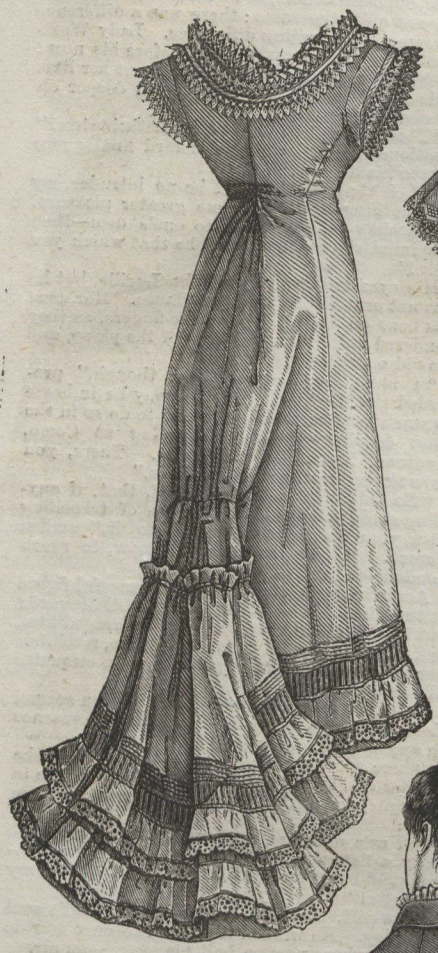
GRAINS OF GOLD.

Let Justice hold the balance, and Mercy turn the scale.

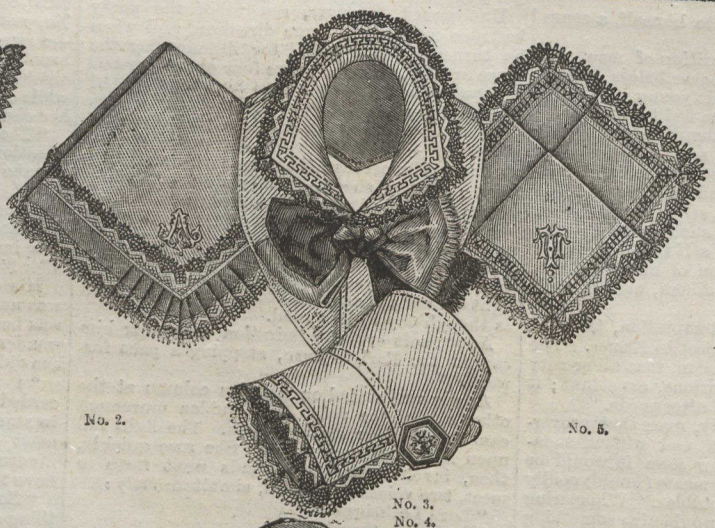
Suspense has been called the tooth-ache of the mind.

What you attempt, do with all your strength. Determination is omnipotent. If the prospect be somewhat darkened, put the fire of resolution to your soul, and kindle a flame that nothing but death can extinguish.

Living with Honour.—The shortest and surest way to live with honour in the world is to be in reality what you would appear to be; and if we observe we shall find that all human virtues increase and strengthen by the practice and experience of them.



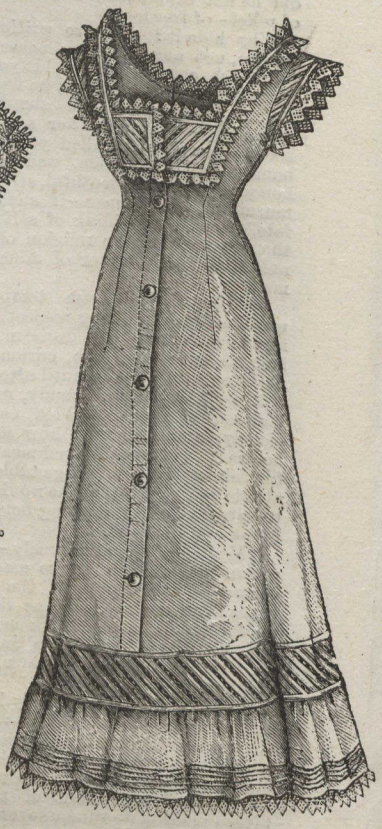
No. 1.—BACK OF PRINCESS PETTICOAT.



No. 2. No. 5.

No. 3. No. 4.

Nos. 2. to 5.—HANDKERCHIEFS, COLLAR, AND CUFF.

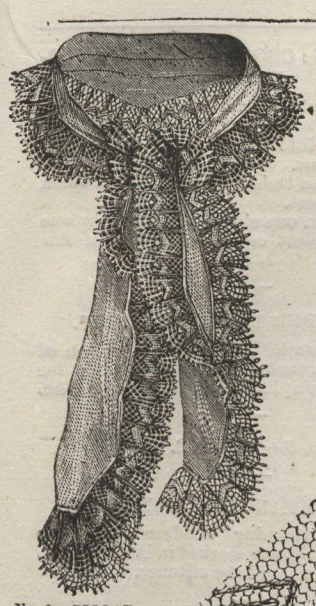


No. 6.—FRONT OF PRINCESS PETTICOAT.

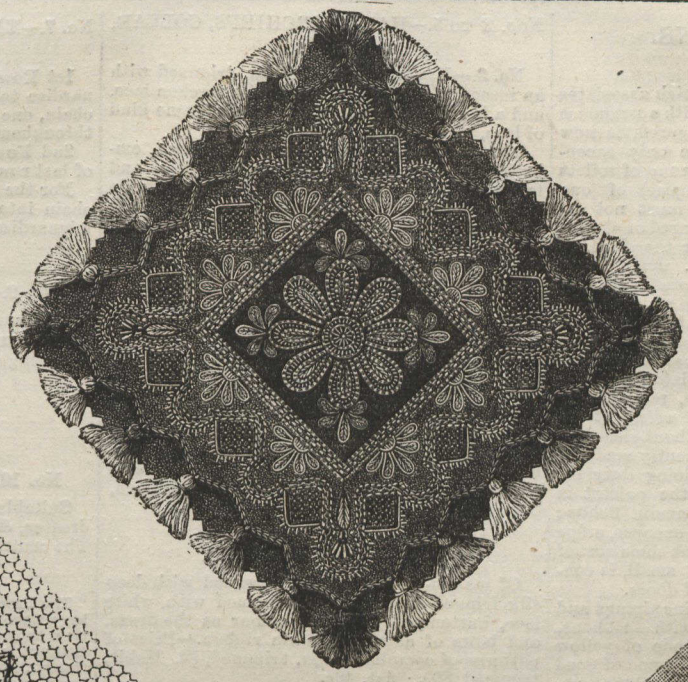
No. 7.—PALETOT.

No. 8.—DINNER-DRESS

No. 9.—HOME-DRESS.

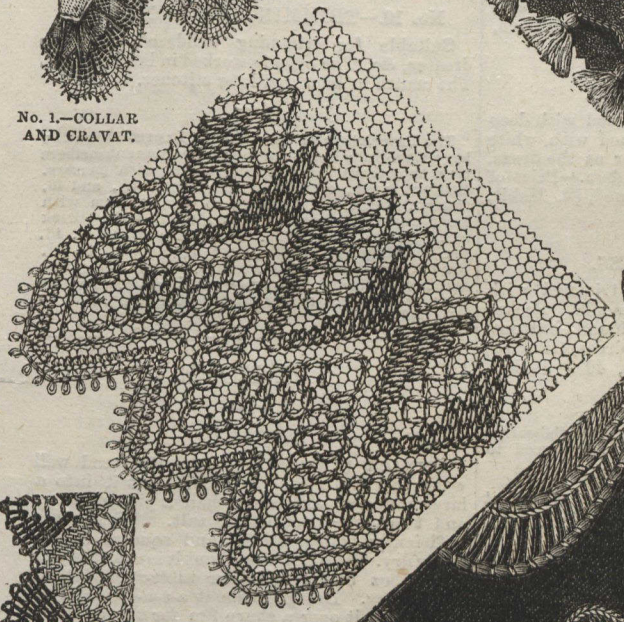


No. 1.—COLLAR AND CRAVAT.

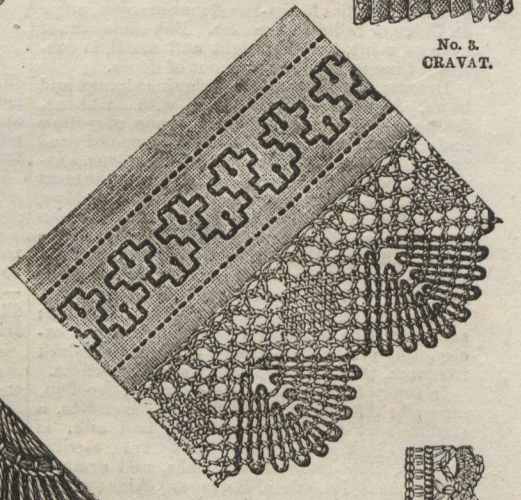


No. 2.—SOFA-CUSHION.

No. 3. CRAVAT.



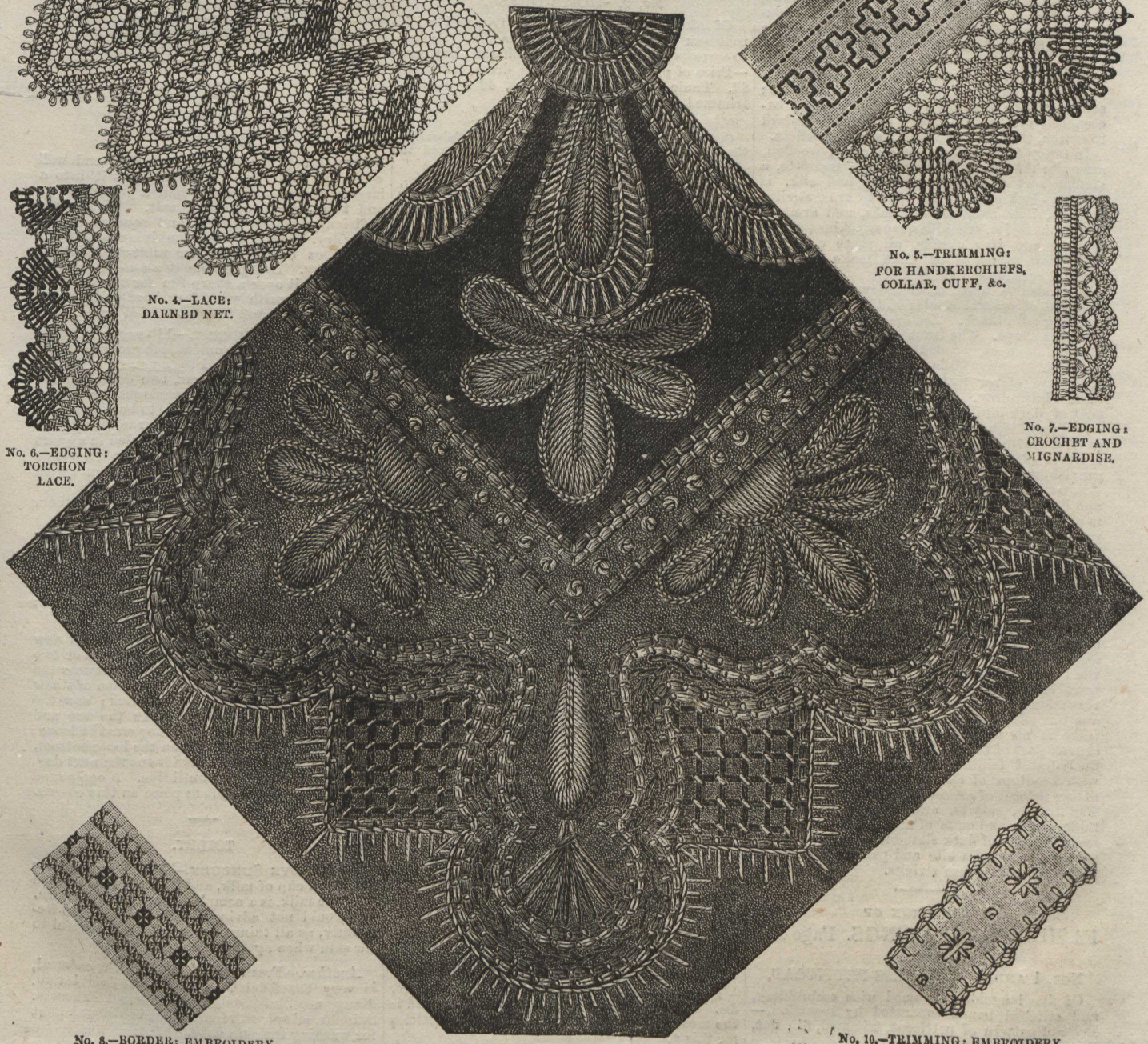
No. 4.—LACE: DARNED NET.



No. 5.—TRIMMING: FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, COLLAR, CUFF, &c.

No. 6.—EDGING: TORCHON LACE.

No. 7.—EDGING: CROCHET AND MIGNARDISE.



No. 9.—SECTION OF SOFA-CUSHION IN THE FULL SIZE

No. 8.—BORDER: EMBROIDERY.

No. 10.—TRIMMING: EMBROIDERY.

PARIS FASHIONS.

The fashionable combination, which associates a skirt of self-coloured material with a polonaise of some material to match, but figured, is now almost universally adopted. The only exception, indeed, to this rule is in favour of toilets made entirely (skirt and polonaise) of one plain material. But then one must not go against this rule, and employ a figured or striped material, whatever it may be, for the skirt, to wear with a self-coloured fabric. Fashion, so tolerant on other points, is inexorable on this one; and ladies who wish to make up new costumes out of old dresses must bear in mind that the dress, if figured, should be used for the polonaise or tunic, and if plain, for the skirt.

The half-long, half-fitting, paletot made of material similar to the polonaise, remains the most generally adopted style of *vêtement* for walking toilets. It is made without sleeves—those of the polonaise, most frequently made of the same material as the skirt, doing duty for both. For very warm weather the paletot is exchanged by young girls for muslin fichus; by married ladies for by-lace fichus or capes, crêpe de Chine or faille scarves, &c. But some sort of over garment, however light and small, is considered necessary for going out of doors.

Dresses trimmed with *mandarine* pipings and bows, bonnets ornamented with ribbons, feathers, and flowers, of every shade of yellow and orange, are now considered the acme of good taste. And this favoured *mandarine* colour is associated with other shades so as to form the most *bizarre* combinations; tilleul, maize, pale blue, rose colour, and lilac, are joined with *mandarine*, and we have even seen sunshades of the same flaming colour. The latter, however, are both in bad taste and very unbecoming, so let us hope they will not become generally adopted.

Toile and batiste dresses are very fashionable; some varieties with open work designs are exceedingly pretty. Combined with plain foulard to match, they make up lovely summer toilets.

In fancy fabrics the rough stripes, woollen, are quite the favourites of fashion; bourette, a similar sort of tissue in wool and silk, is prettier-looking. Then there are woollen crêpons, new mohairs, faconnés, and armures of various styles, grissailles, fancy pekins (striped fabrics) and tiny checks, all these combined with plain woollens or silks make up very tasteful costumes.

A handsome toilet is of fancy wool and silk material of several shades of bluish gray, commencing with black. The dress is made in the Princess shape. The front is trimmed with two pleated flounces, headed with a bias-band of dark bluish-gray faille. Above this bias-band there are clover leaves of faille, piped with light bluish-gray. A long Louis XIV. waistcoat of dark bluish-gray faille, is finished with a frilling of light bluish-gray faille, and trimmed in front with three bows. At the back, the skirt is pleated, and large loops of very wide grayish-blue ribbon trim the sides.

A walking-costume is of beige woollen tissue and brown faille. The skirt, of woollen material, is pleated lengthways in front. The Princess polonaise is pleated across, both in front and at the back. On each side there are wide facings of brown faille, cut out in sharp spikes. In each spike there is one large button, covered with the same silk. At the back, the pleats are fastened up with very wide loops of faille.

An elegant visiting costume is of slate-blue silk armure, and of plain faille, of two distinct shades of slate-blue, light and dark, is made in the Princess shape, of the armure silk, with a train let in at the back; this train consists of three double pleats, two of dark slate-blue faille, and the middle one of light slate-blue faille; there is no trimming upon this train, but the armure part of the skirt is trimmed with a deep, finely-fluted frilling of dark slate-blue faille, with headings of the lighter colour. A tight-fitting paletot of armure completes the costume. The fronts, sleeves, and pockets are of plain faille, collar and cuffs of armure, with bows of faille. Capote of dark slate-blue gauze, trimmed with a wreath of white and pale-pink chrysanthemums, with gauze strings.

DESCRIPTION OF

FASHION ENGRAVINGS. Page 424.

Nos. 1 and 6.—PRINCESS-PETTICOAT,

Of fine longcloth, trimmed with embroidery, and stitched bands separated by insertion.—Price of pattern of petticoat, trimmed, $1; flat, 50c.

Nos. 2 to 5.—HANDKERCHIEFS, COLLAR, AND CUFF.

No. 2.—Handkerchief of lawn, trimmed with an insertion of pale blue-and-white torchon lace, and a border of lawn edged with the same kind of lace, pleated at the corners.

Nos. 3 and 4.—Collar and cuff of linen, embroidered with pale blue ingrain cotton, and trimmed with lace to correspond. A suitable design for the embroidery is given in full size in No. 5 of the Fancy-work page.

No. 5.—Handkerchief of fine cambric, trimmed with tilleul-and-white insertion and lace. Monogram embroidered in tilleul ingrain cotton.

No. 6.—See No. 1.

No. 7.—PALETOT,

To be made of the same material as the dress, and trimmed with embroidered bands of cashmere or silk of a lighter shade; tabs and buttons to correspond; collar with embroidered corners.—Price of pattern of paletot, trimmed, 80c.; flat, 30c.

No. 8.—DINNER-DRESS,

Of mastic-coloured faille, trimmed with deep silk fringe. The habit is trimmed with white lace, buttons of the same colour as the dress, and bows of mandarine satin ribbon.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, $2. Habit, trimmed, 80c.; flat, 40c.

No, 9.—HOME-DRESS,

Of stone-coloured cashmere, trimmed with rouleaux of stone-colour and blue silk. Pocket to correspond, ornamented with blue silk buttons.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, $2. Tunic, trimmed, 80c.; flat, 40c. Jacket, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 25c.

Orders and Remittances for Patterns or Subscriptions to The Young Ladies' Journal, addressed to Madame Gurney and Co., 711, Broadway, or New York P.O. Box 3527, and at 172, Atlantic Street, Brooklyn, will receive immediate attention. Canadian Postage Stamps cannot be received in payment for Patterns. Should replies be required, payment for postage of letter must be forwarded thus: 3c. for U.S., 6c, for Canada.

DESCRIPTION OF

FANCY-WORK ENGRAVINGS. Page 425.

No. 1.—COLLAR AND CRAVAT,

Of white muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

Nos. 2 and 9.—SOFA-CUSHION.

The foundation for this is of two colours of cloth. The centre is black, and the sides any colour that may be preferred. The design is worked in two shades of filoselle, purse silk, and gold thread. The design for the centre is worked in cording and long stitches, outlined with filoselle, crossed with stitches of gold thread. The design for the border is worked with filoselle, crossed by stitches of gold thread. The leaves are worked in satin-stitch, outlined with chain-stitch. The seam made by joining the cloth is covered with filoselle, crossed by stitches of gold thread. The extreme edge of the cloth is pinked out or button-holed with silk in small vandykes, and cut out. The tassels are made of filoselle, wound round a card, and tied at the top and again about half an inch from the top to form the little ball.

No. 3.—CRAVAT,

Of tilleul faille, with ends of embroidered net pleated.

No. 4.—LACE: DARNED NET.

Suitable for trimming dresses, fichus, cravats, &c. Flossette for darning net can be supplied from the London Publishing Office of this Journal at 3d. per skein.

No. 5.—See No. 2 of the last page.

No. 6.—EDGING: TORCHON LACE,

For trimming collars, cuffs, handkerchiefs, &c. Our design is in écru and dark-blue, and is the most fashionable trimming for such articles for this season.

No. 7.—EDGING: CROCHET AND MIGNARDISE.

1st Row: One single into two picots of mignardise together, one treble into the next, four chain, one treble into the same picot. Repeat throughout the row.

2nd Row: Seven trebles under the four chain of last row. Repeat.

For the heading, one single separated by one chain into each picot on the other side of the mignardise.

No. 8.—BORDER IN EMBROIDERY.

The border is worked with ingrain cotton of two colours in cross-stitch. It is suitable for trimming children's pinafores, school-aprons, &c.

No. 9.—See No. 2.

No. 10.—TRIMMING: EMBROIDERY.

Suitable for trimming children's washing dresses, &c. The edge is worked in lace-stitches. The centre in knot and long stitches.

The Proprietors of The Young Ladies' Journal beg respectfully to inform their numerous subscribers that they have made arrangements with Messrs. Bedford & Co., of 186, Regent Street, W., and 46, Goodge Street, W., London, to supply them with their superfine fleecy in four-thread, viz.:—Black and white, 3s. 10d. per lb. Common colours, 4s. 4d. per lb. Ingrain, Azuline, and Humboldt, 4s. 8d. per lb. Gas-green, 6s. 9d. per lb. Two, three, six, and twelve thread, 2d. per lb extra. N.B.—To save time, subscribers are requested to apply direct to Mr. Bedford.

THE HOME.

COOKERY.

Spinach (French Style).—Pick and well wash two pailfuls of spinach. Put it into a large saucepan with about half a pint of water and two table-spoonfuls of salt. When it is sufficiently boiled, strain, and squeeze it perfectly dry. Chop it fine, and put it into a stewpan with 2 oz butter and four table-spoonfuls of good gravy. Dredge in about a tea-spoonful of flour; stir it over a sharp fire for two or three minutes. Garnish with four hard-boiled eggs, cut in quarters, and sippets of fried bread.

Gooseberry Chutney.—1 lb sugar, 1 lb salt, ¾ lb French garlic, ½ lb onions, ½ lb ground ginger, 2 oz cayenne pepper, 1 lb mustard seed, 1 lb raisons, two quarts vinegar, two dozen unripe gooseberries. The mustard seed must be washed to remove the husks, the garlic to be picked and bruised, the sugar made into a syrup with a pint of the vinegar, the gooseberries boiled in a quart of the vinegar. When cold put them into a pan or basin, and gradually mix the ingredients with the remainder of the vinegar until well blended together. Put it into bottles and well cork them down.

Raspberry Vinegar.—Mash two quarts of raspberries, let them stand in a pan to get sour, strain the juice through a sieve, and to every pint put 1 lb loaf sugar, and a pint of the usual white wine vinegar; let it boil ten minutes; skim, and, when cold, bottle.

Cream Cheese.—Mix a pint of warm new milk with a quart of fresh cream, a lump or two of sugar, a spoonful of rennet; place it near the fire until the curd comes; make a shape of straw or rushes something like a flat brick; sew the rushes or straw together, make the top and bottom in the same way, but they must be loose; put the curd into the shape on the loose bottom, and cover with the top; take it out the next day, and turn it every day until ripe. A one-pound weight will be sufficient to place on this cheese.

TOILET.

To Remove Sunburn.—A little lemon-juice put into a cup of milk, and then the face washed with the milk, is a complete remedy for sunburn. We would not advise its being applied too frequently, as all things are more or less hurtful to the skin when applied too often.

Another.—Fresh milk, mixed with oatmeal, is very beneficial to a sunburnt complexion. Many use buttermilk with equal success. Sulphur, mixed with fresh milk, is also excellent for washing the skin with.

WOMEN'S DOMESTIC, USEFUL, AND LUCRATIVE EMPLOYMENTS.

No. XXVI.

In the natural course of our observations upon teaching, as offering a full and varied career to ladies with a vocation for the same, we have now arrived at a point where it becomes proper to speak of another phase of this great and interesting department of female industry. We allude to that occupied by the "visiting mistress," whose peculiar gifts in certain subjects are in partial or occasional demand, for different pupils or classes of pupils, with whom her intercourse will be shorter and slighter than even that of the daily governess. Her moral influence will have comparatively little opportunity for being exercised; and her power of teaching will be the almost exclusive canon by which her competency will be judged. If she is deficient in this, she fails in the principal commodity, so to speak, with which she enters the labour exchange; and for the non-possession of which she can offer no compensation of another kind. Soundness, thoroughness, and symmetry should, therefore, be emphatically the qualities of her attainments. The demands upon her are exceptional; and exceptional, also, and indefinite, is the compensation which she is able to command. She may be a celebrated vocalist, a light of the oratorios or the operas, called upon to impart instruction in singing to the daughters of a duke; or a tragedienne of high reputation, who gives lessons in elocution in the family of a millionaire. In such conditions, her remuneration will be, to a considerable extent, dictated by the terms she can command in the public exercise of her talents; at the same time that it will bear a proportion to the fortune of the heads of the families in which she exercises in private her gifts. On the other hand, the visiting governess may be a struggling woman, who has to seek rather than wait to be asked; and whose necessities may compel her to accept a minimum of remuneration which it would scarcely be edifying to ascertain. For practical purposes, we may, with the single statement of their existence, dismiss such extreme cases of princely or of depressed remuneration; and say that, the hour being taken as the unit of calculation, the visiting governess, under average favourable conditions, should realise from four to five shillings an hour. If two consecutive hours are occupied, the terms will generally be somewhat reduced in consequence; a circumstance which the visiting mistress can afford, as in such a case she has no inactive interval between her lessons, and has not to disburse anything for travelling expenses. The *hour*, we say, is the unit upon which the calculations of the visiting governess are based; but this may be substituted by the *day*, in cases of large schools, which offer large relays of music pupils.

The visiting mistress is found generally professing music, vocal or instrumental, chiefly the piano or the harp; languages, ancient or modern, her own, or others; art, drawing in pencil, crayon, and water-colours, instruction in oil-painting being mostly taught at the special School of Art; English subjects, mathematics, history, language, and literature. The peculiar method of the visiting mistress forces her into a position as teacher somewhat analogous to that of a lecturer or professor. She has not the opportunity of *reiteration* which the resident governess enjoys; and as her chances of explanation are limited, it follows that a singular clearness should characterise her utterances. We are, of course, thinking of her for the moment as addressing a class of girls, to whose *average* talent she must, for the most part, endeavour to accommodate her instructions, her style, and her vocabulary. Without repressing or retarding the progress of the cleverest, she will be anxious that the less gifted shall be left as little as possible in the rear. The order and discipline of her class would suffer if she were loosely to allow a practice of interrogation which might degenerate into impertinence; and it becomes her prerogative to anticipate, by the clearness and aptness of her language, her illustrations, and her explanations, those questions which experience has taught her to be probably lurking unexpressed in the minds of some of her listeners. It will be her peculiar vocation to deal more with principles, and the philosophy of events, than is possible to the general governess, who has to insist on the acquisition of facts and dates as her habitual routine; to give breadth and comprehensiveness of view; and to trace and elucidate the course of antecedents to their consequences.

[To be continued.]

A TORN BOOK.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"My life is a torn book."
—*Owen Meredith.*

"Only three months! Mademoiselle, it is a century."

He was a handsome man who spoke the above impatient words—a man who might have been an Englishman from his height, his fair, curling hair and beard, his blue eyes smiling and tender; but who spoke French, and who was a Frenchman *pur sang*. His manner, too, was a trifle demonstrative for an Englishman, and even had he been speaking the Queen's English, a good deal of hand gesture and an occasional shrug of his shoulders would have betrayed his nationality. The lady to whom he spoke was undoubtedly a Frenchwoman. Every graceful movement, every pretty gesture and gesticulation, the quiet elegance of her dress, the quaint grace of her coiffure, were essentially French. They stood together in a medium-sized, simply-furnished room, the only *objets de luxe* it contained being a handsome piano and some beautiful bouquets of rare flowers. On the table was an open partition of Verdi's "Il Trovatore." The lady was Mademoiselle Jeanne Delancheze, prima donna of the opera troupe, then on the eve of departure from the pretty town of Caragnoe, in the south of France. Her companion was Monsieur le Viscomte Gaston Léona de Chastagnier, the head of one of the most ancient families in the department, descended on his mother's side from an ancient and royal line, and Caragnoe said that M. le Vicomte was paying his court to the *ravissante* prima donna. Certainly she was fair enough to excuse any man's infatuation. The lovely soft eyes, the pencilled brows, the wild-rose complexion as yet unspoiled by cosmetics, the still face which could light up so charmingly, the voice so exquisitely sweet and clear, the *mutine* grace, the pretty dignity—all contributed to the nameless fascination of Mademoiselle Delancheze.

"*Only* three months!" he repeated. "It is a century!"

"A short one," she replied, softly.

"To you," he said angrily, his brows contracting in a frown.

She came softly to his side, and put her hand shyly through his arm.

"Are we going to quarrel on this our last day together?" she said. "If it seems long to you, it is doubly so to me!"

His arm slipped round her, and his lips touched the fair brow which rested on his shoulder. For a moment she yielded to the embrace, then, disengaging herself, with a long sigh:

"Do you think it costs me nothing to go?" she said. "Oh! Gaston, you know, you must know, that it is like tearing my heart asunder; you know that in every action, great and small, my thoughts are always with you. See, I keep your violets here," she went on, placing her hand on a small inlaid desk on the table, "among my treasures, with my dead brother's hair, his likeness, and a few flowers, faded even as your love will fade, Gaston, when I am gone."

"How can I punish you for that speech?" he said, smiling. "Jeanne, you know if you would only consent, I would marry you to-morrow. Speak, *mignonne*, shall it be?"

She sat down on a low chair, her colour changing, her eyes flashing under their long lashes; he drew a stool near her and sat down at her feet, taking both hands in his, and caressing the little white fingers.

"Now *causons*," he said, "'To be or not to be?'"

"Not to be," she said, firmly. "Not now, not ever. Don't be angry, Gaston. You love me now, I know it, I believe it, but——"

"I will always love you, Jeanne. Am I a hot-brained, ready-tongued lad, not to know my own mind for ten minutes?"

She smiled sadly.

"Could I love you as I do, if I thought thus? Gaston, I love you only too well."

"You will not make me happy, Jeanne!"

"Happy!"

The word fell from her lips with a tinge of bitterness.

"Happy!" she repeated. "*Pauvre ami!*"

"Yes, happy," he rejoined. "I love you, Jeanne. Give up this hateful life you are leading and be my wife."

"Hateful!" she echoed, drawing away her hands, with an angry blush.

"It is hateful to me, Jeanne. Do you think I do not suffer to see you, night after night, acting and singing to please others, letting that man Jacquemin hold you in his arms, make love to you, while you look up trustingly, lovingly in his face."

Here he was interrupted by a silvery peal of laughter from the young actress, then her face darkened, and when she spoke her voice was hard and cold:

"You seem to forget that Monsieur Jacquemin is a married man," she said; "that his wife is my friend; that on the stage as off he treats me with every delicacy and consideration, and that in my two years' career as an actress I have never met with an insult."

She broke off abruptly; but ere he could reply, she went on passionately:

"I love my profession! I have met with every kindness from my directors, from my fellow-singers, from the public, and not even to become your wife would I relinquish it."

"And you pretend you love me!" he said, bitterly. "Ah, forgive me, darling! For all the world I would not have grieved you thus!"

She was sobbing passionately; he drew her within his arms, soothing her with look and word.

"This will never do," she said, when she had regained her calmness. "See, Gaston, it is time for me to start! Shall you be at the theatre to-night?"

"Yes, with my mother and Berthe. Must you send me away now, Jeannette? Shall I see you to-morrow?"

"We leave by the one o'clock express."

"I may come in the morning, then?"

"If you will take the trouble."

"Jeanne," he said, with a little embarrassment, "you will receive nothing from me but flowers, but it would give me so much pleasure if you will wear this."

It was a magnificent diamond ring, of great value and beauty. The actress stooped and touched his hand with her lips.

"Don't, Jeanne," he said, quickly. "You will take it, dear child."

"It is very beautiful," she said, softly, "but," trying to smile, "I don't care for diamonds. Will you go to any jewellers and buy me instead one of those enamel rings with "Toujours" engraved on it, will you not?" she went on, pleadingly. "*Fi donc Gaston, un preux gentilhomme comme vous!* Listen, dear: if, when I return from Bordeaux, you love me as you do now, I will take your diamonds and wear them always. And now you must go, I must not be late."

"My brougham is at the end of the street. May I take you?"

"So little care for my reputation," she said, trying to laugh. "No, imprudent, you may not take me. Good-bye."

She gave him her hands, and he kissed them with a certain chivalrous grace of bearing and manner pleasant to see, and then he went slowly away, and Jeanne began to prepare for the theatre where she was to play Marie in "La Fille du Regiment."

She looked pale and weary, and when she saw the pretty virandière costume laid out on the couch, she turned from it with a little movement of disgust. Poor Jeanne!

Jeanne Delancheze was an orphan, the daughter of a French officer, and for two years she had performed with much success on the provincial boards. A lady by birth and by nature, at first the young girl shrank from the publicity of her profession, but gradually she had grown to love it dearly. At two-and-twenty she was happy and careless as a child, but by some unhappy chance she met Monsieur de Chastagnier, and grew to love him with a passionate and absorbing love which he repaid with a passion and fervour strange in a man of his careless, volatile temperament. Caragnoe was not a very gossiping place, and the friendship between them had not been widely known. Among those who knew it, two opinions prevailed: Jeanne's friends, and notably Monsieur and Madame Jacquemin, saw in it nothing but sorrow, or worse than sorrow to Jeanne, while Gaston's acquaintances laughed, and said she was playing her cards well.

The theatre was crowded on the night of which I speak; there was but one box on the first tier unoccupied when the curtain fell on the vaudeville which began the performance, and when it rose again the box was occupied by four people: Monsieur de Chastagnier and three high-bred, beautiful women. One, an elderly lady exquisitely dressed in black velvet and old lace, wearing one or two priceless jewels, was his mother, the Vicomtesse; a softened likeness of her handsome son; another, a dark-eyed, laughing girl, was his sister Berthe, *fiancée* to

the young Duc de Beaupierre; and the third lady was Mademoiselle Yvonne de la Roche Baudois, a beautiful young heiress destined, said the Upper Ten of Caragnoe, to be the future mistress of the parc and Château de Chastagnier. Hers was a rarely lovely face, so fair, girlish, and innocent; a little troubled now, to account for which Gaston's cool indifference would suffice. Perhaps beside Jeanne's more sparkling, expressive features Yvonne's paler loveliness might appear *fade* and cold, but an artist would have raved about the perfect features, the beautifully-shaped face, the large, clear eyes, the luxuriant fair hair; a little colour and shade the face lacked, but that was all.

Rather impatiently Monsieur de Chastagnier watched the opening of the opera, gravely attentive to his mother's remarks, still, he was absent and *distrait*, and his thoughts were far away, until simultaneous applause announced Marie's appearance, and then the handsome, distinguished face was attentive enough. If the piquant merriment of the first part of her *rôle* seemed a little forced, certainly the sad sweetness of "*Il faut partir*" could hardly have been surpassed; she seemed to sing with "tears in her voice." She ended the song amid a profound silence, broken by a thunder of applause and a shower of bouquets.

Yvonne's eyes were full of tears, and Gaston's face was very pale, as his mother gave him a quick glance. Between the acts Monsieur de Baupierre came round to present his homage to his *fiancée*, and Gaston went off to the green-room. Monsieur Estenvar, the manager, and "Sulpice," Monsieur Vilfranc, were chatting together.

The manager saluted Gaston with a courteous: "*Bonsoir, Monsieur le Vicomte.* Was not that song perfectly rendered?"

The Viscount bowed, saying, quietly:

"Is it true you are going to leave us for three months, monsieur?"

"Too true," said the "basse," a little coldly. "We leave you excellent substitutes in the persons of Monsieur Jarny and his *troupe de comédie.*"

Monsieur Vilfranc seemed to have rather an antagonistic feeling towards Monsieur de Chastagnier; it may have been because his intimate friend, Chevalier the "baryton," was over head and ears in love with Jeanne! However that may have been he gave him a very hostile glance as Gaston turned to meet Jeanne, who came in, in her sweeping silken robes, and gave him a sad little smile.

"You are ill," he said, quickly.

"No," she replied quietly. "The house is very full."

"I have obeyed you," he said, looking at her anxiously, as he took out a little box containing the ring she had asked for. "May I put it on Jeanne, *ma chérie.*"

She put her hand in his, and he slipped on the little enamel ring. Then he stooped and touched it with his lips, saying, softly:

"When may I put on another yet plainer ring?"

"Never, Gaston." Then abruptly changing her tone, she said, lightly: "What a lovely face that young lady has who is with your sister!"

"Yes; a pretty, awkward school-girl!" he said, indifferently, a faint colour rising to his cheek, however.

"Most beautiful!" she said, dreamily. "Gaston, the ideal wife I have dreamed for you."

He turned from her with an impatient ejaculation; at this moment the call-boy spoke her name, and without a word she went away, while Monsieur de Chastagnier returned to his box, vexed and angry. But his anger fled, melting like snow in the sun at Jeanne's "Salut à la France." The house was in an uproar; women flushed and trembled, men rose in reckless excitement; and Yvonne, with her fair face quivering with excitement, turned to Gaston.

"Oh! monsieur, will you throw my flowers for me?"

It was a white bouquet composed entirely of white roses, lilies, and a few sprays of maiden-hair fern. Gaston rose and flung, with unerring aim. The flowers fell at her feet. Jeanne lifted it herself, and bowed her acknowledgements, and in a few moments silence was restored. The afterpiece was a fashionable operette, but Madame de Chastagnier elected to go.

[To be continued.]

TO THE WORLDLY WISE.—Revenge is chiefly a function of memory, and with the majority of mankind forgiveness is but a form of forgetfulness. Be very chary, therefore, of offending those persons who possess good memories.

MY LADY JANET

CHAPTER XXXII.

ANNA, in her light-green dress, was spinning round with Arthur Morgan; while Rosalinda was dancing with a stout, middle-aged officer. And then the great people began to pour in. The Countess of Chandos, her fair daughters, and Lord Challoner; but Lady Janet, Max wondered vaguely, would she come? and there mingled with the painful thought another in strange confusion: "*What can* Hawtree be saying to that girl?"

Hawtree was proud, and he loved himself very devotedly. He had made up his mind to ask none save an heiress to marry him, and a little conversation with Clare had shown him that though well connected she was penniless. Decidedly, then, this very pretty creature must never be permitted to develop into a Mrs. Hawtree. At the same time, she was a charming person, and the Captain thought he would honour her with a share of his attentions for that evening at least.

Clare did not even smile at his languid, if high-flown compliments. The Captain, accustomed to young ladies who listened to him with rapture, was slightly nettled at this indifference.

Max watched him sulkily; then, seizing his opportunity, when etiquette compelled the Captain to dance with another lady, he rushed up to Clare Fleurelands, and entered into conversation with her again.

Then there entered the ball-room, looking like Titania, Queen of the Fairies, My Lady Janet, fair as a blush-rose, stately as a lily, beautiful as a dream. She wore a white, gleaming silk, and her ornaments were pearls and opals; and her golden head was wreathed with vine-leaves—her favourite ornament.

She was accompanied by that stern and haughty baronet, Sir Arthur Ashmore, and a tall, fair, yellow-haired, elderly lady, with the thin nostrils and short upper lip supposed to indicate high breeding.

Lady Ashmore blazed in diamonds. Lady Janet's grandmamma had returned only the day before, but had resolved to chaperon her grandchild herself.

A bow from Lady Janet to Max Carstairs, and a sweet, surprised gleam in the brown eyes, and Max had returned the bow, and had felt that Clare noticed his flushed face.

Not long afterwards he had walked out on the balcony that lay outside the ball-room. Clare was with him; and those two watched the starlight upon the summer sea, and talked of all things under the sun. How that evening passed he could never distinctly remember.

There was supper, and Clare sat beside him, and he was pleased to keep her from Hawtree; but all the while the wonderful eyes of My Lady Janet, with a sorrowful inquiry in them, haunted him. Lord Challoner was present, looking that night quite gleeful and triumphant. Max almost forgot to dance with Rosalinda, until he overheard her remark to Anna that all the men at that ball were bears, and after that he danced with her twice.

At a little after twelve the great people went away, and Colonel Fleurelands, who had not succeeded in getting himself introduced to Sir Arthur, called his female relations around him. They were soon cloaked and hooded, and driven off, and Max felt that he was left alone.

The music waxed faster and louder; the dancers put more spirit into their movements; gay young men adjourned, laughing and talking, to the supper-room, Marston amongst the others.

"Come, you have eaten nothing, my boy," said the cheerful staff-surgeon to Carstairs. "You have been sentimentalizing all the evening with that dark-eyed syren; now it is time to think of something more substantial than the rays of the moon on the waters and the low-spoken replies of the little Fleurelands. Come, tongue and chicken await you, with champagne or Bass to order."

"Bass be it then," responded Max, with a laugh, and so he was led off.

He forced his spirits; he laughed, and talked, and ate, and drank, and nobody guessed how cruelly his heart was divided between two opinions—whether he really had lost all the salt and savour of life in losing My Lady Janet—whether he was not at best but a fickle knight, whose combustible heart was speedily set in a blaze by the light in a beautiful pair of eyes—whether, after all, Clare Fleurelands—— Pshaw! Clare was poor, and portionless, and beautiful, and had her fortune to make by marriage! Certainly—was not that the orthodox way in which, as the world rules, a pretty, portionless woman expects to make her fortune?

What right had he, a penniless student of medicine, to expect a beauty like Clare to share his life, to toil with him up that steep hill which may lead, after long years, to fortune; but which offers nothing on its sterile surface that women love? No fashionable robes; no glittering pearls; no "society," in the sense of dinner-parties, with *entrées*, and dessert plates at three guineas a-piece, and all the style and glitter which this world offers to the rich.

If My Lady Janet was fit to mate only with a wealthy noble, who would be one day in the Cabinet, and who could pave her footsteps with gold, then was beautiful Clare fully justified in seeking some prosperous lawyer or merchant as a helpmate, one who could give her ponies, carriages, liveries, dresden, diamonds, dinners, all the most *recherché* and *ad libitum.*

"No; marriage is not for me; love is not for me," said poor Max, with a sigh.

There floated before his mind's eye the memory of Anna Fleurelands, in green robes, with ruddy cheeks, and small sparkling eyes: how happy *she* had looked with her curate in embryo, poor as a church mouse! What did that matter? she was just the very girl to laugh at difficulties; to wear cotton dresses gleefully, and dine off bread and cheese merrily if needs were, and if she loved her husband.

"But then, Anna is not a beauty," thought Max, cynically, "and so must take what chance offers her."

All the while he laughed and talked with the others, and returned to the ball-room, and danced with some young ladies whom he had not noticed before, but whom he found agreeable and pleasant. And after that he went towards his home, arm-in-arm with Marston, while three others followed, and as these young men walked along they awakened the echoes of the shore with the sound of a glee, sung delightfully in parts, for three out of the five—Max was one of the three—had good tenor voices and good taste.

Anybody might have thought Max very happy, very careless, very oblivious of My Lady Janet and her faithless promises, and her heartless letter.

A pause in the singing, and one of the young men said abruptly:

"Lo! behold, my *confrères*, there is a form, which doth follow us, which stops when we stop; and see the form crouches now in the shadow of yon doorway. Were we in the enchanted streets of Venice, or near the portals of some Florentine church, we might suspect assassination—the dagger, the pistol, or the sword; but as it is, here on this sublime Marine Parade, close to the streets where grocers, red-cheeked and shining-haired, sell tea and sugar daily; since we are in the land of the constabulary force, the School Board, and the Spelling Bee, let us suppose that yonder female is a creature smitten by our melodious voices. Still, I like it not—I confess, I like it not. I vote we call her under the glare of the gas, and inquire her motives?"

The speaker was a ridiculous young man, who went in for being funny. A laugh greeted his speech. Max, who was as silly that night as the others, ran forward to where the woman was hiding under the porch of one of the houses on the Marine Parade.

"What is it, mademoiselle?" he asked, lightly; "do you wish to speak to any of us?"

"Mistare Carstairs," said a foreign voice he recognised; and the young person darted partly from the shadow, and placed a little note in his hand. "From My Lady Janet," said Danetta, for it was the Swiss maid of Lady Janet who addressed Max. "I will wait about your house, when those messieurs are gone, and you, monsieur, shall give me an answer, for I will not return to Atherstone till you have written it."

How wildly the poor heart of Max thumped. Lady Janet—Lady Janet—this is a dangerous game you are playing!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MAX concealed the note in his waistcoat, and returned to his watching, chaffing friends.

"Who is she, an old friend? a lost love? the shade of your mother? tell us," asked the funny gentleman.

"The lady is sparing of her words," responded Max, with a laugh; "question her if you like."

"No, no!" cried Marston; "it is some servant shut out. She has taken French leave, and gone to visit her friends; and now she awaits the arrival of the milk-boy, hoping, when that important person arrives, to be able to slip in and

pacify her irate mistress by her willingness to do more than her share of work. These things will happen at Pendowen and elsewhere sometimes. Don't let us molest the poor soul. Come on, it is time all decent folk were in bed; and I have a room at the Queen's close here."

