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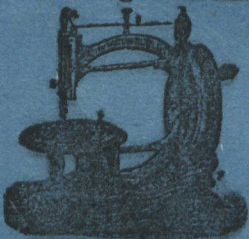


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THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE



"ENCORE, MADEMOISELLE," SAID MONSIEUR SILVAS—"ENCORE! OR ELSE ANOTHER."

HIS WORD OF HONOUR.

CHAPTER XIV.

ACHILLE COTTAGE could not boast of the luxurious furniture, the rich carpets and cabinets and sideboards of the Dulwich villa; but it was a pretty little place, lying rather low, however, surrounded by a lawn with flower-beds, and

bounded by a laurel hedge; the ceilings were low, and the furniture was quaint. Monsieur Silvas had the cottage at a low rental, which suited his moderate though comfortable income. The dinner was the perfection of cookery; the Silvas only kept one maid, but madame was an adept in what some consider the highest art.

In the little drawing-room was a brilliant fire. Here they had coffee and pleasant chat, and Leontine, conversing in the language of her

father, forgot that she was in England; her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed. M. Silvas asked her to sing; she went to the piano, which was a little gem in its way, and she played and sang a certain Spanish love-song which leaped into her memory all at once. She sang with tenderness, with pathos, with just so much of passion vibrating through her tones as a maiden pure and modest may dare half fearfully to express. As for her voice, it was of that

calibre which startles the dullest ear into pleasure and wakens the lover of sweet sound to ecstasy. Her execution was nearly faultless even to a critical listener like Silvas, who frequented all the operas, and composed songs and pieces by the dozen; he beat time with his slender fingers; he smiled when she ceased.

"Encore, mademoiselle," said he—"encore, or else another."

So she sang another and another and another, and he came and bent over her and spoke low and softly; yet all that he said did not amount to much meaning.

"Pauvre, she is tired," cried madame, in her shrill treble key. "Achille, thou wilt fag her to death. Come here to the table, my child, and have a glass of wine and some cake."

So Leontine sat basking in the warmth of the fire, sipping the wine, eating cake, and listening to the plans and praises of Monsieur Silvas.

"I tell you that after two years' study you would take London by storm," said Silvas. "What do you say?—will you bind yourself to a friend of mine, who will give you board, instruction, pocket-money for two years, then he will undertake the management of a theatre, and you will come out and make your fortune?"

"Papa would not have liked my going on the stage," said Leontine.

"Bah! Your papa is dead, and will know nothing about it."

She looked up at Monsieur Silvas, shocked and surprised.

"He must know. I feel he watches me still," said Leontine. "Ah! monsieur, your hard materialism would break my heart if I believed in it, but I do not; I would rather do what seems right, even if the path is thorny and hard to travel."

"Very pretty, little poetess," said Silvas, laughing. "Ah! mademoiselle, when you are as old as I am, you will not have so many scruples." He beat on the table with his fingers, and frowned at the fire; presently he said:

"Your papa would not like you to sleep in so cold an attic at Olympia Lodge of which your small friend Fossey has told me, nor to be compelled to darn stockings when you are not teaching, and correct exercises when you are not acting nurse to the little ones. Your life is very hard with Miss Hoocher, and your pay very small; I am sorry for you."

"But I may get a better situation."

"Or a worse," said Silvas, with a little sneering laugh. "Oh! mademoiselle, I think you foolish not to accept my offer."

He looked at her as he spoke with that peculiar light burning in his eyes which she had noticed before and wondered at.

"You have no time to read and improve at Olympia; all the great books are shut against you; drudge—drudge—drudge from dawn till dusk: is it not so?"

"It is, monsieur," said Leontine, sadly.

"Well, we won't talk of it to-night; but to-morrow night my friend will be here, and you will sing to him, will you not?"

"Oh! yes, monsieur."

Soon after this madame took Leontine to the prettiest, snug little room in the house, where was a fire, and an arm-chair, and a white bed. Madame kissed her.

"The angels will watch you, *petite*," she said, kindly. "I feel sure you are a good child."

Downstairs Monsieur Silvas was pacing up and down the little drawing-room with long strides, his hands behind him, his hair disordered, more of that peculiar light burning in his eyes than Leontine had ever seen.

"Well," said he to madame, "is she not like the Madonna by Murillo, that we had at the chateau in the old days?"

"Tiens! she is pretty," said madame, shaking her head.

"Pretty!"—Silvas burst into a laugh—"that is the word for a doll in a toy-shop. Pretty! Who said she was pretty, or cared if she was pretty?"

He flung himself into a chair, and stretched out his legs.

"She is a miserably hard-worked child, pure as an angel, meek as a saint, all-enduring as a martyr, and full of spirit, and wit, and fun besides; not a little cant, ready to pull a long face, and don a black veil, all on the shortest notice, and yet devout, I'm sure of it: a good little soul."

"She seems a good child, and graceful."

Old madame took a pinch of snuff.

"She had such well-worn clothes when first she came," Silvas went on. "Now she's had a few pounds' pay, poor thing, and got herself that new black dress, she looks well in it."

"She is *distingué*," said madame.

Silvas jumped up again.

"I wish you would help beat that into her head, to train her voice for the stage."

"And you, my son, you do not think to marry one so poor? Oh! Achille, we live up to all we have. We are in debt—only a little, but still in debt. A wife with a *dot*! What of that rich young heiress of whom you told me?"

"She's a demon, who saw into my motive, and laughed in my face. She is pretty like a doll, if you will: pink-and-white, and round blue eyes, and as fat as a little pig." He shuddered.

"If I had married her, I warn thee, my mother, I should have beaten her. It is the temper of a cat who scratches, steals, scampers round after a wretched mouse, and slays its victim without mercy!"

Madame smiled faintly.

"And the other? the mistress who is making so much money, and who—loves thee, my son?"

Achille frowned.

"If she were as old as thou art, I might marry her, hoping for release, and a place in her will; but she will live—outlive me. She is only ten years older than I am; so no more of her, my mother. She might beat me, perhaps, if I displeased her."

Soon after this the Silvas retired for the night.

The next day it was wet, and Leontine sat in the cosy little drawing-room, reading all day long.

The books of Monsieur Silvas were many and varied; and in French literature he possessed something that was valuable, gathered from all the later centuries. From the letters of Pascal, to the latest work of Octave Feuillet, Lamartine, and Hugo, George Sand and Guizot, all were there, and Leontine soon plunged deeply into the loves and woes of Jocelin. It happened, then, that through reading that pathetic love-poem all day, towards evening our little heroine's heart was softer, and her yearning for human sympathy stronger than usual.

She went up to dress for the little dinner, and, looking in the glass, saw a face fair enough to make her sigh and smile.

Jocelin—Harry Mervyn; how unlike in circumstances: the one, a spoiled heir of fortune; the other, a poverty-stricken student.

"Ah! how I wish he was poor."

She entered the drawing-room before the gas was lighted.

The fire burnt dull and red: a gentleman stood near the mantle-piece.

She went up, thinking it was Silvas, and found her hands clasped in those of Harry Mervyn.

"Leontine, I have come to tell you something. I went to the Sells, and they gave me your address. Leontine, I felt I must speak, or I should go mad."

She was trembling so that he placed her in a chair, and then stood near her. His own voice shook as he said:

"I left so abruptly, and I had never told you what I will tell you now. Darling, I love you."

There was silence. Leontine did not speak. Was this a dream?—was he going to ask her to wait till—the old man died?—or was he going to give up all, and ask her to share poverty with him?

"I am afraid that I can never have you for my wife," said Mervyn, putting his head on the table, and turning from Leontine; "not even if you would have me, and perhaps you would not."

"How can I tell?" said Leontine, struggling to preserve her dignity.

"Sir Miles insists on my marrying Miss Grandcourt within three months," said Harry; "he says, if not done before he dies, it won't be after, and if I refuse I am a beggar, and a gentleman beggar, dear Leontine. I can't work, my darling; I mean that if I married you and tried to support you, we might starve. I have never done more than write prize poems, and drive tandem, and ride after hounds, and so, Leontine, I am madman enough to come all this way just to tell you that as long as I live I shall never—never care for another woman than you; that you are my idol—my angel, and if you want help I would give it if it cost me my life. You won't be afraid to ask me, darling?"

"Oh! Mr. Mervyn, why have you told me this? Oh! it seems cruel, and we must separate, and you with a wife."

"I shall tell her I hate her," said Harry, "and perhaps she'll let me off; but I'm afraid not; Augusta is an imbecile."

Then he took her hand and kissed it passionately, and then this extraordinary young man took his departure.

Leontine could not sing that night to please the friends of Monsieur Silvas; she had a desperate headache, and retired to her room.

The next day was fine, and Monsieur Silvas begged her to accompany him to the Kensington Museum; there Leontine wandered about and looked at the pictures with her head in a whirl, thinking of Harry Mervyn and the peculiar young lady to whom he was to declare his hatred, and beg her to let him off.

Silvas, all politeness, led Leontine to the refreshment-room; there he left her for a few moments.

Looking round casually, she saw seated near her, dressed in a rich velvet costume, no less a personage than Miss Fanny Scrubbs. Miss Scrubbs did not see Leontine; she was eagerly watching the door, and there entered erect, smiling, unconscious of the presence of Leontine, Harry Mervyn.

"Oh! Harry," said Miss Scrubbs.

"Darling!" said Harry.

Then his eye met Leontine's, and he looked at her calmly.

CHAPTER XV.

HARRY MERVYN of Braithwaite, "the handsomest fellow in London;" so those called him who considered blond men worth looking at. Certainly quite a Saxon complexion and golden moustache, and fair hair, manly-looking enough also in all conscience, with those square shoulders, that broad chest, that height little under the "six feet" measure of the Life Guards, a very fine young man, but a flirt—an insolent, heartless flirt, vain, cold, selfish, in love with himself, and therefore with no true love to bestow upon the sweetest or the fairest maiden in the world.

Surely this is the judgment which any sensible girl would pass upon Mervyn of Braithwaite: any sensible young lady—that is, who knew as much of the young gentleman as we have related to the reader of this story.

Leontine's heart swelled with righteous, honest indignation while she watched Mr. Mervyn and Miss Scrubbs chatting, whispering, drinking light wine, eating roast chicken, laughing, flirting, love-making, all in the most bare-faced manner before her eyes.

Fanny Scrubbs had recognised Leontine. She raised her light eyebrows, nodded carelessly, then turned away.

From time to time Mervyn's blue eyes rested admiringly on Leontine; it was when the other young lady was not looking. Leontine, indeed, had given him the very coldest bow that conventional etiquette could wring out of mortified feeling, and Mr. Mervyn had bowed in return, gravely, politely, still with a most admiring glance at Leontine's gray eyes and vivacious, beautiful, yet serious countenance.

"How you look at that girl!" said Fanny, fiercely.

"A cat may look at a queen."

"Queen?" Fanny broke into a short, harsh laugh. "She's under music-teacher at Olympia."

"I know."

"Sleeps in a garret, and mends the youngsters' socks."

"I know."

"And is a prying, tale-telling, canting, foreign creature. I hate foreign creatures!"

Enter Monsieur Silvas smiling, raising his hat as so many Frenchmen do when they enter a public room.

"Miss Hoocher will know everything," said Fanny Scrubbs. "There's the horrid French master."

"What does it matter, darling? Things will be arranged soon, won't they?"

"I don't know. Remember the trick you played me before, when I believed I was to have married you at once."

She pouted and beat on the table with her spoon.

"You know," said Mervyn, "that was not my fault. I have explained how I was detained, have I not?"

"Oh! yes, you have explained; but it strikes me a lot more explanation will be wanted before I can believe all you tell me. Why, I flung your locket on the ground, and told Miss Hoocher all about you—"

"More fool—ahem! I beg your pardon, dearest: I was going to be rude."

"You were going to call me a fool."

"Not exactly; at least, I did not mean that. You are no fool, Fanny; you are very clever, and I long for the day, darling, when I may call you my wife; but just now I don't see the way clear, because it's the coin that prevents it—cash, Fanny—gold, money, the needful—anything we like to call it; but we can't live on air."

"Nor on love," said Fanny, curling her pretty red lip.

"Nor on love," assented Mervyn, coolly.

"You see, Sir Miles would shut the door against me, banish me—never give me one shilling, if I married a young lady who could not trace her ancestry back to Adam; and your father would be annoyed at your marrying a penniless gentleman even with a title in prospect?"

"No, he would not," said Fanny; "he would hate a runaway match, and all that; but if you came openly to the house and told him you were Mr. Harry Mervyn, of Braithwaite, that you loved me and wished to marry me, he would give us fifty thousand down, and tell us to marry at once. I can't understand why there should be concealment."

Harry Mervyn's face darkened.

"Girls don't understand business," said he. "I don't choose to cut myself off from fifteen thousand a-year just to place myself in your father's power; and I suppose he would have all the courting done in public, take us about with him, and talk of it and of us to everybody?"

"Yes, he would," replied Fanny; "and I can't but think he is right."

"I can never marry you on those conditions," said Harry. "I will marry you quietly, and then get your father to—in short, how that pretty music-teacher is watching us!"

"You seem quite in love with her, Mr. Mervyn."

Harry laughed.

"Oh! the dozens of times I have been in love and out again."

"Very pleasant for me to hear, Mr. Mervyn."

"Oh! well, Fanny, not the kind of love I have for you, of course—that's quite another thing. Do have some tart: this is really very nice."

"No, thank you; I shall be obliged to go now. I promised to meet mamma at the Marble Arch, and it wants only half an hour to the time."

She looked at her little gold watch; the two rose and sauntered out of the room. Harry bowed respectfully to Leontine, who scarcely returned the salute.

"That young gentleman called upon you yesterday," said Silvas.

"Yes," replied Leontine.

"He is gay, fashionable, a flirt. Young Mervyn Braithwaite they call him, do they not?"

"Yes."

"You answer in cold, short words. Are you vexed with him—with me—with whom?"

Leontine tried to laugh.

"Oh! no—no, monsieur."

"Because I see him trying to land yonder little golden fish. He is greedy with his heirship to fifteen thousand a-year, that ought to content him."

"But does he not love her?" asked Leontine, a little sharply.

Silvas looked at the usually gentle Leontine with surprise.

"Love? Who is to gauge and measure the depths of a man's love for a girl?" asked Monsieur Silvas, with a smile on his black-moustached lip, and a gleam, half fierce, in his black eyes. "Love? A man may want a girl's money, want a wife, think the girl who has money pretty, and good enough to suit him, and he may marry her, and they may live happy ever after, as said the old romance books."

"But that is not love," said Leontine.

Silvas laughed.

"Not as young ladies take it; but it does duty for love in this very good world of ours; the real thing is scarce as the emerald, or Marie Antoinette's porcelain, or a genuine Titian or Leonardo, or as black tulips were a hundred years ago. Oh! yes, not much real love in the world nowadays, mademoiselle. We are all too poor and too busy and too fond of luxury, and too ambitious."

"It is a hateful world."

Leontine spoke out of herself.

Last night a passionate, pleading face had looked into hers, and a hand had clasped hers; warm lips had rained kisses on her slender fingers—warm lips, which had uttered words and vows of love, hopeless indeed, and wild and foolish; but yet true, she had believed; and while her own heart bled, she had thought that his had felt the smart, and that only the world and the social wants, and the rules of society, stood between him and herself; he, the hero, whom she had made into an idol in her girlish, tender fashion.

Now she understood both from Mervyn's conduct and from Silvas' words—Silvas, who was a wise man of the world, and seemed to understand things so well—that last night's protestations were only the froth of a vain, selfish nature; last night, Mervyn had nothing better to do, so he ran down to Kew to make fun of Leontine. He was doing, this morning, the same thing over again; he was fooling Fanny Scrubbs,

and, judging by the glances which he cast every now and anon at Leontine, he must have been amusing Fanny Scrubbs with an account of the pleasant week at the Dulwich villa.

"Ha!" said Silvas, "you look pale, pauvre. You shall have wine: that coffee is not good."

"No—no, monsieur."