So the friends parted, and Max reached his lodgings. He had a latch-key; his landlady had left a lamp burning, and by its light he read the Lady Janet's note:—

"My dear Max,

"Your conduct of to-night has showed me *your* heart and my own. I cannot sleep—I cannot rest—until I know the name of the dark-haired girl in white, for whose sake I am so speedily forgotten. You have, indeed, soon forgotten your vows. As soon as I reached home I wrote this; and now I shall give it to my maid, and tell her, no matter how late it is, not to return to me until she has found you and obtained your answer. Death were preferable to the tortures I endure.

(Signed) "J. E."

Through all the tumult of joy which Max felt at this proof of Lady Janet's love, there mingled a painful sensation. He was hurt at the thought that the lovely and highly-born little damsel should have put herself into the power of her maid by sending a note to a young man at such an unseemly hour, she all the while the affianced wife of Lord Challoner. What must this maid think of her? What did she think of him, Max?

Hastily he scribbled a reply, impassioned, reassuring. It spoke of Clare as the "niece of Colonel Fleurelands, a young lady gentle and amiable, but the furthest from his thoughts, save as a mere acquaintance," &c.

We all permit ourselves these fictions, indeed we should be mad did we write down or confess all the dreams, thoughts, wishes, that cross our souls, when we think of certain pleasant persons whom we have met. If Max had dreamed of Clare, he forgot that he had so dreamed when he read Lady Janet's letter.

He took his note, and went to the door of the house, and stood in the bright moonlight and beckoned, and forth from the shadows came Danetta, the stealthy young Swiss. Quietly and cautiously she received the letter, made the young man a slight reverence, and then sped swiftly away with it.

Max stood watching her, and again the feeling of pain that Lady Janet should so place herself in the power of her maid smote upon him.

"She must love me, though," he said to himself: "not as I love her, but still she must love me." And this thought naturally filled him with ecstasy.

He could not sleep; excitement, and a sort of delirious joy, kept him wakeful. At the first streak of dawn he was down upon the shore, watching the daylight break over the sea, and wondering when he should see Lady Janet again.

After all, love cannot be expected to subsist on a stray letter, a bouquet cast in a whim, a chance look or smile. Was he to devote the whole of his youth to mere dreams of this beautiful aristocrat, without chance or hope of being in her society? No; his pride and his manhood demanded that he should claim something of a lover's privilege, and see and converse with her sweet ladyship at times.

Then the thought of Lord Challoner crossed him, and Max scowled at the memory of his rival, and flung a huge pebble into the sea. The dancing waves closed over it, and ran, laughing and prattling, to caress the shore, and a presentiment entered the soul of Max Carstairs that even so, if he hurled reproaches and just wrath at My Lady Janet in the days to come, she would, by force of circumstances, be compelled to take as little notice of his pain and anger as the waves took of the stone thrown at them. She *must* run on gaily with her own set, her own friends, her own husband, perhaps.

Max went gloomily back to his rooms, and asked for breakfast. How the morning wore away he never could remember; but towards the afternoon he found himself strolling up a steep lane which led out of Pendowen. On one side was a steep descent, clothed with young oak and ash. Rabbits raced about amid the fern and the wild-flowers; at the foot ran a bright, babbling brook. The other side of the lane was bordered by a green bank. Along the summit of this bank ran an ivy-covered wall, which enclosed part of the Park of Atherstone. Max was a lover of the beautiful; he stood and watched, with a dreamy pleasure, the flickerings of the sunshine among the ferns and flowers, and athwart the boughs of the trees, and the gleaming of the silver brook at the bottom.

All at once he heard a voice that he knew, calling him. Was he dreaming? No; Lady Janet was saying, in clear, sweet tones, "Mr. Carstairs." He turned. Above the ivy-clothed wall appeared a flower of loveliness—the face of his highly-born love. She wore no hat, and the sunshine glorified her golden hair, so that Max stood for a moment or so entranced by this vision of loveliness.

Lady Janet wore a dress of crimson hue, and a scarf of white lace or muslin. It was a fanciful and picturesque costume, such as she affected. She waved her jewelled hand rather imperiously, as though commanding her lover to come to her.

Max obeyed. He climbed the bank, and soon stood under the wall, though on uneven ground, and at a distance from Lady Janet, which made conversation difficult, unless one were anxious that any passers-by might hear all that was said.

"You had my note, Lady Janet?" he ventured to say, in a loud whisper.

She held up her slight finger.

"Yes; but I must not talk here."

"You can never talk to me at all," he answered, bitterly; "barriers social and physical separate us most completely. Yonder ugly wall is only a type, Lady Janet, of the difficulties that divide our lives."

"Hush!" she said; "you are too impatient. Now, if you will go down into the lane again, and keep along until the bank becomes level with the road, you will come to a plantation of trees, still on this side, divided from the lane by a park paling. Go on till you come to a gate; I will be there and let you in, and we will walk round the woods together."

"Will you?" only too enraptured, answered Max.

And so he followed her directions, and in due time met the Lady Janet at the gate, and she admitted him.

And now behold these most unreasonable, most imprudent lovers walking through summer woods once more. Lady Janet knew that, if her grand-parents discovered her perfidy towards Lord Challoner, she would stand a fair chance of being sent into a convent for a year or two, and, perhaps, being finally disinherited altogether. She knew that the wrath of Sir Arthur would be terrible, and the contempt of her proud grand-dame simply withering. Neither of them could for one moment comprehend her regarding a young man in the position of Max Carstairs as other than an inferior being, let his physical beauty, mental endowments and culture be of the very highest possessed by frail humanity.

Max knew that, in courting the affianced bride of another man, he was running a great risk, compromising his lady-love, and laying up for himself a whole storehouse of self-reproaches. Neither of them could entertain any hope of a marriage for long years to come, and, during those years, Lady Janet was almost certain to be hurried into a marriage to please Sir Arthur.

Knowing all these things, these young persons still walked like lovers through the summer woods of Atherstone; and Max grew more and more enchanted by the beauty and the nameless fascinations of My Lady Janet. She told him, piteously and sweetly, that she hated Lord Challoner, and would rather die than marry him. She linked her slender arm in his as they walked, and she told him that she would always remain faithful to him. She wept a few pearly tears; she smiled some bright smiles. She said that she wandered through the gardens and on to the park wall in a vague hope of meeting Max—that a presentiment had seized her that, if she did this, she would be sure to see him—and she added that Fate must have guided him to that lane, since there she had seen him when he had not been thinking of her.

"Not thinking of her!" Max answered—when was she absent from his thoughts, waking or dreaming?

She said she had written her first note partly in consequence of the threats of the mysterious veiled woman, who had accosted her in the nut-tree walk at Abergeldy. But the lovers felt so strangely strong and hopeful on this afternoon, that they laughed at the terrors of the said veiled woman, and agreed in supposing her to be, after all, one of the Atherstone servants, who had dressed up to frighten them into obedience.

"It is somebody whom old Duff has set on," cried Lady Janet. "Old Duff is so sharp and watchful, and so anxious I should marry Challoner!"

"I hope we are not watched now," said Max, looking round a little uneasily at the glorious landscape, painted by the warm colours of the rosy sunset.

The lovers had left the woods, and were now in a wild and open part of the park, which commanded a closer view of the sea than any other portion of the grounds. Here the ferns grew deep, and the deer chased each other, and sombre firs stood in dark groups; the ground swelled high.

Atherstone Manor House lay so far beneath the feet of the wandering lovers, that only its chimney-stacks were visible in the distance, just level with the sward to their left.

It was a lovely part of the vast park. Not a human habitation was visible; only the ferns and the firs, and the rough ground suddenly shelving down towards the rocks on the beach below; and out as far as the eye could reach the wide, restless Bay of Pendowen, all aglow with the reflections of the painted pomp of the sunset clouds.

"Nobody comes here, not once in a blue moon," cried Lady Janet, with a little, musical laugh. "Look, there is not even a shepherd's dog to bark at us—I have left all the dogs at home; and Challoner is, thank goodness! safe in London. He was obliged to go there on business this morning, to meet his father and the lawyer. Nobody else will follow me; all the Ladies Chandos are safe at Abergeldy. Make yourself easy, Max."

The lovers were not inclined, now, to part without making appointments to meet again. Max waxed bolder than before, and told his lady-love that he could not be contented to leave his meetings to chance; and Lady Janet sighed, and confessed that she was never so happy as when with him.

Back again through the woods they strolled. The sun had gone down; the dusk had stolen over earth and sea; the ferns were heavy with dew. When they came to that portion of the park where they would be more likely to meet carriages, carts, or pedestrians, they parted, with mutual embraces and promises, and even tears; and then Max got, somehow, over a wall, and Lady Janet sped on down into the cultivated wooded grounds nearer the house, and reached her noble home in time to dress for dinner.

She sat silently under the hands of Danetta, leaving the arrangement of her hair and the choosing of her evening-dress to that damsel.

"My lady looks charming in the gray silk, with turquoise ornaments, and some real forget-me-nots in her hair."

"Very well, Danetta; anything."

So Lady Janet was dressed in the gray and pale-blue. She looked rather pale and tired; a nameless dread oppressed her young heart that evening.

Danetta, who was faithful in her way, watched her shrewdly.

"My lady is not in spirits," she ventured to say.

Lady Janet flushed, and drew herself up with all the pride of an Ashmore and an Eustace combined.

"Pray what have my spirits to do with you? Attend to your duties, and make no comments, if you please!"

Lady Janet had never spoken so harshly to Danetta before, and the girl writhed under the rebuke.

"My lady is displeased," she said; "but I spoke with a good motive. There may be others——" and she paused.

"Others!" repeated My Lady Janet, scornfully; "what others, pray?"

"I believe you have been seen this evening walking with Mr. Carstairs," replied Danetta, speaking rapidly. "And—oh, my lady, I have no right to speak, but is he worth while your getting yourself talked about? Last night he was singing and laughing with those officers on parade, as merry as you please—not fretting, as you, perhaps, thought. He is very handsome, but, perhaps, wants your fortune, and Sir Arthur would dismiss all the servants and kill everybody if he knew it. My lady, you don't know what Sir Arthur is when he is roused. There is a terrible tale about your poor aunt Caroline. She loved a German music-teacher——"

"Hush!" cried Lady Janet. "No servants' gossip, if you please; I am tired of such tales. As for myself, it is most impertinent of you to suppose that my note to Mr. Carstairs related to anything save business, though I did say I would not sleep till I had his answer. If you mention this subject to me again I shall be seriously angry with you!"

And away she sailed in her rich evening-dress, leaving poor Danetta wounded and angry at her scorn.

The truth was, Lady Janet's pride was again taking arms against Lady Janet's love, and the nature of the girl, not by any means a very

strong or a very elevated one, was tortured by conflicting emotions. She went to dinner.

Her stately grand-parents sat before the splendid board, and received her with that bland courtesy which it is the second nature of the Upper Ten to manifest towards those whom they delight to honour.

Notwithstanding her long walk, and the dainties that were set before her, Lady Janet had but slender relish or appetite, for something hung over her, she knew not what. When the dessert was on the table, and the servants had withdrawn, Sir Arthur said, pointedly:

"Presently, Janet, I wish to speak to you in the library. When you hear the bell ring will you come to me?"

"Yes, grandpapa."

She knew something was coming, she did not know what; she could not swallow the peaches or the grapes; she could not even, just then, pretend to eat fruit; she sipped a little wine; and then her stately grandmamma arose and led the way into the drawing-room.

"You are silent, Janet," said Lady Ashmore, coldly.

Lady Janet knelt down on the rug, and held her hands towards the blaze. The evening was chilly, and Lady Ashmore, accustomed to the warm, southern latitudes, shivered often during the chilly Welsh summer. On this occasion Lady Janet's young blood seemed no warmer than her grandmother's.

"I—do not feel quite well," faltered Lady Janet.

Immediately the bell of the library rang loudly. Everybody knew the sound of Sir Arthur's bell.

"Go!" said Lady Ashmore, imperiously.

And Lady Janet arose and left the stately drawing-room, and went down the grand staircase, and so on to the long, lofty room, where Sir Arthur awaited her.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A HUGE fire burnt in the wide grate, for Sir Arthur, like Lady Ashmore, was not well acclimatized to the chilly Welsh summer. The baronet sat in a purple velvet chair, with carved oak frame, corresponding with the ceiling and the bookcase, and the high and elaborate oak mantel-shelf. Handsome Sir Arthur always was, despite his sixty odd years; but there was a stern look now upon the dark, chiselled face which Lady Janet had seldom seen there before. Once when, as a child, she had sat in a corner of the dining-room, playing with her dolls, and her grand-parents sat at dessert, she had heard the name mentioned of her dead aunt Caroline, and she had seen the same hard expression on the mouth, with its iron-gray fringe of moustache, that she saw there now. She approached her grandfather, after carefully closing the heavy oak door of the library, and she stood in the full blaze of the fire on the tiger-skin rug.

"Janet," said Sir Arthur, "I have received an insolent anonymous letter."

"Have you, grandpapa?"

Her heart beat fast; her spirit quailed with the dread of what might come next.

"About you, Janet."

"About *me*, grandpapa?"

"Don't echo me, please. Yes; it relates to you. It states that you have compromised yourself terribly. That you give secret meetings to that rascal of a student who pulled you and old Spindler out of the water. Janet, if it is true, it had been better that he had let you drown."

"Grandpapa!" Her voice was raised in pleading and in terror.

Sir Arthur arose from the velvet chair, and paced the length of the room, down to the end among the shadows. There was only one lamp alight on the heavy corner table, and that was shaded, so that there was a bright space around the fire, but the end of the room was in gloom.

Lady Janet peered fearfully down among the shadows, and awaited the reappearance of her grandfather in the glow of the flames, with a palpitating heart.

At last he stood by her side, and asked her, sternly:

"Is this tale true?"

"Grandpapa!"

"Silence!" he thundered. "Is this tale true or false? You have good blood in your veins—you should be truthful. A gentlewoman—an English gentlewoman—is always truthful; if she is not, she deserves to go down and take her place among the common herd. Now, then, Lady Janet Eustace, the truth, if you please. Are you sending letters to that scamp—walking with him in the woods and plantations? If you have done these things confess—confess at once, and we will see what can be done. First, I will undertake to have the scamp horse-whipped by some of my gamekeepers; next, I will hurry you off with your future mother-in-law, Lady Chandos, to France, where she intends to spend the autumn and winter; then, in the spring, she will bring you back to London, and you and William Challoner will be married from the house in Grosvenor Square. I wish to hear the truth, so that this scoundrel may have his punishment. He thinks to marry an heiress; by Heaven!" and Sir Arthur smiled a grim and cruel smile, "I will make a codicil to my will to-morrow, and the Pendowen lawyer shall have it drawn up and stamped, that not one farthing of my property descends to you unless you become William Challoner's wife—not one farthing!"

Sir Arthur struck the heavy oaken table with his clenched hand.

Lady Janet shrank and shivered, and covered her eyes with her hands.

So died away all chance of her ever being happy with her Max, for the girl would no more have consented to endure poverty than she would have walked into a lion's jaws.

"Why should I confess what will put my cruel grandfather into a still worse rage?" asked her cowardly young ladyship of her trembling heart. "Besides, he will set some wretches on to beat poor Max."

To do Lady Janet justice, fears for the safety of Max impelled her to falsehood as much as her own dread of being shipped off to France, under the supervision of the worthy, straight-laced Countess of Chandos.

"It is all a wicked falsehood, grandpapa," cried My Lady Janet; and then waxing bold in falsehood, she added, volubly: "You really frightened me so at first I could not imagine what you meant. I have only spoken to *that man* twice or three times; I am sure he would not presume to raise his thoughts to *me*. I should like to know who has written this horrid anonymous letter. Who can it be, grandpapa?"

"Impossible to say," replied the baronet; "the thing came by post this afternoon; the man went into Pendowen for our mail-bag, and this pleasant composition was among the other letters. You can read it for yourself if you like."

He went to a desk, took out a letter, and handed it to the still pallid and trembling girl.

Lady Janet went close to the lamp and examined the letter. A square, large envelope, directed in a masculine hand to—

"*Sir Arthur Ashmore,*
Atherstone,
Pendowen,
North Wales."

The post-mark was Pendelly, a small mountain town in the mining district, about five miles beyond Pendowen.

"Take it out and read it," commanded Sir Arthur.

Lady Janet obeyed.

The letter was written on stout cream-laid note-paper; it was scented with a faint odour of dried rose-leaves; the writing was that of a man, clear, bold, and large:—

"SIR ARTHUR ASHMORE,—

"You are a proud man, a rich, man, a man to value all earthly honours at more than their real value, a man to despise all that is poor, and sick, and mean, and suffering, and low-born—an aristocrat to your well-gloved finger-tips. Sir Arthur Ashmore, the writer of this has to the full as much pride as you have, but 'tis of a different calibre; of that anon. Now to business. You have a fair grandchild, and she is loved to distraction by two men, the Right Honourable Lord William Challoner and Max William Carstairs, son of a nobody, student at Charing Cross Hospital; his aunt keeps a lodging-house in a dingy street in Bloomsbury. This young man is clever, ambitious, handsome, but above all desperately enamoured of My Lady Janet. She is fascinated by his beauty, which makes red-haired Lord William hideous by comparison. Well, Sir Arthur Ashmore, let your pride like it or dislike it, these silly young people have plighted their troth to each other; they meet, they walk together linked arm-and-arm; before they part they embrace as modest lovers do who are betrothed with the will and sanction of their parents. Their love-story is a very pretty poem in itself, but may be most inconvenient in its consequences. It would not astonish the writer of this epistle if one fine morning you, Sir Arthur Ashmore, should awaken to find the bird flown, the cage empty, My Lady Janet and Max Carstairs departed by the earliest train for London, and then will come penitent letters from the pretty bride. Sir Arthur Ashmore, you would let them starve, and rejoice in their sufferings, and soon it would happen that your wounded pride would kill you as a blight kills the corn; therefore, Sir Arthur, be up and doing, question your niece, watch her, hurry on her marriage with Lord William of the red head and broad acres. Take warning from one who loves you not, fears you not, hates you not, but would fain avert sorrow from two reckless children, and a second humiliation from that haughty old man, Sir Arthur Ashmore, Bart.

"Yours to command,
"AN HONEST PERSON."

Lady Janet read this extraordinary effusion twice before she spoke, and there rose up in her mind the vision of the veiled woman.

"She, whoever she is, is the author of that letter," thought My Lady Janet; but she did not speak; she folded up the letter, then she said, slowly—difficulties were making her young ladyship very cunning—"I thought that you never heeded anonymous letters, grandpapa?"

"This is an extraordinary letter, Janet. I cannot imagine the writer's motive. Will you declare to me on the honour of an Ashmore—your mother was an Ashmore—that all that horrible, disgraceful story is false?"

"Every word of it, grandpapa."

Lady Janet had now regained her usual high-bred composure: her young heart beat no faster, her young cheek glowed no hotter, while she told this deliberate falsehood. She was watched, and she must break off with Max, and hide what was past. Perhaps in a few months' time Sir Arthur might forget all about this horrid letter, and she and Max might meet in London—perhaps, said her vacillating heart; meanwhile she must be prepared to deny any charge that might be laid against her.

"Very well, Janet, I must believe you," said Sir Arthur. "Of course the author of that letter must be the scoundrel Carstairs himself. He shall suffer for it."

"Grandpapa!" Lady Janet's voice rose high in her surprise and pain.

"Don't scream, please. Of course it is he, and none other. The fellow tried to create an impression; failing that, he has written that letter to annoy me, and punish you for your contempt. I see it quite plainly. If I catch him in the grounds he shall be ducked in the horse-pond. Now, Janet, go; to-morrow I shall alter my will, and make it public that I have done so, so that I may put a stop to all these upstart wretches airing their vulgar graces in hopes of exciting admiration. Be a good girl; you and William shall be married in the spring."

Lady Janet walked out of the room holding her head high. All she had gained was that she would not be sent to France with the Countess of Chandos.

* * * * *

Clare Fleurelands thought of Max Carstairs all the day following the ball. If he had been fascinated by her, she had been more than fascinated by him. He seemed to her warm, pure fancy, a hero—a king among men. His thoughts were as her thoughts—his ways as her ways. Kindred spirits these, whom the beauty and the blandishments of My Lady Janet had separated. But Clare knew nothing of My Lady Janet's love-passages with Max; she believed him heart-whole, and she said to herself that whoever the woman was that should win his love, would possess a treasure above the value of a Prince's ransom.

On the second evening after the ball Clare went for a quiet ramble out of Pendowen, and across a moor, which led to the lonely cot of old Rebecca, her *protegée*. Suddenly she heard loud, angry voices, and the savage growl of a dog.

[To be continued.]

"My Lady Janet" commenced in No. 672 and Part CLXV.

A NEW prison-chaplain was recently appointed in a certain town. He was a man who greatly magnified his office, and, entering one of the cells on his first round of inspection, he, with much pomposity, thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it: "Well, sir, do you know who I am?"—"No, nor I dinna care," was the nonchalant reply.—"Well, I'm your new chaplain."—"Oh, ye are! Weel, I hae heard o' ye before."—"And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity.—"Well, I heard that the last twa kirks ye were in ye preached them baith empty; but I'll be hanged if ye find it such an easy maitter to do the same wi' this ane!"

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PASTIMES.

DECAPITATION.

When whole, I am a subject that's oft the school-boy's dread,
As he toils along with ink and pen, and works his weary head.
Divide me now in two, in equal parts it cannot be,
In the first an article appears, in the rest myself you'll see.

Curtailed I am a pronoun, by no gender am I known,
Single I have never been, old Murray has plainly shown.
Beheaded and curtailed, a border then I am,
Not made by beauteous Flora's hand, but oft by toil-worn woman.

F. L. P. B.

CONUNDRUM.

What is that which everybody must have and nobody can buy?

H. W.

CHARADES.

1.

My first will show an erring race,
My second glides along the stream,
Whole I am said to have a face,
But that, perchance, is but a dream.
Amongst the myths I have a place,
With witchcraft's spells I shrieking teem.

E. C. S.

2.

A body corporate my first you'll see,
My next in every house should be,
My whole is where my first oft meets,
And dignitaries take their seats.

E. C. S.

BURIED NAMES.

(*Heroines of the Y. L. J.*)

1.

Do not fear, Ned, enter.

2.

Take a Sally Lun, Di. Never mind those biscuits.

3.

Would you consider Nell a pretty girl?

4.

Is Ol a good boy to-day?

5.

"She is on the hill," I answered.

6.

Can you dance a jig, Wyndam?

K. Y. M.

PYRAMID PUZZLE.

One fifth of break, an animal, a fruit, a bird, hesitating. The centrals read downwards and across will give a fruit.

C.

SOLUTIONS OF PASTIMES IN No. 685.

DECAPITATION.—House, Ouse, use.

DECAPITATION AND TRANSPOSITION.—Cleave, leave, eave, cave.

BURIED POETS AND POETRESSES.—1, Johnson. 2. Cook.

ENIGMA.—The letter I.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS GENERALLY.

As our Correspondence has greatly increased with the increased popularity of our Journal, and as further space cannot be spared in the Journal for replies thereto, we purpose from this date to answer questions of immediate importance *by post within a few days of their receipt. A stamped, addressed envelope must be forwarded for the reply, and in no case shall we answer in envelopes addressed to be left at a post-office. Our subscribers must not expect us to reply by post to questions that are not of urgent importance.*

In future we shall not insert requests for the words of songs or poems unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope, with the nom de plume *of the sender and the name of the song, &c., required, written inside the envelope.*

MAGGIE MAY.—The nose machine, sold by Messrs. Ross, High Holborn, London, might alter the shape of the soft cartilage of the nose, especially in a young child.

JESSICA.—(1) In order to properly alter straw hats and bonnets you would need to apprentice yourself to a straw hat maker, as there is much more to learn than you can possibly be aware of. (2) You can purchase blocks of the plaster-cast makers in Leather Lane, Holborn. (3) You will not find the following information of much use to you, unless you understand other branches of the business. To Dye Straw Bonnets:—Black: Boil 2 lb logwood and ½ lb fustic together for four hours; boil the bonnets in this first, then add ¼ lb green copperas to the above mixture, and reboil the articles one hour longer; expose them to the air for ten minutes, place them in the liquid again for an hour; dry and brush. This will dye twelve bonnets. Gray: Boil ¾ oz of cudbear for three hours, add 2 oz blue paste; mix with as much water as will cover the bonnets; let them remain in soak ten clear days; rinse and dry, and they are ready for blocking. This is enough for six bonnets. Brown: ½ lb fustic chips, ¼ lb peach-wood, ½ oz madder; boil these four hours; add ½ lb green copperas; boil for two hours; dry and brush.

EXCELSIOR.—(1) You can use nothing better than glycerine. (2) Mr. Muddiman's "Spanish Wash" would have the effect you desire; you will find his advertisement on the covers of our Journal. (3) Touch the warts about three times a week with lunar caustic until they disappear. (4) Delectable jujubes, which can be purchased at any chemist's, are much used by public speakers and singers for clearing the voice. (5) The engaged ring is usually worn on the third finger of the left hand.

MARY ANNE.—Hot spices of any kind are injurious to eat in excess.

MAUD B.—Anything that will increase the growth of the hair will, doubtless, have the same effect on the eyebrows.

A HERMIT.—(1) We are unable to tell you. (2) Yes, unless they sell their MSS. to a publisher for a sum agreed upon. It is not possible to answer your question as to cost of publication. (3) The wallflower is the emblem of fidelity in adversity. (4) From 6d. upwards. (5) See our Notice to Contributors over this page.

JENNY B.—(1) *Recipe for Preserved Rhubarb:* To every 1 lb of rhubarb allow 1 lb loaf sugar, the rind of half a lemon. Take off the peel of the rhubarb, cut it into long thin pieces about one inch in length; put it into an earthen jar, and cover it with a sufficient weight of sugar; stir it up, and let it remain all night; in the morning strain off the juice, and boil it in a preserving-pan until it forms syrup, then put in the rhubarb and pieces of lemon finely minced; boil about three-quarters of an hour. (2) *Plum Cake:* 1 lb flour, ¼ lb butter, 1 lb sugar, ½ lb currants, 2 oz candied lemon peel, half a pint of milk, one teaspoonful of ammonia or carbonate of soda. Put the flour, sugar, currants, and peel into a basin, beat the butter to a cream, and mix it with the other ingredients; stir in the milk, then add the carbonate of soda or ammonia; beat the whole well together; bake in a buttered tin. (3) *Sweet Sauce for Puddings:* Half a pint of melted butter made with milk, three table-spoonfuls of sugar, flavouring of lemon peel or nutmeg. (4) *Blackberry Jelly:* Gather the berries when they are quite ripe and dry; put them into a jar, and crush them with a wooden spoon; place this jar, covered, in a pan of boiling water. When the juice is well drawn, strain through a hair sieve, and allow to every pint of juice ¾ lb loaf sugar; blanch some peach kernels, and add them to the juice, as they very much improve the flavour; boil in a preserving-pan three-quarters of an hour. (5) *Baked Tomatoes:* Eight or ten tomatoes; pepper and salt to taste; 2 oz butter. Put the tomatoes whole into a pie-dish with sufficient pepper and salt to flavour them, and butter in the proper proportion; cover the whole with bread crumbs; drop over these a little of the butter; bake for twenty minutes. (6) Mushrooms may be dressed like the tomatoes, leaving out the bread crumbs. (7) The quantity of salt used in making bread must be regulated by taste.

A. H. H.—(1) We have been told on the best authority that there is no way of preventing the growth of superfluous hairs. (2) All answers to correspondents are quite gratuitous in this Journal.

ELIZA B.—(1) Early rising, and as much out-door exercise as possible, will be most likely to render your complexion clear and fresh-looking. (2) Unless the ink is washed off directly it is spilled on the wood, it is impossible to remove it, except by scraping, then polishing over it. (3) Yes.

LIZZIE H.—Messrs. J. and H. Mintorn, 106, New Bond Street, supply wax for flower modelling.

JACQUETTA SWISSE.—(1) We do not know the piece of music you inquire about. (2) Long dresses would be most suitable for a girl of the height you mention. (3) No. (4) Music sent to us for approval must be neatly written on manuscript music-paper. (5) Influenza is a severe cold in the head.

WILLIE'S PET.—See answer No. 1 to "Marie," Correspondents' page of No. 685.

ROBERTSON.—The unpleasantness you name doubtless arises from a disordered state of the stomach: a few doses of cooling medicine might remedy it; if not, it would be best to consult a medical man.

MISS D. (Dingwall).—You can obtain tracing materials and work begun for Roman embroidery from Mr. Bedford, 46, Goodge Street, Tottenham Court Road.

AN ENGINEER'S DARLING.—(1) If you ask to see a postal-guide at any post-office, they would show you one; they are published every three months for 6d. through a bookseller, or by post for 7½d.; as the dates vary for foreign posts, it would be of no use for us to reply to your question, as another guide would be out before you see this. (2) It is usually indicative of an unhealthy condition of the stomach, and sometimes is the result of excessive nervousness. (3) We are unable to tell you. (4) It indicates weakness and debility, tonic medicine is probably needed. (5) We do not believe in luck, whether good or bad. (6) See our Fashion Supplements. (7) Tilleul (lime blossom), mandarine, and various shades of yellow; Sultan is also a fashionable colour, and all shades of gray and brown for morning-dress.

LEILA.—You will, no doubt, find Mr. Rimmel's Venetian Fluid what you require: the price is 6s. per bottle.

IDA ST. C.—We cannot insert the information you desire us to do, as it would merely be an advertisement, and we do not insert advertisements in the Correspondence pages of this Journal.

W. E. S.—Your pastimes are accepted with thanks.

E. and F. are thanked for answer to query. Pastimes declined with thanks.

DR. D.—Many thanks for your kind answer to query.

W. A. N., POLLIE, J. C., GUERNSEY, and M. S. are thanked for answers to queries.

J. D. A.—Your decapitation is accepted with thanks. Your double acrostic is imperfect.

CARLOTTA.—Your pastimes are accepted with thanks.

QUERIES.

ISIE would feel much obliged if any reader will send her the words of a song called "A Dream," also "Sweethearts."

ANSWER TO QUERY.

A PUZZLED ONE.—In reference to the following lines:—

"A handless man a letter did write;
The dumb dictated it word for word;
He who read it had lost his sight;
And deaf was he who listened and heard,"

E. and F. beg to submit the following answer:—

"A man with one hand the letter wrote,
Dictated by Mr. Dumb;
A man with one eye read it throughout,
And Mr. Deaf heard it done."

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor desires to call the attention of intending contributors to the following rules respecting the transmission of MSS.:—

1.—Original contributions only are acceptable.

2.—Stories of more than 400 printed lines in length cannot be accepted.

3.—Contributions must be written on one side of the paper only.

4.—Each contribution must bear on the first page the sender's name and address.

5.—Every letter of inquiry or otherwise respecting contributions must contain the full title of such contributions.

6.—In no case can the Editor undertake the task of passing an opinion upon the merits or defects of poems or stories submitted to him; nor can he specify the reasons which may influence him in rejecting any contribution.

7.—Private letters cannot be sent respecting MSS. Each MS. will be attended to in regular order, and the result notified in this page of the Journal.

8.—As MSS. are sent voluntarily, the Editor will not hold himself responsible for their safe return; but when a stamped, addressed wrapper accompanies the contribution, care will be taken to have such contribution duly posted, in the event of its rejection.

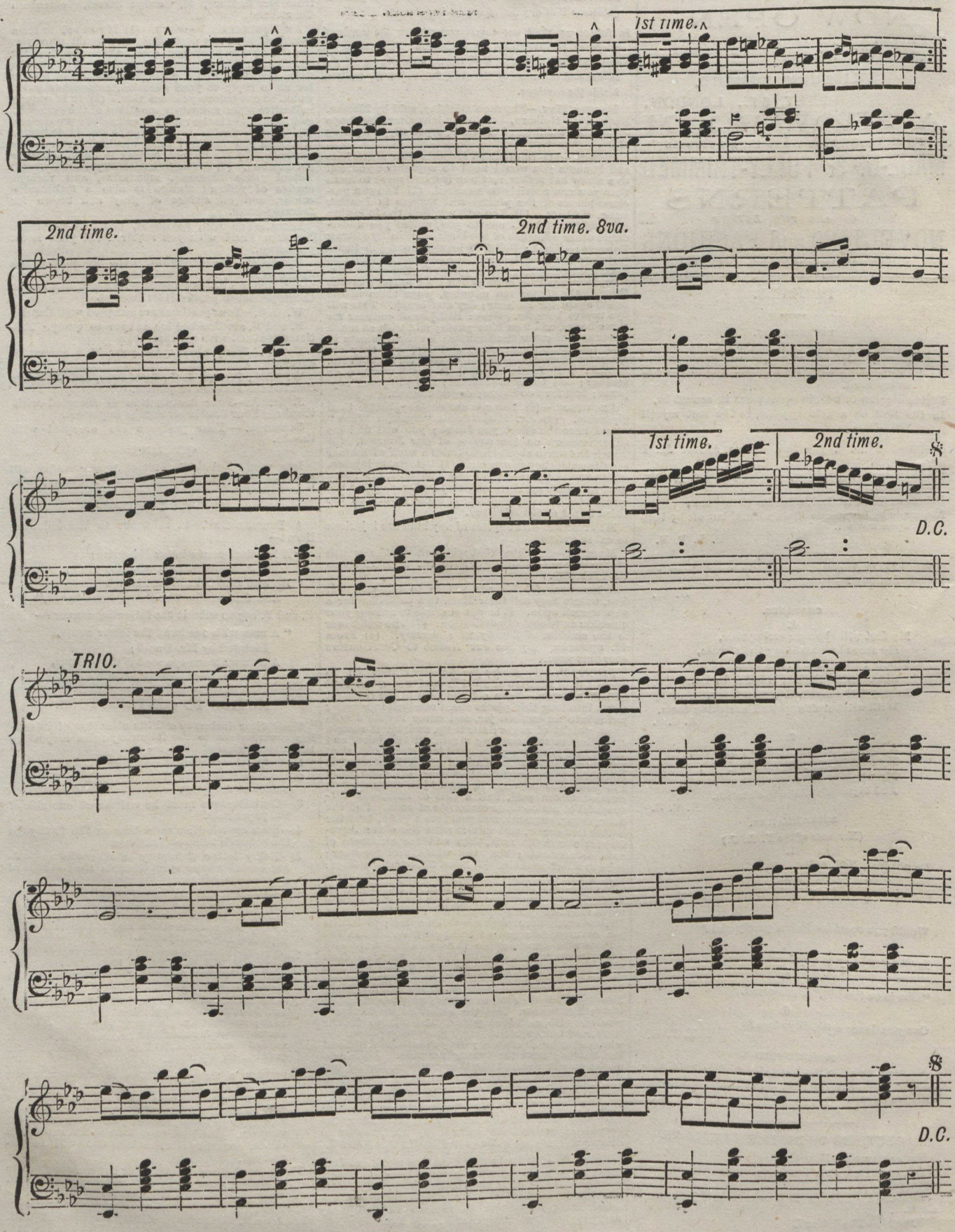
9.—When a stamped, addressed wrapper is not sent, the MS. will remain for SIX MONTHS at the office, after notification in the *Y. L. J.*, where they will be obtainable upon application, either personally or by letter, inclosing stamped, addressed wrapper. All MSS. unclaimed at the expiration of six months after notification will be destroyed.

10.—Contributors who think fit to ignore any of the preceding rules must not complain if they find their MSS. are not attended to.

London: E. HARRISON, Salisbury Ct., Fleet St., E.C.

Polka Mazurka—Flowers of Spring.

COMPOSED FOR THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL BY G. KALKBRENNER.



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THE
YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL
AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

LORD CECIL HURRIED DOWN THE CLUB STEPS, HAILED A PASSING HANSOM, AND DROVE TO THE DETECTIVE'S RESIDENCE.

NOT LOVED, YET WEDDED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GWYN."

CHAPTER XXX.

DARKENING CLOUDS.

"My lord," said the Earl's valet, "I have given the necessary orders, and all will be ready——"

"Countermand the orders, Delpierre," interrupted Gerard; "I have met some friends here, and shall not go to-morrow."

Delpierre obeyed, wondering at the brightness of his master's countenance and change of manner. What uncertain people these English milords were!

Ah, halcyon days those were! sweet paradise—an Olympus, where all was nectar and ambrosia. Yet Gerard was not content. He felt happiness near his grasp; still, his fingers had not really clutched it.

Thus, one evening, while at Mentone, he resolved to learn his fate. They had been strolling on the shore, which the tiny waves lapped with musical kisses. The moon, just rising, though not seen, gave a silvery gleam to the twilight; while a land-breeze wafted out to the little pleasure-boats dotting the waters, some lazily in motion, others resting on the oars; ex-

quisite the perfume of lemon and orange-trees.

Finally, the party, perceiving the lights taken in the drawing-room of Lord Santyre's villa, moved in that direction, when, calling her attention to some object in the bay, Gerard detained Lucille behind.

"It is very beautiful, especially on so splendid a night," remarked Lady Westbrook, in a low, murmuring voice, as in harmony with the scene; "I shall grieve to leave it."

"And I—I," said Gerard, "must go to-morrow."

"To-morrow!"

He felt her little hand tighten on his arm, as she lifted her eyes, surprised, to his. Then, commanding herself, she went on:

"This is sudden, my lord. I trust no bad news——"

"No—no," broke in Gerard, quickly, somewhat nervously. "The truth is that I find I must not, dare not, remain, Lady Westbrook. For my happiness I dare not, unless—unless——"

He paused, but Lucille made no sign to speak. Her head was bent. He regarded her with an eager longing, then, in thrilling, fervent passion, ejaculated:

"Lucille, I go, because I love you! In you my future misery or joy is centred. Can you bid me depart?"

Silence!

He felt she was trembling. What an agony of suspense were those brief seconds! Then the sweet, pure eyes were looking frankly into his, the coral lips murmuring words of life:

"You must not go! I bid you remain!"

They were alone. A kind shadow had swept over the land. He clasped her to his breast. Gently her head rested against his shoulder. Stooping, he kissed her brow; then, as he gazed on her blushing, lovely face, he whispered, in accents of intense rapture, the words of Marlowe:

"'Oh! thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars!
Ah! my love—my darling!'"

Who could portray the bliss of that stillness, broken only by the musical lap of the waves singing an io-peon?

A week later the *Morning Post* announced the engagement of Lady Westbrook and Gerard, Earl of Lethrington.

"I always told you so!" commented Mrs. Grundy, wagging her head with much self-satisfaction.

* * * * *

Everyone who was at all interested in the matter, either as observer or actor, exclaimed:

"What a pity! What a different morning from the first Countess of Lethrington's wedding-day!"

Marriage! Yes, two months have rolled by, and Madame Delacour's best hands, and Messrs. Cater and Rout's brisk young men, are exceedingly busy. Another household is in a state of fluttering excitement. But sunshine, warm and golden, had flooded the London streets on Esmer's bridal morn; rain, persistent, and dismal, on Lucille's.

"It's a bad omen," whispered the superstitious portion of the guests.

"In that case," remarked the sceptical, "the sun that shone on the previous union should have been a good one; yet recollect the sad result."

No such foreboding ideas visited Lady Westbrook; the happiness of her own heart was too intense to be affected by the vagaries of an English climate. She sighed once, though, as Mademoiselle Fantine placed the lace veil over her head, and she regarded her appearance in the mirror. The sigh, too, was one of regret. She grieved that Maria Saproni, for whom her affection had been augmented by admiration, was not there at that moment.

All the Marquis's search for the Italian had proved in vain; neither had Lord Cecil been more successful. Uselessly had Mr. Noah Seacum sought, frequently creating delusive hopes, rather to keep the matter afloat than from any tangible foundation. Maria had disappeared, apparently beyond finding.

For a year Lord Cecil, hoping against hope—fighting against despair—had striven to trace her retreat. After that, seemingly, he had given up the matter; but his uncle, who watched him carefully, saw, with regret, that he made no matrimonial advances to any of the marriageable young ladies in his own sphere.

As to Captain Lascelles, he found his patron's society neither as amusing or profitable; the young nobleman having grown serious, and taken an aversion to the extravagant luxuries and pleasures of youth upon which the officer fed.

Whether Cecil had really renounced all hope of finding Maria, or his affection had wearied and changed, none could tell; the secret was buried in his own breast. Even the Captain, after the other's marked reticence, dared not inquire.

Lord Carisford might possibly have made a confidante of his cousin; but her sudden and unaccountable indifference respecting the whereabouts of the Italian had offended as much as it had astonished him.

About the end of the twelve months, however, a Lady Flora Desmond had appeared in society, a beautiful, lively Irish girl of scarcely eighteen, with bright, pleasant manners, marked by a charming *naïveté*. Her sparkling, merry, blue eyes had speedily attracted around her a little circle of admirers, among whom soon was Cecil, evidently drawn by her magical influence.

Lord Santyre observed this with considerable delight, and he decided the old love was indeed dead, when, while her lively Irish ladyship was on a visit to Lucille, he came upon Lady Flora and Cecil *en tête-à-tête*.

She was seated on a low chair, winding silk, the skein of which was spanned by my lord's aristocratic hands, as he reclined on a large, silky rug at her feet, his eyes raised to hers in evident content and amusement.

"Hercules at the feet of Omphale!" smiled the Marquis, retiring on tip-toe. "The course of the mountain torrent has been turned; I leave its direction to the magic of Lady Flora's 'witching glances."

Thus, when Lord Santyre, forming his party to visit Italy, persuaded Lady Flora, with her aunt, to join it, he was not at all surprised that Cecil proposed to accompany them.

Abroad, they must of necessity be thrown much together, and what better to create lovers than that. Nevertheless, though Lady Flora and Cecil flirted together to desperation, and quarrelled merely for the pleasure of making it up again, almost like real lovers, Lord Carisford never whispered the first person, present tense, of the verb which forms the axis upon which human life turns—"I love," into Lady Flora's ear, and they returned to London with it yet unspoken.

"I positively thought Cecil would have proposed," remarked the Earl, regretfully, to Lucille.

"It is not too late yet, my lord," she smiled. "Recollect there is something, they say, contagious in weddings. Flora is to be my chief bridesmaid, and Cecil performs the part of Gerard's best man. Let us wait for the result. I feel sure he cares for her. He treats no one to such attention; while I found them whispering together most confidentially the other day. Certainly she does not repulse him."

"Repulse! on the contrary, her eyes brighten under his glance, her laugh is always merriest when he is by. Well, I hope it will all turn out as we wish."

"When it does, I shall advertise for Maria, my lord. I must, *I will* find her," remarked Lady Westbrook, whose affection for the Italian had increased rather than decreased, and now, at this important period of her life, she wished for her friend to be there.

Her toilet completed, and the hour arrived. Lucille descended, and soon was being driven, with Lord Santyre, to the church.

Just within the edifice Gerard stood waiting her. All the gravity had vanished from his features; never had he looked handsomer, happier. Those two years, with their trouble, had fled from his brow. A man may talk love for a week, yet fail to express its pure intensity as much as he may by a single glance.

So with the Earl—his eyes beamed with fond pride as, his blushing bride on his arm, he led her to the altar.

Once more Lucille listened to the marriage rite, but now as a principal. Then she, as had Esmer Mortmain, rose up Countess of Lethrington.

None of that indescribable depression from which Esmer had suffered was hers; yet she was to be subjected to a brief but trying ordeal before all was concluded. It came as she leaned over the register to sign her name.

Abruptly the pen trembled in her fingers—it fell from them—while every vestige of colour fled from her cheek.

Gerard, alarmed lest she was about to faint, approached to support her; but turning from him, in a hurried whisper, she addressed the Marquis:

"My lord," she said, "what name am I to sign?"

"Not Brand, of course, my love—but Westbrook; the one the laws of the country have made yours. Since then it is your only name and no other."

Lucille drew a long breath, evidently of relief, retook the pen, and, in firm characters for a bride, wrote "Lucille Westbrook."

So recently returned from the Continent, it had been arranged that the honeymoon should be spent at the English lakes, and concluded at Lethrington.

In all the days to come Gerard and Lucille never enjoyed more exquisite happiness than at that period, when, each the sole but all-sufficient companion of the other, they wandered on the margin of the silvery lakes, or sat dreamily side by side on some heathery hill, with a panorama of exquisite loveliness spread before their gaze, warmed by golden sunshine, or softened into purple by advancing twilight.

During this time the Earl, imagining it would please his wife, had suggested her visiting her old home, her father's rectory. But thanking him for the forethought, Lucille had expressed no such desire, giving no reason.

Finally they turned their faces homeward, and one bright afternoon reached Gerard's ancestral home, where triumphal arches, flower-strewn roads, and a prosperous tenantry were waiting to receive them.

As Lucille sat by her husband's side, tears in her beautiful eyes, her cheek glowing with delight, she murmured:

"Oh! Gerard, I am so happy! These tenantry are mine now. It shall be my endeavour to make them love me as they love you."

Then the husband and wife found repose within the Hall, when, she leaning on his arm, with fond, natural pride, Gerard escorted her over Lethrington, resting on the terrace overlooking the lawn, belted by ancient oaks, also the centuries-old avenue on the left, and to the right the pretty village of Lethrington, a mile away, with its little church on the hill-side, keeping as it were spiritual watch and ward.

Lucille sighed as her eyes rested on the latter.