"But I say yes. I see how it is," he smiled.

"That pretty youth—that *joli garçon*, is a friend of the Sells; you met him there; he told you he adored you; last night he came to our little home, and saw you five minutes, and perhaps told you the same tale again; and now here he is, hardly noticing you, flirting, eating, drinking with that fat little gourmand, Scrubbs, who is like a doll, and is so rich that she could cover her dress with precious stones if she liked. Cheer up! There are better men than Mervyn in this world. If only you would go on the stage, you would have hundreds at your feet."

"I do not want them, monsieur, and you must not, please, talk to me in that way—I mean about yonder gentleman."

"I will not; let us forget him. He is not worth a thought."

And soon after this, M. Silvas returned with Leontine to Kew, where madame had prepared a charming little dinner, and gave them the warmest welcome.

CHAPTER XVI.

AUGUSTA.

BRAITHWAITE! Is there a finer old place in England? Is there a deer park where the dells are more bosky, the ferns grow more richly, the great elms spread their grand branches more nobly, while their myriad leaves shimmer in the sunshine, rustle in the morning-breeze, whisper in the balmy evening-hour, when the west is golden, and the flower-cups are closing, and the nightingale begins to trill just before the moon gets up from behind Braithwaite Hill? As for the house, it was standing solid and large in the days of the eighth Henry—solid and massive as it stands to-day. There are plate-glass windows, there are hot-houses, there are fountains in the terraced gardens; all these since the grim old Tudor days, when the Braithwaites were lords of the soil. But the aspect of the mansion has not much changed in three centuries.

It is winter-time. Christmas has come and gone, the poor have had blankets, and coals, plum-puddings, and beef; the rich have had balls, and dinners, and gifts. Braithwaite is warmed and lighted throughout, for the old house is full of visitors, and visitors' servants; and the stables are full of visitors' horses. The first snow of the year has fallen, and all the wide park is white, and the trees are decked with icicles; each branch, frosted with spangles, glitters in the morning sunshine.

In a splendid room sits a young lady, splendidly dressed—that is, she wears a velvet robe, trimmed with satin and fur, and fastened with solid gold buttons on the bodice. The room is a bed-chamber, where the toilette is of carved walnut, inlaid with ivory, and the furniture is crimson satin, and the carpet velvet pile, and the bed fit, in magnificence of curtains and carving, to be the resting-place of a princess.

The young lady lolls in a crimson chair, and her breakfast-tray is on a little table by her side.

Opposite to her sits a very stout lady in a gorgeous dressing-gown: a lady with a serious face.

The young lady bears a striking resemblance to the elder dame.

"How horrible the snow is!"

It is the young lady who speaks.

"Why, my dear Augusta, it always snows in the winter."

"I wish there was no snow; that's why Harry doesn't come."

She drummed on the table with her fingers. The heat of the fire lent nothing of glow to the pale, pasty complexion of Augusta Grandcourt, heiress of Crofton, a fine landed estate, only a few miles distant from Braithwaite.

Augusta had been acquainted with Harry Mervyn for about seven years. She was now a young lady of twenty-one.

Ever since she—a pale, dumpy school-girl of fourteen—had been introduced to the handsome heir of Braithwaite, and told to regard that splendid youth of sixteen as her future husband, Miss Grandcourt had dreamed incessantly of him, whom she regarded as her *fiancé*.

Augusta's papa was a pleasant, affable, little country squire, who denied his daughter nothing; and since his rich friend and neighbour, Sir Miles, so eagerly desired this match between Harry the heir and Augusta the heiress, and since Augusta wished it, and Mrs. Grandcourt did not object, the Squire wished it also.

It was not simply the case of the country-girl who said that two were ready, herself and the parson, and it only needed to find the third—a lover willing to become a husband—for not only was Augusta ready, and half a dozen officiating clergymen, if needs were, at St. George's, or anywhere else; but the baronet, and the Squire, and the Squire's lady, all desired the match, and Miss Grandcourt herself, only child and heiress, who had never been denied anything all her life long, fancied it quite impossible that fate should refuse her what she most wished for in the world, Harry Mervyn of Braithwaite for her husband.

In describing Augusta Grandcourt, there will be great difficulty in realising to the reader of this tale that a proud heiress with good Norman blood tingling warmly to the very tips of her fingers, should lay down pride, put aside dignity, and be willing—nay, anxious—to marry a man who was barely civil to her, who had no spark of love for her, and who was as restive when the marriage was proposed, as a young horse that first feels the bit. All this seems incredible to those who have not studied this complex mechanism, human nature, in other than its ordinary phases and conventional types.

Augusta was a peculiar girl.

Mrs. Sells, a kind-hearted little lady, who spoke well of everybody, while liking a little feminine gossip, had said that Augusta was a good girl, amiable, kind to the poor, and so on.

It is the duty of the historian to modify, at least, some of these praises.

Miss Grandcourt was not a wicked young woman, by any means; she was modest, as became a young maiden; she was fond of her parents in her own languid way; she never was envious of girls prettier than herself, unless, and this was a great "unless," Harry chanced to admire them.

She was not at all lively or gifted, or even accomplished. She played weakly, and never sang at all; she read a few novels when she had no other amusement; she had a passion for fine dress and splendid jewels, and liked to decorate her person in as many as good taste would allow. She often called upon the poor, with her maid Deborah, and gave them tea and wine, and shillings out of her splendid little purse. She liked being flattered, and told she was *distingué*, and had a lovely complexion, although her glass must have shown her a long, heavy face, pasty white, with a chin out of proportion; dull, bead-like, black eyes, and a fleshy, large, unintellectual brow. Augusta was tall and stout; her brown hair was rather scanty. She was not ugly, but she possessed one of the most uninteresting of human faces, although it was young, and its general expression placid. A few fortune-hunters had buzzed about her, but she had never received a real offer when first she is introduced to the reader.

One more word regarding this bride intended for gay Harry of the packet-boat. She was intensely obstinate, tenacious to a degree of her own will, and her own way; also, if annoyed, it was, we fear, in Augusta to be vindictive, un-pitying, obdurate; as yet she had not been put to the test in this particular.

The Grandcourts were among the visitors of old Sir Miles during the first week of the new year. Harry had not yet arrived, as we know. There had been all kinds of amusements going on at Grandcourt—private theatricals, dances, games. Sir Miles had arrived the day before New Year's Day, and all the visitors had flocked in during the week that followed. Augusta was quite devoid of energy, except Harry was present. Thus she usually breakfasted in her own room during cold weather.

Mrs. Grandcourt had come to talk with her daughter, and to give her a little advice.

"I wish you would try to be more independent of Harry, darling. I feel sure the snow would never keep him away if he had a real desire to visit his uncle."

Mrs. Grandcourt was too delicate to say: "If he really wished to see you."

"I think you would be so much better, love, if you would try a walk in the morning, and come into the dining-room, and laugh and chat with the others. I don't want them to say among themselves: 'Miss Grandcourt won't be sociable since Mervyn isn't here.'"

Augusta pouted her long upper lip.

"If any of them said so, and I heard it, I would never speak to them again; and I would find out some of their secrets, and pay them off."

"My love, I don't know that a word has been said; only I know the world, and I feel sure your shutting yourself away from your friends will make them talk."

"They are not my friends."

"Well, but, Augusta, one can't live in the world in a perpetual sulk. The way to make

Harry care for you would be to show him you could make yourself happy without him."

"He only does it to try me," said Augusta. "Of course he knows that we must marry at last. Sir Miles is quite determined; and Master Harry would not like to be a beggar."

"Well, my love, Heaven grant you may be happy together!" said the mamma.

"He'll be the best of husbands when once he is married," said Augusta, with a slow smile.

Downstairs numbers of young people were laughing and chattering over the breakfast-table, laying plans for the day's pleasure.

There was to be skating on a pond at some two miles distance from Braithwaite. Thither all the gay gentlemen and ladies were to resort; some would walk, others would drive, others would ride. They were to return to a hot lunch at two; then the afternoon would while itself away in the conservatories, the warmed and splendid drawing-rooms, the library. Dinner would be at six; and then in the evening acting-charades in full-dress characters, and other games, would fill up the time.

Sir Miles stood smiling among his guests—a funny little old gentleman, stout and short, with a peculiar mouth, which seemed to smile at one side, and not at the other. A long nose had Sir Miles, and a ripe apple complexion, and a bald head, except for a snow-white tuft on either side the brow. He wore a very massive gold chain and an old-fashioned emerald seal; with this ornament he played while he complimented his guests, and bid them make merry, and use the house as if it were their own. His eyes were cunning, and set very close together. Not a pleasant and yet not altogether an unpleasant face had Sir Miles.

The breakfast-room, with its blue velvet furniture, its carved ceiling, its great stone-mullioned windows, into which plate glass had been set of late years, was a study equally for an upholsterer or an architect. Truly a fine inheritance Braithwaite, with its pictures, and its plate, and its historical connection with past times.

There were some among the guests who would have married dull Augusta, if by that means they could have come into possession of that noble old mansion—married her, and tried their best to love her, and make her happy. But neither Augusta nor Braithwaite was intended for these.

Sir Miles looked often towards the terrace-garden. He was watching anxiously for Harry; but all the guests departed for the skating-pond, and no Harry arrived. Sir Miles went into his business-room, sent for his steward, and talked about bills and leases for an hour.

At the end of that time came a loud ring at the bell.

"Mr. Harry," said the steward, starting up.

Sir Miles hurried out. There, indeed, in the great entrance-hall stood handsome Harry, his cheeks glowing from exercise and the frosty air. His boxes were all around him; he wore a sealskin great-coat, and looked emphatically a "swell," in the undignified language of young England.

"Well, my lad, glad to see you—glad to see you. Better late than never. Harry, you know the way to your room. Fire and hot water all ready. The folks are gone to Moreley Pond, all but Augusta, who has a cold."

Harry looked down on the oaken floor of the hall.

"You got my letter, Harry. You know what I said. I meant it, my boy. But go and have a wash, and then some lunch; and, after that, come to me in my room—in my own room. We must have this talked over seriously."

Harry, followed by his valet, went to his room, and emerged thence in faultless attire in the space of half an hour; then he had lunch, afterwards he went into the business-room, and found Sir Miles in a fidget of impatience that he had not appeared before.

"Sit down—sit down. Well, Harry, you know what I said in my letter. I'm an old man, Harry—seventy-seven last June."

"Hale and strong, sir."

"Yes, yes, yes; that's all very well. But that can't last for ever. No, Harry; I must make room for you, my boy. But I won't have an opera-girl or a confectioner's Miss Somebody; no, nor a poor governess, whose father was a respectable tradesman in difficulties—brought here to reign, and bring a line of half-bred brats into the Braithwaite heraldry. No, no, no. If I die, you'll marry some paltry little wretch who ought to be out at service—I know you will."

"Sir Miles, I don't wish to marry at all."

"But you must marry—you shall marry; or I'll leave Braithwaite to charities—by the powers I will!"

"It is your own, sir."

"Come, don't be saucy. Would you like to

get a nice place in a merchant's office, at one hundred a-year, and marry a little drab of a governess; because, if so, say so."

Harry flushed.

A little drab of a governess! Had anybody been talking to Sir Miles of Leontine?

"I don't like the thought of poverty. I am afraid I should be mean and selfish, if I were poor. Some men are rendered nobler by misfortune. But I think I am not made of that heroic stuff."

"Glad to hear you say so. Don't want heroes or heroines in my family. Had enough of 'em, lad."

Sir Miles struck the table with his fist. "Twice in my life I have shut the door on my own flesh and blood. Don't let me do it a third time."

"No, sir. But if Miss Grandcourt won't have me?"

"If she won't, there's an end of it. We must look you out another bride. Then, this very day you will engage yourself to her, if she will have you?"

Harry looked at the carpet. "I will tell Miss Grandcourt that—that—"

He hesitated. "That you are an ass!" said old Sir Miles, in a rage.

"Well, sir, she may think that, without my telling her so," said poor Harry, with a perplexed smile.

"There, go along to her," said Sir Miles. "You'll find her in the amber-room with her mother. The mother will leave you alone, never fear."

Harry walked out into the hall; there, where nobody saw him, he pressed his hands to his head, and clenched his fine white teeth.

"What a horrible mess to be in!" said the young man. "I can't consent to let him turn me off to poverty with only my clothes and my watch. I am not an artist, nor an author; I can't make a name for myself. I could enlist for a soldier, and get shot. Pretty Leontine—sweet-voiced darling, unless I could give you everything beautiful, I would rather give you nothing; certainly not my wayward, worthless self. And yet how I love you! I don't believe all the poetry that ever was written expressed half of the feeling I have for that gray-eyed girl. And now this Augusta—"

He found his way to the amber-room; there, on a yellow couch, lounged Miss Grandcourt in garnet velvet. How superb it all was—the furniture, the dress, the jewellery! Harry bowed low. Miss Grandcourt rose, and extended her hand. Nothing made this young lady blush; but there was a fluttering visible all over her face, and her broad chest heaved.

"I knew you'd come," she said; and it seemed as if she were loath to let go of the hand of Harry Mervyn.

"What a fine cameo ring!" said Augusta. "Oh! a stupid thing," said Harry. "I hate it myself."

So he did for the moment, and everything else in the amber-room.

Mrs. Grandcourt left the room. Harry and Augusta were alone. Miss Grandcourt lounged on the amber couch. Harry stood upon the rug, leaning his elbows on the beautiful white marble shelf, with its priceless treasures of Sèvres vases. Augusta rose, and stood on the rug by his side.

"What a long time you have kept us waiting for you, Harry!"

"Oh! I'm very sorry. Why need anybody have waited for me? Could not the games, and the dances, and the charades get on as well without me?"

Then, without waiting for her answer, this somewhat ungallant young gentleman continued: "It's hard to drag a man down from town this season. There's so much going on; and country life is so slow in the winter."

"There's hunting and skating, Harry."

"Yes; when there's no skating, there's hunting, it's true. But, still, I like the theatres and the town-life just in the dead of the winter; and a country house stuffed full of all sorts of people is not the most agreeable picture my imagination can call up."

An insulting speech—a downright insulting speech! A country house stuffed full of all kinds of people; and he, the young host, expected to dispense hospitality graciously, gracefully, generously, as an English gentleman should. It was monstrous, such a declaration, especially when made to one of the guests, and that guest a young lady to whom he was popularly supposed to be devoted.

One would imagine that Augusta would have resented this rudeness. Not so. She placed a fat, white, jewelled hand upon the chimney-piece, and she said:

"Well, dear old Harry, I'm glad you've come at last. The house was dreadfully dull without you."

Mervyn laughed bitterly.

"I'm afraid the old house won't be the livelier for my presence. I'm not in spirits."

"Oh! you must cheer up, Harry. Take me out driving, won't you?"

"It's far too cold."

"Then, let us sit by the fire, and chatter, and you tell me all your London adventures."

"You would not enjoy the recital, I am afraid."

His deep blue eyes looked black in the intensity of his feeling.

If Harry Mervyn had entered the drawing-room with any intention of trying to find some charm in Miss Grandcourt's manner or appearance, he was quite disappointed in the quest.

Poor Augusta was fatter, slower, more pasty of aspect than ever. Her chin seemed longer, her eyes duller, her voice more drawing.

Harry was a fellow of quick impulse. All in a moment, he resolved to throw himself upon the generosity of Augusta, and tell her of his love for Leontine.

Now, this would have been all very well, had there been a grain of generosity in Miss Grandcourt; but there was not the tenth part of a grain in her whole organisation.

Harry, however, knew nothing of this, and blundered on accordingly.

"Augusta, you know what brings me here. It is that my uncle wishes to see us—you and I—united, married, joined together for life."

Augusta never blushed, but her eyelids quivered, her lips trembled; she smiled faintly; she nodded her head.

Harry went on: "These forced matches make more misery than anything else in the world."

"Oh! I don't see it at all. If we once were married, I'm sure we should be as happy as any of those creatures that make such a fuss about love and sentiment. I hate all that nonsense. All I want is just to marry you and make you a good wife."