"Poor Lady Esmer!" she murmured; "how, Gerard, dearest, she would have enjoyed this moment, even as I!"

The Earl, too, sighed as his arm stole gently round his wife's slender waist.

"You are mistaken, darling," he rejoined. "Fate destined the poor, unfortunate child to enjoy nothing. Nature had implanted in her breast a poison to embitter all her existence. She could hope; she was ambitious; but its realization palled."

"She loved you, Gerard!" exclaimed his wife, raising her wondering eyes.

"I know not—I fear not. Hers was a sad, brief life, rendered so by her own disposition. Why, my dearest, should not you know it? and what time could be better than this?"

Drawing her closer yet, he told her everything.

"And you did not promise?" she inquired, wistfully, as he concluded.

"No, darling; Heaven willed it otherwise, aware of the happiness it had in store for me, though so unworthy."

"Unworthy, my Gerard!"

She laid her cheek fondly against his breast, and lovingly he kissed the perfumed hair so near his lips.

The weeks glided on, neither husband nor wife tiring of the calm, uneventful existence at the Hall, until one day Gerard, entering the Countess's boudoir, coming and leaning over her chair, said, smiling:

"My darling, this lotus-eating life of ours is doomed to cease. Here," and he held them forth, "is a sheaf of angry letters, calling me recreant, sluggard, enervated Capuan, I know not what, for slighting my parliamentary duties, especially at such a period. What shall I do? Burn them, or——"

"Obey?" she smiled, bending back to place her arm about his neck. "The latter, dearest. I am no Omphale to wish my Hercules to play a distaff, nor a Delilah to wish him to lose his strength, and be derided by his enemies. No; I am too proud of him. Gerard, we have been selfish too long; no one in this world should live for himself alone. We will go to town."

So the Earl's house in Mayfair having been already put in order for their reception, Gerard and his bride quitted the Hall for it.

They had been in London about a week, when, as they sat at breakfast, Lucille, looking up from a newspaper she had been perusing, said:

"Are you particularly engaged this afternoon Gerard? If not, I should be so glad if you would accompany me to the Royal Academy? Here is the second notice, and it speaks so highly of Millais' picture that I long to see it."

"Well, my love, the fact is, unfortunately, that I have much correspondence to-day. Also I have to examine a motion which our party in the Lower House laid on the table last night. If any other afternoon would suit you ——"

"Do not say another word, Gerard. Of course any day will suit me equally as well. Pray do not look so repentant," she smiled. "Think no more of the matter."

If women were wise, they would perceive, though Lucille did it from no such motive, such a sweet, ready compliance, such a recognition that a husband may have weightier affairs to attend to at times than escorting his wife to amusement, were the very means for them to obtain what they desire.

Thus, instead of the Earl's not thinking of it again, an hour later, joining his wife in the morning-room, he said:

"Lucille, we will go to Burlington House this afternoon. Nay, no demur; I have made all arrangements. My secretary can see to most of the correspondence."

There was but one way a wife could answer such a fond attention to her wish, and Lucille adopted that. If she had only known to what this yielding on his part was to lead, she would have cowered beneath his gaze, shrunk from his touch; instead, smiling, she answered:

"I will not be ungrateful enough to blame, but thank you. I shall enjoy the pictures more than ever now, and it is so glorious a day. Ah——"

Hardly had she uttered the words than the sunshine in the room gave place to a chill, gray gloom. Lucille shivered and turned pale.

"If—if I were superstitious I should take that as prophetic," she remarked forcing a smile.

"Silly child," laughed her husband; "it is but a passing cloud—see, the sun yet shines behind."

He drew her to the window, and there before the luminary of day was a splendid mass of dark cloud, its edges all golden, however, like a beadle's cape.

"If sorrow must come let us always remember, love, there are golden linings. Behold, let this be prophetic, too, my superstitious little wife."

As he concluded the cloud had drifted away, and a flood of glorious sunshine enveloped the two.

The luncheon ended, they were driven to Burlington House. The year's exhibition was a remarkably good one, and with real appreciative delight the Earl and Countess strolled through the rooms.

"You must really have some refreshment now, Lucille," remarked Gerard, as they turned to retrace their steps. "Though pleasurable, nothing is so fatiguing as picture-gazing. I am sure you must be faint."

A protest was on her lips, when across the other side of the doorway they were approaching there passed a gentleman, at whose appearance Lucille's tongue grew paralysed. Her eyes became dilated with horror and surprise; the colour dropped from her cheeks, leaving them bloodless. At the same instant, a gentleman following the other, clapping him on the shoulder, exclaimed gaily:

"I say Selwyn, my right noble captain, where are your eyes? You have passed Alma Tadema's picture after all."

And to her wild relief both turned in a contrary direction to where she was. All had occurred so instantaneously that Gerard, a second after, looking upon his wife, never divined the real cause of the pallor which filled him with alarm.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated, "my love you are ill?"

"No—no—it is nothing; that is, you are right, the afternoon is fatiguing, and I feel faint," she murmured."

How gladly would she have sought the oblivion of unconsciousness; but fear forced her to throw it off; she must avoid attracting notice, and she must quit the rooms without delay.

"Please let me go home," she pleaded; "let me get into the fresh air!"

Entreating for only that, refusing refreshment, drawing down her veil, keeping her face lowered, dreading to be recognised as she had recognised, leaning on the Earl's arm, she hastened to the carriage.

During the drive home, by a superhuman effort, Lucille forced herself to assume something of her usual manner, though her heart felt sick unto death.

Reaching the house, she ran so lightly upstairs as to remove Gerard's fond concern, and make him credit her assertion that "it was nothing."

But when in her own room, and the door locked, the pallid horror came again to her face; she dropped crouching to the floor, as if struck with a blow, and, her face raised piteously to Heaven, cried, in a grief too great for tears:

"Oh, Father, have mercy upon me! He is not dead—oh, after all, he is not dead, for to-day I have seen him! He lives—he lives! Walter Selwyn—my husband! What can I do? What must I do? Gerard! Gerard! Heaven aid me, or I must go mad!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

NEWS AT LAST.

During those two years which have been so cursorily touched, Maria Saproni's existence had flowed on uneventfully; a trifle monotonous, yet not altogether unpleasant. When she compared her present engagement with that of Lady Westbrook's, of course the difference was extreme. Nevertheless, Mrs. Mannering was too good-natured not to be liked; a kindly disposition formed an under-current to Miss Honoria's grand airs, while Cassandra's honest, outspoken *brusquerie* amused and won Maria. As to Hector, she rarely saw him, save if they chanced to meet on the stairs or in the passages.

The Italian performed her duties well, conscientiously, and with good temper, thus acquiring universal approval; while her refinement of beauty and manner, free of all conceit or assumption, could not fail to have its effect.

"Were you always a lady's-maid, signora?" one day questioned Cassandra, with habitual abruptness after she had been pondering over any subject.

Maria had been trying to bring the profuse but rather rebellious meshes of the young lady into some kind of fashionable order, during which Cassandra's large eyes had been attentively watching her in the glass.

"Yes; for some time," smiled Maria. "Why do you ask? Do you think me so unskilful?"

"Unskilful! Mamma says you are wonderful, and so praises you as to make all her lady friends envious. No; I didn't mean that. I meant whether you hadn't at any time been anything better. Like so many poor people say, you know, 'have seen better days.'"

Laughing, Maria shook her head. She and Cassandra were on a very friendly footing.

"No; I cannot boast of that," she replied. "My present position is higher than it has ever been. My parents were very—very poor."

"Humph!" remarked the girl, reflectively, "then there must be a great difference between poor Italians and poor English. Why, half the ladies I meet would give I know not what for such small, pretty hands as yours. By-the-by, I heard some one singing in mamma's boudoir yesterday, when she was out. Was it not you?"

"Yes; but I did not know anyone heard me."

"Else you would have stopped? Why, that is the very reason I should sing, if I had such a nice voice as yours. I love music, when it is good. It's droll, all Honoria's masters cannot make her sing like you, who were never taught."

"But I was taught for two years," responded Maria, quietly. "When very, very young, an Italian lady heard me sing, and was so delighted that she took me to her home. She had no children of her own, and both my parents were then dead, so she said she would adopt me. This infuriated her relations, for she was rich; but she did not care for that, and for two years she had me educated, and my voice cultivated."

"What a dear old lady!" cried Cassandra. "Why, signora, did you ever leave her?"

"Of my will I did not. Unfortunately for me she died suddenly. Her relations immediately arrived, and, finding she had left no will, vented their rage, which had been brooding in their hearts, against me, by turning me quite penniless into the streets. An old servant of the Signora Patrina, however, took compassion upon my desolate position, and I lived with her until I could obtain employment. I was poor; I could not burthen my old friend, so I accepted the first situation that offered, which was to attend a little girl of six; I was thirteen. From that I gradually rose," concluded Maria, with a smile which had in it a covert bitterness, "to be, at twenty, a lady's-maid."

"How romantic! It's quite as good as the novels I read. I'm sure you are handsome enough for a heroine. Can you guess of what I was thinking as I watched you in the glass just now, before I spoke?"

"Indeed, no; it would be difficult."

"That you might be a princess in disguise, and, signora, I begin to believe you are."

Maria burst into a laugh, full of genuine mirth.

"Oh, Miss Cassandra," she said, "if such a thing were only possible I should be a heroine, truly. But, unfortunately, there is no mystery in my parentage to carry out the idea; so I must be content with my lot," she smiled, as she gave the finishing touch to the young girl's hair, and concluded the conversation.

Ever after this, with Cassandra and Hector, whom she acquainted with the incident, Maria went by the name of the "disguised princess."

The Italian had one great source of pleasure: that was the society of Caroline Langton. The human heart, if properly organised, can no more live alone than the convolvulus grow to perfection without support. Thus, the young governess, hearing an account of Signora Saproni from Cassandra, had experienced a hope of finding in her one with whom she might break, occasionally, the monotony of her life.

This had led her to make the first advance, and Maria, governed by the same desire, eagerly caught at the friendship offered. Each soon recognised in the other one of a superior order. Maria saw in Caroline Langton a sweet, gentle woman—a lady in manner and education; the governess, in surprise, beheld one innately possessing the refinement of a higher class, and intellectually endowed.

In a brief space a very strong friendship sprang up between them; but—and each secretly wondered—it never went so far as that mutual confidence which so marks female intimacy.

Maria's bearing might certainly have led to the belief that she had, like the "needy knife grinder," nothing to tell; but it was different with Caroline Langton.

The Italian perceived that she evidently had some secret trouble: under her calm, even manner there surely was a sub-current of a hidden sorrow. It may have been a past grief, yet it still preyed on her heart, though, perhaps, it resembled a dull, wearing pain, to which the sufferer had grown so accustomed as to be ignorant of its presence, nevertheless it was destined to colour and over-shadow her whole existence.

When the governess smiled, the dove-like gray eyes never lost the dreamy sadness which lent a touching character to her fair face.

Before Maria had been long there Cassandra, the incorrigible, had already confidentially informed her of her belief that Miss Langton was secretly in love, an idea Maria inclined to, having once surprised her in tears, and gazing intently at something in her hand, which the Italian imagined was a miniature though the governess concealed it so rapidly that she could not be sure.

"If she love, poor girl," thought Maria, with a sigh, "I should fancy it is not merely hopeless, but that death has removed the dear object of affection. Those saint-like eyes look to have wept a dead love—

"'They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-strings.'"

She concluded, quoting John Ford:

"'Let me die smiling.'"

And she bravely did smile, though care and sorrow brooded in her own breast, from which the image of Lord Carisford was never absent. She felt it no shame now to harbour it there, for she knew that he would honourably have won, not insulted her.

Thus the two years had passed very calmly but uneventfully to Maria. She went rarely abroad, then veiled, having yet a fear of encountering Lady Westbrook or Cecil, but kept as much as she was able to the apartments wherein her duties laid.

One afternoon, a while after Lucille's marriage—the account of which she had read with much interest—Maria was seated at work in Mrs. Mannering's private sitting-room, the lady and her daughters being out for the whole day, and Caroline Langton having gone into Regent Street to make some purchases.

It was a balmy afternoon; the pleasant sound of children's voices rose from the square, and the Italian, seated near the open window, sang in a *mezzo voce* over her work.

Happening to raise her eyes, she did not immediately lower them again; but kept them fixed on the same spot where they had chanced to fall: that was upon the railings of the square, against which a man leaned, his face turned towards the houses.

"There he is still," she murmured, curiously. "He must have been there over an hour, I am sure. No doubt he is waiting for some one; if so, his temper must be a good one if he do not lose it at being so treated.

Bringing her attention back to her work, she was in the act of resuming it when she was arrested by the sound of light, hurried feet coming along the passage.

She knew not why, but there was something in the sound that made her start from her chair and open the door.

The person she beheld was, to her surprise, Caroline Langton. She had just thrown up her veil, as one in need of air; her face was deathly pale, and she staggered, as if near fainting.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Maria, alarmed. "Caroline, dear, what is the matter? You are ill. Come in here."

She had taken the other's arm, and now led her back into the sitting-room. The governess came passively. Her hand was pressed to her forehead, while her gaze was vague and stony.

"Thank Heaven! I am here at last," she murmured, dropping into a chair, and speaking to herself, not to Maria. "I thought my strength would have failed me long before. Now—now——"

The words died on her lips, and she slid to the floor insensible.

Though much alarmed, as she beheld her friend's still, pallid face, Maria refrained from summoning aid.

Instinctively she felt that whatever the cause of the governess's indisposition, she would hold it the greatest kindness for her to keep it from the household.

She was, consequently, much rejoiced that the unconsciousness was not of long duration. Scarcely five minutes had elapsed, when Caroline's eyes opened and stared bewilderedly about her.

"Where am I? Where is—where——" she asked, confusedly, and with an expression of fear.

Then, stopping, she covered her face, and shivered convulsively.

"Come, dear, you are better now," said Maria, in her sweet, soothing, sympathetic voice. "You have been frightened, have you not?"

"Yes," answered the governess, raising her head—"yes, frightened—frightened to death by a face. Oh!" with an abrupt cry, "what an unhappy, wretched being I am!"

She bowed her head again, bursting into a passion of tearless sobs. Her manner was so strange, so wild and vehement in its outbursts, that Maria began to feel seriously concerned, and to meditate if she should not summon help, when Caroline Langton again spoke, rapidly, but with more composure:

"Thank Heaven!—oh! thank Heaven on my knees, that no one has seen me save you, Maria. How could I have explained it all to Mrs. Mannering and her daughters? I cannot explain it even to you. It must remain a mystery, though I feel you are my friend—Heaven help me!—the only one I possess. Unaware of the reason, you, too, I am sure, will assist me, for—for I cannot leave this house again; that is, until I quit it for ever, and that I must do very, very soon."

"Leave here!" repeated Maria, wonderingly.

"Your eyes appeal for a reason, though your lips are mute," pleaded the poor girl in a paroxysm of despair, clasping the Italian's hand. "But do not ask—do not. Only I must leave here—I must, lest——"

Maria's countenance had grown quite calm and firm. She, with her stronger intellect, saw the need of it for her friend. The latter was a prey to a nervous terror, and required a firmer mind to rely upon.

Aware of her own pure purpose, free from all prying curiosity, she said, as the other stopped, at the same time placing her arm round her waist:

"Lest the person, whose face you have seen to-day, should find you. Is it not so?"

"Who told you that?" ejaculated the governess, raising her eyes in terror.

"Your own words, dear. Listen, Caroline: do you think we have been so long together—do you think I have felt so sincere a regard for you without discovering you have a secret sorrow? No, indeed; I have grieved for you; but would not seek a confidence which was not offered. But *now* I ask for that confidence for your good. You say I am your only friend; you are in trouble—evidently great trouble, and oh! the misery of possessing the burthen of a secret you may not whisper in another ear, and find relief from sympathy. Caroline, I, too, am alone in the world. I love you. Will you not trust me? Believe me, you may, and I will help you if I can."

There was a pause; then the other, throwing herself on the Italian's bosom, exclaimed:

"I will trust you, Maria. You have tempted me beyond my power to resist. How I have prayed for some one to whom I might tell my suffering—from whom I might win some pity, for my secret is killing me. You, I know, will feel for me."

"I am sure of it, dear, with all my heart."

"Thank you, but I cannot tell you just now, nor must it be where we may be disturbed. I must be alone awhile, to regain strength and courage. In half an hour come to the school-room, and you shall hear my history."

Maria promised, and the other hurried from the apartment.

When she had gone, the Italian, resuming her chair, rested her elbow on the sill of the open window, and, her chin on her hand, fell into a reverie, of which Caroline Langton was the object.

Happening to lower her eyes after awhile, they again fell upon the man leaning against the railings.

His attention seemed attracted by herself. On the impulse of the moment, she arose, and drew a little back.

"Still there," she exclaimed, surprised; "and apparently watching this house."

Then she started, and an expression of intelligence broke over her face.

"Is yonder man he whom Caroline saw? Is it he whom she fears?"

Unable to answer the question, she once more looked down at the square.

The man had gone, and, the half hour having elapsed, Maria proceeded to the school-room.

That evening Lord Carisford found in the letter-rack at his club a letter awaiting him.

It had no post-mark, having been left by hand.

He recognised the writing instantly; it was Mr. Noah Seacum's.

For nearly a year Cecil had ceased to hear from the detective. It caused him the more eagerly to tear off the envelope. Was there news at last?

The missive was brief and business-like, running after this fashion:

"My Lord,

"Though my repeated failure made you doubt my ultimate success in the case which you know of, I took the liberty of not mistrusting my own powers, and, from experience, being a stranger to defeat, proceeded with the matter on my own responsibility. The *person* you were in search of is found. If you are still interested in the case, and will favour me with a call, I will give all particulars.

"Your obedient servant,

"Noah Seacum."

Before Cecil had concluded, the blood was rushing like fire through his veins.

Maria Saproni was found! Could it really be?

Quickly he consulted his watch. Half-past seven; the hour was not too advanced.

He hurried down the club steps, hailed a passing hansom, and drove to the detective's residence.

No, Lord Santyre, the mountain torrent was not checked, nor was it in Lady Flora Desmond's power to divert its course; as she knew—if she thought about it at all—as Cecil knew, for these two young people happened to possess a certain secret between them with which Lady Flora's aunt and guardian had not been entrusted.

[To be continued.]

"Not Loved Yet Wedded," commenced in No. 676 and Part CLXVI.

SUMMER.

It is a sultry day; the sun has drunk
The dew that lay upon the morning grass;
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
Scarce cools me. All is silent save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing. The plants around
Feel the too potent fervours; the tall maize
Rolls up its long, green leaves; the clover droops
Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms.
But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills,
With all their growth of woods, silent and stern,
As if the scorching heat and dazzling light
Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,
Motionless pillows of the brazen heaven—
Their bases on the mountains—their white tops
Shining in the far ether—fire the air
With a reflected radiance, and make turn
The gazer's eye away.

B.

A youngster, while warming his hands over the kitchen fire, was remonstrated with by his father, who said, "Go away from the stove; the weather is not cold." The little fellow, looking up at his stern parent demurely, replied, "I ain't heating the weather—I'm warming my hands."

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

"You're very pointed, and I feel it," as the young lady remarked when she ran the needle into her finger.

Among the newspaper reporters in the French Senate is a young lady about twenty years of age.

Calico, the well-known cotton cloth, is named from Calicot, a city of India, from whence it first came. Calico was not known in England until as late as the year 1631.

The Armenian women are veiled just as closely as the Turkish females, and man is scarcely ever permitted to see their faces. "I keep my wife for myself, and not for my friends," was the reply made by an Armenian, who was interrogated as to why he did not introduce his wife.

Is it unlucky in Scotland for a woman to marry a man whose surname begins with the same letter as her own? In the Eastern Counties of England this couplet is current:

"To change your maiden name, and not the letter,
Is a change for the worse, not for the better."

The Queen's state saloon on the Great Western Railway is made entirely of boiler-plate, and so lined and padded that if the carriage were to go over an embankment and then roll to the bottom, the chances are that the occupants would escape uninjured.

A facetious physician, an old bachelor, said the other day to a single lady: "How can you, with a clear conscience, answer St. Peter, when you shall reach Heaven's gate, for your heartlessness in refusing so many marriage offers?" The lady archly replied: "I shall tell the apostle that Doctor —— did not ask me."

It is not known precisely how the name "kettle-drum" came to be given to an afternoon tea, but when the ladies in Charles II.'s time came in from a hunt they were served with a light entertainment which was called the "drum," and when tea-drinking became the order of the hour, no doubt "kettle" was added to make the term significant.

The Mayor of Coventry is doubtless the politest man in England. Mayfair tells this story of him: He had the honour to take the hostess in to dinner. "I dont know, Mr. Mayor," said the lady, "whether you are afraid of the measles, but my little children have them, and I myself have had a slight attack."—"Madam," he said, "I should be only too delighted to take anything from so charming a source."

It is not generally known that the manufacture of the Sevres porcelain is a government monopoly, and has been so since 1760, at which time Louis XV. bought the establishment of the company. From that time to the present it has always been directly under the control of the French king, consul, emperor or government of the time, and its superintendence confided to the most eminent scientific men of France, many of the ablest artists of the country being constantly employed in its decoration. In the destruction and havoc made in the royal palaces of France, and in the chateaus of the nobility, at the Revolution, a great quantity of this valuable porcelain was broken, and, perhaps, the finest specimens were transported to foreign countries.

FORKS A MODERN FASHION.

Three hundred years ago forks were unknown in England. About the first English Sovereign who is known to have had a fork was Queen Elizabeth. Several forks were presented to her, but it is doubtful whether she used them on ordinary occasions. A writer thus discribes the uncleanly way in which our ancestors ate:

Each man had his own knife, and at dinner seized the joint with his hand, and cut off what he wished; the dish was then passed on to the next, who did the same. The knife then cut up the portions into small pieces, which were put into the mouth by the fingers of the hand unoccupied by the knife,

In many parts of Spain, at present, drinking-glasses, spoons, and forks are rarities; and in taverns in many countries, particularly in some towns in France, knives are not placed on the table, because it is expected that each person has one of his own, a custom which the French seem to have retained from the Gauls. But as no person will any longer eat without forks, landlords are obliged to furnish these, together with plates and spoons.

MARIE DROPPED ON HER KNEES, PARALYSED WITH FEAR AND ANGUISH.

THE QUEEN OF THE SEASON.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN PERIL.

AGAIN a coolness sprang up between the Lady Vivien and Sir Innis, and for two or three days she was always to be found walking or driving with Lord Mandeville; and while treating the baronet with such excessive courtesy that not even Aymer—jealous for his friend—could find anything to complain of, she contrived to make him feel that he was not in her good graces.

Still she gained no satisfaction by it. Sir Innis seemed as unruffled by her indifference as he had been by her blandishments. If invited to take part in her pursuits he cheerfully consented; but if, as was more frequently the case, he found himself studiously excluded, he did not testify any annoyance, and appeared as happy in Cressida's or the Countess's society as in hers. Vivien was beginning to admit that her fascinations were not as all-powerful as she had hitherto found them, when a circumstance occurred that gave her an advantage of which she was not slow to avail herself.

Sir Innis, at the request of the Earl, had been one morning as far as an outlying farm on the estate to decide a disputed point in some repairs, and was taking a short cut back to the Manor House across some fields, when he was startled by the screams of a woman.

The shrieks were so loud and piercing that he hurried in the direction from whence they seemed to proceed, but had scarcely reached a five-barred gate leading to one of the adjacent pastures, when Miss Cressida Smith tumbled over it in such a headlong fashion that but for his prompt interposition she would have had a serious fall.

As it was she slipped from his supporting arms on to the grass, where she sat staring around her wildly and panting for breath; at the same time clutching both the baronet's hands in her own and shaking them again and again.

"So much obliged, you know," she gasped as soon as she had recovered herself sufficiently to speak. "Oh! dear, I ought to be very thankful that I am alive, and so I will be when I have breath enough! The narrowest escape I ever had. Oh! it was awful!"

"What has happened? Are you hurt?" he kindly asked; then added, as she gave a convulsive start and glanced fearfully over her shoulder, "or have you been frightened, and by whom?"

"Only my elbow," said Cressida, releasing him that she might rub the bruised joint. "I'm sure I've knocked the skin off, or it couldn't smart so. Oh, desperately, Sir Innis; who wouldn't be—frightened I mean—when attacked in that way? And I never could run in my life, and my dress torn out of the gathers and getting under my feet, and tripping me up at every step as dresses always do at such times, don't they? Mad bulls ought not to be allowed any more than mad dogs."

"Do you mean to say that you have been pursued by one? Good heavens! how came you to venture in the way of such a creature?"

"Don't ask me to explain anything," answered Cressida, rocking herself to and fro, "for my mind's all in confusion. I only know that I felt as if I were going to die, and screamed my very loudest at every step I took, and that horrid brute raging and tearing after me. And I must have died if it hadn't been for the gate and you."

"But my dear Miss Smith," observed the baronet, approaching the gate, and looking over it, "there is no bull in sight now, whatever there may have been. Are you *sure* the animal was mad?"

"Quite; its eyes were frightful to behold! and you see I was taken unawares, being on my knees, plucking a bunch of daffodils, and no idea of danger, till the bellowing thing, and—oh, gracious!" she suddenly clasped her hands. "Oh! poor dear Vivien, how could I forget her? What a heartless thing I have been not to recollect that I left her at the mercy of the hideous beast. Oh, fly to save her!"

Sir Innis no sooner heard the name of Vivien than he leaped the gate, and dashed across the field to seek and assist her, his heart throbbing madly with terror lest he should be too late. It was inexpressible relief to discover that Cressida's raging bull was only a cow; but the poor creature had just been deprived of her calf, and was restless and wild enough to be troublesome though not actually dangerous. When the baronet drew near, she was bellowing piteously, and roaming to and fro, always returning to one corner, from which, with some difficulty, he succeeded in chasing her.

There on the top of a high bank, to which she had contrived to climb, stood Vivien, helplessly clinging to the branches of a tree that prevented her from making her way into the next field. She began to laugh at her ridiculous position, as soon as she saw Sir Innis, and encouraged by his assurance that the creature which had driven her there was really harmless, consented to let him assist her in her descent.

"Cressida!" she cried, agitatedly, as soon as she found herself once more on the sward. "Is she unhurt? I don't think I should have felt so terrified if she had not screamed so dreadfully!" and then Vivien laughed again. "How silly, how childish, you will think both of us, to be frightened nearly into hysterics by a poor cow!"

But the laugh ended in a burst of tears; and these were wept in the arms of Sir Innis, which suddenly enfolded and sustained her till she blushingly released herself.

"I was very thankful when I saw you coming," she murmured, as they slowly followed Cressida, who had rushed on to alarm the household with a frantic tale that Vivien had been gored, and Sir Innis was doing battle with the bull. "Did Cressy send you to my aid?"

"I did not wait to be sent. She told me——" and then the baronet stopped, and drew a long breath, and Vivien saw that he was white with suppressed emotion. "Ah! I do not know what she told me! I only comprehended that you were in danger. Don't question me—don't ask me to describe what I felt, for I cannot. Heaven be praised for your safety!"

Vivien was awed by this burst of deep feeling, and neither of them spoke again till they came in sight of a posse of servants, headed by Aymer, hurrying to their aid. Then the ridiculous became once more in the ascendant, and the young Earl would have atoned to himself for the fright he had undergone by teasing his sister unmer-

cifully, if Sir Innis had not interfered to prevent it.

"My poor daffodils!" said Vivien, pausing when they reached the house, and displaying a couple of crushed ones she had fastened in her belt. "I had gathered such a lovely bunch of them, and these are all that remain! I think I shall keep them in remembrance of this morning's work."

"Give them to me," said Sir Innis. "Nay," he added, when she coquettishly drew them away from his extended fingers; "it is the first gift I have asked of you! Can you refuse it me?"

"But these silly flowers are fading already! They are not worth your acceptance!" she objected, pleased to be able to keep him in suspense.

"Is it not from a deeper motive than merely for their beauty or their value I ask you for them?" he exclaimed. "You are too discerning not to see——" but here he checked himself abruptly. "Will you give me your daffodils, Vivien?"

She put them to her lips, glanced at him shyly, then, with averted face, held the flowers towards him.

Sir Innis wrestled with himself for a brief interval; he had resolved never to place himself at the mercy of a finished coquette, but prudence is not always in the ascendant, and he succumbed.

Seizing the little trembling hand that offered the flowers he gently drew her towards him.

"Take care!" he murmured, hoarsely, and agitatedly. "If you grant my first request it will embolden me to make another. It will be more generous to withhold your gift altogether than to let me take it, knowing as you do—as you must—what inferences I shall draw from it."

"Not so serious, please!" said Vivien. "I have often been asked for a flower from my bouquet, but not in such a stand-and-deliver fashion as this. You are as grave as if—as if you would not toss my poor Lent lilies—is not not that a pretty name for them?—away as soon as they are withered."

"If you think I should do this," he answered gravely, almost sternly, "I cannot be surprised that you give them unwillingly; and I owe you an apology for making such a request. I hoped you were beginning to know me better."

He released her hand and drew back a step, yet Vivien did not attempt to go.

"But would you keep them? and for my sake?" she whispered.

"*And for your sake*," he repeated. "Whenever I looked at them I should say to myself, on the day I first had these I saw Vivien St. Orme in tears, but those tears were wept on my breast!"

"Rather a watery reminiscence!" laughed the young lady, her conscious eyes still, however, avoiding his. "You had better let me retain my daffodils; I have no wish to be remembered by you solely as a—a silly girl whose terrors were exaggerated ones."

"Am I to have those flowers?" he demanded, as he once more took possession of the fingers in which they fluttered. "Although you jest with me so lightly you know that I am in sober earnest."

"Take them, if you will," she cried, suddenly, and let them fall at his feet. "If I listen to you any longer you will make me think that the cold, critica Sir Innis Hatherfield has fallen under a spell. Who has been playing the sorceress? Not I, indeed! I am too much afraid of Aymer's Admirable Crichton to attempt it."

"You were not afraid of me an hour ago," he reminded her; and Vivien's fair face grew crimson.

"Is it fair—is it kind to taunt me in this way? But you are always severe on me, Sir Innis!"

"Vivien, do you say this solely to be contradicted—solely that you may hear me tell you——"

"Not now!" she cried, hurriedly drawing her hands away, for somehow both of them had been taken into his. "Some one comes! Ah! let me go before these burning cheeks of mine are seen and commented on."

"But you will give me a patient hearing presently?" he urged, following her rapid footsteps.

"Yes—yes, some other time. To-morrow, perhaps, or—or, when you will;" and, with one tender smile, one half-bashful, half-saucy glance of her blue orbs, she was gone.

"He is mine!" she cried, exultingly, when she had reached the seclusion of her chamber. "Just as I was beginning to despair, this royal deer has tangled himself in my toils. Let him struggle out of them again if he can! Now, Sir Innis Hatherfield, you shall pay, and dearly too, for the coldness and disdain with which you have treated Vivien St. Orme!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MY LADY'S TACTICS.

VIVIEN chose to remain in her room for the rest of that day, on the plea that her nerves had been greatly shaken; nor did she descend on the morrow till the gentlemen were equipped for a ride to a country-house some fifteen miles distant.

To this hospitable dwelling the Countess, Vivien, and Cressida were also invited. The coming of age of Squire Hordley's son and heir was about to be celebrated, and it had been arranged that the party from Esselyn Manor House should remain at the Grange for the three or four days of the festivities. Aymer and his male friends had agreed to ride over early, to assist at the rehearsal of a musical entertainment, and Lady Esselyn, with her fair companions, were to follow at their leisure.

"If we do not come at all, you must make our excuses," Vivien gaily observed to her brother. "It is on the cards that we may not lend the light of our presence to these good folk."

Sir Innis began to survey her keenly and anxiously, and Aymer asked if she said this because she felt more unwell than she had led them to believe.

"No, indeed; I am not ill—merely disinclined for the ponderous gaieties of Hordley Grange, and, therefore, not averse to making yesterday's fright afford me a reason for evading them."

"I should not be sorry to be spared the ball," Lady Esselyn admitted; "so, if Cressida will not object, let it be understood, Aymer, that our putting in an appearance to-night is uncertain. We can drive over quietly to-morrow in time for the so-called private theatricals. Poor Mrs. Hordley! why will she persist in attempting entertainments for which she has not the tact to carry out successfully?"

So Sir Innis was forced to depart without having exchanged a word with Vivien beyond a lingering adieu—without having succeeded in obtaining more than one brief, but encouraging, glance from the bewildering blue eyes that were bent on the ground as soon as he drew near.

"Mamma," said the young lady, as soon as the figures of the equestrians were no longer visible, "is there any reason why we should not spend the term of Aymer's absence somewhere else? We shall be moped to death in this dull house."

Lady Esselyn, who was just stepping out on to the portico to speak to a gardener, came back to stare wonderingly at her step-daughter.

"What *do* you mean, Vivien? We shall join Aymer to-morrow?"

"I think we had better not. One of my admirers is growing troublesome, and I prefer to avoid him."

"Not the Marquis! Don't tell me that you are wilful enough to dream of refusing so excellent a match?"

"*Restez tranquille*," answered Vivien, calmly; "it is not poor little Mandeville yet. You can, if you choose, give him a hint to follow us."

"But where would you go? This is so sudden, so strange!" the Countess objected. "Tell me your motives for proposing it."

"Perhaps I have none. You will not believe this? *Eh, bien;* so long as my whims do not interfere with your schemes for my marriage, what signifies?"

Lady Esselyn looked undecided.

"I never know how to interpret you, Vivien. Whom can you be desirous of avoiding? Not Sir Innis Hatherfield? He dare not address you after—after——"

"Go on, mamma—it is useless pausing now; after your telling him, more plainly than truly, that I was all-but engaged to Lord Mandeville? It was a pity to soil your conscience with a fib that he must have detected, as well as your reasons for telling it!"

"Vivien, you are impertinent!" cried the Countess, angrily. "If I have hinted something of the kind to Sir Innis, it is solely because I am desirous of preventing you from entangling yourself with a man of his character—proud to a fault, stern to a degree; one whose wife must be, 'like Cæsar's, above suspicion,' which you ——"

Vivien was white with passion as her imperious gesture silenced the sneering speaker.

"*Merci*, madame, but we have gone over that ground so often, that, if I am goaded much more, I shall throw myself on Aymer's mercy. I should have a stouter champion in him than you imagine."

"I do not want to quarrel with you, child," said Lady Esselyn, smoothly; "but it is my duty to watch over your interests."

"And a most unpleasant duty we both find it. However, this has nothing to do with the point in question. Will you either take me to the South Coast, or let me spend a week or two with my old school friend, Mrs. Everdell?"

"You shall not go to her!" said Lady Esselyn, spitefully; "she encourages you in setting me at defiance. If I must take you away, where shall it be? A watering-place in early spring is always empty and detestable; and what excuses can I make for such a sudden flight? What will my guests think of it?"

"They are not your guests, but Aymer's; you are not always so unwilling to offend them. As for excuses, the state of my health—nerves, I should have said—will suffice. You are alarmed about me; your almost maternal affection always makes you take the alarm about your darling Viva so quickly! and you are hurrying me to the coast, that sea-bathing may restore the tone of the aforesaid nerves. That will do, will it not?"

"And Cressida?" demanded the frowning and irresolute Countess.

"Goes with us, of course. That's the best of her—she's so persuadable. I will go and tell Marie what to pack, while you write a note to be left for Aymer."

"It is very odd. If I were sure that you have no hidden motive for this caprice——"

"I have a dozen, but the leading one is that I choose to avoid Sir Innis Hatherfield."

"Really?" queried the Countess, gazing at her with some lingering distrust. But Vivien met her look steadily, and replied:

"Really and truly."

"In this case, I cannot object; on the contrary, I am delighted to find that you have the good sense to prefer the coronet of a marchioness to vegetating on a mediocre estate with a surly, conceited baronet."

Long before Sir Innis had given up his hope that Vivien would yet arrive at Hordley Grange that evening, she was on her way to the Isle of Wight; sometimes condoling with the Countess, whose peevish complaints that, in the haste of their departure, she had forgotten so many articles indispensable to her comfort, were unceasing; sometimes laughing at Cressida, whose rueful bewilderment at finding herself *en route* for a deserted watering-place instead of a ball, was positively ludicrous.

"I fly, but it is that he may follow," murmured the exulting Vivien to herself. "I will never marry him, never! but he shall not know this till he has atoned for the indifference, whether pretended or real, with which he has treated me."

Her conviction that Sir Innis would soon find an excuse for presenting himself before her enabled Vivien to bear with smiling patience the fretful humours of her step-mother. And these were legion! As soon as Lady Esselyn had actually quitted the Manor House, she began to doubt the wisdom of the step she had been induced to take, and vented her annoyance on everyone about her.

At first she declared that she would not stir a step beyond Ryde, but, at the end of a couple of days, she was driven from her comfortable rooms there by, as she asserted, Cressida's provoking carelessness. That unfortunate young lady, wandering on to the pier with a book, had remained sitting there exposed to a blazing sun and north-easterly wind, till her face was so frightfully scorched and reddened that her guardian was horrified.

"If Miss Cressida Smith," she was severely told, "had no regard for appearances, she might have shown a little consideration for the lady with whom she resides. There were officers stationed at Portsmouth with whom she—the Countess—was intimately acquainted. What would they think of her if they chanced to see her, looking as blowzy and vulgar as a dairy-maid in a farm-house?"

So the mortified Cressida, thickly veiled, was borne off to Ventnor, where, Lady Esselyn observed, she could be passed off as an invalid until she recovered her complexion; and, finally, after driving the proprietors of three hotels almost beside themselves with her exactions, her ladyship settled down in a house at Bonchurch, kindly offered for her use by a lady of her acquaintance, too highly connected to be affronted even in the persons of her household.

Here Aymer, at the expiration of a week or so after the flight of the ladies, came to join them; but he came alone.

"What have you done with your friends?" Vivien demanded, as she ran to meet him.

"Nothing. How well you are looking, Viva! The change seems to have braced you already."

"Yes, yes; I am well enough. But you don't answer my question. Where is Lord Mandeville?"

"Gone to Epsom. He has entered one of his horses for the Derby at the instigation of young

Hordley, who has assured him that it is his duty, as a peer of the realm, to support the noble pastime of horse-racing."

"Silly boy!" was Vivien's comment on these tidings. "Has Sir Innis, true to his favourite occupation, gone to play the Mentor to this rash Telemachus, and see that he is not cheated too openly?"

"Not very likely, is it? Mandeville ought to have sense enough to take care of himself, and, if he has not, dropping a few hundreds will do him good."

"I suppose you speak from your own bitter experiences; but how you fence with my questions! If your devoted friend has not gone to Epsom, how is it he did not accompany you here? I thought you could not live apart."

"I did not ask him to come with me?" Aymer explained. "I knew my lady would look her sourest at him, and that you would scold me for forcing him upon you; so when he arranged to go from Esselyn to his cousin's, the Duke's, where he has been due for this fortnight or more, I did not attempt to dissuade him. How do you like Bonchurch?"

"Not at all," said Vivien.

"Indeed! Why, I thought it was a charming spot. How much longer do you stay?"

"Not another hour, if I can help it. We ought to be in town now, preparing for the season. I cannot bear to have my dresses made in such a hurry that they are not sent home till the last minute, when they must be worn, whether I like them or not."

"What a ceaseless worry a lady's toilet always seems to her," cried Aymer, casting up his eyes. "If ever I marry, I'll settle down in Iceland, where the costume never varies, and my wife will have no excuse for harassing me with her millinery troubles."

"That speech was as selfish as men's generally are," retorted Vivien, who was out of temper. "But come with me to Lady Esselyn, and let us hear when she will be ready to leave this place; she is as bored with it as I am."

However, the Countess, to her step-daughter's chagrin, positively refused to stir till Cressida's features had resumed their pristine hue.

"You dragged me here against my will," she said, fretfully, "exposing me to one of my neuralgic attacks, and compelling me to leave everything at the Manor House to the mercy of the servants. It is owing to you, indirectly, that Cressida has made such a disgraceful fright of herself, and I will not leave my present quarters till she is once more presentable."

"It is very provoking, said Vivien, aloud; "but he will come," she added, *sotto voce*. "He cannot have understood my flight as a rejection of his suit. Impossible! He will easily find some excuse for following us now Aymer is here. I have only to be patient, and I shall soon have him at my feet again."

"Whom are you writing to?" she demanded, the first time she saw her brother take up a pen.

"Hatherfield; I promised to let him know if you were quite recovered."

"He testifies a very flattering interest in my health," said Vivien, lightly.

"We were all anxious about you till we received the Countess's telegram from Ryde; then it suddenly struck me that I could guess why you played *la malade imaginaire*."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and indeed. You saw whither my lady mamma was trying to lead you, and felt that it would be kinder to Mandeville to run away than to let the poor lad screw his courage to the sticking-place, and make you an offer, only to be rejected. I told Hatherfield I was sure this was your reason for leaving Esselyn."

"And he agreed with you?"

"I'm not sure that he made any reply. He's not sentimental enough to enter much into anyone's love affairs."

"He will come," Vivien repeated to herself, softly. "He will not imagine that I could seriously propose to avoid him."

Yet the days went on, Cressida's florid cheeks gradually toned down, the Countess began to talk of starting for the town-house of the family in Grosvenor Square, and still Sir Innis Hatherfield did not appear, and Vivien's revenge was incomplete.

CHAPTER XXXV.

IN THE LAND-SLIP.

WHILE the fair schemer secretly chafed at this new proof of the baronet's self-control, and Lady Esselyn tormented Cressida with cosmetics, and permitted her no exercise but carriage drives, yet no diet likely to increase her excessive *embonpoint*, Aymer was thoroughly enjoying himself.

Marie was engaged in finishing a set of hangings in crewels, which were to be presented by the Countess, as her own work, to a young bride, and she sat in a window of the room where Lady Esselyn lounged away the greater portion of the day, that her ladyship might occasionally set a stitch or two in the work, or criticise her labours as they progressed.

It was true that the Earl could not exchange a word with the patient worker, but not even the presence of the Countess could hinder him from gazing at her. Then there was such a subtle pleasure in being near her, in sometimes touching her dress as he passed, or picking up her scissors, and hearing her murmured thanks, that a man of more reflective temperament would have been startled at the strength of his own feelings. But not so the young Earl of Esselyn. He was accustomed to act on impulse. He knew that he admired Marie; he believed that she liked him; and he longed for an opportunity to enable him to extort from her the flattering avowal.

In the meantime, he frequently surprised his step-dame by the unwonted patience with which he sat and listened to her harangues; and when these became intolerable, he climbed the steep sides of St. Boniface, or penetrated to some of the fairest nooks on the southern side of the pretty island.

One evening, coming in from a long stroll, he found no one to greet him. The ladies, he was informed, had gone to a concert at Ventnor.

He glanced into the room where Marie generally sat. Her work lay on the table, her chair was empty; and a carelessly-put query elicited that she had taken advantage of the absence of her mistresses to walk to the land-slip.

Aymer's eyes sparkled. There was the long-looked-for opportunity at last; and in a very few minutes he was *en route* for the wild, but beautiful, spot to which she had betaken herself.

It was too early in the year for tourists to be encountered. A silence that was almost solemn in its hush hung over earth and sky as the Earl rapidly traversed the most trodden paths, looking on every side for a glimpse of the graceful little figure he sought. But it was not till he drew near the steep and rugged steps leading down to the shore that he beheld Marie.

She had descended to the fishermen's cottages lying just beyond, and the children there had given her from one of their tiny patches of garden-ground a bunch of fragrant wallflowers. She was so intent, sometimes on her posy, sometimes on the sea view, that she did not perceive Aymer until she was drawing near the summit of the rocky staircase.

He sprang down the few intervening steps as soon as he saw, by her start and change of colour, that he was observed, and gaily accosted her:

"Well met, *ma belle amie!* The Fates have been propitious this evening, and you and I will jointly thank them for their good nature!"

"Permit me to pass, my lord," said Marie, gravely. "I have walked further than I intended. Unless I hasten, it will be dark before I reach the house."

"But you will be safe with me. I shall be delighted to be your companion and protector for one sweet, short half hour."

Marie raised her eyebrows.

"Did my lady depute to you this office? What would she say if I returned thus escorted? No, no; I will go alone, so be good enough to let me pass."

"Grant me five minutes and I will. I have something to whisper in that shell-like ear, pretty Marie. I have learned your secret."

She compressed her lips and her eyes began to flash ominously.

"You have? You know why—why I came to England?"

"Perhaps yes, perhaps no," was his teasing response. "But anyhow, I know what you sought in my desk."

"Then give it me, and let me go," she cried, agitatedly. "I will not say one reproachful word to you if you will do this."

"Why should you reproach one who is proud to find himself so well esteemed by you? If I vexed you the other night, forgive me. I could not know that it was this poor likeness of myself you wanted. Here it is. I wish it were better work your acceptance."

Marie took the photograph he tendered, cast at him a doubtful glance the while, and slipped it into her pocket.

"But you will give me one little *don d'amour* in return for mine?" he cried, boldly passing his arm around her. "Nay, Marie, you shall not refuse me. I only ask you to bestow one tender salute upon the original instead of the insensible copy."

But with withering scorn she turned upon him.