"You are very kind; but, don't you see, Augusta, we're different. I, for instance, delight in all that sentiment and passionate love that your cooler judgment calls nonsense."

Augusta bit her lip.

"If you mean that you wish to be loved intensely, Harry, I'm sure I—"

"Stop, Augusta"—he waved his hand towards her—"it's not fair of me to listen to this. Don't love me, Augusta: I'm not worth it. Give me up—let me tell my uncle from you that you give me up. It will be better for us both."

[To be continued.]

His Word of Honour commenced in No. 564 and Part CXXXVIII.

A SONG OF SUMMER.

OH! spirit of the summer-time!

Bring back the roses to the dells,
The swallow from her distant clime,
The honey-bee from drowsy cells.

Bring back the friendship of the sun—
The gilded evenings, calm and late,
When merry children homeward run,
And peeping stars bid lovers wait.

Bring back the singing and the scent
Of meadow-lands and dewy prime;
Bring back again my heart's content,
Thou spirit of the summer-time!

A.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

WORSHIP your heroes from afar; contact withers them.

USE not evasions when called upon to do a good thing, nor excuses when you are reproached for doing a bad one.

DO not anxiously expect what is not yet come; do not vainly regret what is already past.

IF you would understand the character of the prince, examine his ministers; if you would understand the disposition of any man, look at his companions; if you would know that of a father, observe his son.

HE who thinks better of his neighbours than they deserve cannot be a bad man, for the standard by which his judgment is formed is the goodness of his own heart. It is the base only who believe all men base, or, in other words, like themselves.



BESSIE AND TRIXIE FOUND FOR THEMSELVES UNFAILING AMUSEMENT IN SKETCHING.

BADLY MATCHED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TRISSIE'S BRIDAL," "WILFUL WINNIE," "A TWISTED LINK," "RUSSET AND ROSE," "FOR LIFE—FOR LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I CRY YOU MERCY, FAIR SIR!"

WHEN Madame Caspares politely inquired the nature of the communication over which she saw Trixie pondering with such troubled looks, it was unhesitatingly tendered to her for her own perusal; but the strong-minded Baroness, who had travelled half the world over, and dared far greater perils than ordinary women dream of, saw nothing alarming in the warning thus mysteriously given.

"Pouf!" she cried, settling herself in an easier position in her favourite corner of the carriage. "It would be absurd to take any notice of such a *canard*. Probably it emanates from our landlord, who is very sorry to have his ruinous old Palazzo thrown again on his hands, and thinks to frighten us into staying where we are."

"I fancy that the writing is Maddolena's," said Trixie. "She was so anxious to be able to write her own letters that I have given her a few lessons, and I recognise my pupil in those f's and j's."

"In saying this, you solve the riddle," Madame exclaimed, decidedly. "Doubtless the girl of whom you speak was at her wits' end for a plea wherewith to excuse her folly in throwing up the good situation she would have had with me. These Italians are as crafty as they are capricious, and never hesitate at a falsehood, if they see an opening for one."

"Maddolena was warm-hearted, and my very good friend," Trixie observed. She could never resist defending the absent if she heard them attacked, and the girl, despite her faults, and an invincible carelessness, very trying to a more orderly Englishwoman, had been so prompt to oblige, and cheerfully ready to atone for her neglect, that she had won the good-will of madame's orphan-dependents.

"After that speech," retorted the Baroness, ironically, "I suppose we must consider the

affair settled, and bend to your better judgment. However, I may be permitted to say that your friend, as I think you called her—though I was not aware that the young ladies who reside with me admit the servants of a house in which I rent apartments to such intimacy—your friend might have conveyed her warning privately, and not disturbed Lady Camilla, my guest, with it."

Lady Camilla was indeed looking extremely pale and uneasy, and her fingers were unconsciously fingering an epistle that lay in her pocket—an ardent epistle, breathing affection and entreaty, coupled with menaces, if she refused the parting interview the writer demanded. She had, however, refused it. How dare she do otherwise, while she was beneath the eye of the Baroness, and Sir Charles Ormsby hovered near?

"I am not frightened," she said, with an effort to smile.

"Pardon me, I said disturbed," the Baroness gravely rejoined. "Such mischievous and anonymous notes are very disturbing to all but strong-minded and healthily-constituted individuals; but before anyone gives way to the dread Beatrice Mayne's friend has been so anxious to inspire, let me give you the comfort of knowing that there is not the slightest occasion for it. We travel unostentatiously, and carry nothing with us likely to arouse the avarice of brigands, if any should cross our path. I have sent all the most valuable of our own luggage by another route. Lady Camilla's jewels are on the way to England, and I have taken care to let the servants at the Palazzo see the contents of our trunks, and assure themselves that they are not worth plundering."

"But I have heard," interposed Lady Camilla, apprehensively, "that defenceless travellers are sometimes seized and detained, that their captors may extort a ransom."

"Such things have been, but not lately, nor in that part of the country for which we are bound; so you need not anticipate any hair-breadth escapes, nor marvellous adventures," answered the Baroness, coolly. "Before we arrive at the only part of our route that can be called lonely, my nephew will have joined us. He and his man-servant will be more than a match for a dozen of the evil-disposed amongst

the peasantry; we have nothing to fear from any other persons we may encounter."

Only half-satisfied by these assurances, Lady Camilla sat upright in the carriage, watching every tall tree or large stone they drew near, lest some grim figure would start up from behind it, and fiercely demand her money or her life. Nor were Bessie and Trixie free from fears of the same description, though they were only confessed by the silent pressure of hands as they sat side by side.

However, madame was so unconcerned, the weather so lovely, and the scenery they traversed so exquisitely grand, that the alarm engendered by Maddolena's slip of paper gradually died out, and the end of the first day's journey found them almost eagerly looking forward to similar pleasure on the morrow.

Lady Camilla, however, the most timid of the party, stepped back as they were quitting the hotel at which the night was passed, in order to interrogate the host, who shrugged his shoulders at the query, "Was there any danger of encountering brigands?"

"Most decidedly not. They had been chased from the neighbourhood, and their leader shot long since. A child," he added, "might traverse the route they were about to take, with perfect safety. Never in all his experience, and he had been the proprietor of the 'Golden Lion' for thirty years and some odd months—never had he heard of travellers being attacked."

"Of course you have not," said madame, who had overheard the colloquy. "If there had been the smallest chance of such an event occurring, I should not have been here without an efficient escort. I have no personal fears; but I am not rash enough to burden myself with three helpless, irrational women unless I know that I am not likely to lead them or let them lead me into any trouble."

After this sharp and dictatorial speech, the Baroness heard no more about the terrors of her companions. But this may have been owing less to their dread of her displeasure than the fact that they had quite ceased to entertain them by the time the only mountain passes they were to thread were reached.

Here, Sir Charles Ormsby, who had never been more than a stage ahead, was waiting at

the entrance of a neat little town to conduct them to the apartments he had obtained in the house of a gentleman with whom he was slightly acquainted.

The Conte and Contessa Amalfi were delighted to make the acquaintance of so illustrious a lady as Madame Caspares, and were profoundly interested in the beautiful young widow under her protection; nay, so pressing were they in their hospitality, that the visit was prolonged for several days, during which Camilla, if seldom left alone with Sir Charles, yet contrived to rivet more firmly the chains he had seemed inclined to break.

Bessie and Trixie, immured in the poorly-furnished apartments allotted to their use, found themselves in danger of being forgotten by everyone; for, as we have before mentioned, neither of the Baroness's maids had accompanied her, and the servants of the house were too much occupied to wait upon the quiet English girls, who were evidently but dependents. Thus overlooked by all in the house, they would have found the monotony of the little apartment looking into a courtyard, and the neglect with which they were treated, intolerable, if they had not compensated to themselves by long and frequent rambles into the extensive but badly-cultivated grounds surrounding the villa.

Hither, whenever they were not in attendance upon their patroness or the far more exacting Camilla, they repaired, and found for themselves unending amusement, sometimes in sketching, sometimes in exploring the wild and romantic scenery. Ere long they grew bold enough to venture to the farm-houses beyond; and there, in return for the milk and grapes and brown bread with which the kindly simple people regaled them, Trixie wove the loveliest of garlands for the shrine of the Madonna, or Bessie drew spirited groups of the children shyly gathering round to peep at the English signorinas.

On the last evening of their sojourn at the villa, Lady Camilla retired to her room directly after dinner to answer some business letters from the agent of her deceased husband; and Sir Charles, strolling idly wherever chance led him, presently found himself at the rustic gate of an orchard, drawn thither by the sound of a tambourine and the babble of merry voices.

He was amused as well as surprised at the scene he beheld. Bessie, seated on the roots of a hoary fig-tree, was transferring to her sketch-book the figure of a young mother bending over her sleeping infant; while Trixie was amusing some elder children, who had grown troublesome, and threatened to interrupt the busy artist. To the music of her own voice she was dancing in the midst of the circle they had formed; and just as the baronet drew near, she had snatched up the tambourine, and, after gaily rattling it above her head, held it to each of the little ones in turn, calling upon them for gifts to reward her for her trouble.

Entering into the spirit of her mirth, they tossed in bunches of flowers, or half-ripe olives, the youngest of all gravely bestowing her mite in the shape of a pebble, for which she was snatched up and merrily whirled round by Trixie, till both were as breathless as the laughing children capering about them.

"You have not asked the signor yonder for anything!" cried the eldest boy, pointing to Sir Charles. "Let him put something in the tambourine, for he smiles and looks as if he wished it."

Trixie cast a startled glance in the direction to which the child pointed, and for a moment she looked embarrassed. Her hat had been discarded, her hair was hanging in disordered masses on her shoulders, and the impatient little fingers clutching at her skirt had rent it in more than one place. She did not know that the rich flush her exertions had brought to her face, and the unstudied grace of her attitudes, more than compensated in the eyes of the gazer for a torn dress and dishevelled tresses; but, striving to conceal her confusion, she tripped towards the gate, the little one still perched on her shoulder, and, extending the tambourine, courtesied low before him.

With a laughing protest that, as he had only arrived at the close of the ballet, it ought to be repeated for his benefit, Sir Charles drew from his pocket a handful of small coins; but, instead of dropping these into the tambourine, he flung them on the ground, and the children, screaming and gesticulating, threw themselves upon the scattered money; even the two-years-old prattler in Trixie's arms struggling out of them to secure her share.

"You have robbed me of all my playfellows," the young girl pouted, "and transformed them from happy innocents to mercenary little creatures, who will fight and squabble over the last scudi."

"They had victimised you quite long enough," he answered, lightly; "and I do not like to see you sacrificing yourself for the pleasure of that very correct friend of yours;" and he glanced in the direction of the absorbed sketched.

"I am not half so unselfish as Bessie herself," was the prompt response. "Besides, it is one of my duties to make myself useful; and if I choose to exercise my talents for my friend as well as my patroness, why blame me?"

"Is it your devotion to your duties, most zealous of demoiselles, that has rendered you invisible ever since we have been here?"

"I have been like Fortune, easily found if sought," she answered, quaintly.

"But not always ready to smile on the seeker; Lady Camilla tells me that you evince a strange taste for seclusion."

"Does she really?" exclaimed Trixie, her lip curling a little as she remembered how carefully the young widow made madame's *protégées* comprehend that they were *de trop* in the *salon*. "Why have you spoken of me to her ladyship?" she demanded the next moment, with an air of displeasure. "I do not like to be discussed by strangers."

"Gently, little impetuous! I have not inquired into any of your secrets, nor endeavoured to pry into your affairs of *cœur*. I have not even breathed a word of a certain mystification that first brought us 'acquaint.'"

"Why speak of me at all to Lady Camilla Severn? She has never liked me, and, if your questions arouse her suspicions—"

"Then Trixie stopped suddenly, and hung her head; but Sir Charles finished the sentence for her.

"If my questions aroused her suspicions that I am interested—which I certainly am—in the tricky sprite who hovers about us unseen, her ladyship might take to asking questions also, and extort from you, or from me, various particulars of our rencoures. But I am prudent personified. I have not uttered a word that could compromise you, my little friend."

A vivid colour rose to Trixie's brow.

"You are uttering a word now, sir, which I do not like to hear on your lips. Compromise me, you said! I had rather go to the Baroness this moment and tell her the whole extent of my transgressions against propriety, than leave you to imagine that I fear anything you may reveal!"

"How thoroughly you misunderstand me!" Sir Charles exclaimed. "I only spoke in jest, and, on my honour as a gentleman, it never has and never will enter my thoughts to mention in the presence of a third person that we have met before."

"And yet you spoke of me to Lady Camilla?" said Trixie, reverting to her former annoyance.

"Why should you object to my doing so?" "Because there exists between that lady and myself a certain inexplicable and, perhaps, unreasonable antipathy, that makes us avoid each other."

"Psha! Camilla is too sensible to nourish prejudices so absurd! My dear child, it is on your side they exist, not on hers."

"So be it," answered Trixie, very tranquilly, though she smothered no small amount of angry feeling. "But your discovery that it is I alone who am to blame does not do away with my dislike to being made the subject of your conversations with her ladyship."

"Don't be conceited, *ma fille*," said Sir Charles, who seemed bent on provoking her. "We do not talk of *you* when we are together."

"You might find a worse subject," retorted wilful Trixie. "Her ladyship owes me some small thanks for my attentions to her dying husband."

"I have no doubt that she will prove her gratitude by amply requiring you for every service rendered to Colonel Severn," Sir Charles rather stiffly answered; for he detested any allusions to the man whom he had injured, and thought she had displayed very bad taste in making one at such a moment.

"Do you mean that some day, when she thinks of it, or you have reminded her of it, she will offer me money?" asked Trixie, her eyes flashing scorn and anger of the suggestion. "For shame, sir! It is not you who should prompt her to insult me."

She walked rapidly away; but he followed, saying, softly:

"Now you are cross enough to flash daggers before me in reality, as well as look them. Now you are ready to go back to the villa in a whirlwind, scold poor Camilla, hurl defiance at *ma tante*, quarrel with your friend yonder for wondering at such a storm in a tea-cup, and then—and then—don't you know what would be the climax? Why, you would subside into a

shower of repenting tears, and long for an opportunity of flinging yourself on your knees before me."

"You, sir—kneel to you! Never—never!" "On your knees to me," he saucily persisted, "and entreat my forgiveness for all the injustice you have meted to me, as well as my mediation with the friends your ebullition of temper had petrified."

"I am not ill-tempered," pouted Trixie. "Oh! no; ladies never are. They are nervous and excitable, or somewhat impulsive, and given to snubbing—that's all."

Trixie pulled to pieces the flowers she had been carrying to Bessie, before she answered:

"I was cross, I admit it. I am so still, whenever I think of your plying Lady Camilla with questions concerning me. I thought you would have respected my desire to remain unknown."

"Why, so I have. If you would have given me a more patient hearing, I should have told you ten minutes ago that the whole extent of my offending simply consisted in this: Lady Camilla made a chance allusion to the young companions of the Baroness, and I asked how it was that I never saw them; to which she replied that she believed the reason rested with themselves, that they evinced a preference for retirement. *C'est tout*. Now, *ma'amfelle*, will you condescend to be appeased?"

"And own myself very captious and disagreeable?" demanded Trixie, relaxing into a winning smile. "Must I? It is so humiliating to be obliged to confess oneself in the wrong, especially to an enemy."

She had diverged from the path that would have led her to where Bessie sat, and was standing beneath an ancient pear-tree, the sunshine and shadows that flickered through the leaves dancing and glowing across her flushed cheek, as she looked up at the baronet.

"Why do you call me that?" he asked, in graver mood than her own.

"What else should I call you? No true man likes to be numbered among the neutrals."

"And you will not class me among your friends? And yet I should like to wear your colours."

"In a friendly way? and why? There are two questions at once for you, sir; and I shall expect truthful answers to both."

"In an *amicable* way—yes," the baronet repeated. "I am not one of those who think friendship betwixt the sexes impossible; and you are too sensible, too discerning, not to see that *l'amitié* is all I have to offer. Why do I ask you to clasp hands with me, and think of me kindly? Because I like you."