"Did you think, then, vain, mad Englishman, that it was because I loved you I would have stolen this picture? Or that I will let you soil my lips with your false kisses? Never, sir—never! Release me! You must, you shall!"

And she pushed him from her with such force that he staggered and fell. To her hororr, his effort to save himself was ineffectual—the path was too narrow, too steep. In a moment he had crashed through the fringe of bushes that concealed the precipitous sides of the cliff, and disappeared from her view—thrust from that height by the hand of the wretched girl who dropped on her knees, paralysed with fear and anguish at the result of her burst of passion.

[To be continued.]

The Queen of the Season" commenced in No. 673 and Part CLXVI.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

ENVY shooteth at others and woundeth herself.

MEN usually follow their wishes till suffering compels them to follow their judgment.

WHEN you bury animosity never mind putting up a tombstone.

NO science is speedily learned by the noblest genius without tuition.

HE who talks only of himself is soon left without an audience.

THE world itself is a volume larger than all the libraries in it. Learning is a sacred deposit from the experience of ages; but it has not all future experience on the shelf.

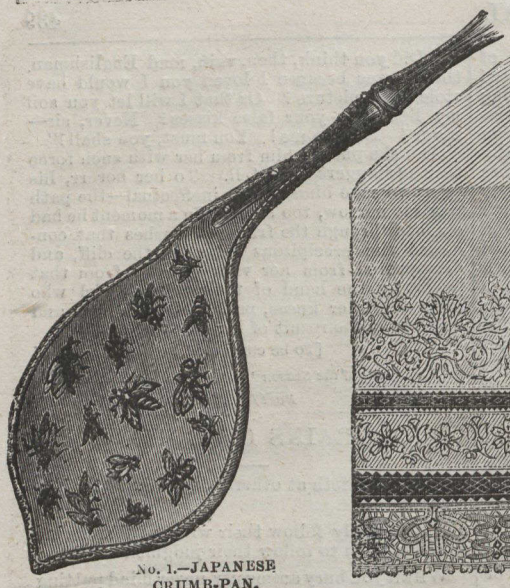
SLANDER.—Who ever heard of slandering a bad man? Who ever heard of counterfeiting a bad note? Slander, as a rule, is the revenge of a coward. It is generally the best people who are injured in this way.

DECEIT and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat distrust the deceiver, and the act by which kindness was sought puts an end to confidence.

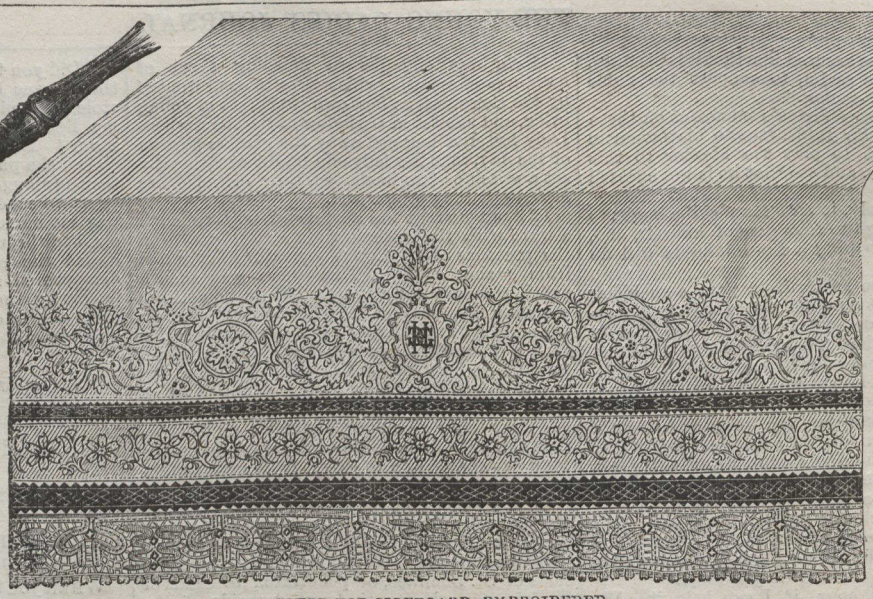
WOMAN'S ATTRACTIVENESS.

PERSONAL attractions most girls possess—at any rate, in a sufficent degree to render them attractive to somebody, for although there are standards of beauty, yet these do not prevail with all persons. There is something wonderful in the difference of aspect which the same face wears to different beholders. Probably, the philosophical explanation of this is that what is hidden from all others becomes immediately and instinctively apparent to the eye of love. How can a moderately good-looking girl increase her attractions? By culture. She must cultivate her mind. An ignorant, illiterate woman, even if she attracts attention, cannot retain the interest of an intelligent man. She must do this by reading, by study, by reflection, and by familiar conversation with the best and most highly-educated persons with whom she comes in contact. But the heart must be cultivated as well as the head. "Of all things," exclaimed a most elegant and refined gentleman, after nearly a lifetime's familiarity with the best society—"of all things give me a softness and gentleness in a woman." A harsh voice, a coarse laugh, trifles like these have suddenly spoiled many a favourable first expression. The cultivation of the heart must be real, not feigned. A woman who studies to appear rather than be good and generous seldom succeeds in deceiving the other sex in these respects. She who in truth seeks earnestly to promote the happiness of those around her is very apt to obtain admirers among men. Above all other requisites in a woman is conscientiousness. Without this one touchstone of character, no matter what her charms and acquirements, she cannot expect to command the lasting regards of any man whose love is worth having.

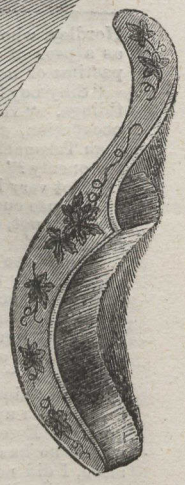
DESIRING TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION.—Self-importance, or, rather, a prevailing consciousness of self, is the most universal hindrance to the attainment of agreeable manners. A woman of delicate feelings and cultivated mind, who goes into company determined to be interested, rather than to interest, can scarcely fail to please. We are assured, however, that in this respect there is something very defective in the present state of society. All desire to make an impression, none to be impressed; and thus the social intercourse of every day is rendered wearisome, if not disgusting, by the constant struggle of contending parties to assume the same relative position.—*Mrs. Ellis.*



No. 1.—JAPANESE CRUMB-PAN.

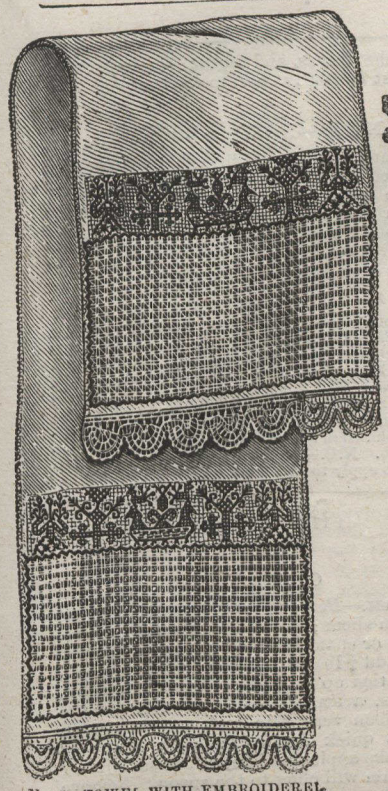


No. 3.—COVER FOR SIDEBOARD, EMBROIDERED.



No. 2.—JAPANESE CRUMB-BRUSH.

No. 4.—FASHIONABLE DRAWING-ROOM DRAPERY.



No. 5.—TOWEL WITH EMBROIDEREL ENDS.

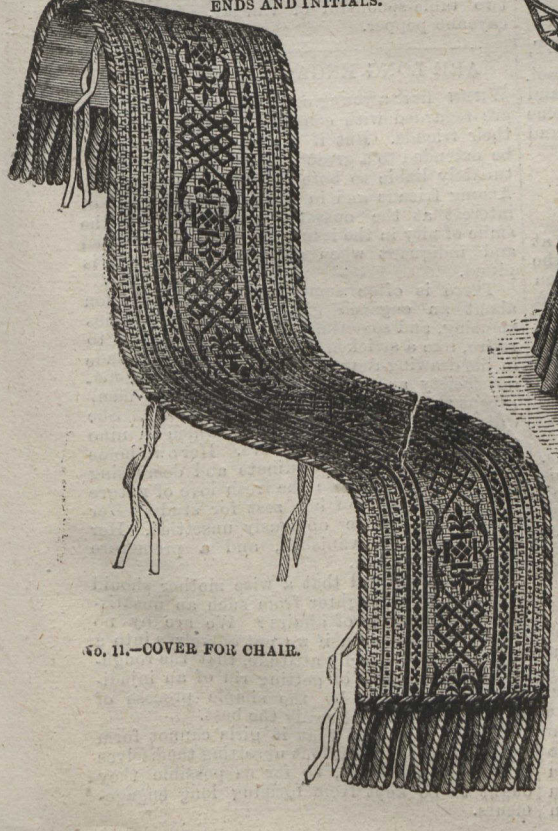
No. 6.—EASY CHAIR WITH EMBROIDERED COVER.

No. 7.—TOWEL WITH EMBROIDERED ENDS

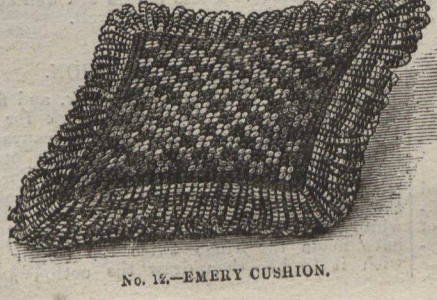
No. 8.—TOWEL WITH EMBROIDERED ENDS AND INITIALS.

No. 10.—WORK-BASKET.

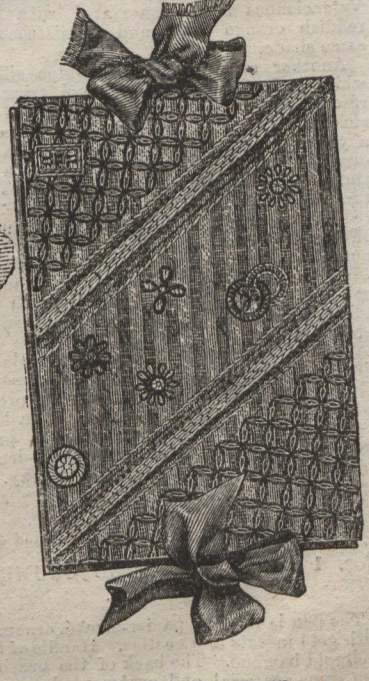
No. 9.—TRAVELLING OR WORK-BASKET.



No. 11.—COVER FOR CHAIR.



No. 12.—EMERY CUSHION.



No. 13.—NEEDLE-BOOK.

PARIS FASHIONS.

THE form of government has, in France, a great influence upon fashion. When there are a Sovereign and a Court, they give the key-note, as it were, in fashionable matters, and all the world, as the phrase goes, are eager to follow the lead. But we are now a Republic, and fashion, deprived, so to speak, of its helmsman, floats somewhat at random, according to the tide. In certain circles of elegant women, or in the *magasins* of some *couturière* of renown, some particular modification is introduced in the way of wearing fashionable models, but this does not necessarily become exclusively adopted. The consequence is it is very difficult nowadays to say precisely what is worn and what is not. Never were there such a profusion of different materials, such a variety of patterns for dresses, bonnets, and coiffures. There is perfect freedom, some would say anarchy. While conforming to one general type, a lady of taste will always know how to choose that which is most becoming to her face and figure, hair and complexion. Nor should she be afraid to tamper with fashion's rules, and suit them to her own convenience, rather should she clearly give her *couturière* to understand that she prefers that which is really becoming to her to that which is strictly fashionable. One should never be the slave of fashion, either as to colours or as to façons. It is a strange contradiction which makes so many ladies wish not to be dressed like "*tout le monde*," and yet obliges them to wear such or such a colour.

These reflections were suggested to my mind yesterday at the garden *fête* given by the Countess de B. There were, on this occasion, toilets of rare elegance; but it would be impossible for me to describe precisely the shape of the dresses: a long skirt with moderate or exaggerated train, a cuirasse-bodice, not too long, open in a V or square, with white frilling or chemisette, and high collar in the neck behind; such was the general style of toilet. Imagine over these gracefully-arranged tunics or draperies, long lapels, either quite plain or very much trimmed, bodices finished behind in full pleats of the material falling over the train, and you will have some idea of the *tout ensemble* of modern costumes. Soft light materials prevail over faille which is mostly employed merely for the *foundation* of the toilet, or for plain trimmings; if brocaded materials are of three shades, the two brighter ones are used for lining of the hollow pleats of a flounce; when the pleats sway to and fro in walking, this lining shows very prettily.

As for colours, they are novel and lovely. The Duchess de M. wore a faille toilet of two shades of the reddish violet called *lie de vin;* Madame de B. a black faille dress, trimmed and looped up with beautiful bands of white embroidery. One most tasteful dress of pain brulé and silver gray, with rich embroidery patterns of white, black, and gold chenille. Another very handsome black toilet was trimmed with deep white Valenciennes lace, ornamented with bows of reddish orange faille, and a waistcoat of the same shade.

Another again was of pale-blue silk, with white and réséda-green damassé, fringed with réséda silk. But the most unique of all the rich toilets on this occasion was that worn by a young lady with brilliant golden hair; her dress was of tilleul silk, brocaded with sunset tints of gold and orange. The draperies of the tunic and train were lined with silk of a deep reddish orange, artistically arranged and most effective, warm and soft to the eye. The bonnet was a dainty little capote of puffed tulle, where nestled one large single mandarine-coloured flower, forming a perfect finish to this toilet, difficult to wear, indeed, but really and artistically beautiful.

The mistress of the house wore a plain silk dress of a bluish shade of green, trimmed with old point. The little girls were very pretty in white, with rose-coloured bodice and sash.

Madame de MacMahon, who was present, wore a very simply-made Princess-dress of Lyons silk, striped of two shades of gray.

(Description of Engravings on pages 440 and 441.)

NOS. 1 AND 2.—JAPANESE CRUMB-PAN AND TRAY.

The pan is of black papier-maché, ornamented with gold insects and beetles. Handle of black-and-gold bamboo. The back of the brush is of the same material, and ornamented to correspond with the crumb-pan.

No. 3.—EMBROIDERED COVER FOR SIDE-BOARD.

The cover is of Bolton sheeting or crash, embroidered with coloured crewels or ingrain-coloured cotton. Bands of embroidered linen of the same colour as the wool used for the design are stitched on to separate the two patterns. The cover is finished by a wide point or mediæval lace.

No. 4.—FASHIONABLE ARRANGEMENT OF DRAWING-ROOM DRAPERY.

The furniture is upholstered with satin damask. The ground is light olive-green, brocaded with pale blue; the fringe is a combination of the two colours. The white curtains are of guipure netting.

No. 5.—TOWEL, WITH EMBROIDERED ENDS.

The towel is of huckaback; the embroidery work in coloured ingrain cotton in cross-stitch. Next to the embroidery is a wide piece of linen with drawn threads. Directions for drawing threads were given in page 57, No. 611, Vol. XIII. The lace is composed of mignardise and lace stitches. A suitable design will be found in No. 685.

No. 6.—EASY-CHAIR, WITH EMBROIDERED COVER.

The cover may either be crash worked with coloured crewels, or cretonne with the pattern worked in with wool in long satin and cording-stitches. Directions for crewel work will be found in the Crewel Work Supplement, issued with the April Part. The cover must be well lined, and is finished with a handsome furniture fringe.

No. 7.—TOWEL, WITH EMBROIDERED ENDS.

Suitable designs for the embroidery of this towel will be found in illustrations 8 and 11, No. 685. They are worked in coloured ingrain cotton.

No. 8.—TOWEL, WITH EMBROIDERED ENDS AND INITIALS.

The embroidery is worked in cross-stitch with scarlet ingrain cotton; the initials in satin-stitch. The fringe is composed of scarlet-and-white cotton, knotted in and tied at intervals.

No. 9.—TRAVELLING OR WORK-BASKET,

Of plaited straw, embroidered with blue wool. The basket is lined with blue cashmere, and finished round the lid with a quilling of blue ribbon. A small leather strap is passed round the basket to fasten it.

No. 10.—WORK-BASKET,

Ornamented with a bouillonné of pink silk at the top, and a kilting of the same round the bottom. The embroidery is worked on an open silk braid with crewels of various colours. A deep silk fringe is sewn to the braid, and falls over the kilting. The lid of the basket is trimmed to correspond, and is ornamented with tassels of pink silk.

No. 11.—COVER FOR CHAIR.

This cover is of crash worked with crewels. We have given many suitable designs for this purpose. The cover must be well padded and lined. The edges are finished with furniture-cord and fringe. These covers are well suited to garden-chairs, as they wash well.

No. 12.—EMERY-CUSHION.

The cushion is made of blue silk, and filled with emery-powder. The bead-work for the top is worked on a foundation of canvas in squares of four white and four blue beads. The border is a double row of beads. For the fringe, pass a needle threaded with cotton through the edge of the canvas, thread two white and four blue beads alternately until you have made the fringe twice the length you wish it to be, then draw the cotton again through the canvas, and repeat all round. This cover must be neatly sewn to the cushion.

No. 13.—NEEDLE-BOOK.

The foundation is cardboard, covered with gray striped silk, embroidered with rose-coloured silk. The diagonal stripes are worked in light gray and rose-coloured silk in chain-stitch. The book is lined with rose-coloured silk; the leaves are of white cashmere. The ribbons used to fasten the book are also rose-coloured.

The Proprietors of THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL beg respectfully to inform their numerous subscribers that they have made arrangements with Messrs. Bedford & Co., of 186, Regent Street, W., and 46, Goodge Street, W., London, to supply them with their best Scotch Fingering:—Black, white, and mixed drabs, 3s. 9d. per lb. All other colours, 4s. 6d. per lb. Andalusian and Shetland wools, from 6s. 9d. to 8s. per lb. N.B.—To save time, subscribers are requested to apply to Mr. Bedford.

THE HOME.

COOKERY.

APPLE JAM.—Peel and core the apples, and cut them in thin slices; then put them into a preserving pan or enamelled saucepan, and to every 1 lb fruit add ¾ lb white sugar, broken small, and put in, tied up in a piece of coarse muslin, a few cloves, a small piece of ginger, and the rind of a lemon very thin; stir with a wooden spoon on a quick fire for twenty minutes or longer. If the apples are juicy, when sufficiently boiled, the jam will cling to the spoon. Remove the cloves, &c., and put the jam into jam-pots, and when quite cold tie them down with thick paper or bladder. To be kept in a cool, dry place.

QUINCE JELLY.—Slice the quinces without either paring or coring. Put them into a preserving kettle, and just cover with water; put over the fire, and boil until soft. Remove from the stove and strain off the liquor. To every gallon allow 4 lb white sugar, and boil very fast until it becomes a stiff jelly.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Cut the tomatoes in slices, lay them in the kettle, sprinkle salt upon them, boil three-quarters of an hour, and strain through a sieve; to six quarts of juice add two quarts of vinegar, 1 oz cinnamon, one of cloves one of nutmeg, and ½ oz cayenne pepper, ground, then boil fifteen minutes.

SALAD DRESSING.—Pound smooth the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs. Mix with one teaspoonful of unmade mustard one salt-spoon of salt; mix gradually with these, either one cup of cream, or the same quantity of olive oil; two table-spoonsful of vinegar. Add a little cayenne pepper.

ARE LONG ENGAGEMENTS WISE?

WHEN first a young couple are engaged, they are regarded with considerable interest by all their friends. But if the probationary period be extended to a great length, they are unfortunately liable to bore themselves and others. Among friends and in the family the smile of interest at the outset is exchanged for the smile of pity in the issue. A girl feels irritated and indignant when she knows that she is pitied.

There is often some amount of affectation about an engaged girl, which is sometimes amusing, and sometimes absurd. She is apt to retire, like a stricken deer, to some lonely glade in the drawing-room, where she considers general society as mere intrusion, and all men, except the "object," as mere nonentities. She will exemplify that selfishness which in nine cases out of ten belongs to love. Her own home will have for her a subordinate and decreasing interest. She will lose the fresh love of nature and the keenness of her zest for study. Her mind will become obviously unsettled. Her girlhood seems vanished, and a premature womanhood sets in.

Is it not natural that a wise mother should seek to take a daughter from such an unsatisfactory condition of affairs? We are by no means certain, even if we put ourselves into a very hard and worldly attitude, that the rough-and-ready method of getting rid of an injudicious engagement by the simple process of breaking it off is not really the best.

The principle is, that if girls cannot form long engagements without upsetting themselves in this sort of way, so far as possible they ought to be kept from forming long engagements.

WOMEN'S DOMESTIC, USEFUL, AND LUCRATIVE EMPLOYMENTS.

No. XXVII.

As we have so many inquiries from young ladies desirous of going to France to teach their own language, in return for instruction in French, there is one phase of governess life to which it would be useful to devote a few words that may be important for guidance and warning. It may be at the outset laid down as an axiom that no young English lady should venture abroad *on speculation;* she should have some definite and previously ascertained employment to which to go, unless, indeed, she be independent in financial matters, and so free to choose, without temptation, her own place and method of acquiring a language. The general run of English girls who wish to qualify themselves as experts in a foreign language, will make that of France their selection, and will most likely seek its acquirement in Paris or its neighbourhood. Now except in rare cases it may be taken as an established fact that English governesses in French schools never receive any salary at all. They are invariably required to *give* their services in return for their opportunities of perfecting themselves in the French language, and are always engaged for one year, the principals of schools preferring, for obvious reasons, to retain them, but still on the same cheap terms, for a period of two years or more. It follows that their incidental expenses of dress, travelling, and relaxation, must be supplied by themselves or their friends; must come, that is, to use a plain and ordinary expression, out of their own pockets. The principals of schools, on their side, engage to furnish them with board, lodging, laundress, and instruction in French. During the holidays the English teacher can, according to her choice or her necessity, either pay a visit to friends in her native country, or remain on duty in the school, where there are pretty sure to be pupils from other countries who stay for two or three years without going home, and who require some modified system of teaching or supervision during the vacations. The French governesses in the school, being nearer to their homes, will generally repair thither for their holidays; so that there is practically little competition against the foreigner who finds it expedient to remain at her post in seasons when others are preparing themselves by change and recreation for the lively and re-invigorated renewal of their duties. In Paris or its immediate neighbourhood it happens that the principals of schools, so far from paying a salary to their English governesses, are able to demand a premium. We have heard of a recent case, to illustrate what we mean by analogy, of a young man who had just taken his degree in honours at Cambridge, and who advertised for a tutorship in which he fondly expected to *receive* something, being calmly offered two or three appointments in which, for his services rendered, and an annual sum paid by him of from £30 to £50, he would be admitted to give lessons in English, and receive his board, lodging, and instruction in French. Such a case will serve to point the moral which we wish to enforce; for in education, as in most other things where the competition of the sexes is at present possible, the odds are in favour of the gentleman. It should be mentioned that the books necessary for the course of French instruction open to the English governess in a school in France, must be paid for by herself; but the expense of such books is comparatively so trifling, that it can scarcely be insisted on as a very substantial grievance. Again in going to France the English governess must not expect the comforts to which she has been accustomed at home, or in corresponding situations in her native land. In most French schools it is said, for instance, that a tablecloth for meals is a luxury as nearly as possible unknown; and the relative discomfort is recognised by the principals of French schools allowing their English assistants to take their meals with the *parlour boarders.* It is scarcely surprising to be told of complaints on the part of French principals of long experience and of good position, that their English teachers are generally incompetent to impart their own language to their pupils; or to hear that as a rule they are ignorant of the laws and usages of orthography which prevail in English educated and cultivated circles. The inference to be drawn from such a statement is twofold. In one of its aspects it is a charge against the over-economy of French principals; and in another it is an accusation of the previous education and social standing of English girls seeking such appointments.

[To be continued.]

A TORN BOOK.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh, how lovely she is!" Yvonne murmured, as she leant back in the carriage, drawing a long breath. "Is she not beautiful, madame?"

Madame la Vicomtesse smiled.

"When you are a little older, my dear Yvonne, you won't go into raptures over a provincial prima donna."

She glanced at Gaston as she spoke, his face was boldly impassive, but it softened at Yvonne's next words.

"But she is so different, so unlike any other actress; she looks so sweet, and true, and good."

Madame de Chastagnier laughed.

"Unsophisticated little one," she said, lightly, "it is easy to see that you have come from your convent. Mademoiselle Delancheze is a pretty woman, and a clever one; but I have no doubt no better and no worse than her *semblables.*"

And the Vicomtesse's little sneer was quite perceptible to her son, who spoke hurriedly on an impulse poor Jeanne would hardly have thanked him for.

"I have the honour of knowing Mademoiselle Delancheze," he said; "and I can affirm that she is as pure and true as yourself, my mother."

"*Mon ami,*" said the lady, in grave reproof.

"It is so," he went on. "Mademoiselle Yvonne is quite right. Her own truth and sweetness enable her to recognise such qualities in another. What do you think of Monsieur Jacquemin, mademoiselle? He sings well for a provincial actor."

"Yes; very well," she said, timidly, her face flushing with pleasure at his words. "But Mademoiselle Delancheze is so charming that one thinks of nothing else."

Poor little Yvonne! I wonder if she would have so praised Jeanne had she known that she had won the love of the man she, Yvonne, was already beginning to love so dearly.

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Three months—Monsieur de Chastagnier's century—have slipped by, and, on a wintry, January day, his mother learns that Mademoiselle Delancheze has returned to Caragnoe. Casually the news reaches her. The Duc de Beaupierre, visiting her and his charming *fiancée,* and talking of a concert which Madame la Vicomtesse had promised to patronise, mentions the fact. The concert, which is in aid of some poor families burnt out of hearth and home by a disastrous fire, is under the patronage of the great ladies of the town, headed by Madame de la Noltez, the wife of the Préfet. It is to be a brilliant one, and Monsieur Estenvar has, in his own name and theirs, offered the services of his *artistes,* which have been rapturously accepted.

"I have no doubt of its success," said the Vicomtesse, as she thanked Monsieur de Beaupierre for his munificent donation of five thousand francs in aid of the sufferers. "Madame de la Noltez was here yesterday; she has already disposed of three hundred tickets, and if we are all as successful the room will be crowded."

"Yes," the Duke answered, absently.

His grace was very honestly in love with Mademoiselle Berthe; and at this moment he was attending more to a charming group in the window than to his embryo *belle mère's* conversation. The group was formed by Berthe, in the prettiest and most coquettish of costumes, bending over Yvonne de la Roche Baudois, who was playing chess with Gaston. His handsome head was thrown back; his bright blue eyes were watching with an amused, admiring glance, the lovely, flushed face, bending over the chessmen, the excitement of the game giving to its pure beauty the shade and colour it lacked. But with a fellow-feeling making him wondrous "cute," the Duke detected a deeper feeling than either amusement or admiration in Gaston's expressive glance. Perhaps it was the consciousness of this which forced him to say:

"Our *troupe d'opéra* has returned, for I saw Mademoiselle Delancheze with Madame Estenvar this morning."

A slight start from Gaston, a swift glance from the Vicomtesse, which included the flush which mounted to her son's brow, and the half quizzical glance of M. de Beaupierre's dark eyes.

"Ah!" she said, carelessly, "there will then be time for practice."

"A fair victory!" exclaimed Berthe's gay voice. "Gaston, how dare you beat my little Yvonne?"

"She must have her revenge another day," he said; adding, with a little embarrassment, as he looked at his watch, "I have an engagement."

He went out; but the chit-chat continued, and in half-an-hour Gaston returned, looking a little annoyed, but his brow soon cleared as Yvonne asked him for her revenge. Shortly after the Duke took his leave Madame de Chastagnier ordered her carriage and went out, leaving her son and Yvonne, with Berthe as umpire, over their game of chess.

In half-an-hour Madame de Vicomtesse's carriage stopped at the Rue du Chateau, and that lady alighted and daintily treaded her way to the house where we first met Jeanne and Gaston de Chastagnier.

"I wonder if she has returned," she thought as she rang the bell. "He did not see her, so she must have been out."

A neat-looking, elderly woman opened the door, and the lady asked for Mademoiselle Delancheze.

"Mademoiselle has just come in," the woman said. "Would madame give herself the trouble to walk in." The Vicomtesse followed her into the neat sitting-room. On the table, lying beside an exquisite bouquet of violets, was a coroneted card, which Madame de Chastagnier recognised as her son's. A little glove, dainty and tiny as her own or Berthe's, lay near it, as if it had been dropped there; and just by the table stood Mademoiselle Delancheze, in her walking-dress. She turned slowly round, and the Vicomtesse saw that her eyes were full of tears. She started slightly on seeing who her visitor was, and the colour mounted slowly to the fair face; but with a courteous grace, she placed a chair and waited.

"You are surprised to see me, mademoiselle," the lady said coldly, with considerable *hauteur.*

"I am at a loss to know what procures me the honour, madame," said Jeanne, quietly.

There was a pause. Jeanne's eyes were fixed on her flowers, and the Vicomtesse was scrutinising the room and its occupant, and was owning to herself that there was naught to cavil at in either.

"Will you think me indiscreet if I ask you if you have seen my son?" pursued the elder lady.

"Monsieur le Vicomte called when I was out, madame."

"Otherwise you would have received him?"

"I have no reason to do otherwise, madame," Jeanne said, very proudly, but quietly.

Madame de Chastagnier bit her lip.

"You are, then, on intimate terms with my son?"

Jeanne flushed.

"On what——"

Madame de Chastagnier paused. She seemed to have a difficulty in choosing her words, as she surveyed the graceful form before her. The soft, lustrous eyes, the shining hair, the simple, elegant walking-dress of dark serge, which made the complexion yet more brilliant; there was nothing of the actress, as the Vicomtesse looked upon actresses, about Jeanne, and the lady felt the distinction.

"Mademoiselle," she said, "I know what my son's feelings *were* towards you," with a marked emphasis on the past tense of the verb. "May I ask you what yours are towards him?"

Jeanne lifted her head haughtily. Madame de Chastagnier had risen, and her fair, proud face was flushed and agitated. The fair proud face so like his! His mother! Jeanne's pride failed her, her head sank forward on her hands and her face was hidden. It was enough for her visitor.

"What do you expect from my son, mademoiselle?" she said angrily. "Not marriage, of course. On what terms will you release him from his infatuation?"

A sharp cry from Jeanne, as she lifted her head. "Madame," she said, "I permit no one to insult me. Allow me to wish you good morning."

"Stay, mademoiselle;" she said more gently. "If you care for Gaston, you have some interest in his happiness, and you can add to it if you will."

"If I will?" Jeanne turned to her breathlessly.

"My words must pain you," she went on; "but I know how a woman can love, and what she can bear for that love."

She resumed her seat and hesitated for a moment.

"Mademoiselle," she said at last, "my son's happiness is very dear to me. I do not know what proposals, what offers he has made to you, but I know that you stand between him and happiness."

"I, between Gaston and happiness!" faltered Jeanne.

"If Gaston marries you, he will be miserable; for, mademoiselle, he loves another."

Jeanne grew pale, even her lips whitened; unconsciously her hand closed over the crested card on the table.

"There is a young girl, good and beautiful, of his own rank, who has been destined to him from her cradle. He loves her, but he fancies he is bound to you. You know most young men have these fancies *de temps en temps;* they pass away happily, but Gaston is Quixotic enough to fancy himself bound, and it is you, mademoiselle, who must——"

"I cannot," cried the young actress, passionately. "I love him, and while he loves me——"

"He does not love you," came the impatient answer. "He loves *her*. Would you owe to his honour what his love denies?"

There was a long silence.

"What would you have me do, madame," said Jeanne, at length, in a weak, faint voice—the voice of one weak and exhausted from a mental struggle.

"But this!" said the lady: "not to see him again until after the concert. You will see them together there. If you think he loves you best, then let it be as you will. Sacrifice our happiness to your own!"

"I will obey you," said Jeanne, slowly. "Oh, madame, Heaven pardon you if you have spoken falsely."

Madame de Chastagnier rose and held out her hand.

"I thank you, mademoiselle."

But the actress did not touch the proffered hand; she bowed in farewell, and the Vicomtesse flushed angrily as she left her. When the sound of the hall-door closing reached Jeanne Delancheze, she sank on her knees by the table, holding fast the bunch of violets he had left for her; the blow dealt by the daintily-gloved hand was a severe, although perhaps not entirely unexpected, one. And yet it was but the cloud like "a man's hand in her horizon." Alas, for the gathering tempest!

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During the fifteen days before the concert Gaston de Chastagnier called five or six times on Jeanne, being refused admittance on the plea of her indisposition. But he sent no tender message, no loving little note of anxiety; and Jeanne said, wearily:

"She spoke truly—he does not love me."

Small wonder that the fair face paled, and that dark circles hollowed themselves out under the sweet eyes. Ernest Chevalier set his teeth hard whenever he saw Gaston's bright, frank smile and clear eyes as he sat opposite his mother and Yvonne in their afternoon drive, or rode by with his sister and Mademoiselle de la Roche Baudois, or bent over his reputed *fiancée* full of lover-like attentions, her face, radiant now with love and happiness, raised to his.

The eventful evening came, and the Salle des Concerts, a large handsome room, was crowded. In the front seats sat the lady patronesses and their parties, conspicuous among them Madame de Chastagnier and hers, Monsieur de Beaupierre, Berthe, Gaston, and Yvonne—the latter radiantly lovely in pale-blue robes, and myosotis in her fair hair. One by one, up through the brilliant throng, came the performers. Madame de la Noltez first, leaning on Monsieur Chevalier (all were equals as *artistes* to-night); then Jeanne, with the Préfet himself. The young actress wore a long robe of heavy, dead-white silk, trimmed with swansdown; not a touch of colour in her face, or on her dress, save the vivid red of her lips, and the varied tints of the flowers she held. Gaston was waiting eagerly, watching for her, and his face clouded a little as she passed. On the platform, the Préfet's wife, a pretty, sparkling brunette, began chatting with Jeanne, making laughing remarks about the audience, nodding to her friends, and using her lorgnon with the cool impertinence of a *grande dame*, while Jeanne listened and answered without lifting her eyes from her bouquet.

The concert began with a classical duet on two pianos; and while the two performers laboured away amid the polite inattention of the greater part of the audience, Mademoiselle Delancheze lifted her eyes and sent one quick searching glance at Gaston and Yvonne. He was bending over her with a tender smile on his handsome face, and turning away Jeanne caught a triumphant glance from the Vicomtesse. The interminable duet over, and ended at last (is that a bull?), Madame de la Noltez came forward for her first song, Adams' "Noël." She sang it well and truly, the rich, liquid contralto impressing favourably, and the applause was hearty and spontaneous. Two or three other pieces followed, and then Jeanne and the "baryton" came forward. M. Chevalier was a slender, handsome, dark man, his face was troubled and anxious, Jeanne's perfectly impassive. Their duet was from the "Traviata," and excellently well sung. Breathlessly the audience listened to the father pleading for his son's release; at the words:—

"De ma colombe pure
Pouvez vous être sœur"

Jeanne suddenly looked across at Gaston, with such a passion of love and grief in her wondrous eyes, that Madame de Chastagnier was startled at first, but glancing at the Vicomte she saw he was occupied with Yvonne. Then came Violetta's refusal, and a pause; Madame de Chastagnier again glanced at her son. He was looking pale and agitated; and when the sweet, pure voice rose again, his mother was alarmed at the expression in his eyes. The last notes died away amid a thunder of applause. Monsieur Chevalier led Jeanne to her seat: she sat down smiling, but very white, and the last words she had sung thrilled the Vicomtesse.

"Laissez le moi, je vais bientôt mourir."

The concert went on, and towards the end M. de la Noltez came on the platform and presented his arm to Jeanne, with a little embroidered velvet sack; Madame de la Noltez, at the same time, put her hand in M. Chevalier's arm, while she held in the other hand a similar sack. There was to be a *quête*, or collection, each lady taking half the audience. Slowly they came down, passing through the audience with their pretty curtseys and softly-spoken "For the poor, gentlemen; for the poor, ladies." They began near the entrance, and by the time Jeanne reached the Vicomtesse she looked pale and weary.

"*Pour les pauvres, messieurs,*" she said softly to the duke and Gaston, not raising her eyes.

Yvonne was contemplating her with delighted eyes. Jeanne seemed to exercise a positive fascination for her.

"*Pour les pauvres, mademoiselles,*" said Jeanne, very softly, smiling a strangely-sweet smile.

"And for you, mademoiselle?" asked Berthe, almost involuntarily, as she paused by her.

"For me—a prayer," she answered, low; and as she passed the Vicomtesse, she whispered, "*Un de profondis, madame.*"

No one heard the words but she to whom they were addressed; her face paled, but her heart beat quickly with triumph. She knew that the girl's pathetic words meant that she had won the boon she craved—Gaston's freedom. He himself, absent and *distrait*, felt how strongly the old love mingled with the new. The *quête* over, M. le Préfet came forward and said that Mademoiselle Delanchese had kindly consented to sing a "romance," composed for the occasion by one of the townspeople. A simple prelude followed, and Jeanne came forward, holding a sheet of manuscript music. Deadly pale was the fair, proud face, with such a wild, pleading glance in her eyes—such a smile, sadder than the saltest tears, on her lips.

Madame de la Noltez and M. le Chevalier glanced at each other in alarm. The former thought the girl was over-tired; but the latter, with Love's keen sight, was reading all her misery, all her despair, and he looked over at Yvonne and Gaston with no very kindly feeling in his heart.

The song began in rather hushed silence. During the first note the girl's voice quivered, and sank suddenly. The music ceased, and the player turned in consternation. With a sudden, proud gesture Jeanne threw back her head, and sang, in her own sweet, rich tones, with a pathos she had never shown before:

"Vous qui venez ici
Sécourir la misere,
Pour l'enfant, pour la mère,
Pour les pauvres, Merci!"

The last notes died away; the music fluttered out of the little hands, and rested at her feet. Jeanne gasped once or twice, beat the air feebly with her hands, and, sinking back, lay prone, a mass of lustrous silk and swansdown, an ivory face peeping from among sunny, disordered hair. Half a dozen bounds brought Gaston to her side, followed by a medical man who was among the audience.

"Let me lift her!" said Gaston, passionately. "None shall touch her——"

But Chevalier put him aside with a groan, and the low moan:

"You—you have killed her!"

* * * * *

An hour afterwards, on the bed in Jeanne's room—the room she had left, living, a few hours ago—lay all that was left of the young prima donna. It was heart disease, the doctor said, and discoursed learnedly on the illness, and its expected and unexpected results. Yet, when they laid her there, still in her dainty, silken robes, diamonds gleaming in her little ears, the flowers in her hair still fresh, it was hard to believe she was dead. Weeping bitterly, Madame Jacquemin and Madame Estenvar folded her hands over the pulseless heart, and smoothed the white folds of her dress. The next morning Madame de la Noltez brought flowers and placed them about her—in her hands, on her breast, and at the little satin-slippered feet.

Later came Ernest Chevalier, and looked his last on the face of the woman he had loved so truly and hopelessly; and later, again, Gaston de Chastagnier. In sorrow, too deep for words, he knelt by her, looking long and tenderly on the still, waxen face, which had been wont to glow under his caresses, until the wild cry broke from him:

"My child, my poor child! If I could but give her life!"

His self-reproach was vehement. He knew, only too well, that he had neglected her; that with the love and passion he had once regarded her he regarded another; and his grief was intense, as all his feelings were apt to be, for the time. When he left the room, his face was haggard and worn with suffering; and the little enamel ring on Jeanne's finger had disappeared, while a priceless hoop replaced it. The ring which she had refused to wear in life she wore in death.

A few days after Monsieur de Chastagnier received a small parcel directed in a handwriting he knew but too well. Opening it with a *serrement de cœur*, he found three or four letters which he had written to Jeanne, enclosed in a slip of paper, bearing these words:

"To give up or to desire to do so, is the same to a woman. I love you—I can never cease to do so, but I would not if I could, stand in the way of your happiness. Forget me, and be happy. No one will wish it, no one will pray for it as I will, Gaston—and yet I love you."

* * * * *

A few months after there was a grand double wedding at Caragnoe, the brides being Mademoiselles Yvonne de la Roche Baudois and Berthe de Chastagnier; the bridegrooms were the Duc de Beaupierre and Gaston. Of course the brides were lovely, and the toilets *ravissante*, and both had a fair share of happiness.

Yvonne was pure, gentle and good—and he loved her. They are much together, and, for a French *ménage*, admirably devoted to each other. Sometimes Yvonne wonders why her husband always wears on his little finger an enamel ring, engraved with the word "Toujours," which no entreaty on her part will obtain from him, although he gives no reason for his persistence in wearing it. Perhaps Berthe guesses, for once, passing through the churchyard, her eyes filled with tears as she paused for a moment beside a plain white marble stone (where every day one might find a bouquet of rare flowers), which bears this inscription:

In Memory of
JEANNE DELANCHEZE,
Aged 23.
Priez pour Elle.

C. N.

AFFECTION FOR A WIFE.

SHOW love for your wife, and your admiration of her, not in nonsensical compliment; not in picking up her handkerchief, or her gloves, or in carrying her fan; not, though you have means, in hanging trinkets or baubles upon her; not in making yourself an idiot by winking at and seeming pleased with her foibles, or follies, or faults; but show them by acts of real goodness towards her; prove, by unequivocal deeds, the high value you set on her health and life and peace of mind; let your praise of her go to the full extent of her deserts, but let it be consistent with truth and with sense, and such as to convince her of your sincerity.

He who is the flatterer of his wife only prepares her ears for the hyperbolical stuff of others. The kindest appellation that her Christian name affords is the best that you can use, especially before other people. An everlasting "my dear" is but a sorry compensation for the want of that sort of love that makes the husband cheerfully toil by day, break his rest by night, endure all sorts of hardships if the life or health of his wife demand it.

Let your deeds, and not your words, carry to her heart a daily and hourly confirmation of the fact that you value her health, and life, and happiness beyond all other things in this world; and let this be manifest to her, particularly at those times when life is more or less in danger.

MY LADY JANET.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CLARE could see nobody, a little thicket of brushwood hid the persons of the speakers from her; but their voices reached her loud and angry, and even a few of their words. "Scoundrel! Rascally scoundrel!" she heard a hoarse voice exclaim; and then the dog growled savagely, as if about to spring. Clare was timid with the natural timidity of her age and sex. Reared in a convent abroad, and since then having seen but little of the world, it was not to be supposed that she would like to walk on to where these loud speakers wrangled so loudly, and the dog threatened so sullenly. Still she did not "turn and flee," as many another would have done; an instinct held her to the spot; she listened, she trembled, but she did not stir!

"For a crown, I would shoot you through your silly head, and fling your paltry body into the mire below," said the same voice, hoarse with rage. "I have my loaded gun, and I value your worthless life, as weighed against the honour of a noble family, not two straws."

A laugh answered this menace, and it was a laugh light and musical, that Clare knew, and, alas! loved too well—it was the laugh of Max Carstairs, of whom she had thought so much lately.

"You forget, Sir Arthur, that I am younger and stronger than you are, and I could easily wrest your gun out of your hand. I would not let you take my life so lightly as report hints that you once took *another life*."

"Ha! report credits me with taking a life does it? Rumour's hundred-tongues wagged fast once about me and mine? but that is a quarter of a century ago, and I silenced all babbling idiots by the force of the law. If you wish to hear the truth of that story, or as much as is known of it, you must journey into Yorkshire, and then perhaps you will learn how those of *us* punish curs like you."

"Curs like I," replied the voice of Max; "and what rank in the animal world is yours, my good baronet? If I am a cur, are you a wild cat, all claws and teeth, and blind fury."

Clare's heart beat so fast that she could hardly stand. Max was quarrelling with Sir Arthur—haughty, heartless Sir Arthur, about whose antecedents the lodging-house keepers of Pendowen told wild, grim stories to their London visitors. Clare had treated these tales as mere idle gossip. If Sir Arthur had been a *murderer*, which these good ladies did not scruple to assert, how was it that he still held his head so high in the county; sat occasionally in the Lower House; went now and anon to Court; was the High Sheriff of his county; and had since those dark days married his second daughter to an earl?

The tale was this: That Caroline Ashmore, his eldest daughter, had wished to marry her music-master; that Sir Arthur had caught her when trying to elope; that he had struck her so violent and savage a blow in his fury that she had never recovered her senses, or only at intervals; that she had fallen into a lingering illness, died, and been buried in the chapel adjoining the Manor House of Garth, in Yorkshire, where the family resided; that it had been given out that Miss Ashmore was living in seclusion abroad, when all the while she was dead; but that within the last ten years her parents had acknowledged that she was dead. Garth Manor, meanwhile, had been dismantled, and abandoned to the bats and owls; it was haunted by the ghost of Miss Ashmore, who slammed the doors, opened the windows, and appeared at them on moonlight nights, looking white and sorrowful, beating her breast, tearing her hair, and uttering loud cries.

All these tales Clare had listened to, as we of this nineteenth century do listen to such tales, with a half-smile, a little surprise that anybody could be so credulous as to give heed to such wild fancies, and a wish that education and enlightenment were more widely spread through the United Kingdom.