"Like!" Trixie echoed, her voice losing its steadiness, and an eager light springing into her eyes, although she endeavoured to speak jestingly. "That is a comprehensive and yet equivocal word. A man likes his hound, his horse, and remains faithful for years to such likings; but he also likes a chance acquaintance well enough for a week, and then forgets her."

"Ay, but he likes with a warmer, steadier feeling the woman who has not hesitated to tell him of his faults; to step beyond the barrier to serve him in the hour of need; and who has trusted him. The woman who, to whatever course fate may lead him will—whenever she hears him abused—generously lift up her voice in his defence."

"Always—always!" said Trixie, tearfully; and no longer withholding her hand. But it was snatched away ere Sir Charles' fingers could close over it, and she ran to meet Bessie, who had at last perceived how she was accompanied, and, closing her portfolio, was coming to meet them.

Her cold bow made the baronet redder and look disconcerted; yet she was studiously polite, and made no objection when he offered to escort her and her companion back to the villa. She even chose to seem unconscious of the restraint her presence imposed, as in almost total silence they strolled along side by side.

They had neared the grounds of the Conte's residence, when Trixie, who had been wandering along with her eyes fixed on the ground, the most silent of the trio, suddenly raised them and exclaimed at the English air the landscape presented.

"Yes," said Bessie, slowly, "that pool at the foot of the hill, with the marsh in the foreground, reminds me of a similar spot in one of the eastern counties. I have watched the setting sun dip behind just such a sober scene near Lutford."

The baronet started. Why, that was the place to which he had once journeyed to obtain an interview with his bride.

"Do you, then, know that neighbourhood?" he demanded, with some hesitation, for he saw

that Trixie had detected his start, and was curiously regarding him.

"Intimately," said Bessie, her own colour rising, as if it cost her an effort to make the avowal.

Sir Charles walked on for some paces struggling with the warring feelings that possessed him. There was a certain degree of significance in Bessie's tones that assured him she was not ignorant of the marriage links that now girded and chafed him terribly; and although he had little, if anything, to reproach himself for, his pride had always revolted at anyone knowing how irrevocably he was bound to the ugly, dwarfed, and illiterate niece of a usurer.

Furtively he glanced at Trixie; did she, too, know the secret that had made him the reckless, careless fellow he was? Did both these young girls despise, or, perhaps, laugh in their sleeves at his fettered condition? The husband of a wife who refused to live with him, and who made him an annual allowance, which seemed like a bribe to keep him at bay, while she spurned his authority and perhaps disgraced his name by the life she led and the associates she preferred to his companionship.

Still he could not resist putting another question to Bessie.

"Some few years since there was a person living near Lutford who called herself Miss or Mrs. Goldryng. Can you, who know the village so intimately, say whether she still resides there?"

Trixie, who had been a few steps in advance, stopped and looked over her shoulder to hear the reply. It came slowly but with strange decision.

"If Sir Charles Ormsby really wishes to know this, let him go to Lutford himself, and seek there the person he mentions. She has been too long forgotten."

"Who says so?" he demanded, haughtily. "Are you authorised by anyone to tell me this?"

But regretting directly that he had betrayed his annoyance by the question, he raised his hat to the two girls, and, muttering an apology, turned into another path and left them to finish their walk alone.

As soon as he had disappeared, Trixie caught her friend by the arm, asking, eagerly:

"Why did you say this to him? What—oh! what is it you know of the neglected—the hated wife of Sir Charles Ormsby?"

Bessie's only reply was to fold her arms around the querist, and with a sorrowful "Oh! Trixie—Trixie!" burst into a flood of tears, which had scarcely been wiped away when the sound of voices warned them both that they must hurry to the villa if they would avoid the Baroness, who, with her hosts, was taking a farewell ramble in the grounds.

CHAPTER XXV.

"COME, BRING THEM AWAY—BRING THEM AWAY."

At last the visit Lady Camilla considered such an agreeable break in the monotony of a journey, undertaken with no livelier companion than Madame Caspares, had come to an end. After many adieux and polite speeches on both sides, the hospitable Conte and Contessa saw their guests depart.

For the first mile or so, Sir Charles Ormsby rode beside the carriage unchecked; but when the Baroness had settled herself comfortably, made a moan over the various small sums she had felt herself called upon to bestow upon the servants of her hosts, she recollected that her nephew was infringing the rules she laid down, and bluntly told him so.

"I could not turn you out of the Conte's house, Charlie," she added, "or, depend on it, your stay there would have been a short one, for I do not like to be set at defiance."

"As if I dreamed of such rudeness, *ma tante!*" he exclaimed, half laughing at, half deprecating, her displeasure. "Of course, if you command my absence, I shall certainly obey; but I have contrived to lame my horse, and cannot hurry him. If you will not permit my escort, I must either drop behind or take another road."

"If you do either, how are we to insure decent accommodation to-night?" asked Madame, peevishly. "The Contessa tells me that all the hotels at the town where we propose resting are execrable, and that we must contrive to obtain beds at some private house. I thought you would have arranged this for us. What is the use of a male escort if we are left, after all, to pace the streets of a dirty Italian town after sunset, searching for accommodation?"

"I cannot help poor Morcar's lameness, so pray don't take such an accusing tone," was the good-humoured reply. "My servant is a shrewd, useful fellow. If you will let me send

him on in my place, I believe he will secure comfortable apartments far more quickly and cleverly than I should."

"Cannot he ride your lame horse and let you proceed on his?"

"No," said the baronet, decidedly. "When my horse is in pain, I let no one attend to him in whose tender mercies I cannot have the fullest reliance. Edwards is an excellent servant, as I just told you, but he is too impatient to be a good horse-keeper."

"It seems as if it was done on purpose," muttered the Baroness, impatiently, who did not like to be thwarted even in the merest trifle, and whose sense of decorum had been shocked by discovering at a late hour on the previous night that the Lady Camilla was giving audience at her window to a gentleman whom she naturally concluded to be her impetuous nephew. "They will marry by-and-by, I suppose, like two fools as they are," she mentally added; "but they might pay decent respect to the name of the good man whom I shrewdly suspect his wife's *penchant* for flirting brought to such an untimely end."

"You may have your own way to-day, Sir Charles," she proceeded to tell him, aloud, with a look so significant that Trixie, who had chosen to be absorbed in Murray's "Handbook," felt her risible muscles relaxing, and knew that the baronet perceived it. "Your horse's lameness shall be your excuse for keeping us within sight to-day, while your man rides on to arrange for our comfort this evening. But as I am not in the humour for conversation, and Lady Camilla must be fatigued from keeping such late vigils last night, we'll not trouble you to approach us again till we halt for refreshment."

Lady Camilla reddened so furiously that the baronet perceived it, and determined at some more favourable opportunity to demand from Madame an explanation of her speech. The character of his devotion to the lovely widow must have strangely changed when his doubts were so ready to awaken.

Much against his will, Sir Charles was now banished to the rear, where he jogged on hour after hour, catching no glimpse of the occupants of the carriage, save when Trixie once seized a moment when the attention of her companions was otherwise engaged to peep at him. However, he solaced himself with innumerable cigars and attempts to define his plan of proceedings when he returned to England. He was in honour bound to make Lady Camilla his wife; but ere he could do this, he must obtain the consent of Liz Goldryng for their ill-assorted union to be dissolved. He did not imagine that there would be much difficulty in doing this. She had so carefully avoided him, that he felt convinced she would be as eager to be free as he was to make her so. His first step, therefore, would be to visit the lawyers who had once before been his medium of communication with the reserved girl, and, through them, propose to her that the formal marriage should be as quietly and expeditiously annulled as the technicalities of the law would permit. This train of thought somehow brought him round to Bessie's admission on the previous evening. She knew Lutford; ay, and she knew—or he was curiously mistaken—the nature of the errand that had once led him thither. It was very provoking that a man's private affairs were always pried into by some indifferent person or other; and he gave a long, low whistle as he imagined the grave, quiet Bessie confiding to Madame Caspares the fact that the nephew whose celibacy she had so long deplored was not only a married man, but the husband of a wife whose appearance and parentage he could not recall without emotions akin to horror.