But here was Max taunting Sir Arthur with what rumour said, and Sir Arthur in a murderous rage. Max was in danger from this wicked and furious old man's gun. Clare rushed round the clump of trees, and arrived soon on the scene of action.

The two men stood at a few paces apart, glaring on each other; unholy fire in their eyes; their teeth set, their hands clenched. The red rays of the sunset cast a lurid glow on the bronzed, massive head of the stern aristocrat. Max, slight though stalwart, stood more in the shadow, and under the gloom of the brushwood; his face was white, and the wrath upon it changed it, transformed it into a something that Clare Fleurelands had never imagined or dreamed. Not that her admiration for this ideal hero lessened one iota when she saw how angry he could look, because there was nothing save what was brave and grand in the anger of Max.

The baronet had been wandering over the waste ground, which was part of his vast property, gun in hand.

September days were yet a few weeks off, but though neither partridge nor pheasant were to be found on this waste land, there were still a few birds of less importance at which the baronet, who was a thorough sportsman, did not disdain to take aim—landrail, from the neighbouring corn-lands on the shelving sides of the hills.

The baronet had no servants or friends with him, only a certain hound, famous at scenting out a hare should one cross his path at half a mile of distance. This hound—it was a large black one — lay on the ground growling between Sir Arthur and Max. The baronet shot nothing, perchance he met with nothing, and sought nothing on this August afternoon, until the wildest chance threw Max Carstairs in his way; and then, nettled at the sight of what he thought a handsome, saucy, low-born lad (all whose names were not in the peerage were low-born according to Sir Arthur's creed), he turned upon him, and taxed him with being the writer of an insolent letter, and threatened him almost with fire and sword if ever he ventured again within the precincts of the stately park of Atherstone; and Max had fired up hotly, and answered the overbearing baronet in his own fashion, which courage astonished and enraged Sir Arthur yet more.

Clare, pale and beautiful, came and stood close to Max. Sir Arthur smiled grimly, and then bowed slightly to the young lady. Max bowed also, and his brown cheek took a tinge of colour. Neither the old man nor the young one liked this interruption to their hostilities; the blood of each was fully roused.

"You will not forget what I have said to you, *fellow?*" said the baronet, turning on his heel.

"I shall have difficulty in remembering that Sir Arthur Ashmore calls himself gentleman," retorted Max; "and I shall never forget his insults nor his threats."

"You whelp!" shrieked the baronet, beside himself. "Ah, times are changed. When *I* was twenty-five I could have knocked you down, and left my gamekeepers to thrash half the life out of you. Now, the ruffian lower-classes are having their day, but only for a time; and remember, if I catch you one inch beyond my park railings, I'll have you ducked in the horse-pond. But you will know better than to come;" and Sir Arthur laughed a scornful laugh.

"I shall come if I choose, you contemptible old man," returned Max, folding his arms resolutely; "and I defy you and your vassals to hurt me!"

Sir Arthur almost choked with rage. He handled his gun; he seemed on the point of shooting Max where he stood, with folded arms and face which now glowed hot with passion; then Clare Fleurelands spoke:

"Sir Arthur Ashmore, you are too angry to trust yourself safely with that gun; discharge it in the air. I am not afraid of the noise or the shock."

Sweetly and yet like a command the young girl's voice rang out on the summer air.

Sir Arthur looked at the peculiar, pale beauty of Clare, her plain yet thoroughly well-chosen attire, her slender, perfect form in amaze.

"One would say she was of good birth," he thought to himself. A beautiful woman may do much in calming the angry passions of men if she is wise, and firm, and gentle.

On the impulse of the moment Sir Arthur discharged his gun in the air. Clare did not start or scream.

"Now, young lady, I have obeyed you," said the baronet. "Your friend yonder escapes, for the time, having his head blown to pieces, which I assure you he deserves."

Again the baronet bowed. Clare made a graceful reverence, and without another word the stately, angry man walked away with a lordly air. His great black dog arose and followed him.

Max and Clare looked at each other. Max, to her surprise, broke into an ironical laugh.

"I believe I owe my life to you, Miss Clare," he said. "You have wonderful presence of mind. Yonder old ruffian does not seem to belong to this century; he is as wicked and bloodthirsty as some baron in the times of the Norman kings, who held the lives of his vassals cheaper than his dogs. I believe he would have shot me and tossed me into the mire if you had not come."

"How awful!" said Clare to herself; then aloud: "And why was he so angry with you?"

"I cannot tell you now," replied Max; "another person is compromised; it is not all my secret. Will you do me a favour, Miss Clare? Mention this occurrence to nobody, not even to your sister. Will you promise me?"

"I promise," she answered, in a low voice; and Max felt that his secret was safe.

Poor Clare! had she but known that the syren Lady Janet was the real cause of all this anger; had she known that Max, in the hot wrath of his heart, was planning a speedy marriage with her in spite of all obstacles, her own fear of poverty included; had she known that he had resolved never to profit by a shilling of Sir Arthur's wealth, even should the baronet die that night without a will, and leave all to My Lady Janet; had she known that all the young student's fancy and heart were devoted to the high-born, golden-haired girl, then would her heart have sank for the time, but suffered less in the end; for it is better to know these things sooner than later.

"You do not think," asked Clare, presently, "that Sir Arthur murdered his daughter in a passion, as they say?"

"But I *do* believe it," returned Max, looking steadily at Clare. "I believe it in my very soul."

"Then he would have been punished; it *must* have been found out," urged Clare.

But Max shook his head, and looked gloomily on the ground.

"There are more things on earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy," he answered. "The world wags not as it should wag, fair lady; it is full of sins and of sorrows which must make the angels weep if, indeed, they hear and heed our griefs and wrongs. It is well to hide all hideous things if we can from the eyes of the young, and innocent, and happy. I am a medical student, and I have looked on much sorrow though I am young in years. But let us talk of other things, and forget that ogre baronet. Where are you going? Seeking nuts or blackberries among the brambles? They are not ripe yet."

"No; I was going on to a lonely place called Llanalt, where an old woman lives all by herself; she is nearly blind; her name is Rebecca. I have some tea for her, and a warm shawl for her rheumatic shoulders against the winter."

"An angel of mercy!" he said, with a peculiar smile. Clare had a painful fear that it was an ironical smile. "Let me come with you," pleaded Max. "I will add a shilling or two to your gifts, and after the ogre and his gun, your nerves may be shaken. May I come with you and carry that pretty basket?"

Clare assented, and the two walked over the moorland together.

Max felt strangely soothed by the presence of Clare; she was, he said to himself, like a grand, and gentle, and lofty poem—to him a something elevating, and refining, and ennobling. There are women in the world who call up all that is greatest and best in a man's soul, who lull to sleep wrath, anger, clamour, and unrest, to point upward and onward, and make him believe in the power of goodness and the final triumph of right. Clare was one of these women.

Max was in a cynical mood when he set out for Rebecca's cot, but long before he arrived there he believed again in himself, in the future, even vaguely in My Lady Janet.

Clare, knowing nothing, went on talking in her sweet, calm fashion, and seeing his kindling eye and flushing cheek, she took to herself hopes bright as the wild-flowers that spangled the ground at their feet; but she knew not that the serpent of an unrequited love lurked amid those blossoms; she knew not that Max, while he reverenced her as a saint, and admired her as a picture, ay, and delighted in her as a friend, all the while loved madly and hotly My Lady Janet, and was resolved to make her his bride without delay, at all risks and at all costs.

So do men win hearts; so do women lose theirs, and suffer the dull pang which pride, and wisdom, and dignity compel them to hide.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"HERE is the cottage," said Clare; "it is a poor place."

"It *is* a poor place, and how the winter winds must howl about it," said Max. "Fancy Christmas-day in this lonely hut. How does the old soul get food and firing? There does not seem to be a house near."

Clare pointed to where the ground suddenly

sloped down steeply, at a stone's throw from where she stood with Max.

"Below there," she said, "stands a little group of four cottages; they have tiny gardens of cabbages and potatoes; not very picturesque, certainly. Some of those women, who live in those cottages, attend upon poor Rebecca; one or other of them comes every morning, lights her fire, and puts on her kettle. Then the old soul gets up and takes her breakfast, and though she is nearly blind, she manages to sweep out her room and make her bed. It is a lonely, desolate life; but Rebecca has some fine thoughts occasionally; she could read a little before she lost her sight, and she remembers what she has read. You cannot give the poor creature a greater treat than to read to her."

"And you must be very good to find your happiness in giving old pauper women such treats," said Max. "What a weird old cottage. How the four winds of Heaven must howl round it on stormy nights."

The cot was built of gray stone; it had one window and one door; its roof was low and sloping.

"How did you discover this poor old soul?—how did you make her acquaintance?" asked Max.

"Walking on the moor one hot afternoon with Anna, we both felt thirsty, and went and knocked at the door and asked old Rebecca for a glass of water."

"You should not drink cold water when you are heated," said Max.

"Ah! I forgot you were a doctor," Clare answered, with a smile; "but that was how my acquaintance with Rebecca began."

She went on and knocked, and a feeble, aged voice bade her enter. She crossed the threshold of the clay-floored hut. The little dresser, bright with cheap cups and saucers; the three-legged stool; the wooden arm-chair; the withered old dame sitting in it, propped up with a great pillow; a stocking, with knitting needles in her shrivelled hands; a little fire of wood on the raised stone, which served for a grate; a kettle hanging over it, singing lustily; a cat, gravely washing its face in the light of the flames.

This was the common-place, yet picturesque, scene that came before the eyes of Max and Clare as they entered the ancient hut; but there was somebody else present, not a neighbour, in a tall hat and linsey shawl, with a basket of eggs or apples on her arm; not a curate, lean and grave, from some distant mountain hamlet, come to raise the thoughts of poor old Rebecca above the lowly, sloping roof of her dwelling. No; a woman, a lady, rather, wearing a dark costume of brown cloth, trimmed with velvet, somewhat too heavy for the August day.

Clare thought the lady, meanwhile, was dressed in the most perfect taste. Her hat was of the same colour as her robe; her face was dark and keen, and had possibly looked on this changing world some forty odd years; her features were *prononcée*; her hair black as night; her eyes large, gray, deep, full of thought and power, and a sort of tenderness that smouldered, as it were, under the calmness of her look.

She rose when the visitors entered, and bowed to them courteously. Max removed his hat.

"You have come to cheer up my friend Rebecca?" said the lady, with a smile, which showed white and even teeth. "I am by no means a lively personage, and I am afraid I so perplex Rebecca with my odd fashion of discourse that she is more disquieted than comforted by my visits. I believe the curate told you to be warned of me, did he not Rebecca?"

"Well indeed, and indeed," said the old Welsh woman briskly, and turning her poor dim eyes upon her visitor, "you do talk strange, but it's being a scholar ma'am. I can't read—never could very much. Is that Miss Clare? bless her pretty face; little I can see, but I see she's as clean as a rose and a lily in the face."

Clare laughed.

When a Welsh peasant wishes to describe a lovely complexion, he says it is clean. A translation we suppose of the equivalent in Welsh for fair and clear.

"I hope so, Rebecca," she said, sweetly, "and this gentleman, a friend of ours, is come to see you; and since he is a doctor, he will tell you what will cure your rheumatic pains. Will you go and talk to her?" she asked Max.

Max went over to old Rebecca. The lady in brown rose from her seat, and offered it courteously to Clare Fleurelands.

"I believe poor Rebecca is not richer in chairs than in other wordly goods," she remarked. "She occupies the large one, then there is the stool, and lastly, this the visitor's seat. Pray take it, I have rested sufficiently."

"Thank you, I will sit on the stool," replied Clare. "Pray keep your seat." And she took the stool and sat where she could see the wild moorland gleaming in the sunshine, through the half-open door.

"This is then a visit of charity," asked the lady, brusquely. "I presume you are a truly charitable young lady, not one who pokes her nose and her tracts, her warnings and her interference, into every poor man's house, leaving a quarter of a pound of tea at Easter, and some plums and sugar at Christmas on the table, as the sole palliatives to all the lectures and scoldings she has administered during the year. You come to cheer up the old soul with bright smiles, young laughter, and kindly words. That is good. For my part I am not a charitable person, I am not an amateur preacher of virtues which I don't practise. I am not a fashionable woman, nor a woman of the world; neither am I a good, serious woman. Therefore, perhaps, you will think the sooner I take myself out of old Becky's cottage the better. At the same time if I am a heathen I have not come empty handed. I have brought a bottle of good port and half a sovereign for old loneliness as I call her; and I am glad your friend is here, since he will tell the old body how many times to take, and not to take, the wine; and as for the ten shillings, I am a bit doubtful respecting the Mary Davises and Jane Joneses, who come to help old loneliness. I am a hardened cynic, young lady, with a thorough distrust of human nature, be it Welsh, English, Scotch, French, or Italian. I wish you would get from the old soul what she most needs, and write it down in this pocket-book. I will then see the women, and tell them how to spend the money, and call afterwards and see that she has all she has asked for."

Clare, without a word, went to old Becky, and heard from her of her little needs. "A pair of warm stockings, she was knitting one pair, but could not afford to wait for another pair, and meanwhile her feet were cold. A bit of beef to make her some soup. Nothing ever did her half as much good as beef soup. A thick pair of shoes, for she had oftimes to go outside to the wood-shed and the dust-heap at the back; and if she could get a couple of hens to lay her an egg or so."

Clare looked thoughtful. Half a sovereign would not buy half of these. Her own half crown, however, and that of Max, put to the other money, might buy the shoes, and stockings, and beef, and a dozen fresh eggs; so she wrote all this down, and left it for Mary Jones, together with the fifteen shillings in old Becky's hands.

Blessings rained down upon the three benefactors volubly. Max patted the old soul's shoulder; Clare pressed her hand, and promised to call again; the lady in brown stood coldly aloof.

"Good afternoon, Rebecca," she said in clear, loud tones. "You are grateful for small mercies, which is well. May I walk a little way across the moor with you?" she said, addressing herself to Max. "It is lonely, and the evening will be here before we know where we are."

"Most happy," said Max.

She smiled at him a little sadly.

"That's the right thing to say, I suppose," she remarked, "though everybody knows it can't be true. A young man, with a pretty young girl for his companion over the moor, is asked to allow a plain woman, of more than forty, to be of the party, he says 'most happy,' and tries to look it, when he means 'most miserable.' Well, it's one form of self-sacrifice. The man or the woman who does not know how to practise that is a worthless wretch or paltry creature, who should be greeted with hisses and howls wherever he or she appeared, only the world is too polite for that."

Max looked at the lady in surprise. So very eccentric a manner might have disposed some shallow observers to suppose the woman slightly demented; but Max, after his hospital studies, and with his constant practice of studying almost everything and everybody that came in his way, knew, at a glance, that not only was this woman's brain sound, but her intellectual grasp stronger and larger than that of ninety-nine of every hundred fairly cultured dames. There was no excitement in the deep gray eyes, only the swarthy cheek glowed a little as she spoke.

"I assure you," he said, eagerly, "I shall be *delighted* to give you my escort, and to enjoy your society on the road to Pendowen."

And Clare—strange, strange world, where fact so often outvies fiction in its cold, *bizarre*, startling coincidences—poor Clare felt her *first*, her very first pang of jealous pain, when she saw Max, his handsome face aglow, his fair eyes alight with a sort of admiration for this plain woman, more than forty years old.

Poor Clare, knowing nothing of that fastastic passion for My Lady Janet—Clare, who in a tacit sort of way, had up to this moment believed (without reasoning about it), that she was growing dear to the heart of the handsome student of medicine, awoke to a painful consciousness of her own state of heart.

Max, more than twenty years younger than this lady in brown, yet seemed struck, fascinated, attracted by her.

Was Max a flirt? Many persons might answer this question in the affirmative. Certainly, he was apt to be drawn towards whatever was beautiful, or unique, or perfect in its kind. This woman in brown was plain, and long past youth; but she had a voice deep-toned and melodious; she had eyes full of smouldering fire and intelligence; the spirit of a being above the average, looked right through those eyes at the beholder.

Clare felt in some way lessened in importance, while this tall, slender woman walked over the moorland with her and Max, and talked to *him*. It was strange talk, what some might have called wild talk. This lady was a cynic, with an intense love of the beautiful, and a deep compassion for the sorrows of poor humanity; and this contradictory character, this warring of strong opposing elements in the same soul, seemed to have a corresponding influence on Max. He, too, was a little cynical, with scant faith in the loftiness or elevation of man in the abstract; and yet he also was penetrated with pity for all the sufferings under the sun.

Clare, who had not an atom of the cynical in her whole being, seemed to walk apart from those two, although she was in reality close to them; and she said to herself, sadly:

"This stranger seems to understand him better than I do."

"Love!" laughed the lady; "do *you* believe in love? You are not many years past twenty, and you believe still firmly in that fable? It often strikes me as wonderful that generation after generation should go on believing the same falsehood, that men and women should awake to find it a delusion and a snare, and yet go on without trying to teach their children the grave lesson. No; they let them find out by bitter experience how cruel is the idol to which they sacrifice."

Clare turned round, with a flash in her lovely eyes:

"Madam, do you not believe that there is any genuine love in the world? Oh, madam! could human nature exist without it, any more than the earth could bring forth fruit without the light and warmth of the sun?"

"A beautiful idea, my child," laughed the lady, "and not without its grain of truth. Yes, there *is* love in the world. The love of the mother to her son is very real; yes, and now and then, the love of the son to his mother also. I have seen a father fond of his daughter, and I have known, though rarely, two brothers who loved each other. But speak of passion, romantic love—the love painted by the dramatist, the poet, and the novelist—the love of Romeo and Juliet, of the youth for the maiden and the maiden for the youth—*there* is the mistake, the delusion, the bitter disappointment; *there* is the 'vain shadow in which man walks, and disquieteth himself in vain.'"

"Do you mean that where we love we do not love—that we awaken from a dream, and find our idol clay?" asked Max, with a smile.

"That; or else the idol refuses to return our love, remains cold and blind to our tears, deaf to our cries, and we—we wear out our hearts for a space, and then rise and cast down the false god, and trample it under our feet!"

[To be continued.]

"My Lady Janet" commenced in No. 672 and Part CLXV.

OBSERVATION.

THE practice of noting things and events in their simple existence will gradually accumulate a store of knowledge, from which we may derive help in every turn of life. It is the observant man that is the man of resource. The happiest inventions are the result of much silent observation. It is indispensable to all whose business it is to guide or rule their fellows. In the family it supplies what is most needed to prevent jars, to ease discomforts, to remedy mischiefs, to make up for deficiencies. In society it obviates blunders, suggests felicitous improvisations, steers one's course clear of sunken rocks, explains things which might otherwise appear anomalous, and nips silly suspicions in the bud. To the statesman it is invaluable: for, though there may be brilliant oratorical power without it, it is impossible that there can be wise administration.

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PASTIMES.

SQUARE WORDS.

A fruit, a narrow road, a single number, a town of Europe.

C.

BURIED RIVERS: BRITISH.

1.

John, James, Sarah, Ann, and I are going to London to-morrow.

2.

The most pleasant route from Carlisle to Edinburgh is, to my fancy, the Waverley.

3.

Eskett, in Cumberland, is noted for its hematite iron ore deposits.

4.

Genesis is the first book of the Bible, and was written by Moses.

5.

Stewed eels are very nice.

6.

Do you think rich umber or green is the nicer colour?

7.

I wash myself both winter and summer in cold water.

8.

The partridges flew up with a loud whir. "Well done!" ejaculated my companion, as I brought a brace to the ground with a shot from my gun.

9.

Empty nets are a great disappointment to fishermen.

10.

Noah's ark rested, after the deluge, on Mount Ararat.

M. I. W.

NUMBERED CHARADE.

My 3, 9, 10, an animal.
My 1, 2, 7, means large.
My 7, 5, 6, is a liquid.
My 8, 9, 10, is an article of food.
My 9, 3, 4, part of the human body.
My 8, 9, 3, 4, to hurt.
My 9, 2, 3, the atmosphere.
My 9, 5, 4, to throw.
My 1, 3, 5, 6, 7, to fetch.
My 3, 5, 6, 7, a circle.
And my whole is an English town.

E. I. M. B.

SOLUTIONS OF PASTIMES IN No. 686

DECAPITATION.—Theme, the, me, them, hem.

CONUNDRUM.—Light and air.

CHARADES.—1. Man-drake. 2. Guild-hall.

BURIED NAMES.—1. Eden. 2. Undine. 3. Ella. 4. Isola. 5. Hillian. 6. Gwyn.

PYRAMID PUZZLE.—

A
APE
APPLE
SKYLARK
FALTERING

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS GENERALLY.

As our Correspondence has greatly increased with the increased popularity of our Journal, and as further space cannot be spared in the Journal for replies thereto, we purpose from this date to answer questions of immediate importance *by post within a few days of their receipt. A stamped, addressed envelope must be forwarded for the reply, and in no case shall we answer in envelopes addressed to be left at a post-office. Our subscribers must not expect us to reply by post to questions that are not of urgent importance.*

In future we shall not insert requests for the words of songs or poems unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope, with the nom de plume *of the sender and the name of the song, &c., required, written inside the envelope.*

ADA CARISFORD.—(1) A rather substantial tea is usually provided for a croquet party, that is, if the guests are not invited to supper. For tea of that description, cold fowls, ham, lobster salad, cold veal, and pigeon pies, are usually placed on the table, with cakes, bread and butter, dry toast, &c. Of course this does not apply to persons who partake of dinner at seven o'clock; but croquet parties are generally for young people. (2) For fashionable garden parties there is frequently a band of music provided, and on some occasions dancing in a tent. But this is hardly desirable amusement on a hot summer day. Badminton and lawn tenis are more fashionable games than croquet. But where there is space for archery, it is a much more elegant amusement for ladies than either of the former. (3) Young ladies usually wear dresses without trains, where they really intend to join in the amusements of the day. The Breton will be a fashionable garden-party dress for this season. (4) We reply as soon as space permits.

FADED WHITE ROSE.—(1) We think from the tenour of your letter you have, somehow or other, imbibed some very strange ideas. If you are in a good position, and have a comfortable home in which you are appreciated, our advice to you is to remain in it. You will find, if you seek a place for yourself in the busy world, that your feelings and susceptibilities will not be very much considered by those with whom you will come in contact. An actress's life is one in which there is much hard study, work, and patience needed—that is, to rise to a position, and the minor parts would not satisfy you. To become an actress, you would need training for the occupation as for any other by which a living is gained. In the *Era* newspaper, which is the theatrical organ, you will find advertisements of persons who undertake to instruct pupils for the stage, and can learn terms by writing to them. (2) The redness in your face after meals probably arises from indigestion. (3) Glycerine rubbed into the skin will improve its texture.

READER (Braintree).—You can purchase paper all ready prepared for water-colour painting, and also prepared tissue paper for tracing, from any artist colourman.

BROWN-EYED POLLY.—(1) Make a good puff paste by the following recipe:—½ lb flour, ½ lb butter, the yolk of one egg; rub a little of the butter into the flour, beat up the yolk of an egg, and pour it with a few drops of lemon-juice into the flour; mix to a stiff paste with cold water, roll out the paste, and cover it with small pieces of butter; repeat until you have used all the butter. Cover some tart tins with four thin layers of paste, cut the edges evenly, put a small piece of bread in the centre of each tart, to prevent the paste rising too high in the centre, and bake in a brisk oven. Fill the tart cases with any jam preferred. (2) You will see the newest styles of dressing the hair in our Fashion Supplements and in the figures on the Fashion pages of our Journal.

CYNTHIA.—We gave one of the most beautiful designs you could possibly have for a lace trimming for apron, in Honiton and point braid, in the September Part for 1876. We have very few copies of the part left, therefore it is safer to order it of your bookseller at once, should you desire to have it, or we can send it by post for 1s.

SAILOR'S DARLING.—(1) Any chemist would get Muddiman's Spanish Hair Wash for you, or you can get it direct from the maker, whose address you will find in his advertisement on the covers of our Journal. (2) You will be able to clean your ties very well with the following mixture:—½ lb of soft soap, ¼ lb honey, ¼ pint of gin, stirred well together; wet the ties, lay them on a deal board, and scrub them well with a small brush dipped in the mixture. When all the dirt is removed rinse the ties in cold water, iron when very damp. (3) You will see the newest shapes for hats in our Fashion Supplement. (4) Rub the hands with glycerine, and sleep in gloves, with the palms cut out. (5) Wash to Whiten the Nails: Diluted sulphuric acid, 2 drachms, pump water 4 oz., tincture of myrrh, 1 drachm. First well wash the hands, then dip the tips of the fingers in the wash. (6) Fowl croquettes: 3 or 4 shallots, 1 oz butter, 1 teaspoonful flour, white sauce; pepper, salt, and pounded mace to taste, ½ teaspoonful of pounded sugar, the remains of roast fowls, the yolks of two eggs, and bread crumbs. Mince the meat of the fowl, fry the shallots in butter, add the minced fowl, dredge in the flour, put in the seasoning, pounded sugar, and sufficient white sauce to make it into a stiff paste; stir in the yolks of two eggs, and set it by in a cool place. Make the mixture into balls, egg and bread crumb them, and fry a nice brown. They may be served on a border of mashed potatoes, with gravy or sauce in the centre.

LADY VIVIEN.—(1) Many mothers cut their babies eyelashes to increase their growth, but we do not think it would have the same effect on those of a grown-up person. (2) Tools and materials of all descriptions for fretwork are sold by Messrs. Moseley and Simpson, 17 and 18, King Street, Covent Garden. (3) You will see the newest styles for dressing the hair in our Fashion Supplement. (4) Yes. (5) The Princess-shaped dress still continues to be most fashionable. (6) We have discontinued answering questions of this kind. (7) See answer No. 1 to "Marie," No. 685. (8) We know of nothing better than glycerine.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Ollendorff's new method of learning the French language is published by Dulan and Co., 37, Soho Square, W. Price of school edition, 6s. 6d.; key to the exercises, 6s.

BELLA.—We refer you to answer, No. 2, to Little May.

JENNIE.—(1) We cannot insert your query, as you have not complied with our rule of sending a stamped address for reply. (2) Introduce the gentleman to the lady. (3) No. (4) Yes. (5) If the gentleman is a friend of her family there can be no harm in so doing. (6) We do not charge for answers to correspondents, whether by letter or through the pages of our Journal.

COLUMBINE.—You will find a beautiful design in Berlin wool for a geometrical pattern for sofa cushion, in the full size, in the February part of our journal; it is still in print; you can obtain it through your bookseller for 9d., or by post for 1s. from the London Publishing Office of this Journal.

LITTLE MAY.—(1) Quite the reverse, oatmeal used in washing the face is very beneficial, as it softens the skin. (2) We know of nothing better than the frequent use of glycerine, and sleeping in loose kid gloves, with the palms cut out. (3) Many young ladies wear bonnets on all dress occasions.

AN ENQUIRER.—Mr. Rimmel would, doubtless, send you a bottle of his depilatory, if you cannot get it through your chemist. The price is 3s. 6d. per bottle, of course carriage would be extra.

H. H.—(1) Light jackets, and those of the same material as the dress, are very fashionable. (2) Yes. (3) If ladies are in the habit of attending skating rinks, they like to skate as well as possible, but it is unladylike to try to attract too much attention. (4) Still continue to wait patiently. (5) Wash the hair daily with cold water. (6) Yes. (7) Put one drop on a piece of flannel, and with it rub the teeth, but do not touch the gums, rinse the mouth, and clean your teeth before closing the lips, or the oil of vitriol will blister them.

FRANCESCA.—Any manuscript book may be indexed with the letters of the alphabet marked on the corner of the right-hand page, allowing as many pages as you please to each letter. If the saving of trouble is no matter of consequence, as you say your "cuttings" consist mostly of sanitary matters, then you might expedite your search for such a subject, as say "Enamel on Cooking Utensils," by placing it under each of the heads—E. "Enamel on Cooking Utensils;" also under C. "Cooking Untensils, Enamel on." A great saving of time is effected in the long run by taking the first trouble.

LADY JANET.—(1) There is a book published by Allen and Co., 13 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, entitled "First Lessons in Geology;" price 2s. You will find this book very useful, as it would give you more information on the subject you inquire about than we have space for. (2) It is certainly very imprudent for a young girl to walk with a gentleman, unless she is engaged to him, or he is an old friend of the family.

DAISY.—(1) We know of no book on the history of the place you name. (2) In cases of long-standing indigestion it is best to consult a medical man. (3) Strawberry-juice rubbed on at night and washed off in the morning without soap will remove freckles.

LADY VIVIEN.—(1) You can have "How to Read the Face" by post direct from the London Publishing office of this Journal for 1½. (2) We do not know that it has any meaning, but should consider it a breach of good manners. (3) Nightmare is usually a dream taking some dismal shape, and is the result in most cases of indigestion. The best thing is to take a light and digestible supper some time before retiring to rest.

FLORENCE B.—The best way would be to wear a thick veil in cold weather, and to shield your face as much as possible from the sun in hot weather.

LENA.—(1) Highly-finished black alpaca, or black batiste, may be worn instead of silk, under black grenadine. (2) There is no set form of speech for the occasion. Something will surely suggest itself at the time. (3) We have discontinued answering questions of this kind.

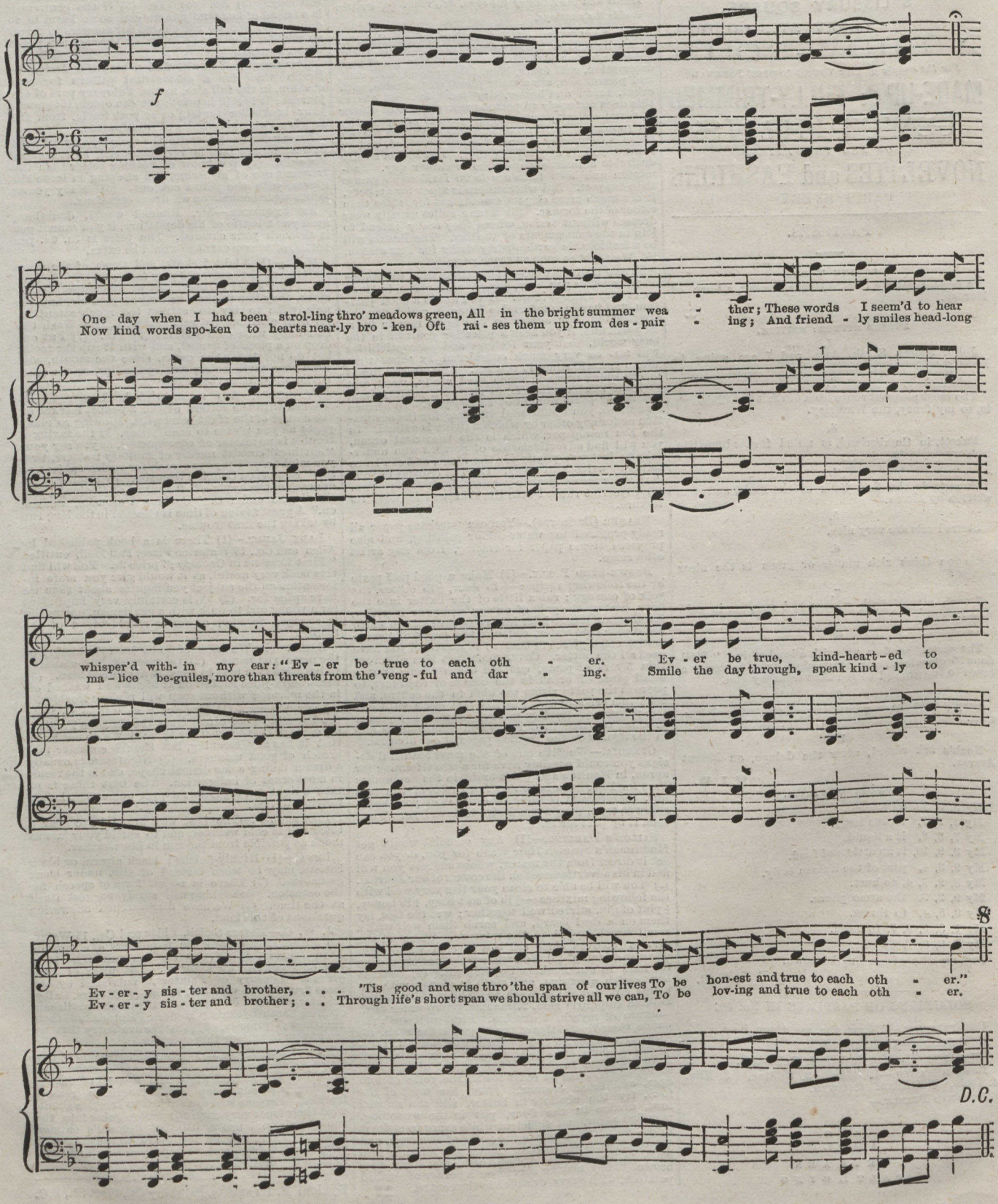
J. W. C.—Messrs Smith, Elder and Co., 15 Waterloo Place, London, are the publishers of a work by John Ruskin, L.L.D. on modern painters. It is the only edition we know of. The price of Redgrave's "Century of Painters," published by the same firm, in two volumes, is 24s. (2) Messrs. Dalby, Isbister, and Co., 56 Ludgate Hill, are the publishers of Miss Sarah Lytler's "Modern Painters and their Paintings;" price 4s. 6d. (3) We are sorry that we are unable to answer this question.

LA DAME BLANCHE.—(1) Your contribution of pastimes is accepted with thanks. (2) Lemon-juice rubbed on the face at night and washed off in the morning without soap will sometimes remove freckles. Persons who are subject to freckles should wipe their faces very carefully before going into the sun and air, and use a little of Rimmel's oatmeal powder. There will be no injury to the skin with using these things, and we hope you may find them to have the desired effect.

London: E. HARRISON, Salisbury Ct., Fleet St., E.C.

Ever be True.

Words by F. LANCELOTT. (BALLAD.) Music by J. SMYTHE.



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THE
YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL
AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

IT WAS HER DUTY, THOUGH A FRIGHFUL ONE, TO ASCERTAIN WHERE HE LAY.

THE QUEEN OF THE SEASON.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AFTER HIS FALL.

WHEN Marie regained power to move, her first thought was to fly the scene of the disaster, and with her hands pressed to her ears, lest some horrifying sound should reach them, she began to climb the remaining steps. But her limbs failed her; she stumbled and sank down too powerless, too faint, to go further, and for a moment she was seized with a mad impulse to let herself fall over the precipice and perish with the hapless Aymer.

But her naturally strong mind soon began to recover from the first shock of that terrible occurrence, and she nerved herself to repair as far as she could the consequences of the rash act she had committed. The Earl, however maimed—ah! what a shudder convulsed her as imagination pictured him, bruised, bleeding, perhaps injured beyond recovery!—might still be living, and must be succoured. It was her duty, though a frightful one, to ascertain where he lay, and how assistance might be most effectually rendered before she went back to Bonchurch to seek it.

It was neither calmly nor coherently that she told herself these things, repeating them again and again as she descended to the shore. She moved and acted like one who is under the in-

fluence of a hideous dream, from which she fain would wake and cast off its torturing spell, but cannot. Ghastly in her pallor, wildly wringing her hands, and breathing in convulsive gasps, she made her way over the rough ground, casting now and then looks of affright and remorse at the frowning acclivity from which she had cruelly pushed the handsome, light-hearted boy, who had little dreamed what she was about to do.

Could he still live after falling headlong from such a height as that? Longing yet dreading to behold him, she climbed the masses of rock that intervened, until half hidden by the bushes that had partially broken his fall, she beheld the motionless form of Lord Esselyn.

He was lying on a heap of shingle beneath a ledge of the chalky cliff from which he appeared to have slid in an ineffectual attempt to gain a footing. It was some considerable time before the miserable Marie could nerve herself to draw nearer; but when she summoned courage to approach, and caught a glimpse of his closed eyes and pain-contracted features, it was with a despairing shriek that she flung herself upon him.

"He is dead," she wailed, "and I, who loved him in spite of all, I am his murderess! Oh, Heaven! be pitiful, and let me die too! Life will be an agony too hideous to bear! But no—no; I do not deserve such mercy! I must expiate my crime, and I will. Here will I stay till he is sought for, and those who come and bear him to his grave shall seize and carry me to my prison."

But now the arms that had been thrown over Lord Esselyn's head as if first upraised in efforts to save himself by grasping at the air, and had been partially concealing his face from Marie's sight, suddenly twined themselves about the distressed girl, and clasped her to the heart on which she was weeping.

Dismay and shame seized her as she felt herself thus imprisoned. He lived; he was not unconscious—nay, he was wholly unhurt, and had been feigning insensibility, that he might amuse himself with her grief.

She began to struggle desperately to free herself; but she could not prevent his lips pressing her brow; she could not release herself till he had tenderly whispered:

"Then you do love me, in spite of your cruelty! Ah, Marie, I knew you could not be really angry with me. I know you did not intend to push me over the cliff, and so we will never speak of it again: no one shall know how it happened. Do you hear, naughty little termagant? You are forgiven; but only on condition that you let me kiss those tears away, and promise——"

She would not be compelled to hear more. By a violent effort she struggled out of his embrace, and then, looking down on him with passionate scorn depicted in every feature, called him a craven and a villain!

"If I had not despised you before," she panted, "this mean trick would be sufficient to make you detestable in my sight! My womanly horror of the crime I fancied I had committed has made me say what I now protest to be untrue. Dead, I might have remembered only your virtues; living, I will always hate you with all the strength of a heart that never has, and never can, acknowledge you its master!"

Turning swiftly away, she climbed the steps, and hurried back to Bonchurch, where she arrived so pale and depressed, that Lady Esselyn's own maid, though apt to look jealously at the more graceful attendant of Vivien, was, for once, kind and considerate. Concluding that the young Frenchwoman had walked too far, she brought her some tea, and advised her to go to bed, saying that she would herself give Lady Vivien such small attendance as she would be likely to require.

Marie thankfully acted on the advice, and shut herself in her chamber; not to sleep, certainly, but to reproach herself for the frenzy of passion that might have ended in consequences too serious to be dwelt upon without a thrill of horror, and humble herself before the merciful Providence that had frustrated the deed so rashly committed.

Of Lord Esselyn she could not think without losing patience; for she told herself that his conduct was unmanly in the extreme. For a while, so great was her indignation, that she resolved never to look upon him again; and, opening her trunk, began hurriedly folding and laying her clothes within it, intending to quit Bonchurch as soon as it was light enough to permit of her departure.

But a little reflection induced her to rescind this determination. She had no desire to provoke remark by any eccentricity of conduct; neither was she prepared with a reason that could be assigned for leaving Lady Vivien so suddenly.

"Why should I fly?" she was presently asking herself. "I came to England for a purpose which I have not succeeded in fulfilling, because I have grown scrupulous and faint-hearted. I am ashamed of myself!" she went on, clenching her hands and frowning at the beautiful face her glass reflected. "When I started, I resolved to put myself aside—to have no likes, no dislikes, no hopes, no wishes that were not connected with my errand; yet the first obstacle thrown in my way daunted me, and because my lord the Earl has a winning tongue and a fair, frank visage, and would amuse himself with a flirtation—he means no more—I hesitate, and suffer myself to be swayed by feelings for which I blush! No, I will not go hence!" she protested. "I will let him think that I am as easily duped as he fancies me; but it shall be only that I may turn the tables upon him the more quickly! A little while, and Aymer, the most noble Earl of Esselyn, shall never be able to hear my name spoken without gnawing his lips and drooping his head, lest any should guess how completely a weak girl has outwitted him!"

Marie had by this time worked herself into such an elated frame of mind, that she could resolve to go to rest, and forget her troubles till the morrow; and, though she had imagined that to sleep after what she had gone through would be impossible, towards dawn her eyes closed, and she did not wake again till a maid came to summon her to the presence of her young mistress. Startled to find it so late, she made a hasty toilet, and hurried to her lady's room.

She found Lady Vivien in dressing-gown and slippers, her hair loose, as if she, too, had risen from her bed in great haste, standing by the window peeping between the curtains. She turned round on hearing Marie enter, and, without listening to her apology for being so tardy in her attendance, asked, abruptly:

"Did you see anything of the Earl after we went to the concert last evening? What time did he return from his walk?"

This second question was more easily answered than the first.

"I went to my room at so early an hour, that I do not know when my lord re-entered the house. Shall I inquire of the servants for my lady?"

"I wish you would. The Countess's maid has been here with such a strange tale, that I feel quite uneasy. She asserts that my brother has been absent all night!"

Not a misgiving as to Aymer's safety had hitherto entered the mind of Marie; but now it was with growing uneasiness that she exclaimed:

"Not here! Not returned! Impossible! He was *sain et sauf* when I——"

Marie checked herself in confusion, but she could not help growing very pale as the thought crossed her that, after all, he might not have been so wholly unhurt as she had imagined. She remembered the constrained attitude in which he was lying when she first discovered where he had fallen, and how he had made no attempt to rise and follow her as, with bitter reproaches, she hurried away.

"Don't stop to tell me that it is impossible any harm can have befallen him, for your looks contradict your words!" cried Vivien, impatiently. "I can see that you think, with me, there must be some terrible cause for his absence. He is so adventurous. Ah! who knows but that he may be lying, at this very moment, at the foot of some crag from which his incautiousness has precipitated him. Go at once and discover which way he went, and then come and help me dress, that I may myself direct a search for him!"

But Marie felt unable to obey; and, while she grasped at the back of a chair to support herself, and Vivien, peevishly wishing she would not be so helpless just when help was most wanted, was searching for her aromatic vinegar, the Countess came in.

Marie contrived to reach the door, and slid down on a chair outside, where she sat, leaning her head against the wall, and struggling with the deadly faintness that had taken possession of her; while Lady Esselyn repeated and commented on what she had heard, and Vivien hastily dressed unaided.

"It's no use exciting yourself, child!" said the Countess; "I have no doubt that we have not the smallest cause for alarm. Young men are fond of frightening their female relatives—it makes them of importance: and Aymer will only ridicule us for being uneasy because he has been absent a few hours longer than we expected."

"Aymer never has failed in proper respect to you, madam!" the Earl's sister proudly retorted. "He would not intentionally remain away for a whole night without sending an excuse for the delay, and an explanation of it."

"You are always ready with excuses for his conduct," she was fretfully told. "As to any respectful treatment from either of you I never look for it; and, therefore, it does not surprise me to learn that he has absented himself, for the purpose, doubtless, of keeping some disgraceful appointment, or——"

But she was interrupted with Vivien's passionate:

"Madam, how dare you!—and to me, his sister! That he is not free from faults I am very well aware; but no one shall bring allegations against him in my hearing that they have no evidence to support!"

"I have done," said the Countess, with the resignation of a martyr. "My remarks are always met in this spirit. I was foolish to testify any anxiety respecting Aymer. I daresay you are in his secrets, and know very well why I am exposed to this annoyance—my friend's servants kept up all night, and my own rest broken, besides the shock to my nerves when I am aroused with the tidings that he has not put in an appearance at all!"

Marie shrank behind a curtain as the splenetic lady emerged from Vivien's room, and wrestled unseen with her doubt and anguish.

"It is as I feared," she murmured to herself; "he lies where I left him, and I—I who am the guilty cause of all must proclaim where he is to be found. Oh! heartless coward that I am, why do I hesitate when his life is at stake? It must, it shall be done!"

Without pausing lest her courage should again fail her, she walked firmly and quickly into Vivien's presence, but ere she could utter a word, a succession of the shrill screams Cressida was wont to send forth when anything terrified her, was heard, and instinctively she and her lady clung to each other, afraid to ask or even to think what fearful sight had evoked those cries.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

PREPARING FOR MY LADY'S TRIUMPHS.

Not till a voice in the hall below was heard saying, earnestly, "No, no, not dead, I assure you; only very much exhausted!" did either Vivien or Marie feel able to stir, or comprehend that it must be of Aymer the stranger was speaking.

Then the anxious sister sprang down the stairs, and Marie followed, in time to see some boatmen carry the insensible Earl into the breakfast-room, where he was laid on a couch, while the surgeon, who had accompanied him, explained to the trembling Vivien all he knew concerning her brother's condition.

An early riser himself, he had been on his way to a secluded nook to indulge in a bath, when he was accosted by one of the boatmen, who begged him to hurry to a spot he indicated. In rowing along the shore, he or his mate had caught sight of what looked like a heap of male garments, and on landing to inspect it they had discovered Aymer, whom they recognised as the pleasant-spoken young gentleman who had often stopped during his rambles to chat with them.

A glance into the card-case in the Earl's vest enabled the surgeon to ascertain not only the name but the present address of his patient, and under his superintendence Aymer was immediately conveyed home. Before he awoke from the stupor into which pain and exposure had thrown him, he had been carried to his own room, and the surgeon satisfied himself—and relieved Vivien's anxiety with the tidings—that a dislocated ankle and sundry trifling contusions were all the injuries her brother had received.

Still no assurances could wholly remove the affectionate sister's apprehensions, till Aymer opened his eyes, and began to look around him with something like recognition of the familiar objects. Almost the first person on whom his gaze rested was Marie. The voice of her mistress had summoned her into the room, and with a heavier pain at her heart, a deeper anguish than Vivien was enduring, she had assisted in the efforts made to revive him.

As his gaze rested upon her she shrank back, large drops slowly coursing down her pale cheeks. He saw those tears, and held out his hand, saying, faintly:

"Don't be unhappy about me; I am not much hurt—I am not, indeed."

"He mistakes you for me," whispered Vivien, coming forward and clasping between her own the hand her maid dared not touch. "I am here, Aymer. Do you not know me yet?" and Marie

availed herself of the opportunity to make her escape.

For some days Lord Esselyn was really ill and feverish, but afterwards his recovery was rapid, and he merrily protested that he should be well before his nurses had had time to get tired of the task of waiting on him.

How his injuries were received he never attempted to explain, and when Vivien, who took the trouble to visit the place where he was found, expressed her surprise that he had fallen from the steps which were comparatively so easy to climb, he contented himself with reminding her that he always had been an unlucky fellow, finding danger where no one else ever discovered it. He even listened with the greatest meekness to the Countess's strictures on his inconsiderate conduct in scrambling about like a school-boy, and keeping her and Viva in attendance upon him when they ought to be in town preparing for the coming season.

As soon as a real obstacle occurred to prevent it, Lady Esselyn was all eagerness to be on the wing for the metropolis, and she fretted and murmured at her enforced stay at Bonchurch, till Aymer, who soon began to limp about with the aid of a stick, insisted that he was quite equal to the journey.

"I do not think you are," Vivien retorted. "Why not remain here a little longer, and ask your Fides Achates, Sir Innis, to come and share your solitude? then mamma and I could leave you without compunction."

"Hatherfield did offer to come as soon as he heard of my accident," Aymer replied; "but I declined with thanks, for I like him too well to expose him again to the snubs you and the dear mamma inflict upon him."

Vivien had to bite her lips to keep back the torrent of bitter words thronging to them; then it was her brother's fault he had not followed her, and he doubtless imagined that it was with her concurrence his proffered visit was declined. She made such an abrupt exit that Aymer had to ring for a servant to come and collect the papers and periodicals her flight had scattered; and Cressida, meeting her on the stairs, came in to ask confidentially what the Earl could have done to make Viva look so dreadfully strange.

Under these circumstances, no one regretted that Aymer persisted in declaring that he was able to travel, and a telegram, announcing their coming, to the servants at the Esselyn town house in Belgravia, was promptly despatched.

Not once had the young Earl seen Marie since that forgiving hand was held out to her on the morning after his fall. He knew that it was by her his books and writing materials were so deftly arranged every morning; and the cushions of his reclining chair placed so as to give him all the support and rest he still needed. It was Marie, too, who, on hearing that he complained of the messes sent up by the woman engaged *pro tem.* to act as cook, descended to the kitchen, and not only devised dishes, such as only a Frenchwoman is supposed to be capable of concocting, but sent up the tray with his luncheon or dinner so tastefully adorned with flowers that his eye was gratified as well as his palate.

Though always eager to devote herself to his service, she carefully avoided his presence, till he wearied to behold her. He even racked his brain to find excuses for requiring trifles from his sister's desk or jewel-box, which Vivien would ring for her maid to bring to him; but Marie, as if divining his motives, generally contrived to delegate the task to another, and remain invisible.

However, he consoled himself with the thought that she could not always avoid him, and was telling himself that a time must come when he could insist on knowing of what she accused him, as he limped one morning into the breakfast-room at an earlier hour than usual.

It was the day appointed for the journey to town, and Marie was addressing some cards for the luggage, when the entrance of the Earl made her start up to hurry away. But ere she could reach a door opposite the one by which he entered, he had dropped the cane, with which he sustained himself, and seemed in danger of falling. She flew to his assistance, and when, with her aid, he was safely seated in his chair, she was detained by his gentle grasp of her arm, until she ventured at last to glance at him. Yes, at last she saw how wan, how weak the sufferings he had endured so bravely had made him, and shuddered as she gazed.

One swift look, and all pride, all reserve, thrown aside, she was on her knees beside him, weeping bitterly, and praying him to pardon her. He had endured so much, and yet he had spared her!

"Indeed I thought you were unhurt," she sobbed, "I could not have left you stretched on the rocks, tortured with pain, exposed to the chill winds of the night, had I known how helpless you were! I have been your enemy. I have disliked, nay, despised you; but I was not capable of a revenge so cruel, so heartless as this would have been. Oh, say that you believe me! that you acquit me of malice so unwomanly and so deliberate!"

"Be calm, *petite*," he answered, earnestly. "I have never cherished a reproachful thought of you. There is some frightful mystery at the root of the strange, and I will venture to say causeless, prejudices you try to cherish. Without your aid I cannot fathom this mystery or exonerate myself. Why not, then, be frank, and say what has led you to doubt and despise me, and let me have a chance of convincing you of my innocence?"

"If you could do this——But it is impossible. I did not come here till I had assured myself beyond a doubt that I was justified in so doing."

"You were prepared to dislike me, and yet you came to live beneath my roof!" he exclaimed, regarding her with reproachful astonishment. "Nay, you said just now that you are my enemy; then your motives for coming to us were motives that *disgrace you!*"

Her cheek grew crimson, and she drew herself up haughtily; but only to let her head droop on her bosom in shame.

"You are right. My reasons for accepting the situation I hold reflect no credit on me. Yet I did not think so when I first proposed to do so. I felt no compunction when I promised myself that I would either find some way of making you suffer as you have made another suffer, or put it out of your power to boast of your baseness."

"Of whom are you speaking?" asked Aymer, uneasily. "I will not deny that while I was abroad I committed many follies; but none that have troubled my conscience much."

"I do not doubt that," was the bitter retort. "Men of your stamp break hearts to amuse themselves, and saying 'we meant no harm,' pass on without inquiring what has befallen the poor butterfly they have crushed."

"Marie, as I hope for Heaven, I have never yet said in sober earnest to living woman 'I love you!' A passing flirtation, a few jesting compliments, or a kiss snatched from willing lips, are all of which I have to accuse myself."

"Who told you I spoke of wrong done to one of my own sex? Was it that conscience whose promptings trouble you so little? And is it thus you justify yourself? Is it not as I have said—the poor girl who listens to your tender whispers and devoutly believes that you mean what you say, will surely rue it her life long? The vows *she* treasures and trusts, *you* speak of as passing flirtations, and the jest of the hour."

"Your are terribly severe in your judgment," said Aymer, flushing and wincing. "Yet I say again that you are taking an exaggerated view of any follies I may have committed in the past."

"I wish I dare believe you!" Marie murmured. "But no; it is because your memory is treacherous, and the past is no longer remembered, that you speak thus."

"On my soul, Marie," was the eager reply, "your good opinion is so precious to me, that I would rather lay bare every weakness of which I have been guilty, than wilfully deceive you. Tell me my fault, and by the Heaven above us, I will do all that lies in my power to atone for it!"

"Ma'm'selle," said a servant, putting his head in at the door, "Lady Vivien's bell has rung twice, and the Countess's maid is inquiring for you."

"I go," said Marie, refusing to see the entreating gesture of Aymer, who would have detained her still. But on the threshold she looked back with uplifted hand to say: "I will remember your vow, and claim its fulfilment before the summer has wholly waned!"

Her mysterious speeches and reproaches kept Aymer's mind so fully occupied all day, that he answered the questions of his sister and the Countess at random, and was so unusually silent, that by the time they reached town Vivien was seriously uneasy, imagining as she did that the fatigue of crossing of the Solent and subsequent jolting on the railway had tried him more than he would confess.

She could scarcely refrain from uttering an audible "Thank Heaven!" when the first person she beheld at Waterloo was Sir Innis Hatherfield, and she impetuously bore down the Countess's frigid objections to troubling anyone when their own servants were at hand:

"Sir Innis will assist Aymer, and take better care of him than James or Robert," she cried, impulsively; "so we gladly resign him into more skilful hands than our own. Put your charge into the carriage, Sir Innis, and away with him. We will follow when this mountain of luggage has been counted."

Her look was even more urgent than her words, and the baronet obeyed, leaving her to listen to the complaints of the Countess, who strongly reprobated an arrangement that compelled her and Cressida to drive to Belgrave Square in a cab, followed by Vivien and her maid in another.

"Not that I minded it a bit," Cressida confided to Sir Innis, when, after having *a tête-à-tête* with Aymer in his dressing-room, and reading him to sleep, he descended to join the ladies. "You see I could not hear what the dear Countess said for the jolting and rattling, so I only had to nod my head now and then; and it was so amusing to see how Mr. Douceby stared when I waved my hand to him as he stood on the steps of his club. I suppose I ought not to have done that, for the Countess was shocked, and pulled me back so suddenly that we knocked our heads together, and she would have scolded me well if the blow had not loosened her teeth, so that she could not speak till they were put to rights again."

"I wish you would come and help me to look over these patterns, Cressy love," cried Lady Esselyn, who divined that the young lady was making unnecessary revelations to their guest, and in another moment the baronet found himself comparatively alone with Vivien.

It was for the first time since he had permitted her to divine that he loved her, and her heart was beating faster than usual, though she played with her fan, and appeared quite at her ease; only her eyes were riveted on the jewelled toy in her fingers, instead of meeting his, and her lips wore the stereotyped smile they had for society, not the sweet, frank one he had loved to see upon them.

"You think Aymer is looking very ill?" she observed, plunging into conversation. "Yes; although he has made light of his injuries, I am afraid they have weakened him sadly. It has been dull for him too, poor fellow, for feminine companionship does not always satisfy masculine requirements."

"Aymer must have found it more pleasant than you appear to think, for he refused my offer to join him at Bonchurch," Sir Innis replied.

"Perhaps," said Vivien, with a slight yet bitter emphasis in her words, "he may have thought that in waiting to be *asked* to come, you proved that you had no real desire to do so."

"Did Aymer's sister think this?"

Vivien was silent till the question was repeated.

"*Must* I answer you? Well, then, some such thought did pass through my mind. I had been so—foolish shall I say?—as to cherish a fancy that we should see Sir Innis Hatherfield at Bonchurch."

"After tacitly giving me to understand that I should not be welcome? Vivien, you went there to avoid me. You repented your promise to give me a patient hearing, and fled that you might not have to keep it. Do you think I am mean-spirited enough to force you to hear me?"

"Pray do not take such a very earnest tone," said the young lady, playfully. "We were two silly children that day—do you remember how babyish I was?—and I am sure it was very kind of me to retreat and give you time for reflection."

But Sir Innis could not be persuaded to imitate her gay persiflage, and his reply was a very grave one:

"Then you fancied that I spoke on the impulse of the moment? It is true that I have too deep a sense of the greatness of the sacrifices I was about to demand from you not to feel that I ought not to have addressed you in haste; but, on the other hand, let me tell you that those words would have been spoken sooner if I had not seen that it would have been useless."

"You speak of sacrifices! Really, Sir Innis, this is rather alarming!" cried Vivien, her playful manner strangely at variance with the manly and intense earnestness of his. "Pray give me some idea what they would be. Should I be expected to cut off my hair, renounce my inordinate fondness for the best Parisian gloves and *bottines*, and promise not to patronise that much-abused Worth? But no, you shall not answer any of these important questions till you have told me why you did not come to Bonchurch."

"You know this already; because you tacitly forbade it. I saw that you wished to have time, and I could wait."

"And very patiently it appears," she observed, with a pout.

"No, Vivien, not patiently, except when I reminded myself that it was only by deferring

to all your reasonable wishes that I could hope to win you."

His tenderness was beginning to rob her of some of her self-control, yet she laughed as she said:

"Oh! monsieur, you are too obliging. Did you never say to yourself sometimes maidens fly to test the strength of their attractions, and to ascertain whether they are considered worth the trouble of following?"

"No, I did not think this," answered Sir Innis; "or if the thought had entered my mind I should have dismissed it as unworthy of you as well as of myself. I should have said Vivien St. Orme has too noble a spirit to descend to the frivolous coqueteries to which weaker women resort."

"But my sex like to see their power acknowledged," said Vivien, hanging her head a little conscience-stricken.

"Did I not acknowledge yours when I asked you to hear me say how very dear you were to me? I am an unpracticed wooer, for never till I knew you have I felt how poor, how unsatisfying my life will be unless it is shared by——"

He could not finish his sentence for his blushing, agitated auditor had suddenly started from her chair and was flying across the drawing-room, crying, "Help, Sir Innis—help! Oh! save her—save her!" and Cressida and Lady Esselyn added their shrieks and exclamations to Vivien's.

[To be continued.]

The Queen of the Season" commenced in No. 676 and Part CLXVI.

RETURNING A FAVOUR.

A TINKER was travelling in a country town; and, having traversed many miles without finding anything to do, he stopped, weary and hungry, at a tavern. Here he got into conversation with a glazier, to whom he related his troubles. The latter sympathized with him deeply, and, telling him he should have a job before long, advised him to go to his dinner and eat heartily. The tinker took his advice, ate his fill, and when he returned to the tap-room he was overjoyed to hear that the landlord required his services to mend a lot of pans and kettles which had suddenly "sprung a leak." The tinker at once set to work, accomplished the task, received a liberal sum in payment, and started on his way rejoicing. Upon reaching the outside of the house he found the glazier, who said:

"Well, you see I told you the truth. I procured you a job of work, and how do you think I accomplished it?"

"I am sure I cannot tell," replied the tinker.

"I will tell you," rejoined the glazier. "You told me you were weary, hungry, and dinnerless. I knew the landlord was well off, and doing a good business; and so I watched the opportunity, and started a leak in every utensil I could get hold of."

The tinker, with many thanks and a heart full of gratitude, resumed his journey. But he had not proceeded many yards before he reached the village church, when a brilliant idea struck him—the glazier had befriended him; he would befriend the glazier. The church, he thought, could afford to bear a slight loss in a good cause; so, taking a position where he could not be seen, he riddled every window in the edifice with stones, and then, highly elated with his exploit, he retraced his steps to notify to the glazier that he would speedily have a very important job.

"Sir," said he, "I am happy to inform you that fortune has enabled me to return the kindness I received from you an hour since."

"How so?" asked the glazier, pleasantly.

"I have broken every pane of glass in the church," answered the tinker; "and you, of course, will be employed to put them in again."

The glazier's jaw fell, and his face assumed a blank expression as he said, in a tremulous tone:

"You don't mean that, do you?"

"Certainly," replied the tinker; "there's not a whole pane of glass in the building. 'One good turn deserves another,' you know."

"Yes," answered the glazier, in despair; "but, you scoundrel, you have ruined me; for I keep the church windows in repair by the year."

A THOUGHTLESS person is of necessity a coarse and selfish one. When people do wrong to their neighbours, and give pain unnecessarily, to say, "I did not think" puts forward no plea for tolerance, but is rather a reason for condemnation, and an additional peg on which to hang a sermon of rebuke. They should have thought; there is no good reason why they did not think; and, if they did not, then they did wrong, and wrong is always wrong and reprehensible.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

WHAT thou seest, speak of with caution.

NEXT to a man who can answer a question thoroughly is the man who can ask it clearly.

THE more any one speaks of himself the less he likes to hear another talked of.

WE see with pain how frequently a husband or wife is quick-sighted to see faults or mistakes in one another which would not be noticed in a friend or acquaintance. This ought not so to be. Those who are to walk through life together should be slow to find faults and quick to see and recognize a deed well done, however simple, for love's sake, and also for the good such examples can do the young under their care, who are so easily influenced, and that there may be no bitter repentance for their reaping by and by.

"PROBABLY the most economical, pleasant, and profitable employment for leisure is reading; it is a safe investment, upon which we may assuredly calculate our profits upon the principle of compound interest. And, when we reach that stage at which the eyes shall have grown too dim for the open page before us, we can still revel in the delights of memory, when the treasures we have accumulated in the after-office-hours of our youth shall gladden the otherwise tedious days of illness or old age."

IN THE ARBOUR.

WHAT would you say, my darling, if I took your hand in mine?
Would you chide me for my daring if I placed my lips to thine?
Suppose my arm, in searching for a quiet resting place,
Should forget what it was doing, and steal about your waist;
Would you bid me quick remove it, or would you let it be?
Thus spake the modest little maid: "Suppose you try, and see."

I took her willing hand in mine, I placed my lips to hers,
And then my growing boldness overcame my foolish fears,
And I turned my arm around, around her shrinking waist,
And smiled to see the blushes that came trooping in her face.
And she did not say remove it, nor show the slightest wrath,
Although she started slightly at a footfall on the path.

What would you say, my darling, if a *question* I should ask?
Would you answer it, providing I agreed to share the task?
Suppose I should beseech you to illume my lonely life
With the brightness of your presence—well, in short, to be my wife;
Would you look with scorn upon me? would you be reserved or free?
Her cheek grew brighter as she said: "Suppose you ask, and see."

I asked her, and her sparkling eyes no longer fell 'neath mine;
She raised them; in their depths I saw a light almost divine.
The fitful crimson in her cheek, the snowy, trembling hand,
Dispelled my doubts as autumn winds the rustling leaves disband;
I asked her, and she answered; but her words I'll not repeat,
Suffice to say my happiness by them was made complete.

E. L. T.

THE SWANBILL CORSET, sold by Mrs. Addley Bourne, of 37, Piccadilly, is an article which ladies inclining to stoutness will find especially useful during the present fashion of *robes collante*. The illustration in the announcement on the Advertisement Sheet of this Journal will show the peculiarity of the Corset, to which a deep belt is added, which has the effect of reducing and rendering the figure more slight and elegant without undue pressure or tight-lacing. These Corsets are of a very good cut and quality, and have more bones than the ordinary make of Corsets.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

OF all honourable professions, that of the surgeon is pre-eminently the one for men of probity.

SPEAKING of dancing, a clergyman hits the nail on the head with the remark that "people usually do more evil with their tongues than with their toes."

THE best that a broken-hearted country editor could ask was, "Why is love like a Scotch plaid?"—"Because it is all stuff, and often crossed."

"IF I am so unlucky as to have a stupid son," said a military officer, "I would certainly make him a parson." A clergyman, who was in the company, calmly replied: "You think differently, sir, from your father."

"ANNA, dear, if I should attempt to spell Cupid, why could I not get beyond the first syllable?" Anna gave it up, whereupon William said: "Because when I come to *c u*, of course I cannot go further." Anna said she thought that was the nicest conundrum she had ever heard.

AT a weekly meeting a strait-laced man and most exemplary deacon submitted a report in writing on the destitute widows who stood in need of assistance from the congregation. "Are you sure, deacon," asked another sober brother, "that you have embraced all the widows?" He said he believed he had.

A NOVEL mode of advertising for a wife has been adopted by an inhabitant of a provincial town. A photograph of the gentleman is placed in the window of a shopkeeper, and underneath is the following notice:—"Wanted, a female companion to the above. Apply at the *Guardian* office."

A MAIDEN lady said to her little nephew, "Now, Johnny, you go to bed early, and always do so, and you'll be rosy-cheeked and handsome when you grow up. Johnny thought over this a few minutes, and then observed: "Well, aunty, you must have sat up a good deal when you were young."

A RATHER gloomy *bon mot*, which promises to be historical, marked the recent American trial of Miss Wharton, for the alleged poisoning of General Ketchum. "A doctor should be able to give his opinions without mistakes," said the Attorney-General.—"He is as well able as a lawyer," replied Dr. Warren.—"A doctor's mistakes are buried six feet under ground," said the lawyer.—"And a lawyer's are sometimes hung six feet above it," replied the doctor.

JOSH BILLINGS' APHORISMS.—The grate fight iz fust for bread, then butter on the bread, and then sugar on the butter. The grate secret ov popularity iz to make everyone satisfied with himself first, and afterwards satisfy him with yu. The unhappiness of this life seems principally to konsist in gitting everything we kan and wanting everything we hain't got. I hav finally cum to the konklusion that the best epitaff enny man kan hav, for all praktikal purposes, is a good bank account.

A FEW days ago the inhabitants of a country town were filled with conjecture at the following sign painted in large capitals on the front of a house recently fitted up and repaired:—"Mrs Brown, Dealer in all sorts of Ladies." All was consternation. Inquiry was instantly set on foot as to who this Mrs Brown might be, but no one could tell. She was a stranger in the town. On the third morning the mystery was unravelled. The house-painter returned to finish his work, and concluded by adding "and Gentlemen's Wearing Apparel." *N.B.*—Painters should finish one job before beginning another!

MIND AND HEALTH.—The mental condition has far more influence upon the bodily health than is generally supposed. It is no doubt true that ailments of the body cause depressing and morbid conditions of the mind; but it is no less true that sorrowful and disagreeable emotions produce disease in persons who, uninfluenced by them, would be in sound health—or, if disease is not produced, the functions are disordered. Not even physicians always consider the importance of this fact. Agreeable emotions set in motion nervous currents, which stimulate blood, brain, and every part of the system into healthful activity; while grief, disappointment of feeling, and brooding over present sorrows or past mistakes, depress all the vital forces. To be physically well one must, in general, be happy. The reverse is not always true; one may be happy and cheerful, and yet be a constant sufferer in body.

"GERARD, I HAVE DECEIVED YOU."

NOT LOVED, YET WEDDED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GWYN."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE CONFESSION.

SOCIETY'S sympathies were once more aroused for the Earl of Lethrington. Was ever man so unfortunate? It seemed fate. His first wife had been seized with brain fever at the wedding breakfast; and now, so brief a period after his second union, his new bride was prostrated by a low, dangerous fever.

The *on dit* went that the Countess's maid, going to prepare her ladyship's toilet for dinner, had found the door locked. Retiring, she had waited, until, surprised at not being summoned, though the first bell had rung, she had ventured to knock.

Receiving no reply, she had grown alarmed, and despatched my lord's valet to my lord with the intelligence.

The Earl, having first himself tested the maid's assertion, had ordered the door to be broken open, when Lady Lethrington had been discovered extended on the carpet in a dead faint, which, notwitstanding the medical aid summoned, and the restoratives applied, had lasted some hours, finally giving place to feverish exhaustion.

Doctor Cullam stated that the signs were as those observed when the nervous system had received a very severe shock. The peril laid in the chance of the patient succumbing to this prostration for the lack of the physical power or inclination to cast it off. Every care must be taken; it was absolutely imperative that her ladyship should be kept perfectly quiet. Even it would be best did the Earl himself not visit her much, as she must on no account be allowed to talk, however she might desire.

But the Countess evidently had no such desire. She made no attempt to speak to anyone, not even her husband, whose visits generally were so very unfortunate as to be always when she was asleep.

"I cannot make it out," the nurse once remarked: "her ladyship was awake five minutes ago."

On one occasion, though, at the risk of disturbing her, Gerard could not refrain from stooping, and imprinting a kiss on her forehead. He started back, fearing he had aroused her, so violent a vibration had ran through her frame.

To Lucille, that kiss had been like the contact of hot iron. She shrank from it in agony.

This apparent lethargy, from which nothing seemed to rouse her, perplexed the physician. Nevertheless, Lucille each day was approaching nearer to convalescence.

It was when she had almost reached that stage that she persisted in the nurse bringing pens, ink, and paper, when she wrote as follows:

"DEAREST GERARD,

"However strange the contents of this letter may appear, bear with it, I entreat you, and grant me compliance. I am getting better—much better; but I must get well—*quite* well, and speedily. Your presence hinders this. It excites my brain. Will you, then, mind refraining from coming, until I am stronger, and able to be up, and speak to you?

"Ever yours,

"LUCILLE."

Sealing it, she ordered it to be given to the Earl when he arose the next morning.

As may be concluded, he read it with wonderment.

He recognised the possible wisdom of the request; but he could not understand the affection that imposed it. Yet he knew that Lucille loved him.

Re-perusing the note, after the fashion of a lover, he was also struck by its entire lack of those terms a fond wife is in the habit of using when addressing her husband.

Somehow the letter chilled his heart; nevertheless, he obeyed it, feeling, as she said, the period of her recovery might rest upon his acceding. So he wrote:

"MY DARLING,

"All shall be as you wish, though the not seeing you is a deprivation I shall find it difficult to support,

"Yours devotedly,

"My sweet wife,

"GERARD."

Lucille shed bitter tears over that scrap of paper. Still, she knew she must be firm; that now it would be wilful sin did she receive Gerard as her husband, even if she took his hand again before he knew all.

So she lay on her couch, slowly gaining strength for the trying confession that had to be made, while he, ill, restless, anxious, shut himself alone in his study, ignorant of the fearful blow in store for him.

A week of this separation; then Lucille, convalescent, though not strong, determined to delay the moment no longer. Though she shrunk from it, the suspense was equally insupportable.

Thus one morning, rising and being dressed, she passed into her boudoir, from whence she sent a message to the Earl that she would be glad to see him.

He received the summons with delight, and hastened to comply. As Lucille heard his approaching footsteps a deathly faintness seized her; she sank back in her chair, pallid to the lips. In her soft, white dressing-gown, and with her hair brushed smoothly from her brow, she looked like one prepared for the grave. Would she be able to go through with the trial awaiting her?

Eagerly extending her hand for a glass of restorative mixture she had had placed near, she drank some with avidity. The effect was magical to her nerves, nevertheless her appearance was such as to thoroughly alarm the Earl as he entered.

"My dearest love!" he ejaculated, hastening forward. "Great Heaven! they have deceived me! Each morning they said you were getting better. My poor Lucille."

He would have stooped to kiss her—to clasp her in his arms; but with a look of horror, a sharp cry of fear, she thrust him back with both her hands.

"No—no!" she exclaimed; "no, Gerard, never again. Ah! you do not know. Heaven help us two—may it pity you and forgive me!"

He drew back thunderstruck.

"Lucille!" he cried, "what is this? You repel me thus—you, my wife."

"No, no!" she ejaculated, wringing her hands in bitter agony. "Gerard, I must tell you all. I must—I must! I have brought you here for the purpose; but, oh, it is terrible!"

Then, as he stood with perturbed amaze before her, his brows contracted with pain and dismay, dropping on her knees, burying her scarlet face in her hands, she continued:

"Gerard, I have deceived you. With no evil intent, as Heaven is my witness; but it is so.

Punishment surely follows sin, and mine has come upon me. Gerard, I have sinned, and made you sin, but in ignorance."

"Lucille!" he interrupted, passionately, "you are torturing me—maddening me! What is it you mean? I entreat you, speak!"

"I will—I must!" sobbed the unhappy woman. "Gerard, for the love of Heaven's charity, do not in your first anger curse me—it would be my death. Do not curse, for wilfully I am not guilty. But——" she hesitated, her fearful revelation seemed to rend her graceful frame, as some fierce subterranean fire tortures the beautiful earth until it bursts forth, scattering desolation around.

The Earl did not speak. What could he say? He felt stunned by this awful suspense, as he who waits the avalanche he may not escape. Then in low, broken accents, yet fearfully distinct to the listener, came the words:

"Before I met you—I—I had married another! I believed, I was assured, my husband was dead; but, oh, Heaven!—he lives! I saw him alive at Burlington House!"

Gerard uttered no word at first, only one loud, startled cry, as, reeling back from the speaker, he dropped paralysed, overwhelmed, into a chair. Lucille, too terrified to meet his gaze, sobbing, crouched lower, until her head rested on the ground.

A silence ensued, a silence during which the sensations of the husband and wife no pen could have described. Then the Earl arose. He so staggered, however, that he had to grasp the chair for support. His haggard eyes were riveted on the woman at his feet, and when he spoke, his tones were thick and indistinct, as if his tongue had lost the proper power of speech:

"This is some horrible nightmare!" he exclaimed. "It must be. Lucille, as you value your honour and mine, confess it."

"Would that I could—would that I dared!" was the piteous moan.

"You cannot!" he cried; "then it is true. You wedded with me—you, the wife of another."

"Not knowingly, but in ignorance," she pleaded, passionately. "Oh! believe that I thought him dead, that he had been drowned a few months after our marriage. I saw in the paper that his ship was wrecked by a cyclone in the Indian Ocean, and that he was among those who perished. Gerard, once I had your love, it can, I am aware, be mine no longer. Still, you know my nature. Do not," she implored, "think me less innocent than I am? My pain must exceed yours, for what guilt there is is mine. Rather would I have died than brought shame on you; still I pray your compassion, if it be no more than to hear my story."

She bowed her forehead again to the floor in touching humility. Her outstretched hands coming in contract with his foot, the slender fingers clung round it like the tendrils of the vine.

He was violently moved. Every limb shook. He would have averted his eyes from the piteous sight of that prostrate figure, but he could not.

How he had loved her! Ah! how he loved her still!—how he ever must! Such an affection as his strikes its roots too deeply in the heart ever to be plucked forth, save with life. His next words proved this. They came with a passionate, soul-rending cry, as if he were in his death agony. His head inclined forward; his arms flung out over her, he ejaculated:

"Oh, Heaven! Married—married to another, and I so love you!"

"Pity, pity!" she moaned, creeping nearer until her forehead touched his foot. "Hear me, and pity, Gerard; my trial is heavy until death. It will kill me."

That despairing cry recalled to him that he was a man, she a woman, weak, ill, loving. No, did he live a hundred years he would never believe that intentionally she had wrought him this woe, this dishonour.

Stooping, he raised and placed her in a chair. His clasp was gentle, but no longer that of a husband.

"Compose yourself, Lucille," he said, violently striving to master his own emotion and to speak steadily. "Yes, I will hear you—I *must*; but not yet. Wait a brief space; we both need more calmness. Oh! that I had died before this fearful knowledge."

He broke from her, and crossing to the far side of the apartment, paced it with agitated strides.

She watched him until the paroxysm of tears blinding her, hid him from her view. It was for him she felt most. Her prayer was incessant.

"Merciful Heaven support and comfort him!"—always *him* and never *me*.

The painful silence, broken only by the metallic click of the timepiece, was broken, after ten minutes' space, by Gerard. His countenance, pale but rigidly calm, indicating the violent self-control that was being practised, he approached, and, sitting on a couch a few feet from Lucille, burying his face in his arms folded on the scroll, he said:

"Lucille, I am ready. Can you tell me now?"

"Yes!" she murmured, humbly.

"Do so; but I *dare* not look at you while you speak."

A sigh rose to her lips, but she forced it back, and, in faltering accents, told him hurriedly, desperately; ending thus:

"I repeat, among the names of those who perished in the wreck was that of Walter Selwyn—my husband. Could I help but believe? Why should I have doubted?"

Ceasing, she bowed her head on her hands, and waited, trembling.

For a space the Earl did not speak, then:

"Does Lord Santyre know of this?" he inquired.

"No, Gerard. Can you imagine it?" she replied, with gentle, timid reproach. "Had he, do you think I should have kept the truth from you?"

But he interrupted her almost irritably:

"Why have you kept it from anyone? What is there in it that Lord Santyre and I should not have known?"

"What, indeed! That it was not unrevealed was not my will but my father's. When Lord Santyre, visiting the Rectory, proposed to adopt me, my father feared that the knowledge that I had been married, that I, so young, was a widow, might cause him to retract his offer, or, if not this, that the fact at least might hinder my contracting so brilliant a marriage as the Marquis declared was possible. When I was made acquainted with Lord Santyre's kindness, I said at once that I must reject it, or tell him everything—that I could not benefit by his generosity, with my union hidden from his knowledge—that I could not return his kindness by the ingratitude of a deception. I pleaded earnestly, and for the first time my father and I quarrelled, or approached as near to it as possible, for he was dying—yes, dying. Ah! therein laid his power and my weakness, otherwise I should have remained firm. He argued with me, assuring me my secrecy could do harm to no one. He asked me if I, his only child, whom he so loved, would make his dying moments those of misery instead of joy. That my future had been his sole trouble; that the Marquis's offer had removed this, and rendered him happy. It is beyond my power to repeat the arguments he used. In short, from my childhood I had been accustomed to revere his slightest wish—to believe all he said was right; and now that he was being taken from me—now that I saw the death-dews gathering on his brow, and knew that my persistence was shortening the few minutes he had to live—I, ignorant of what consequences might arise—forgetful of everything but him—caring for nothing else, my hand in his, solemnly vowed to reveal my marriage to no one on earth. What I vowed while he lived, I could not, of my free will, break when the grave had closed over him, dead."

"And this man, your husband, lives?" cried the Earl, the fearful truth seeming to rush back with still greater force, and overwhelm him. "It is he who can claim you, not I. Oh, Heaven! he was not drowned."

"He could not have been, for I saw him at Burlington House," was the reply, almost in a whisper.

"Were you not mistaken? Might you not have been?"

"Impossible," she moaned, "for my ears confirmed my eyes, which would have been only too ready to doubt. As I gazed, like one who beholds the dead, a friend addressed him, and the name he used was Captain Selwyn."

"What would you have me do?" demanded the Earl, after a pause, a fierce despair in his agitated voice. "Would you have me find this man—would——"

"Find him? Oh! no, no, no!" she almost shrieked, rising up quickly, her arms extended as if repelling some awful vision. "Though we must part, Gerard—yes, *must* part, for not to now would be a sin—I cannot go to Walter Selwyn. All my care must be to avoid his presence; not to, also would be a sin, for I love you; I do not him. I have been a wife to you, never to him. Almost at the altar where we were married did we separate, never to look on each other again until a few days ago. No! I will fly abroad, anywhere, and hide myself from him, alone to live with one sole hope in life, to die!"

"And society——" he began.

"Must know the truth, Gerard—for your sake must know!" she exclaimed, prayerfully. "But oh! not yet—not while I am here. Let me fly first. I could not bear to meet its glance of pity or reprobation."

"And Lucille—" he paused; a violent convulsion ran through his frame; afterwards, raising his haggard eyes to hers, he added, huskily, "our child?"

She gave a great, sudden cry, and pressed her thin hands to her temples. A purple tint suffused her pallid face; her eyes were wild and dilated.

"Peace—peace!" she shrieked. "Gerard, the thought is with me night and day—night and day. It will drive me mad! Oh! that it would! Our child—our little unborn child!"

Her slender figure swayed, and before the Earl could save her she had fallen insensible upon the carpet.

As Gerard sprang forward to raise her, her white, upturned face recalled to him the one he had seen at the railway station.

He remembered the mysterious resemblance. Was it a resemblance? Were they one and the same?

He stepped back, possessed by a new horror. Had Lucille not only once deceived him; but was she yet doing so?

For the first time he shrank from the woman lying motionless at his feet.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE TELEGRAM.

"A TELEGRAM for you, signora. The boy's awaiting to see if theer's hany return messidge."

The speaker was Jeames, in his morning toilet. But though his gorgeous apparel was laid aside *pro tem*, not so the stateliness of his lordly presence, nor his sweet, condescending urbanity. These he wore always. The right foot advanced, the thumb of his left hand inserted in the arm-hole of his waistcoat, his head inclined gracefully towards his shoulder, he regarded Maria patronizingly, admiringly, curiously.

"Who could have sent this young person a telegram? A lover? Why, she hadn't ever had a letter afore."

The same wonderment, indeed, occupied the Italian.

Who could send such a communication to her? Involuntarily, on receiving it, she had exclaimed:

"A telegram! For me!"

Then, much to Jeames' annoyance, she had turned towards the window before removing the envelope.

The words within were these:

"*To* MARIA SAPRONI, | *From* L. W.

"I have found you at last. Your fears were unfounded. I guess the truth, and must see you. Surely you will not refuse me? I shall send a carriage for you at two this afternoon. Do not deny me a meeting."

Maria's dark eyes kindled with pleasure as she read "L. W.," the initials could but be those of one person—Lady Westbrook. Such a request could but come from her. She had divined why her companion had fled. She approved too, or why the intelligence that her fears were unfounded?

They were then to meet again. How her heart beat with joy. Informing Jeames that there was no answer, she sat down and reflected upon her great delight. Of course she ought to go. She loved Lucille too fondly to refuse her; besides, there could be no fear of Lord Cecil after all this time—over two years. Also Lucille was no longer at Belgrave Square. She was a wife, and, for her family's sake, would keep the secret of the Italian's residence from her cousin.

Who can estimate the priceless joy a kind word or expressed thought brings to the friendless, but those who have experienced it? Never had Maria felt so happy. The knowledge that Lucille yet held her in affection filled her with a pleasant rapture, and her expression brighter, her step lighter than it had been since leaving Lady Westbrook's, she proceeded, the telegram in her hand, to Mrs. Mannering's boudoir.

That lady was in rather an ill-humour, if that deserved the term which was as different to the real thing as electro to silver. Mrs. Mannering's placid, easy, equable, good nature was incapable of bad humour. Yet it was very provoking that poor Miss Langton should be so suddenly indisposed, and, owing to private family matters, had had to give warning.

"And we were getting on so nicely altogether, that we were," she said. "I really considered myself blest in the possession of so excellent a governess for Cassandra, and so skil-

ful a lady's-maid. Now I suppose I may get some one who'll throw all things topsy-turvey, and whom Cassandra won't obey. Yet, of course, if the poor thing's ill, and she really looks so, and worried too, it can't be helped."

Mrs. Mannering was sighing over this very matter with her daughters, when Maria, after knocking, entered to prefer her request.

"You want to go out for an hour or so this afternoon, signora?" said the lady. "Well, it's such a wonder, that it is, for you to ask for a holiday, that I couldn't find it in my 'eart to refuse you, even if you didn't promise to be back in time to dress us for dinner, and my son does certainly bring a friend home to dine this evening. Only, for goodness sake now, don't *you* get ill, or want to leave us like Miss Langton."

"It is not very likely, madam," smiled Maria. "I thank you much for your permission. I shall not be long away, for I am only going to see a lady to whom I once was lady's-maid, or rather companion, for so she treated me. This telegram is from her. Lady Westbrook says she will send a carriage for me at two."

"Lady Westbrook! You don't mean the present Countess of Lethrington?" Mrs. Mannering ejaculated.

"The same," answered Maria, smiling at the reverential awe suddenly present in tone and manner. "Her ladyship was very kind to me, and now she wishes much that I should visit her."

"Why ever, my dear signorer, didn't you say this before?" exclaimed the lady, too natural to hide her reverence. "You may take the whole day if you like—that is, if her ladyship desires it."

"Thanks, very much madam; but I shall not require so long a time," rejoined Maria, as she passed from the room, looking in the eyes of two of the ladies as if a nimbus shone about her, the refraction of the ethereal light of noble patronage.

"Maria Saproni, a lady's-maid; and a Countess calling upon her! Nonsense," exclaimed Cass. "I tell you, mamma, she is a princess in disguise—isn't she, Hector?" addressing her brother, who entered at the moment.

"If she be, I'll marry her royal highness," he laughed. "Mamma, here, would not object."

"Ah," retorted Cass, roguishly, "but it's my opinion the princess would. To such an agreement the consent of two parties is required; and I think the signora's monosyllable would be—No. Hector shall not find in her a Helen."

"Come, Miss Cass, be more deferential to your superiors. Go the nursery and learn manners by dinner-time, or you shall not join that meal and set your cap at Captain Selwyn."

"'Set your cap at!' Servant-girl language again, Hector. Your Captain is safe from me; I pass him over to Honoria. I don't like widowers."

"Who said he was a widower, Miss Saucebox?"

"You said you thought he had been married but he was not now. Does not that come to much the same thing, you wise Edipus?" exclaimed Cass, firing a last shot as she quitted the room.

At two precisely a neat brougham stopped at Mrs. Mannering's, and Maria, entering it, was driven off.

In scarcely half an hour's space it halted, and to the Italian's surprise she found it was before a large house having the appearance of a private family hotel. The sight of a respectable waiter attired in black, standing at the door, confirmed the supposition.

Why had not the Countess received her at her own residence? Perhaps there had been some mistake. She was on the point of questioning the footman who had opened the door for her to alight, when the waiter, advancing, remarked, civilly:

"Signora Saproni I believe. The lady has not arrived yet, but I will show you to a sitting-room."

Her doubts allayed, it also occurring to her that Lucille wisely received her thus in secret because of Lord Carisford, Maria, noticing that the brougham waited for her, followed the waiter to a pleasant sitting-room on the first floor.

She had not been there five minutes when the door opened. With a thrill of delight she turned to greet her kind mistress and friend, but started back, her expression a blending of surprise, indignation, and alarm, as her gaze rested upon no less a personage than Lord Cecil himself.

"Lord Carisford—here!" she ejaculated. "What is the meaning of this, my lord?"

The young man, his face flushed, his manner agitated, but his eyes full of a lover's devotion, closing the door, hastened forward.

"Signora," he began; when, drawing herself up proudly with an imperious motion of the hand, she exclaimed:

"Back, my lord; not a step nearer, not one; but instantly explain your presence here. Mine arose from a telegram purporting to come from your cousin, Lady Westbrook; I say purporting, my lord, for I begin to suspect I have been the dupe of a deception as base as cowardly."

"Signora, hear me," he pleaded.

"Yes, my lord; for you to inform me where is your cousin. I demand to learn if the Countess of Lethrington is cognizant of this assignation? Whether she is aware I am awaiting her, and that you, my lord, are here?"

Never had Maria's queenly beauty been more strikingly displayed. Erect, her graceful head well set on her firm, white neck, her red lip curled with scorn, her eyes sparkling with indignation.

Cecil, humbled, abashed, could not meet her glance. His hands worked nervously on the chair-back he had grasped; his head was bowed, his cheek pale; he quivered at each word as if it had been a lash.

"It is, then, as I suspected," remarked Maria, with frigid contempt, after Cecil had made one or two ineffectual efforts to speak. "My lord," she added, passionately, "how dare you to insult me? What has there been in my conduct to give you the right? Until this moment I regarded you with respect; I feel now only the bitterest, most genuine scorn."

Lord Carisford, stung to the quick, made a hasty movement intending to exculpate his conduct. Maria, who had prepared to cross to the door, mistaking the action, exclaimed:

"Stand aside, my lord, or am I to suffer the indignity of force?"

"Signora, I entreat you to listen to me."

"No, my lord. As yet no disgrace rests upon me for being here; there will be if I remain willingly a moment longer in your presence. If you prevent my egress I will summon help; I will declare the cowardly trick that has been played upon me, and seek protection. No doubt you have already disgraced me in these people's eyes, but, at least, I demand the privilege of proclaiming my innocence."

She stepped nearer. The movement aroused Lord Cecil.

Darting forward he caught her wrist, not roughly but gently, with respect. She would have plucked herself free, but the pallor and passionate agitation of his features held her a space motionless.

"By Heaven, signora," he exclaimed, "you wrong me cruelly—most cruelly and unjustly. That I am to blame, I confess, but not as you imagine. In pity hear me. Do not fear, for I have taken every precaution that not the slightest slur shall rest upon your name. Signora, how is it likely I would do otherwise? How could I insult you?—I who value your honour even more highly than my own."

There was a light in his eyes which she dared not meet. She could not forget that she loved him, that the touch of his hand made every pulse throb. Nevertheless, coldly, scornfully, she rejoined:

"Words, my lord—words. Add not to what is done such useless assertions. My keeping an assignation in this hotel——"

"They believe you have come to see a lady who is desirous of obtaining your services as a companion," Lord Cecil interrupted, quickly. "The cause of my presence is to excuse her, to say she has been detained in the country and cannot be here to-day."

"My lord, I admire your facility for invention; such falsehoods, readily coined, mark a noble, praiseworthy nature," she retorted with a smile of contempt. "It seems, then, that it is only I who am aware of the insult put upon me."

"Insult! It is no insult!" he cried, with imploring gesture. "Signora, you are cruel thus to persist in misreading me. What could I do? For two years I have been seeking you; secretly, but never tiring—always hoping. My eyes, wherever I have gone, have been perpetually seeking, seeking greedily, for one face—yours. Yet all was fruitless until yesterday, when I discovered where you lived. Knowing that, I felt I must see you—for your sake as my own; my own, because I would clear my honour from the stain it bore in your eyes. But how could I do this? Had I called at Mrs. Mannering's you would have refused to see me, for I divined well the reason of your mysterious flight; also, a false representation might have been placed by strangers on my visit. I could not risk that; too much misconstruction had occurred already. In my desperation, my eager longing, I could recognise but one means. Without, possibly, due consideration, I seized it. Blame me, if you will; but never believe I acted with any other feeling than the sincerest respect for you, signora—a respect such as I would have paid my mother. You fled under a cruel error, to remove which I have sought you for two years; desirous to tell you that my love for you has ever been as honourable as now, when I beseech you to be my wife!"

Yielding to a movement of hers some time before, he had released her hand; but, struck by his earnest, respectful manner, its penitential entreaty, she had stood where she was, making no effort to leave the room. Now, as he concluded, he knelt, and ventured again to take her hand.

She did not at once remove it. There was a pause; for Maria found it difficult to master her voice to reply. Did she not love him? How fondly she alone knew. Never was task more painful than hers. Yet she must not give way, for her honour, her pride's sake. But she feared her power: the strongest women are but as the weakest in such moments. One thing she felt to be imperative—that she must use some argument which should speedily conclude the interview; she dared not trust herself to listen to her lover's pleading. The one she adopted was severe to herself and him:

"My lord," she said, so calmly as to surprise herself, while she drew away her hand, "I thank you much, very much, for the honour you have done me. Trust me, I appreciate it, and entreat you to pardon any severity my words may have worn while I laboured, as you said truly, under an error. I repeat, I feel most flattered, most grateful. Still, my lord, in this proposal you have forgotten two things."

Lord Cecil's fair, handsome face had been raised to hers with an eager, hoping, questioning suspense, but as she had proceeded a gloom had shadowed it.

"And those two, signora?" he asked, in a husky, uncertain tone.

"First, my lord, you have surely forgotten my humble origin; also, that I am but a superior servant—no fit wife for you, the future Marquis of Santyre."

"Signora Saproni!" he began, with fervour.

But Maria, trembling for her resolution did she let him plead, interposed hurriedly:

"My lord, before you seek to remove the first objection, would it not be best to hear the second?"

"As you please, signora," he rejoined, almost doggedly; "but I warn you, it shall not sway me. I will never marry any other woman than you'"

"Hush, hush, my lord! Such a vow would truly be rash until you have learned the insurmountable reason why you and I can never be anything to each other."

"Insurmountable!" he ejaculated, in despair. "Speak, signora, speak—but be merciful!"

Maria, pausing, had for a second to avert her face. The agony she then experienced was never again surpassed, mentally or physically, in her future life. After, with so violent an endeavour at composure that it resembled indifference, she replied:

"My lord, for a union to be happy, it is necessary for the affection to be mutual."

He rose up quickly, catching his breath as one who has experienced a severe shock. He gazed at her—a pain in his eyes which pierced her to the soul.

"And—and," he began, falteringly, "you do not——"

"My lord, I do not love you," she answered, but veiling her eyes with the silken lashes; "that is the insurmountable reason. Were I your equal, or were society to become generous, and promise to receive me in all honour as Lady Carisford, I yet could not wed you. No wordly advantage should make me marry one I—I do not love!"

There was silence. Cecil was as pale as death. How could he, try as he would, mistake those cruel, calm, firm accents? His frame shook—his eyes were downcast; he leaned on the back of a chair for support.

His grief, his despair rent Maria's heart. Oh, why should they thus suffer? Why could she not cast herself at his feet, as he had at hers, and cry, "Cecil, do not sorrow, but smile—smile as I, for I love you?" Why might she not feel those strong arms around her? Why not feel heart beating responsive to heart? Why? For the sake of pride and self-respect—ay, and for his sake, too.

[To be continued.]

"Not Loved Yet Wedded," commenced in No. 673 and Part CLXVI.

No. 1. No. 2.
BACK AND FRONT OF WALKING-DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL.

No. 3.—MANTLE.

No. 4.—WALKING-DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL.

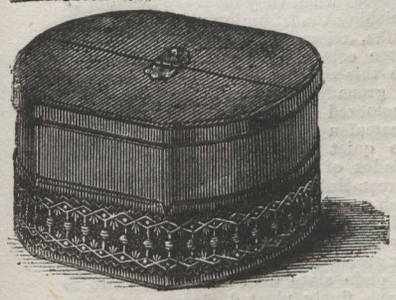
No. 5.—AFTERNOON-DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL.

No. 6.—BONNET.

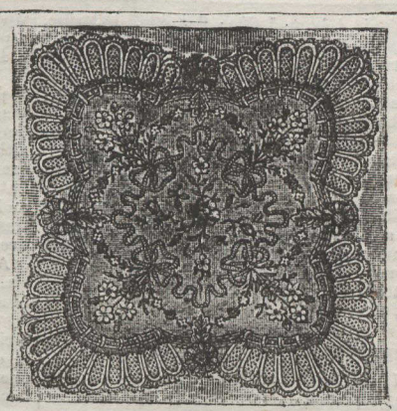
No. 7.—WALKING-DRESS.

No. 8.—AFTERNOON-DRESS.

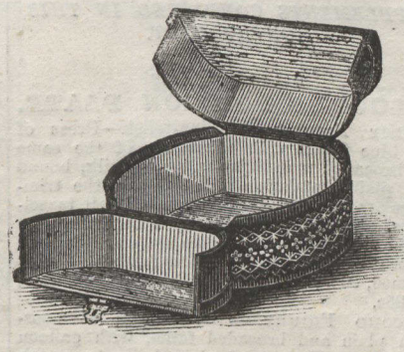
No. 9.—BONNET.



No. 1.—GENTLEMAN'S COLLAR-BOX (CLOSED).



No. 2.—SOFA-CUSHION.



No. 3.—GENTLEMAN'S COLLAR-BOX (OPEN).

No. 4.—QUARTER OF SOFA-CUSHION IN FULL-SIZE.

SUPPLEMENTS CONTAINED IN THIS MONTH'S PART.

DESCRIPTION OF

COLOURED FASHION PLATE.

FIRST FIGURE.—Visiting-toilet.—Dress of pale blue faille, with trimmings of the same and brocaded mandarine-and-white silk, bound with plain mandarine faille. Below the trimmings are rich headings, from which fall tassel-fringe. Bonnet of white chip, with trimmings of blue ribbon and mandarine flowers.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, $2. Tunic, trimmed, 80c.; flat, 40c. Jacket, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 25c.

SECOND FIGURE.—Visiting-dress of moss-green plain and brocaded faille, with galloon trimmings. Bonnet of plain faille to match dress, with trimmings of rose-coloured ribbons, flowers, and white plume.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, $2. Tunic, trimmed, 80c.; flat, 40c. Jacket, trimmed, 80c.; flat, 30c.

THIRD FIGURE.—Visiting-dress of dark slate-coloured summer cashmere, with kiltings of the same, and rich embroidered mandarine galloon. Bonnet of white faille, with mandarine ribbon, and bouquet of geraniums.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, $2. Mantle trimmed, 50c.; flat, 25c.

FOURTH FIGURE.—Little Girl's Dress, of plain and figured mauve foulard, with bias trimming of a darker shade, and Madeira embroidery. Hat of mauve taffetas, with bows of white ribbon.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, 80c. Jacket, trimmed, 40c.; flat, 20c.

FIFTH FIGURE.—Walking-dress for Little Girl of Six Years of Age. The dress is of café-au-lait cashmere, trimmed with black ribbon velvet, blue sash, toque of taffetas of the colour of the dress, trimmed with a ruche of taffetas and blue ribbon bows.—Price of pattern of dress, trimmed, 80c. Jacket, trimmed, 40c.; flat, 20c.

SIXTH FIGURE.—Visiting-dress of ruby faille with richly brocaded slate and ruby trimmings edged with white lace. The kilted flounces are of slate-coloured faille. White chip bonnet, trimmed with ruby ribbon, feathers, and white wing.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, $2. Jacket, trimmed, 80c.; flat, 50c.

SEVENTH FIGURE.—Visiting-dress of blue cashmere, with kiltings of the same, and trimmings of mandarine embroidery. White chip hat, trimmed with blue ribbon and bouquets of flowers.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, $1.80. Tunic, trimmed, 80c.; flat, 40c. Jacket, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 25c.

EIGHTH FIGURE.—Dress for Fête or Garden-party.—The dress is of tilleul taffetas, with trimmings of the same; mandarine embroidery, plain mandarine bows, white lace, and pearl sequins. The trimming simulates a jacket in front. Bonnet to match the dress.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, $2. Polonaise, trimmed, $1.25; flat, 60c.

NINTH FIGURE.—Reception-dress of plain and figured mauve faille; the under-skirt and sleeves are of the plain faille; the polonaise is edged with lace.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, $1.80. Polonaise, trimmed, $1; flat, 50c.

TENTH FIGURE.—Walking-dress of cinnamon-coloured cashmere with polonaise of woollen material of the same colour, edged and ornamented with tabs of brown taffetas, and scallops of embroidered trimming; pelerine of café-au-lait cashmere, with embroidered trimming. Hat of taffetas of the colour of pelerine, with wreath of rose-coloured flowers, and black aigrette.—Price of pattern of dress, trimmed, $1.80. Polonaise, trimmed, $1; flat, 50c.

ELEVENTH FIGURE.—Walking-dress of claret-coloured faille, with kilted and embroidered trimmings of the same, and narrow bias bands of a darker shade. Black faille jacket, with grelot and lace trimmings. White straw bonnet, trimmed with white plume, flowers, and rose-coloured ribbon.—Price of pattern of jacket, trimmed, $1; flat, 50c.

TWELFTH FIGURE.—Walking-dress for Little Girl of Eight Years of Age.—Costume of white cashmere, with revers and trimmings of two shades of pink taffetas. White chip hat, trimmed with pink ribbon and flowers.—Price of patterns of costume, trimmed, 80c. Jacket, trimmed, 50c.; flat, 25c.

THIRTEENTH FIGURE.—Garden-party Dress.—Skirt and pelerine of blue cashmere. Tunic and cuirasse of salmon-coloured faille, trimmed with rich embroidered galloon. Toque of pale blue taffetas, trimmed with a wreath of pink-and-white may.—Price of pattern of dress, trimmed, $1.80. Tunic, trimmed, 80c; flat, 40c. Pelerine, trimmed, 50c.; flat, 25c.

FOURTEENTH FIGURE.—Visiting-dress of wheat-coloured cashmere and black damassé, with trimmings of embroidery in wheat-colour. Tuscan bonnet, trimmed with black ribbon.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, $2. Jacket bodice, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 25c.

FIFTEENTH FIGURE.—Home-dress of brown and moss-green faille. The skirt is of brown faille, with kilted flounces. The tunic and cuirasse are combinations of the two colours, with trimmings of the same, and fringe.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, $2. Tunic, trimmed, 80c.; flat. 40c. Cuirasse, trimmed, 60c; flat, 25c.

DESCRIPTION OF COLOURED SHEET.

DESIGN FOR BREAKFAST-STAND, IN BERLIN WOOL OR BEAD WORK.

The ground of the work can be carried out to any desired size. The mounts for breakfast-stands are supplied by Mr. Bedford in various shapes and sizes, to which the work can be accommodated. Breakfast-stands are a fashionable and useful addition to the breakfast-table. The design may be worked on canvas twelve or fourteen stitches to the inch, and with silks for the lightest shades will be found to be very effective.

No. 63 OF THE NEW SERIES OF

GIGANTIC SUPPLEMENTS

COMPRISES

All the Latest Paris Fashions for Ladies and Children, and Full-size Patterns for Cutting out Ladies' Postillion Bodice, Ladies' Flannel Petticoat, with new band; Frock for Little Boy or Girl from Two to Three Years of Age.

PARIS FASHIONS.

THE fashion of scarfs is quite adopted this summer, but only for very dressy toilets.

It is not so much the black silk scarf that is worn as the coloured scarf, matched in colour to, and, generally speaking, of the same material as the dress. When not of coloured silk, it is of gauze, or crêpe de Chine.

The mantilla of the same crêpe de Chine, prettily fringed with silk, is also a very much admired *vêtement* for the summer, and with the Chantilly shawl, makes up the total of very elegant summer mantles.

For demi-toilet, the semi-tight paletot, sleeveless when of the same material as the dress, and with sleeves when the material is light fancy cloth, is the most favoured model in confection.

For travelling costumes, summer vigogne and beige materials are preferred this summer. The Breton costume in either of these fabrics or in Indian cashmere, is in great vogue for the sea-side. Navy blue, chamois colour, and nut-brown are the favourite colours. The Breton costume is always trimmed with the embroidered galloon so much in fashion, but while some ladies like the contrasting tints of Oriental patterns, others prefer the quieter shades of the camaïeu galloons. No fringe is required, but a very great profusion of buttons.

For dressy walking-costumes, a combination of the pretty new open-work Indian fancy cashmere, with plain silk, is considered very *distingué*.

Thus, over a skirt of plain nut-brown silk, a polonaise of the buff fancy cashmere is fastened across slantways, square at the back, rounded in front and upon the left side. All the outlines are edged with camaïeu braids in brown and buff tints, and finished with soft woollen fringe to match. In front there are three strips of the braid. The buttons are of brown passementerie; the seam between the front and back of the polonaise is ornamented with bows of nut-brown faille. The facings and revers on front, sleeves, and pockets, are also of similar faille.

The costume is completed by a capote with crown of brown silk gauze, and border of unbleached chip, trimmed with a wreath of cowslips and bunch of crimson poppies at the side; strings of brown gauze.

Another walking-dress is of olive and tilleul-coloured silk and fancy armure (wool and silk). The bodice and basque are of the fancy armure of both shades of green. The train of olive faille is covered with pleated flounces. The front part of the skirt is plain, finished with a pleated flounce, surmounted with a band of the fancy material, edged on either side with a tiny olive ruche, under which is a tilleul ruche, rather wider than the preceding. Similar ruches are placed round the basques of the bodice, and upon the sleeves when they form the heading to a plissé, finishing the trimming at the elbow.

Black silks, trimmed with coloured pipings in blue, rose colour, or maize are extremely fashionable this summer in Paris. So are also black silk grenadines with trimmings embroidered in coloured silks, say wreath patterns, either in camaïeu shades of one colour, which seem more quiet and tasteful, or in all the natural shades of the blossoms represented, and with green-tinted foliage. Soft transparent tissues, such as gauze or barege, are also worn over silk of the same colour for dressy toilets.

A pretty dress for a young lady is of satin striped silk grenadine, of a pale shade of grayish blue, over plain slate blue silk. The skirt is trimmed with finely pleated flounces of the striped material—being itself of silk of course. A double skirt of the grenadine is edged with one plissé, all round. The bodice is a long habit basque, with square opening in front and crossed over the bosom, it remains open at the bottom, and is trimmed with a number of small butterfly bows of two shades of grayish blue. The sleeves have pointed revers, caught up with bows and showing a frilling inside. It is also trimmed with small bows. There is a chemisette of crêpe lisse, with lace ruche inside the bodice.

DESCRIPTION OF

FASHION ENGRAVINGS. Page 456.

No. 1.—HOME-DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL FROM FOUR TO SEVEN YEARS OF AGE.

This dress is of pale blue cashmere, trimmed with kiltings of the same and embroidered galloon. The front of the dress is shown in a different material in No. 2.—Price of pattern of dress, trimmed, 80c.; flat, 30c.

No. 3.—MANTLE,

Of black cashmere, trimmed with rouleaux of black faille, and deep silk fringe with netted heading.—Price of pattern, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 25c.

No. 4.—WALKING-COSTUME FOR LITTLE GIRL FROM FIVE TO TEN YEARS OF AGE.

This little costume is of corn-coloured linen, checked with scarlet, and trimmed with Swiss embroidery and white bone buttons. Tuscan hat, trimmed with wreath of field-flowers.—Price of pattern of costume, trimmed, 80c.; flat, 30c.

No. 5.—AFTERNOON-DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL FROM FOUR TO SIX YEARS OF AGE.

Dress of gray cashmere, trimmed with narrow stitched bands of blue silk and blue silk buttons.—Price of pattern of dress, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 30c.

No. 6.—BONNET,

Of black chip, trimmed with mandarine corded ribbon, covered with black figured tulle, edged with silk ball-fringe.

No. 7.—WALKING-DRESS,

Of café-au-lait silk, with tunic and jacket of silk barege of the same shade, streaked with ivory. The jacket is turned back at the corners to form revers, and lined with silk. The tunic is trimmed with a deep silk fringe. Brown chip bonnet, trimmed with ivory gauze and wreath of coral-coloured heath-bloom.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, $1.60. Jacket, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 25c.

No. 8.—AFTERNOON-DRESS.

The skirt is of blue taffetas. Polonaise of blue-and-white striped grenadine, trimmed with deep Valenciennes lace and kiltings of the same; ruffles of crêpe lisse. Garden-hat of white straw, lined with blue, and trimmed with a wreath of marguerites.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, $1. Polonaise, trimmed, 80c.; flat, 30c.

No. 9.—LEGHORN BONNET,

Trimmed with moss-green satin ribbon and wreath of tilleul-coloured leaves and flowers.

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DESCRIPTION OF

FANCY-WORK ENGRAVINGS. PAGE 457.

NOS. 1 AND 3.—GENTLEMAN'S COLLAR-BOX,

Of wood, lined with blue silk, and covered with Russian leather. The lower part of the box is ornamented with a band of embroidery, a suitable design for which was given in design 7, page 408, Number, 685.

NOS. 2 AND 4.—SOFA-CUSHION.

No. 2 shows the miniature finished cushion; No. 4 rather more than a quarter of the design for it in the full size. The cushion, which is square, is covered with silk or satin. The design is a foundation of nainsook muslin, the centre part of which is ornamented with embroidery, for which fine crewel or ingrain cotton may be used. White net is put over the nainsook; chain, dot, and button-hole stitches in white or colour may be used, according to taste, to work the border. The design shows rather more than a quarter of the cushion, as will be seen by the small line in the border.

The Proprietors of THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL beg respectfully to inform their numerous subscribers that they have made arrangements with Messrs. Bedford & Co., of 18C, Regent Street, W., and 46, Goodge Street, W., London, to supply them with their best Berlin wool:—Black and white, 5s. 3d. per lb. Common colours, 6s. 6d. per lb. Ingrain, Azuline, and Humboldt, 6s. 11d. per lb. Shaded and Partridge, 7s. 6d. per lb. Gas-green, 8s. per lb. N. B.—To save time, subscribers are requested to apply direct to Mr. Bedford.

THE HOME.

COOKERY.

MUTTON CUTLETS AND TOMATOES.—Trim from the cutlets all superfluous fat, dip then in an egg beaten up, and some pepper and salt; then roll them in bread-crumbs, and let them rest for a couple of hours. Peel some good-size tomatoes; make an incision around the stalk end, and remove all the pips, taking great care in doing so to preserve the tomatoes whole. Lay them in a stewpan with a small quantity of good stock, some parsley and basil, mixed fine, pepper and salt to taste; let them stew very gently till done. Fry the cutlets a nice colour in plenty of butter; arrange them in a circle on a dish, and put the tomatoes in the centre, with as much of their gravy as is necessary.

LEMON CREAMS, OR CUSTARDS.—5 oz loaf sugar, two pints of boiling water, the rind of one lemon and the juice of three, the yolks of eight eggs. Make a quart of lemonade in the following manner: Dissolve the sugar in the boiling water, having previously, with part of the sugar, rubbed off the lemon rind, and add the strained juice. Strain the lemonade into a saucepan, and add the yolks of the eggs, which should be well beaten; stir this one way over the fire until the mixture thickens, but do not allow it to boil, serve in custard glasses, or on a glass dish. After the boiling water is poured on the sugar and lemon, it should stand covered for about half an hour before the eggs are added to it, that the flavour of the rind may be extracted.

TOILET.

TO CLEAN LEATHER GLOVES.—The best way to clean wash-leather gloves is to wash them with nearly cold soap and water on the hands, and rinse well. When half dry, stretch them and pull them till they become quite soft; they require constant attention from the commencement of the washing till they are dry.

PRESERVING SILKS AND RIBBONS.—Ribbons and silks should be put away for preservation in brown paper; the chloride of lime used in manufacturing white paper frequently produces discolouration. A white satin dress should be pinned in blue paper with brown paper outside, sewn together at the edges.

WOMEN'S DOMESTIC, USEFUL, AND LUCRATIVE EMPLOYMENTS.

No. XXVIII.

To resume the subject begun in our last issue, there are young ladies who suppose that because they have *picked up* their language in their own country, they are equal to give instruction in that language, or who wish to amend their previously humble position in England on their return home, and to cover the shortcomings of their general education by the superficial gloss of a special knowledge of a language which their ignorance of their own has forbidden them to acquire in any sound or scientific manner. The bad repute of these pretenders on the Continent must for some time add to the difficulties of the better educated English governess who wishes to perfect in France her previously acquired knowledge; and the improvement of the financial position of such a governess must be a gradual process, which it may take many years to complete. Finally, it is sad to have to warn an English governess who has engaged to travel or to live abroad with an English family that the head of that family may turn her adrift in order to engage a French governess for a foreign residence or a foreign tour. Such things have been frequently known, and are even yet of no unusual occurrence; and if it be the case that there is a legal remedy against such unwarrantable treatment, it is not the poor unprotected governess who is in the position to enforce it, and she suffers silently in consequence. For the English governess going abroad it is of the first and last importance, therefore, that she should know to whom she is to be consigned, or with whom she is to leave her native land.

The consequences of the reckless violation of this caution are so serious, and often so calamitous, that it becomes a duty, in the spirit of the entire series of these articles, to extend the warning to every other class of English girls who may be tempted to visit Paris; for it is emphatically of Paris that we have to speak and think when we have regard to the principal Continental centre of attraction and of danger. To prevent English girls as a class from repairing to Paris is, of course, an impossibility. Cheap travelling has made Paris accessible for all classes, whilst the necessities of society impose an intercourse and interchange of language and occupation which English girls, for the most part, go out with the honest intention of acquiring. The high value, again, set in England upon Parisian fashion, accent, cookery, &c., will always draw many to the French capital who are desirous of succeeding as governesses, ladies'-maids, milliners, cooks, &c. It is only these, we are informed, who have made it their special business to interest themselves in the fate and fortune of such girls—who can even imagine the number of them?—who, brought up without any definite object, and finding themselves thrown upon their own resources—from the breaking up of homes, from a spirit of adventure or of independence, or from other causes—repair to Paris as the one thing needful before attempting to earn their daily bread. It happens that many of them are thus left friendless and penniless in a city whose sins and sorrows are often too carefully veiled to an unsuspecting nature. This inconsiderate flocking to Paris has been the frequent cause of misery and disaster; and the evils resulting from it led, a few years ago, to the establishment of a *Home* for English girls in Paris, which was opened on the 20th of December, 1872. This Home, of which Miss Leigh is the Honorary Secretary, is a large house, No. 77, Avenue Wagram. It is calculated to accommodate from 80 to 90 persons, and is open to all respectable English girls, of every class in life, and without distinction of creed. The house is branched off into different compartments, an arrangement which has worked satisfactorily, and for which it is particularly well adapted. These compartments are arranged as follows: (1) A Home for Daily and Unemployed Governesses; (2) A Home for those employed in shops, and working out by the day; (3) For Ladies'-maids, Nurses, &c., seeking situations, for whom a free registration is kept; (4) A Sanitarium; (5) A Crèche; and (6) A Soup-kitchen, open during the winter months. The smallest sum is taken in return for the board and lodging offered at the Home; say for the governess from 12 to 16 francs a week, a sum slightly reduced in the case of servants. In cases of destitution amongst individuals of any of the classes mentioned, the committee of the Home, in default of being able to find situations for them, discharge the expenses of travel to friends in England.

[To be continued.]

HER OWN HAIR.

"What splendid hair! A perfect shower of gold! Look, George, did you ever see anything like it?"

"Fine curls, certainly, and well displayed; seem to be her own too."

"Her own! of course, my dear fellow; it would puzzle Truefitt himself to make such a rare red-golden tint as that. I always imagined that it existed only on the canvas of the old masters."

"Had you not better get the fair owner to sit for the Madonna you have had on your easel so long—or at least spare you a curl to copy from? it would be a vast improvement to the pale yellow *chevelure* that I see you are painting," said a third speaker, a lady, casting a mischievous look behind her as she quitted the room, leaving the two young men to the undisturbed enjoyment of an after-dinner cigar.

"There she is again, and coming here too," said Claude Nugent, the first speaker. "Waiter," he exclaimed, as that functionary entered, "have you any fresh arrivals to day?"

"Yes, sir," answered the man respectfully. "Two ladies—Mrs. and Miss Malden."

"Malden," mused the other thoughtfully. "I wonder whether they belong to the Maldens of our county? I daresay they do, and will claim our acquaintance. It is utterly impossible to spend a month at the sea-side without encountering half the people one knows. But here come Belle and Miss Dering ready for their evening promenade. The band plays on the West Cliff to night."

A handsome or more attractive-looking quartette never descended the broad steps of the "Imperial," an imposing and grandly-built hotel, situated in one of the most fashionable of our southern watering-places.

Isabel Rayne and her handsome husband, the six months' bride and bridegroom; her stalwart brother, his bronzed cheek swept by a tawny moustache that partially concealed the firm-set lips beneath, and the sweet flower-like girl by his side, Mrs. George Rayne's favourite school-friend and bridesmaid.

After a long honeymoon, spent in travel, they still prolonged it through the sultry July days by a six weeks' stay at the sea-side; a month of which had already past—a month of the most perfect enjoyment that had ever fallen to the lot of Blanche Dering.

The eldest child of a City clergyman, with a large family and slender income, her life had been devoid of the pleasure and ease that had fallen to the lot of her more fortunate friend.

The one had left school life to take her place as mistress of her father's luxurious mansion, soon to exchange it by marriage for another as charming, while the other had returned to a dingy London parsonage, in a neighbourhood far removed from all brightness or beauty. The close atmosphere, the daily exertion to make the household more orderly and the children less noisy, had told upon the health and spirits of the delicate girl, so early entrusted with the cares of a motherless household, and a low nervous fever had been the consequence.

With what delight she accepted the invitation of Isabel to join her and her husband at the sea-side can readily be imagined—pleasure that was secretly enhanced by the unexpected presence of her friend's only brother, returned from his long Continental wanderings in search of the picturesque—a quest that, to judge by the contents of his portfolio, had proved eminently successful.

The days had been passed in boating excursions, impromptu pic-nics to neighbouring ruins, and evening promenades. Then they joined the gay crowd on the pier or the cliffs, and listened to the strains of the Rhine band. Many were the glances of admiration bestowed on the fair young girl, with the childlike rings of clustering curls encircling the dainty head and framing the small oval face, in which the colour came and went at a whispered word from the handsome man at her side.

The days had flown by like a dream to Blanche Dering, a dream from which she fain would never awake; and as they slowly paced the smooth greensward of the West Cliff, gay with the trailing, bright-coloured dresses of the ladies, the moon rising like a red globe out of the sea, casting a sheen of silver upon the water as it rose fuller and higher, the bewitching strains of the band floating by on the cool breeze, while she and her companion half unconsciously kept time to its rhythm, her soul seemed to fill with a pleasure that, as the poets sings, "is half akin to pain."

Presently, as they are leaving, the band strikes

up "Lurline," and at the same moment Claude Nugent utters an exclamation, "There she is again! I wonder who——" The latter part of the sentence is doomed to remain unfinished, for Isabel has stopped, and is warmly greeting the elder of two ladies, one of whom has her mass of golden curls thrown back under a most bewitching *toque*. Blanche hears her own name, then "Mrs. and Miss Malden." Thus introduced, the whole party mingle and leave the West Cliff together.

"Look, Blanche, here is the costume I have sketched for you to wear at the ball. I have set my heart on your appearing as 'Moonlight,' it will suit your *spirituelle* style to perfection."

"Very pretty indeed, Belle—lovely," said she, taking the drawing her friend held out to her.

"But I shall be leaving you before then; I cannot stay for the ball."

"Not stay for the ball!" echoed her friend, in amazement. "What *can* you be thinking of, Blanche? You are not wanted at home for another fortnight, at least. Besides, I won't hear of such desertion!"

"You are very kind, Belle."

"Kind to myself—yes. I do not want to break up our quartette before the ball. Who will Claude have to perform his favourite *rôle* of Cavalier to?"

"He will have Miss Malden," was on Blanche's tongue to reply; but she suppressed it.

"I want to send you home quite well, dear child, and you have not regained your looks, as I intended you should. Why, you had twice the colour a week ago that you have now," said she, casting a searching glance at the downcast face, which quivered visibly under the scrutiny. "I shall fetch Claude, and try what his persuasion will do."

"No, you will not!" said Blanche, springing up and preventing her. "I suppose I must succumb, as everyone does to *you*, Belle!"

The above conversation took place a week after the walk on the West Cliff, when they first formed the intimacy with the Maldens—an intimacy that the two ladies, the younger especially, did their utmost to advance. They proposed pic-nics and excursions everywhere; and the hours that were passed indoors, few though they were, Nora Malden contrived should be spent in Claude's studio, her golden tresses being speedily transferred to the canvas on which was his unfinished Madonna.

An artist by nature, his eye revelled in its glorious tints, and not having attempted to pourtray the face of the fair sitter, he had not discovered, as he certainly would have done, that the too-florid complexion slightly marred the harmony that is essential to true beauty.

The week had passed pleasantly to all save Blanche, but the sudden transfer of attentions that she had so prized to another had revealed the fact that her heart was no longer her own, for weal or for woe it was given to the fascinating man who had been her constant companion for the four weeks of her fateful visit.

Gladly would she have returned at once to her close London home to be spared the constant heartache she now endured; but, sensitive as a refined nature only can be, she felt that to hasten her departure would be, perhaps, to raise a suspicion of the truth in the mind of Isabel Rayne, so she nerved herself bravely to endure to the end.

The closing event was to be a fancy ball, and the fashionable world of T—— was greatly exercised on the subject.

It was to be the most brilliant affair that had ever taken place in the neighbourhood, and great were the discussions as to the characters the fair wearers were to assume. Nora Malden had elected to appear as "Lurline," a costume in which her magnificent hair would appear to the greatest advantage, and afford a striking contrast with Blanche, with her short, close curls; a fact that was doubtless noted by that far-seeing syren.

Only a week ago Blanche would have anticipated the event as eagerly as anyone; but with her changed feelings and aching heart, she now would fain have invented an excuse. It would only be, she felt sure, a night of additional suffering. However, the time drew on, and "Moonlight" had progressed from a mere sketch, to its realisation in the hands of a skilful *modiste*.

Fair as a vision looked Blanche Dering, arrayed in it on the night of the ball. The cloud of silvery tulle, and star-besprinkled veil flowing from the glittering crescent resting upon her brow, became her admirably; and lively Isabel, as "Morning," formed a contrast that enhanced the beauty of each. The band was playing "The Blue Danube" when they entered the room, escorted by their two attendant cavaliers in hussar uniform.

The scene, brilliant beyond description, fairly dazzled Blanche; and it was some minutes before her bewildered eye could master it in all its detail. The dancers whirled by in a giddy maze, bringing a smile to her lips at the incongruities of the couples. Here was "Mary Queen o' Scots" gaily footing it with an Italian brigand. A haughty Spanish hidalgo had a "buy-a-broom" hanging on his arm. "Henry the Eighth" was smiling on a little "Bo-peep," her garlanded crook and woolly lamb in no wise put to the blush by the regal robes. Anon there flashed by "Mary, Mary, quite contrary," of nursery memory, with her "silver bells and cockle-shells."

But distinguished above all else is "Lurline." Blanche seemed to pale and fade beside her brilliant colouring.

More devoted than ever is Claude, who, immediately on entering, has whirled her away in the waltz, and she is watching them now, with sad eyes, threading their rapid way through the motley, moving crowd.

The walls are decorated with all the artistic taste the town can boast; but "Lurline" casts anxious glances at a chandelier which lit one end of the room. The festoons hang lower than usual, and she has to turn her head to evade entanglement as they whirl by.

The waltz, drawing to a close, increases in speed every minute. Once more they are under the chandelier, when, failing to turn her head at the right moment, Lurline's flowing locks, lifted by the breeze, catch in a branch of the festoon! Before she could prevent the dire catastrophe, her mantle of golden curls is caught up, and hangs suspended in mid-air. In an instant the breeze caused by the rapid evolutions of the dancers has flung a tress over the gaslight. There is a blaze—an exclamation from the startled group who witness the accident—and in little more than a minute nothing remains of "Lurline's" splendid hair but a few charred ashes.

Gazing horror-struck at her, Claude can scarcely credit the change. With her hair is gone her fictitious beauty; the close-cut, scanty locks beneath, inclining to red more than gold, reveal the too florid complexion, hitherto toned down by her borrowed plumes.

Only a moment has Claude to gaze on his mortified partner. Perceiving, in her embarrassment, a small side door, she hastily makes her exit, and passes from his sight at once and for ever.

"Blanche," exclaimed Mrs. George Rayne, as they were lingering over their late breakfast the morning after the ball, "what became of the lovely hair that the doctor robbed you of during your illness? I am quite curious to know. Do you remember how we named you 'Golden Locks' at school? Had you only possessed them last night, "Lurline," with her false charms, would have been outshone. By-the-by, the two ladies have left the scene of the evening's catastrophe, and taken their departure by an early train."

"Well," said Blanche, with a laugh and a blush, replying to the former question, "the hairdresser who denuded me of my golden locks offered such an amount of the real metal for them, that I resigned them willingly, and put up with my boyish appearance without a single pang."

"A person to see Miss Dering," announced the waiter, showing a respectably-dressed young man into the room.

"I beg pardon for troubling you, ma'am," he said, in answer to the look of inquiry bent upon him by the astonished Blanche, "but our firm purchased some hair of you a few months since, and I wish to know if you have any more left."

"No," answered Blanche, "I have no more."

"I am sorry for that, ma'am," said the man, respectfully, "for the lady to whom we sold it has met with an accident, and, unfortunately, burnt it. She begs us to replace it at any cost, but the colour is so rare that unless you can oblige us, I fear we shall not be able."

"Can you forgive me, Blanche," said Claude Nugent, the same evening, as they were standing before the now-finished Madonna, taking her hand in his and bending down to gaze at the sweet face. "I have been bewitched by the false beauty of a syren, and now that the spell is broken, I tremble lest it should be too late. Tell me, dearest, is it too late? Can you forgive me?"

The slight pressure of the delicate hand, the vivid crimson mantling cheek and brow, were answer sufficient. And when the next July sun shone over the West Cliff and the blue sea beneath, Claude Nugent led his bride to the altar. The only ornament, saving the bridal veil that graced the fair head, being a luxuriant mass of golden curls—"Her Own Hair."

S. E. D.

MY LADY JANET.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"She must be an actress, and a wonderful one," thought Max.

"But

"'Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.'"

said Clare, quoting from Shakspere's sonnets.

"Ah, young lady, you dwell amid the poets!" cried the stranger; "that is, the *ideal*. I speak of the *real* love. Good heavens! look at the humdrum couples one meets. *He* thinks of his horses, *she* of her drawing-room ornaments; or *he* of his politics, party, or profession, *she* of her social clique, and how to shine there; and, by-and-by, she schemes to get her daughters married. Where is the love, the eternal bond, the kiss under the moonlight elms, or the morning greeting in the rustling corn-field before the birds are astir, while the earliest breezes are wrinkling the pool where the water-lily floats amid her emerald flags? When *that* couple marry, if they *do* marry, what has their love come to in ten years? He snarls if the dinner is late; she grumbles at his selfish stinginess or reckless extravagance; they love each other after a fashion, something that is partnership and convenience, perhaps even seasoned with a little luke-warm affection and tepid respect—but love, faugh! that is scattered to the four winds, dead as the last year's leaves before marriage is two years old."

This dreadful creed made the cheek of Clare pale, and set her heart beating.

Max looked thoughtfully on the ground.

"*Those* commonplace souls never loved to begin with," said he, slowly.

The bitter laugh of the stranger rang out over the moorland.

"How little you know, young sir. It is those poetic dreamers who expect so much that fall down flat to the dingy earth, above which they soared in their dreams. Do poets adore their wives as a rule? You have read the lives of Shelley, and of Byron, and of more modern writers? How did their wives fare, and did they see only the hero and the demigod in the man whose music of thought and rhythm set the world wondering and weeping? Do we know much of the wedded bliss of Shakspere or Milton? and glance at Goëthe, at Rousseau. I might go on for ever, and show you the great soul fallen to earth, tolerating, quarreling with, separating from, his wife, because the ideal is so divine, the real so poor and paltry."

"But there *is* love in the world," asserted Max, stoutly.

And the woman in brown folded her hands, and said with irony, "While it lasts."

"While it lasts!" echoed Max. "Then since hundreds of people are always in love, there is always much love in the world."

"There is always much illusion," replied the lady in brown; "and every day thousands are awaking from their illusions. No love *lasts* in this bad world—that is what I meant to say."

By this time the three had skirted the moor, and now they arrived at the narrow rocky path which wound down a mountain side to the road by the shore of the bay, and so led them into the town; they were obliged to pass in single file along this path, and they did so in silence for the most part, but when they emerged on the road, they saw the little town with the dusk creeping over its roofs, and a few lights beginning to twinkle along its parade, and in its windows.

"I must bid you adieu now soon," said the stranger; "but I will ask you both, my young friends, to exchange cards. I will give you mine—it is too dark to decipher the name here, so I will tell you my name—Madame Delphine—Celeste Delphine. I am partly of French extraction, and I have lived much in America, and lately on the Continent. I am a citizeness of the world emphatically, as much at home in Paris in an artist's studio as in some third story in a house which dates from Charlemagne, in a tortuous street of old Rome, or in a quaint corner of Brussels, or in some supremely dull German city. I know New York and its avenues, its extravagance, its emulation, and its ambition to be first, largest, grandest; and sleepy Cologne with its cathedral, and its tall old houses, and its fair-haired madchen. London I know and *hate*." She paused then, breaking into a laugh: "Still, I suppose, we are all going there soon. You, young sir, with your ambition and your future, must work in town. London! London for the student and the trader!—ay, and even for the artist, if he or she would make friends and win his or her way.

So, I will hope to meet you both there soon. I stay at the "Golden Cross" in the Strand at present, but I mean to move into less bustling quarters."

"Pardon, Madame Delphine, are you in any shape an artist?"

"Ah! do you think I have a passion for the stage? I am not an actress—no! I have never stood amid a shower of bouquets, bowing, smiling, enchanted and enchanting. Ha! ha! I am no singer—have never sent my voice thrilling aloft to the giant opera roof, while human thunder cheered my efforts, and mad-cap hearts were laid at my feet. I am no queen of song—only I am a dabbler in all arts, 'Jack of all trades and master of none,' you know the adage? I paint landscape only; and this is why I wander over moorland and mountain in search of 'effects,' brightness and gloom, beauty and glow, colour and the lurid wealth of storm-skies, and the laughing light on a summer pool. I write a poem now and anon, wild, and weird, and sad for the most part, and I send it to some of the magazines, and they always insert my rhythmical plaints and sighs. I have given Shakspere readings in America, and I am going to take London by storm in the same fashion the next season."

"A universal genius," cried Max.

"Alas! No! a universal poacher in the domains of art, doing here a little, there a little, never achieving much. Still, I should like to prosecute the acquaintance begun in the old blind soul's cottage. Will you call on me in London, or let me call on you?"

"I wonder if she is a widow," thought Clare to herself; "I think her advances towards Mr. Carstairs a little bold; she means well, no doubt, but still——" And a yet sharper pang entered Clare's heart.

The reply of Max was enthusiastic.

"Madame Delphine, I do not know when I have been more delighted than during this walk. I will call on you on the very first opportunity. As for me, I have but scant means of entertaining you—still, if you *would* condescend to call——"

"When, and where?" she asked gaily. "You will be incessantly at your hospital. Did I not hear you were a medical student?"

"I am; but my evenings and my Sundays——"

"Ah! well! when you have an evening, come, drop me a line first, and I shall be at home certainly. We might study pictures and plays together. London *is* a wonderful place after all!"

"I *wonder* if she *is* a widow," thought Clare.

This question Madame Delphine soon answered without being asked.

"I am without husband, without child," she said; "a lonely woman; but by no means one to fret or repine at the absence of so-called domestic joys. Ha! ha! a squalling babe, half a dozen of them perhaps—a poor, cross, selfish husband—not half enough of anything that makes life worth having—meat and bread, and beer perhaps, and coals for the kitchen, parlour, and nursery, and wages for a nurse and a maid-of-all-work, and clothes and shoes for the brats, and a new dress now and anon for the wife, and always of course a couple of good suits for the fagged, out-of-sorts, selfish bread-winner—but not a picture, not an opera-ticket, never a change of scene, or visit to other lands; no dainty dinner with congenial souls; no time with the screaming brats, and the holes in their stockings, to look even at a page of Shakspere or Dantè, or to sketch a wildflower, or to play through, as it should be played, a sonata of Beethoven. Oh, married life in the middle-class, what a slavery it is! Ha! ha!"

"I don't like her at all," shuddered Clare; "she is dangerous — this clever, heartless woman; so much truth in what she says, that she might lead some people to think as she does —Max, for instance. Ah! she has never loved, else she would know that one smile on a loved lip, one tender tone in a loved voice, outweighs all her miseries of holes in the stockings of little noisy children; and, if one had a face one loved at one's hearthstone, should one pine for the picture faces in the art galleries? Ah! love—love, mighty, strong as death, sweet-toned as the sonatas she speaks of! What would they be unless the spirit of love breathed through them? Madame Delphine, I fear you are a cruel woman, and yet how *he* listens to her!"

He did indeed; and when they parted on the edge of the town, he held madame's hand in his almost like a lover holds the hand that he loves best on earth.

After that he walked towards the home of Clare with that young maiden, in silence for a time. At last he said:

"What a wonderful woman that is!"

"I do not like her sentiments," said Clare.

"Ha! you, of all persons, turning censurist—you, Miss Clare. I never heard you breathe an ungentle word before of anyone."

Clare was thankful for the evening dust which hid the red blood surging in her cheek.

"Am I ungentle now?" she asked. "I do not like to hear her rail against home joys and home duties."

"All she said was true—every word of it," replied Max. "Still, she speaks exaggerated truths, I admit, and she ignores the love, the real love, which, as Hood says in his poem of Miss Kilmasegg,

> "'Can sweeten sugarless tea,
> And make contentment and joy agree
> With the poorest boarding and bedding.'

She is a woman passionless, I suppose, who looks on the world, and laughs at its ways; but, mind you, there are many respectable households where her melancholy sarcasms hold good; where the husband toils, and is stingy, selfish, and weary; where he 'takes it out' in grumbling at every commonplace mischance in the commonplace household; where the wife is worried and badgered by petty cares; where there is only enough means for the mere roast beef, and bread and butter; nothing to brighten or enliven life, and no time either to spare for those pleasures of the intellect in which a few rare souls find their delight."

"But did these dissatisfied couples begin with love, I wonder? She would say that if they did, it all died out under the influence of the drudgery, and fatigue, and commonplace of life," said Clare. She paused a moment, and then cried out, vehemently: "But it is not true. Love is deathless in a true heart."

And Max felt "stirred through all his pulses" at this enthusiasm of beautiful Clare. He held her hand as he parted from her at her own door, and he said:

"I trust we shall meet in London, Miss Clare?"

Clare answered with a polite commonplace, as in duty bound; but her heart beat wildly. That night she could not sleep for hours, thinking of Max, and that terrible Madame Delphine."

The more Clare thought of that lady, the more she dreaded her; yet, strange to say, she felt drawn towards her by a nameless fascination.

* * * * *

Pendowen Bay is rising, and seething, and boiling like a huge witches' cauldron, and the heaven is black, and the winds roar.

Pendowen town is "dumb with snow," and nearly all the lodging-houses are closed; Winter rides through the skies, and the earth is frost-bound, and all those in whom we have taken an interest have long ago left the Welsh watering-place.

Atherstone is under the care of old Miss Duff and a staff of servants, sufficient to keep it in order; the suites in the various rooms are swathed in brown holland, the precious china and *bijouterie* is covered from the dust, fires are lighted in the great apartments to keep away the moth and the damp.

Sir Arthur and Lady Ashmore, Lady Janet and Miss Spindler, together with Danetta and Lady Ashmore's maid and Sir Arthur's valet, have been on the Continent ever since November set in.

It is now early in the new year, and all the Ashmore party will return to the quiet town mansion, in Park Lane, in a few days. Lady Janet will be presented at the Queen's Drawing Room next month, and then, when the season commences, her young beauty is to blaze forth in the fashionable world. The Challoner family have likewise been abroad. Lord Challoner went up to town last week with his father; the wedding is to take place in the early summer, so the world says and believes. Thus looks Pendowen on those white, windy January days. London is cold and windy, and frowns as London does frown during an English winter.

Max Carstairs sits in his room, his one room at his aunt's house, in the dingy street in Bloomsbury. It is a cold afternoon, and he has a fire in his small grate; he is writing a sort of treatise on a lecture, a chemical lecture he has heard at Guy's. He is working hard; in a few days he expects to gain his diploma, and then—why, then, since he is able and gifted, he may win honours and become a demonstrator, and in time a professor, and then——

All this winter My Lady Janet has been away: My Lady Janet, with whom he fell so suddenly and boyishly in love—My Lady Janet, who still shines as his ideal of lovely poetical maidenhood. How many sonnets has he written in her praise, when he was *not* studying comparative anatomy, or the phases of chronic hydrocephalus? Dozens —scores, rather. He has sent her one or two, for now and anon a little perfumed note has reached him in his dingy chamber—a note that has come like a fairy messenger across the sea —a note telling him how gay, and bright, and wonderful Paris is; but "William is here, and I am *so* tired of him. Write to me, my Max!"

And Max had written, directing his letter under cover to Danetta, a trick at which his soul rebelled. Now, on this cold afternoon, there came a rat-tat to the door, and before long the dingy maid-of-all-work gave him just such a pink, perfumed note as he longed for. The post-mark was London; the writing *hers*; and his heart thumped wildly as he read the following lines:—

"DEAR MAX,—

"Spindler, and Danetta, and *I* arrived here, in Park Lane, last night. Sir Arthur and Lady Ashmore do not come home until the day after to-morrow. Come to me *here*, this evening, at nine."

"JANET EUSTACE."

To creep into that old man's house in his absence?

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MAX asked himself the same question more than once; but already he had answered it in the depths of his heart. Sir Arthur was (in *his* opinion) a brutal and rufflanly aristocrat; hateful, firstly, by reason of his uncompromising pride and cruel hardness of heart; secondly, by reason of the prejudice which Max, in common with many of the young men of the present day who have only their own brains, their own hands, their own will, to depend upon in the race of life, entertain against the class privileged to be idle, and splendid, and useless butterflies in the garden of this world.

Max entertained an honest detestation for Sir Arthur Ashmore—not altogether a wise and just one perhaps, but still an honest one; and he felt that to enter the gilded saloons of this man's mansion in his absence was anything but pleasant; still, he was summoned by Lady Janet. He longed to see her; he dared not disappoint her; and so, at the time appointed, he stood under the portico of the great house in Park Lane, and knocked, and was at once quietly admitted by Danetta.

The splendour of the hall, with its gildings, and statues, and paintings, reminded him of the entrance to a royal house he had seen abroad. Danetta led him then through large velvet-covered doors, which seemed to open of themselves, into a richly carpeted corridor, and anon she tapped at another door, and Max found himself in the presence of My Lady Janet. Her he saw first and foremost; next, the room, a little exquisite boudoir, furnished in pale-green satin and ebony, with an inlaid cabinet, gleaming with priceless trophies and gems of art, Italian cups of the middle ages, chased in gold, vases of the Louis Quatorze era.

Lady Janet wore black velvet and white lace; her sole ornament, a large ruby, blazed at her white throat. She looked like a princess in a fairy tale, with her golden hair and large, lustrous eyes; and yet, and yet—what was the feeling that smote chill upon the heart of the young student, as he gazed on her?—distrust, disappointment, something different from, and yet akin to both.

She was lovelier after her foreign travel—a trifle paler perhaps; but there was a gleam in the brown eyes that he had never seen before.

She extended her hand; she did not resist even when he ventured timidly enough to kiss her cheek; still it seemed to Max that the girlish enthusiasm and simplicity had already given place to something different.

Lady Janet was changed already; she was more a woman of the world; she was not less cordial when she began to speak, and yet Max felt that something had come between him and his love since they last met. Was it the world? Max thought it must be; and yet there was a dreamy, absent look in her eyes, as she gazed silently into the fire, which was not all of the earth, earthy.

Conversation flagged between them for a space, then Lady Janet said:

"I have had a delightful tour, Max. Ah! I wish I could live always in Italy. I will some day."

She did not say *we* will some day, as he had hoped that she would. Max was saddened, but strange to say not embittered or stung to the heart by this coldness of his lady-love.

It was without much agitation that he said presently: "Lady Janet, pardon me, but an

instinct tells me that you regret your promises of months past. You do not like to feel yourself bound to a lover of low degree. You have discovered that you have made a mistake—is it not so? Do not think," here his voice shook a little, "that I shall utter one reproach, or in any way annoy you."

Then he remembered the insults of Sir Arthur, and he was astonished at his own feelings; his rage against the baronet made him wish to win the heiress, while his feeling for the heiress herself was so strange, so mingled, that he could not in the least comprehend it.

"Max," said Lady Janet slowly, "sit down. We will have a nice cup of tea presently. I am not going to dine to-day. I have a slight headache, at least" (with a light laugh) "I am inclined to give myself invalid airs. Spindler, darling old Spindler, who knows everything, every foolish whim I take into this silly head of mine, will be here just now, and we will all have a cosy chat together. There is nobody else in the house save she and I, and of course the servants. Now, Max, it is quite true that I can't at all make out my own feelings towards you; perhaps I should never like to marry you, perhaps I should."

Max wondered within himself how it was that this frank avowal gave him so little pain. Where was the excitement, the passion, the wild rapture, and the sickening fear of loss that had marked his love-dream on the shores of Dungarvon Island and the gray shore of Pendowen? Had London streets, and London smoke, and London work, quenched the fire of romance in his soul? Ah, no! he knew better; it was not so.

Lady Janet went on, still looking at the fire:

"If, dear Max, you were in our own charmed circle, if I should meet you in the world this season, and if grandpapa said to me, 'Marry that man if you choose,' I would do so. I could trust my life with you, I would make you a good wife; but, as it is, I hesitate, I am not sure; I do not think I have strength and patience to await the course of events." (She sighed heavily.)

Oh, capricious Lady Janet! how she had played fast and loose with luckless Max ever since their acquaintance began, and this, not through cruelty or caprice, but through sheer whimsicality and changeableness of nature.

Max remembered how jealous she had been of Clare Fleurelands. He wondered what this lovely Lady Janet was going to say next.

"As it is," she said presently, "I am determined not to marry Lord Challoner, whom all the world considers that I ought to marry by the close of the season. I think him more of a nuisance than ever. I wonder," she added, petulantly, "that he is so wanting in spirit as to persist in holding me to the engagement. He is such a dreadful goose," she added, with a laugh that sounded cruel to Max; "he declares that if I don't have him he will shoot himself. I almost wish he would."

"Lady Janet!" Max spoke in solemn tones.

Lady Janet laughed again.

"If you loved me so," she said, darting a dangerous look at him from her brown eyes, "I think I should be obliged to marry you and live in a garret; as it is, I see that you have cooled down wonderfully, Monsieur Max, since the summer *n'est pas*," with another very dangerous gleam in the brown eyes.

"Lady Janet, I was mad last summer; as it is I have learned to see things in a truer light. I cannot ask you to share my poverty, I cannot ask you to wait till I have made a fortune. I spurn the notion of sharing your fortune."

"So that you renounce me?" she asked, pouting, and putting one little satin booted foot on the fender.

"I await your commands," he answered. "In a moment of rapture we plighted our troth. I will do as you wish."

"And do you love me?" she asked.

"I love you!" he answered. "I would sacrifice myself to you in all things."

"But that is chivalry, it is not love," answered the capricious little damsel, with another pout. "Well, then, Max, promise me this—engage yourself to noboddy else *until I am married!* Will you promise?"

"I may safely promise," Max answered.

And then the Lady Janet arose from her seat, crossed over to where he sat, put her fair hands upon his shoulders, and kissed him lightly on the brow.

"There, Max," she said. "Now you will be my true knight, if you are never anything else; and, indeed," added the odd girl, "there are times when I believe you are the one true hero who would make my life full, and complete, and happy. Alas! I am a discontented mortal, and now I will ring for tea."

Lady Janet raised a little silver handbell, and rang it, and soon there entered Danetta, with an exquisite little tea equipage, dainty cakes and fragrant tea, rich cream and butter, and some fresh fruit from the hothouses at Atherstone, which had arrived that morning.

Immediately afterwards little Miss Spindler followed. She was neat as ever in rich black silk, and gold-rimmed spectacles. She gave Max a cordial welcome, and conversed volubly on the topics of the day, the Eastern Question, her travels, the pictures she had seen abroad, and so on.

Max soon rose to take his leave. Lady Janet pressed something into his hand at parting.

"It is a little old gold locket," she whispered, "that belonged, I believe, first to my Aunt Caroline, who is dead; she left it to my mother. There is some of my hair in it; keep it, dear Max, as long as you live, for *my* sake; and who knows, we may meet again soon, and you will remember your promise."

Poor Max hardly knew what he answered. He found himself in the gas-lit wintry streets—for it was that bitterest season of the English year—early March, and his heart sank, and anon his brain reeled. What enchantment had possessed him that he had lost the treasure of My Lady Janet's love so calmly? Where was the wounded, raging heart of last summer? Her feeling for him had dwindled to a romantic friendship, while his for her was the oddest mixture. Certainly it had none of those stormy elements that make a whirlwind in the soul, and transform a man's whole being. No. And why was this—why—why? Ah! there was a secret, subtle answer in the depth of his heart when he remembered his promise to Lady Janet. He was at no loss to understand the state of his feelings towards her.

"I was an idiot to give such a promise," he said to himself. "Now I understand how that lovely Janet, like a picture by an old master, or the poetic ideal of some dreamer, like Tennyson or Rosetti, had such power over my imagination, but did not really gain my heart. I know a pair of eyes, darker than my Lady Janet's, that have so witched my soul of late that I have hardly slept for thinking of them. That is a nature atuned to all that is highest, pitiful, and courteous, with a mind above the ordinary run of minds, as the stars are higher than the flowers! Ah, if I could hope; if I might dream of winning there."

And Max paused at the corner of Piccadilly to let the vehicles roll past; and he wondered within himself how he should pass the evening, broken by this visit to My Lady Janet, and he resolved to go to some theatre; accordingly, he hailed a cab, since the hour was late, and he was in due time set down at one of the theatres in the Strand, where a popular piece was being played.

The finances of Max did not permit him to soar higher than a good place in the pit; he was in time for the chief piece of the evening, and he liked it very well; well enough to beguile himself from dwelling too peristently on his strange and romantic relation with My Lady Janet, and also he wished to escape from the peculiar sensation as of being fettered, which he had experienced after giving that singular promise to Lady Janet.

Happening to raise his eyes to the boxes, Max was bewildered by meeting the gaze of those same dark eyes, the memory of which had haunted him just now in the streets.

Clare Fleurelands was looking down at him *he* thought with a calm, kind indifference, which he felt he would have given his very life to stir into fire and passion—something akin to the flame which it seemed to him was consuming his whole soul. For Max Carstairs' infatuation for my Lady Janet had been but as the breaking of the bright gleams of summer dawn across the dark earth and gloomy seas, lovely and rapturous with ruby streaks, portentious of the glow and fervent heat that was to arise in his soul in the not very distant day.

He had said once that if he lost her, he should go mad, and he had believed the words when he spoke them. Since then Clare had crossed his path, and by slow degrees his whole nature had bowed down to this girl, with her dark beauty, her reserve, her gentleness, her high-souled converse. He had never known how he had loved Clare until he had passed that promise to My Lady Janet—never to engage himself to anybody until, forsooth, she was married. The selfishness and injustice of the request smote upon him as he gazed up at Clare; and then came the doubt, the bitter doubt, always attendant upon true love: could he ever hope to make the beloved one care for him?

As for the play, we are almost certain that neither Max in the pit, nor Clare in the box, knew what it was about. She saw Max even as Max saw her, but she guessed not the state of his heart; indeed of late, Max and his doings, and motives, and aspirations, had been a problem which she was constantly striving to solve. How long ago it seemed now since those sunny days in late summer, when she had wandered now and anon with Max Carstairs on the sounding shore or across the wild heath; or had met him in the woodland paths or on the mountain side.

She had been first struck with him, then pleased; then by degrees he had grown to stand as her ideal of all that was noblest in man. Intercourse had ripened and strengthened this feeling. Clare's nature was as strong as it was gentle.

As time went on she loved Max more and more, all unconscious of his infatuation for the lovely heiress of Atherstone. She never heard of his associating with, or escorting, other young ladies. She knew that since her return to the villa at Norwood, Max had been a weekly visitor; sometimes he came oftener, always with a book or a piece of music, or a rare flower, ostensibly for the three young ladies; but in reality meant, as she felt, for her.

Instinct also stronger than reason told her that his visits were all for her. Yet he spoke no word of love to Clare. Had she but known the truth, that he had never awakened to the fact of his whole soul and hope of earthly happiness being bound up with the winning of herself to be his wife, until he had passed that strange promise to Lady Janet!

Clare and Anna were both in the box with their uncle, Rosalinda, and that same Captain Hantree, who has been mentioned in a previous chapter. The readers may remember that the said gentleman was in the regiment that was quartered close to Pendowen, and that he had been at the Charity Ball at the Assembly Rooms; and also that he had been much struck by the singular beauty of Clare Fleurelands, who had, however, on that especial night, been almost constantly the partner of Max Carstairs.

Captain Hantree, however, had called upon the little half-pay Colonel, and had taken tea with the Fleurelands before they left Pendowen. He was invited to call on them after their return to Norwood, and this winter the gallant Captain had obtained a six months' leave of absence, ostensibly on account of his health. For the last two months he had occupied some chambers in London, in company with a bachelor friend, and he made a point of calling at least three times a week at Westeria Villa, Norwood.

On this occasion he had been the bearer of a box-ticket, and accordingly we find him ensconced with the Fleureland's family in the same box. He sat just behind Clare and Rosalinder.

A careless observer would have supposed the Captain's attentions to be exclusively devoted to the latter damsel; indeed, that young lady sat smirking in her smart, gray poplin evening dress, with its trimmings of palest blue satin and *écru* lace, looking and feeling contented and hopeful to a high degree. The compact of friendship into which she had compelled poor Max Carstairs to enter had not been fruitful of very delightful results,

It need scarcely be said that Miss Fleurelands desired to win an admiring swain, not a merely calm and sensible friend; and when she found that Max paid her no compliments, never flattered her even in fun, and occasionally spoke his mind to her plainly, any liking she might have had for him changed into a sullen indifference. Meanwhile she jealously watched the attentions that he paid to Clare, and so far she was satisfied that "he meant nothing at all," as she often said with a spiteful laugh to Clare herself; and just at this epoch appeared on the scene the gallant Captain Hantree.

[To be continued.]

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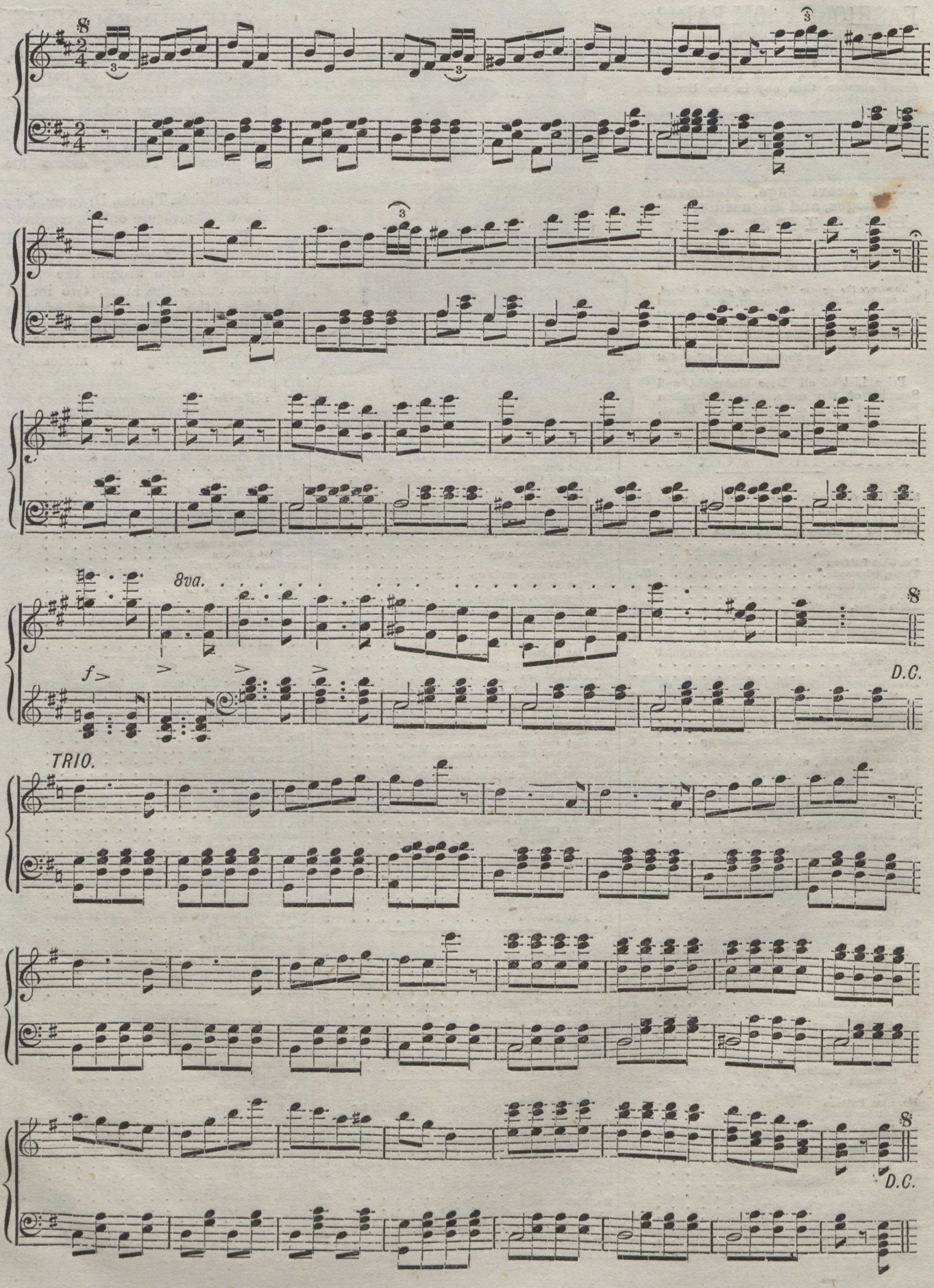

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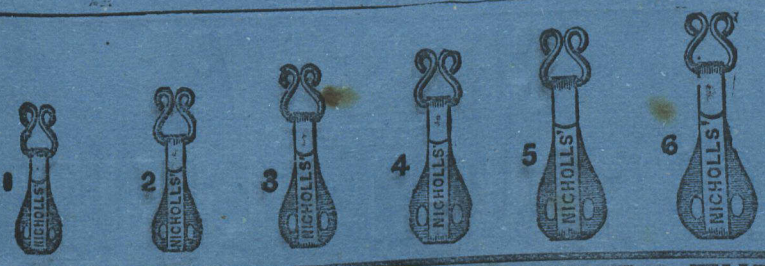

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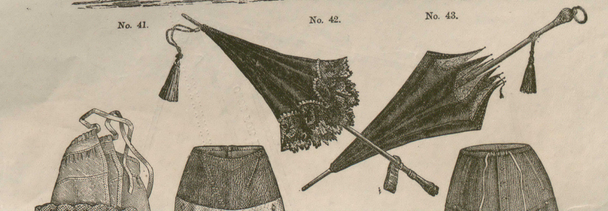

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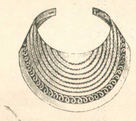

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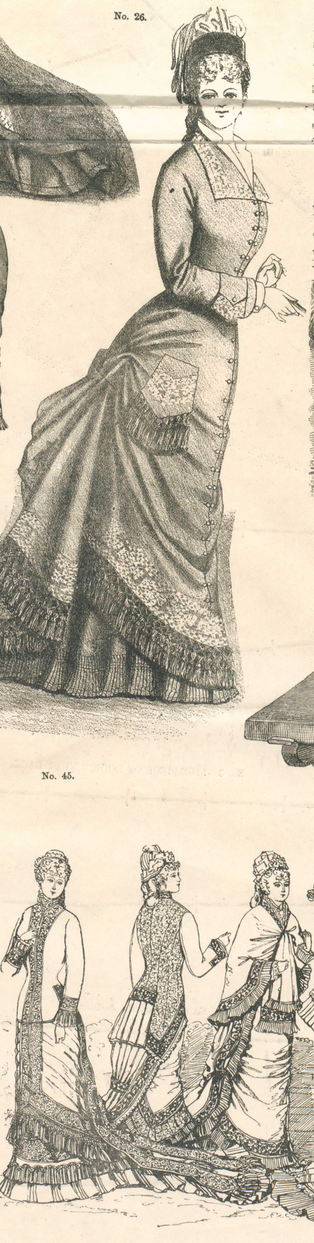

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No. 46. No. 47. Nos. 58 to 72.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—*The Proprietors of "The Young Ladies' Journal" beg to solicit special attention to their* MADE-UP AND FULLY-TRIMMED PATTERNS OF ALL THE LATEST NOVELTIES AND FASHIONS FROM PARIS EVERY MONTH, *which they think will be found cheaper and better than any yet sold in the States and Canada. All "The Young Ladies' Journal"* MADE-UP PATTERNS ARE TACKED, NOT GUMMED, *so that they can be taken to pieces to cut from. The patterns, unless otherwise ordered, are supplied a medium size, and are so perfectly cut,* THAT THEY CAN BE READILY ADAPTED TO SUIT ANY FIGURE. *If measure to send, the patterns may be relied upon being forwarded the correct size. See prices annexed, and with the Description of the Coloured Fashion Plate, page 488. Orders accompanied with remittance to* MADAME GURNEY, NEW YORK P.O. Box 3327, or No. 711, BROAD WAY, will receive immediate attention.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION ENGRAVINGS.

Nos. 1 and 16.—Walking-costume.—Dress of cuffs-an-lait cashmere, trimmed with kiltings of silk of the same shade. Mantle of black cashmere, the back of which is shown in No. 16, embroidered with black silk, and trimmed with deep fringe. White straw hat, trimmed with natural ostrich feathers and brown ribbon.—Price of pattern of fichu, made up, 25c.; flat, 20c.

No. 2.—Hood of tuscan, with crown of maize silk, trimmed with a wreath of dark green leaves, and yellow heath bloom; strings of dark green and maize ribbon.

No. 3.—Afternoon-dress of dark brown foulard, brocaded in pale blue, with sleeves of dark brown silk, with cuffs of pale blue silk and brocade. Collar of white muslin, trimmed with lace.—Price of pattern of jacket-bodice, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 50c.

No. 4.—Hat of tuscan, trimmed with dark blue and corn-coloured ribbon, and shaded blue feather.

Nos. 5 and 10.—Walking-costume.—Dress of mauve brilliantine. Fichu of black net, trimmed with white lace. The bonnet shown in No. 5 is of fine white straw, trimmed with white and buttercups, shaded yellow feather, and brown frills, and fringe. No. 10 hat of black chip, trimmed with bunches of unmounted pink roses, and pink ribbon.

No. 6.—Pinafore for Child from One to Two Years of Age.—This little pinafore is of white twilled muslin, trimmed with muslin embroidery and insertion.—Price of pattern, trimmed, 30c.; flat, 25c.

No. 7.—Walking-jacket of fancy black summer cloth, trimmed with frills and silk cord. Black chip bonnet, trimmed with olive-green and maidenhair frills.—Price of pattern of jacket, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 50c.

No. 8.—Walking-jacket of rich black silk, trimmed with frills of the same, and silk buttons. Tuscan bonnet, trimmed with a bunch of nasturtiums, feathers, grass, and black lace.—Price of pattern of jacket, trimmed, 80c.; flat, 60c.

No. 9.—Chemise for Child from Two to Four Years of age.—This chemise, which is of fine longcl th, is made with a spede in front and behind, so that it may be drawn up with a high dress, or turned down when worn with a low bodice.—Price of pattern, made up, 25c.; flat, 12c.

No. 10.—See No. 5.

No. 11.—Frock for Child from Two to Three Years of Age.—The material is pink cashmere, trimmed with small white bone buttons. Full-size pattern of the collar will be found on the other side of supplement.

No. 12.—Dinner-dress of tilleul faille, with square bodice trimmed with dark green feather trimming, and lace. Sleeves of net, trimmed with lace, and dark green satin ribbon.—Price of pattern of bodice, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 25c.

No. 13.—Garden Hat of white straw, trimmed with blue ribbon, and bunches of flowers.

No. 14.—Bodice, with postillion basque, of mauve brocaded foulard, with sleeves of plain foulard. Full-size pattern will be found on the other side of supplement.

Nos. 15 and 19.—Back and front of fichu, of black crêpe de Chine, trimmed with silk tassel fringe.

No. 17.—Walking-dress of myrtle-green and fawn.—Price of pattern of fichu, trimmed, 2 c.; flat, 12c.

No. 18.—See No. 17.

No. 20.—Net of brocaded silk, with silver Luteering.

No. 21.—Walking-jacket for Child from Two to Four Years of Age.—This jacket is of white piqué, braided and buttonholed with black.—Price of pattern of jacket, trimmed, 30c.; flat, 12c.

No. 22.—See No. 13.

Nos. 23 and 31.—Front and back of Walking-dress of mouse-coloured cashmere, trimmed with brown silk, brown passementerie buttons and deep fringe.

No. 29 has a bonnet of rice straw, trimmed with brown ribbon, and bows of the same, shaded with sage, and a bunch of coquelicots and cornflowers, ornamented with wreath of forget-me-nots with brown foliage.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, $3. Polonaise, trimmed, $1; flat, 80c.

No. 22.—Walking-dress.—Skirt of grey lavenge, with polonaise of blue and grey striped lavenge, bound with a cross-wise fold of the plain. White straw bonnet, trimmed with blue ribbon, and cap of crêpe lisse.—Price of pattern of complete dress, trimmed, $1.60. Polonaise, trimmed, 80c.; flat, 60c.

No. 23.—Walking-dress for Little Girl from 7 tight to 7 twelve Years of Age.—The dress is of white batiste, trimmed, with a kilting and crosswise folds of cherry-coloured batiste, and torchon lace. White straw hat, trimmed with cherry-coloured ribbon.—Price of pattern of complete dress, trimmed, 80c.; flat, Polonaise, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 50c.

No. 24.—Summer Suit for Little Boy from Five to 7 tight Years.—his little suit is of grey linen, trimmed with white braid and buttons. Waistcoat of white linen, with embroidered frill. White straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbon.—Price of pattern of complete suit made up, 60c.; flat, 50c.

No. 25.—Walking-costume in light grey tweed cloth, trimmed with a white and grenn galloon; long, semi-fitting jacket, buttoned diagonally; pockets on either side of the tunic; semi-trained skirt, bordered by a deep gathered flounce. Straw toque, with blue wing.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, $2. Jacket, trimmed, 80c.; flat, 40c.

26.—Reception Toilet.—Princess tunic of tilleul-grenadine, checked with mouse-green, and edged with silk tassel fringe to match. An embroidered passementerie is arranged round the tunic in a triple band at the back, and simulates a cuirasse-bodice in front. Trained skirt of mouse-green faille, bordered by gathered flounces.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, $2. Polonaise, trimmed, $1; flat, 60c.

No. 27.—Cupote of blue silk, trimmed with ribbon; cap of crêpe lisse.

No. 28.—Bonnet for Little Girl.—This little bonnet is of white straw, trimmed with blue ribbon and white crêpe.

No. 29.—Baby's Bonnet of white cambric, trimmed with valenciennes lace, and blue ribbons.

No. 30.—Dinner-dress.—Princess robe of sage-green Japanese silk, embroidered with turquoise-blue in the pine pattern, and bordered by a silk pleating to match. Ruffle of Mecolin lace at the neck, and frills of the same at the sleeves.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, $1; flat, 60c.

No. 31.—Afternoon-dress.—Trained skirt of mouse-grey limousine, edged by a deep pleating. Gabrielle tunic, in checked lavrge, trimmed with embroidery, headed by a fancy galloon in mouse-grey and mulse; a sash bow of mulse faille ornaments the back; the tunic is fastened by mulse silk buttons to correspond.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, $2. Polonaise, 80c.; flat, 60c. Underdress, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 50c.

No. 32.—Visiting-costume of prune faille, trimmed with deep silk netting and fringe of the same shades. Prune silk bonnet, trimmed with pale blue feathers.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, $3. Cuirasse made up, 60c.; flat, 50c.

No. 33.—Walking-dress of corn-coloured cashmere, trimmed with kiltings of the same, buttons and bows of blue silk; capote of blue silk gauze, trimmed with bows of the same colour.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, $1.60. Polonaise, trimmed, 80c.; flat, 60c.

No. 34.—Collar for Little Boy.—The collar is of fine narrow linen tape, joined by rows of herring-bone stitches, a narrow band of coloured cambric is placed at the edge, over it is an ornamental pattern of white braid.

No. 35.—Visiting-dress of fine gray cashmere, with trimmings of the same, and cross bands of pale blue taffetas, which are fastened by small silver bows. Bonnet of white felt, trimmed with gray satin reversable ribbon and blue forget-me-nots.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, $2. Tunic, trimmed, 80c.; flat, 60c. Jacket, trimmed, 80c.; flat, 50c.

No. 36.—Tunic for Walking-dress, of beige, trimmed with embroidered braid. Price of pattern made up, 80c.; flat 60c.

No. 37.—Walking-costume of grey-and-white striped foulard, trimmed with bands of ruby-coloured faille and deep grey silk fringe. Grey chip hat, bound with ruby faille, and ornamented with grey feathers and ribbon.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, $2. Polonaise, trimmed, $1; flat, 80c.

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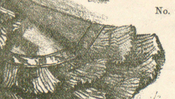

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DESCRIPTION OF FASHION ENGRAVINGS.

No. 26.—Walking-costume of dark slate-coloured faille. The tunic is trimmed with bands of faille, embroidered with tilleul and kilting. Jacket to match the dress, piped with tilleul faille. Dark slate chip hat, trimmed with tilleul ribbon and feathers.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, 2s. Jacket, trimmed, 50c.; flat, 40c.

No. 29.—Fashionable Gloves for afternoon and evening wear.

No. 40.—Dress for Young Lady of Twelve Years of Age.—Dress of dark green cloth, trimmed with bands and embroidered edging. Garniture-hat of white straw, trimmed with blue ribbon.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, 2s. 6d.; flat, 2s. Jacket, trimmed, 50c.; flat, 25c. Jacket, trimmed, 50c.; flat, 25c.

No. 41.—Visiting-costume of olive-green foulard, bounded with ribbon, trimmed with kiltings of tilleul faille, and bands of olive-green velvet. Mantle of white cashmere, bound with olive-green ribbon, trimmed with olive-green faille, and feather shaded from olive green to tilleul.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, 2s. Panic, trimmed, 80c.; flat, 40c. Jacket, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 30c.

No. 42.—Inner-dress of corn-coloured cashmere, trimmed with bands of silk, embroidered with marguerites and corn-coloured lace. The cuirasse bodice is piped and laced with mandarine.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, $1.80. Bodice, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 30c.

No. 43.—Dress for Little Girl from Ten to Twelve Years of Age.—This little dress is of blue cashmere, trimmed with kiltings of the same, and bands of blue silk, and bows of blue ribbon. Sailor collar of white linen.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, 80c.; flat, 30c.

No. 44.—Collar of embroidery, trimmed with Maltese lace.—Price of pattern of design for embroidery on tissue paper, 6d.

No. 45.—Walking-dress of fawn-coloured Rhadames. The polonaise is trimmed with a deep silk fringe, headed by rows of embroidery in fawn silk. Toque of silk to match the colour of the dress, with border of dark green velvet and cocks' feathers.—Price of patterns of complete dress, $1.80. Polonaise, trimmed, $1; flat, 60c.

No. 46.—Ladies' Travelling Luggage. —India-rubber air-cushion, covered with dark green cashmere, trimmed with bands and pansies in brilliant cloth, bound with scarlet braid and strapped together. The bag-back is of coarse straw, trimmed with cord and bunch of wild flowers. Knife-basket of fancy plaited straw, lined with scarlet cashmere.

No. 47.—Dinner-dress of pale blue silk, brocaded with sympathetic colour, and trimmed with bands of the silk and buttoned in front. The V-shaped opening is filled in with a full plaiting of faille and a stripe lace trifling. The faille sleeves have box-pleated cuffs. The tunic is crossed in front by box-pleated flounces divided by brocaded bias, and ornamented with butterfly bows. An independent train of pale blue faille is pleated on at an acute angle below the waist, and arranged in long folds at the back, which fall over the tunic, which fall perpendicularly behind the underdress.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, $4. Bodice, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 35c.

No. 48.—Dress for Fête or Garden-party.—Skirt of grey faille; polonaise of Indian muslin, richly embroidered. Bonnet of white chip, trimmed with white faille and marguerites.—Price of patterns of polonaise, trimmed, $1; flat, 50c.

No. 49.—Drawers of fine longcloth, trimmed with insertion and frilling.—Price of patterns, 30c.; flat, 15c.

Nos. 50 and 51.—Flannel Petticoat, embroidered with white flannette. The petticoat is buttoned to the waistband, which is shaped and wadded to be worn under Princess dresses.—Full-size pattern will be found on the inner side of Supplement.

No. 52.—Parasol of pink silk, ornamented with white lace.

No. 53.—Parasol of dark green silk, lined with rose-colour silk; silver and pearl handle.

No. 53.—Collar of nigmardise and lace stitches.

No. 54.—See No. 50.

No. 55.—Walking-costume of striped corn colour and brown foulard, with plain corn-coloured sleeves. Brown chip bonnet, trimmed with corn-coloured satin and feathers.—Price of patterns of corn-dress, trimmed, $1.50. Polonaise, trimmed, 80c.; flat, 30c.

No. 56.—Costume of dark blue long tricot trimmed with bands of the same, and embroidery. White straw bonnet, trimmed with a wreath of wild roses and dark blue silk.

No. 57.—Walking-costume for Little Girl from Eight to Ten Years of Age.—This costume is of pink bailzine, trimmed with Swiss embroidery. White straw hat, trimmed with silk of the same and with black velvet and pink ribbon.—Price of patterns of complete dress trimmed, 60c.; jacket, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 30c.

Nos. 58 to 72.—Reverse of Dresses, shown on Coloured Fashion Plate.

No. 73.—Walking-costume of dark brown silk, with polonaise of fawn-coloured cashmere, trimmed with silk, which is shaped and wadded to be worn under Princess dresses, trimmed with kiltings of silk, and buttons. Tuscan bonnet, trimmed with fawn-coloured feathers, and bunches of scarlet poppies.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, $1.80. Polonaise trimmed, $1; flat, 60c.

No. 74.—Home dress of mouse-grey silk, with polonaise of m-se-green cashmere, trimmed with bands of the silk, and jacket, trimmed with bows.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, $1.75. Polonaise, trimmed, $1; flat, 50c.

D. NICHOLSON & COMPANY, 50, 51, & 52, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD,

CORNER OF CHEAPSIDE, LONDON,

SILK MERCERS TO THE QUEEN, AND OUTFITTERS TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD, SUPPLY ALL THE GOODS REPRESENTED IN THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATIONS, AND OF WHOM PRICES AND PARTICULARS MAY BE HAD GRATIS ON APPLICATION. 7,000 PATTERNS OF NEWEST SILKS AND DRESS MATERIALS SENT POST FREE.—(Advt.)

FULL-SIZE PATTERNS OF LADIES' JACKET BODICE, WITH POSTILLION BASQUE, LADIES' FLANNEL PETTICOAT, AND PROCK FOR LITTLE BOY OR GIRL OF TWO OR THREE YEARS OF AGE.

No. 1.—FRO

No. 2.—SIDE-PIECE OF BODIC

No. 3.—SIDE PIECE OF BAND OF FLANNEL PETTICOAT.

No. 4.—HALF CUFF OF SLEEVE.

No. 5.—SLEEVE OF BODICE.

No. 6.—HALF CUFF OF SLEEVE.

No. 7.—BACK OF BAND OF FLANNEL PETTICOAT.

No. 8.—SLEEVE FOR CHILD'S DRESS.

No. 9.—SIDE PIECE OF BAND OF FLANNEL PETTICOAT.

No. 10.—BACK OF BAND OF FLANNEL PETTICOAT.

No. 11.—HALF FRONT OF FLANNEL PETTICOAT.

No. 12.—RIGHT SIDE FRONT OF CHILD'S DRESS.

No. 13.—SIDE-PIECE NEXT FRONT OF CHILD'S DRESS.

No. 13a.—LEFT SIDE FRONT OF CHILD'S DRESS.

CASE FOR BONE.

CASE FOR BONE.

PLEAT.

PLEAT.

DESCRIPTION OF FULL SIZE PATTERNS.

Nos. 1 to 7.—FULL-SIZE PATTERN OF LADIES' JACKET-BODICE WITH POSTILLION BASQUE.

The jacket will be seen in No. 14 on the other side of Supplement.

MATERIALS REQUIRED: 3¾ yards of matelasse silk; 1¼ yards of plain silk.

The bodice is suitable to be made in any dress material, and is the newest shape for this season.

Nos. 8 to 12.—LADIES' FLANNEL PETTICOAT WITH NEW BAND.

The back and front of petticoat will be seen in Nos. 10 and 54 on the other side of Supplement. The shape is particularly adapted to the present style of dress, as the deep band with whalebone put into the raised seams the petticoat very smooth under the dress. The petticoat will be better made with a tuck at the bottom for letting down when it shrinks, and for embroidery at the bottom we recommend dresdette, which is preferable to silk, as it keeps perfectly white when washed, and silk almost invariably turns yellow. The band may be made of cotton jean, or twilled longcloth.

Nos. 13 to 18.—FROCK FOR CHILD OF TWO OR THREE YEARS OF AGE.

This pretty little frock will be seen in No. 11 on the other side of Supplement. It is suitable to be made in washing or any other material; our model is of cashmere, trimmed with kittings of the same; 1¼ yards of cashmere is required. The pocket is formed of a kilting stitched down at both edges, and a small flap placed over the kilting.

FULL-SIZE PATTERNS OF LADIES' JACKET BODICE WITH POSTILLION BASQUE, LADIES' FLANNEL PETTICOAT, AND FROCK FOR LITTLE BOY OR GIRL OF TWO OR THREE YEARS OF AGE.

No. 1.—FRONT OF BODICE WITH POSTILLION BASQUE.

DESCRIPTION OF FULL SIZE PATTERNS.

Nos. 1 TO 7.—FULL-SIZE PATTERN OF LADIES' JACKET-BODICE WITH POSTILLION BASQUE.

The jacket will be seen in No. 16 on the other side of Supplement.

MATERIALS REQUIRED: 3¾ yards of matelasse silk; 1¼ yards of plain silk.

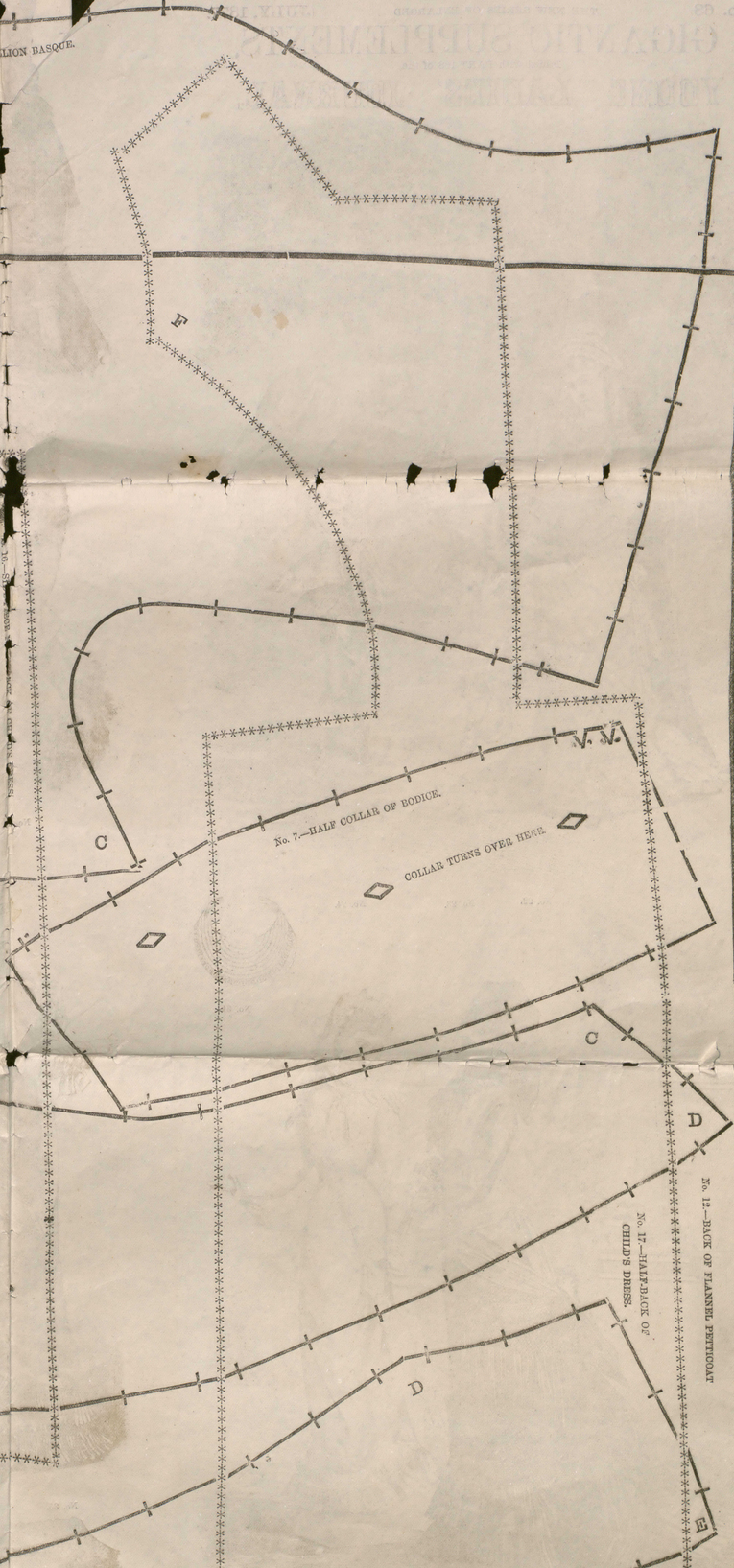
The bodice is suitable to be made in any dress material, and is the newest shape for this season.

Nos. 8 TO 12.—LADIES' FLANNEL PETTICOAT WITH NEW BAND.

The back and front of petticoat will be seen in Nos. 50 and 54 on the other side of Supplement. The shape is particularly adapted to the present style of dress, as the deep band with wholebreadth put into the coatings keeps the petticoat very smooth under the dress. The petticoat will be better made with a row of the bottom for letting down when it shrinks, and for embroidery at the bottom we recommend Rosette, which is preferable to silk, as it keeps perfectly white when washed, and silk almost invariably turns yellow. The band may be made of cotton jean, or twilled longcloth.

Nos. 13 TO 18.—FROCK FOR CHILD OF TWO OR THREE YEARS OF AGE.

This pretty little frock will be seen in No. 11 on the other side of Supplement. It is suitable to be made in washing or any other material; our model is of cashmere, trimmed with kiltings of the same; 1¼ yards of cashmere is required. The pocket is formed of a kilting stitched down at both edges, and a small flap placed over the kilting.



No. 2.—SIDE-PIECE OF BODICE NEXT FRONT.

TILLION BASQUE.

The jacket will be seen in No. 14 on the other side of Supplement.

MATERIALS REQUIRED: 31 yards of plain silk; 1¼ yards of plain silk.

The bodice is suitable to be made in any dress material, and is the newest shape for the season.

Nos. 8 to 12.—LADIES' FLANNEL PETTICOAT WITH NEW BAND.

The back and front of petticoat will be seen in Nos. 10 and 11 on the other side of Supplement. The shape is particularly adapted to the present style of dress, as the deep band with which it is trimmed falls over the ceilings keeps the petticoat from below the dress. The petticoat fits perfectly smooth under the dress. The petticoat fits much better made with a tuck at the bottom, and when turned down when it shrinks, and for embroidering round the bottom we recommend flannels which are very durable to wear, as it keeps perfectly when washed, and silk almost invariably turns yellow when washed. The band may be made of cotton joined up the lengthways.

Nos. 13 to 18.—FROCK FOR CHILD OF TWO OR THREE YEARS OF AGE.

This pretty little frock will be seen in No. 2 on the other side of Supplement. It is intended to be made in washing or any other dress material. Our model is of cashmere, trimmed with bands of the same; 1¼ yards of cashmere is required. The pocket is formed of a kilting of silk, with a tab at both edges, and a small flap placed over the kilting.

No. 1.—SIDE-PIECE NEXT FRONT OF CHILD'S DRESS.

PLEAT.

No. 2.—SIDE-PIECE OF

No. 3.—SIDE-PIECE OF BODICE NEXT BACK.

No. 4.—BACK OF BODICE.

No. 5.—SLEEVE OF BODICE.

No. 6.—SIDE PIECE OF BAND OF FLANNEL PETTICOAT.

CASE FOR BONE.

No. 7.—HALF FRONT OF FLANNEL PETTICOAT.

No. 8.—FRONT OF BAND OF FLANNEL PETTICOAT.

No. 9.—HALF BACK OF FLANNEL PETTICOAT.

No. 10.—LEFT SIDE FRONT OF CHILD'S DRESS.

No. 11.—RIGHT SIDE FRONT OF CHILD'S DRESS.

The pocket will be seen in No. 10 on the other side of Supplement.

MATERIALS REQUIRED: 2¼ yards of matelasse silk; 1¼ yards of plain silk.

The bodice is suitable to be made in any dress material, and is the newest shape for this season.

Nos. 8 TO 12.—LADIES' FLANNEL PETTICOAT WITH NEW BAND.

The back and front of petticoat will be seen in Nos. 50 and 54 on the other side of Supplement. The shape is particularly adapted to the present The shape is particularly adapted to the present style of dress, as the deep band with whalebone put into the casings keeps the petticoat very smooth under the dress. The petticoat will be better made with a tuck at the bottom for letting down when it shrinks, and for embroidery at the bottom we recommend Rosette, which is preferable to silk, as it keeps perfectly white when washed, and silk almost invariably turns yellow. The band may be made of cotton jean, or twilled longcloth.

Nos. 13 TO 18.—FROCK FOR CHILD OF TWO OR THREE YEARS OF AGE.

This pretty little frock will be seen in No. 11 on the other side of Supplement. It is suitable to be made in washing or any other material; our model is of cashmere, trimmed with kiltings of the same; 1¼ yards of cashmere is required. The pocket is formed of a kilting stitched down at both edges, and a small flap pinked over the kilting.

PLEAT.

No. 13.—SIDE-PIECE NEXT FRONT OF CHILD'S DRESS.

No. 7a.—LEFT SIDE FRONT OF CHILD'S DRESS.

No. 2.—SIDE-PIECE OF BODICE NEXT FRONT.

No. 3.—SIDE-PIECE OF BODICE NEXT BACK.

No. 4.—BACK OF BODICE.

No. 7.—HALF COLLAR OF BODICE.

COLLAR TURNS OVER HERE.

No. 12.—BACK OF FLANNEL PETTICOAT

No. 17.—HALF BACK OF CHILD'S DRESS.