"I must endeavour to find out how much this girl knows, and make her my friend," he concluded; "for if she told tales to *ma tante*, *ma tante* would consider herself justified in repeating all she learned to Camilla; and if my lady fair must be informed that I am Benedict, the married man, I prefer her hearing the tale from my own lips. I should know precisely how much to reveal, and how much to leave unsaid. I will not have the one taut of my father's youth brought to light, now that he is no more."

Then, in softer and more melancholy mood, he recalled happy hours spent with the indulgent parent, whose memory he was eager to shield from smirch or stain, and started at last from a reverie to find himself within a few feet of the carriage, which had stopped at the door of an inn, so dirty and uninviting in appearance, that the Baroness, although not oppressed with much nicety of appetite, acknowledged that she could not eat her luncheon within its walls.

They were now travelling through mountain scenery, that grew wilder and more romantic at

every moment; and when Trixie proposed that they should endeavour to obtain some bread at the village bakery, and then, driving on, unpack the basket of dainties with which the Contessa had insisted on providing them, beside the first stream they saw, not a dissenting voice was raised.

"The young ladies whom I take under my protection," the Baroness observed, as she gave the driver a sign to proceed, "ought to remember that it is not their province to suggest plans for my guidance. I wish you were not so impetuous, child. However, as your motive was a good one, I will overlook your error of judgment."

"She is very young," murmured Lady Camilla, holding her parasol so that it shaded her face from a gust of wind that came eddying down a ravine. "We ought to excuse a great many things in girls who have not had the advantage of living in society."

"I am not so sure that it would be an advantage to live in the society of which your sarcastic ladyship is an ornament," Trixie retorted, *sotto voce*, with a mutinous look, which made the amused Sir Charles shake his head at her from his place of vantage behind the portly Baroness, whose sharp reply betokened that she did not allow anyone to find fault with her *protégées* but herself.

"I have always cherished an idea that associating with me, their friend and patroness, was the best education these young girls could have. I hope it has not been a mistaken one, Lady Camilla."

The young widow, too wary to be drawn into an apology, smiled sweetly, as she pressed the hand of the Baroness, and demanded, in her softened accents:

"Do I not know from experience that no young female could have a kinder, wiser friend than Madame Caspares?"

Madame's dry "Humph!" had a dissatisfied sound, as if she rated Lady Camilla's blandishments at their true value; but nothing more was said; for the driver had just quickened his pace, and was pointing to a lovely little glen, so shady, so secluded, that it looked precisely the spot for a meal *al fresco*, especially as the murmur of a waterfall was heard in its depths.

In a few minutes the carriage had been drawn up at the roadside, and the little party, headed by the Baroness leaning on the arm of Sir Charles, were making their way across some rough ground towards a charming nook, where nimble Trixie soon improvised a dining-table, and, with broad green leaves for her dinner-service, arranged the cold chickens and *patés* Bessie found in the Contessa's basket.

Everyone was hungry, and so everyone unbent, especially as the viands were delicious, and the fresh air in which they were discussed odorous with the wild flowers of the mountain range over which the zephyrs swept. Madame Caspares, lulled by the sound of the little cascade, leaned back against the tree, beneath which Trixie had heaped moss for her seat, and fell into a doze; and Lady Camilla forgot to be cold and satirical when Sir Charles courteously drew their young companions into the light, cheerful chat he instituted.

Presently the Baroness awoke, and looked at her watch. The sun was beginning to decline, and there were some leagues to be traversed before they could arrive at the destined halting-place. At the sound of her voice the quartette started asunder, and everyone rose, but it was with reluctance. Lady Camilla had asked Sir Charles a question respecting a tour he once made in the Hebrides, and this had led him to give such an amusing sketch of persons and places he had seen in the Northern isles, that even Bessie was sorry when he was interrupted.

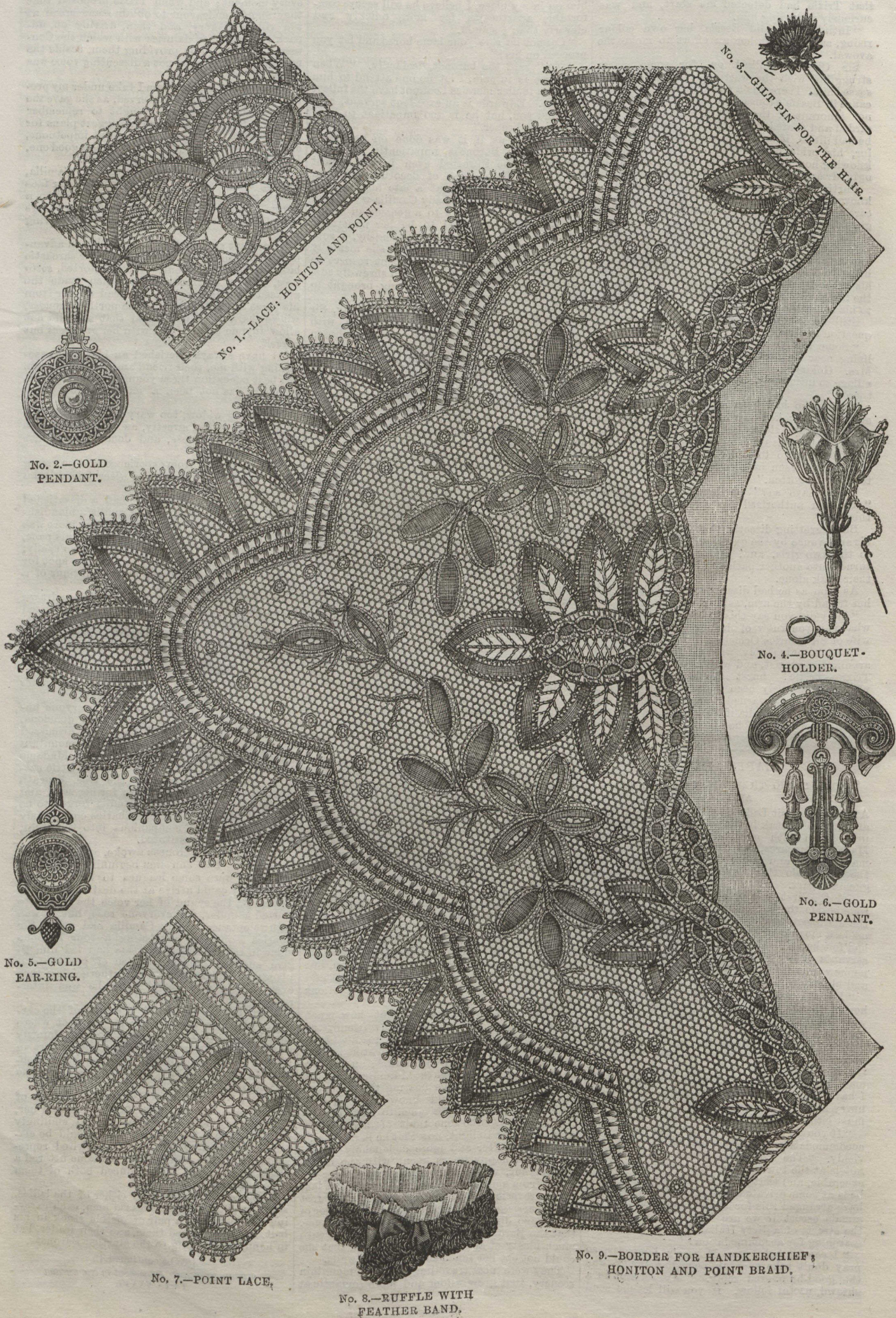
While the baronet went in search of the carriage, which was no longer in the spot where they had left it, Lady Camilla stepped daintily down to the stream to dip her white fingers in its cool waters, and Bessie took out her sketch-book to dash in a rough outline of a scene she was never likely to behold again.

Trixie, who was an enthusiastic admirer of her friend's talents, was kneeling beside her, assisting to steady the book, and smilingly watching the rapid strokes, that would be elaborated by-and-by into such a spirited representation of the scene, when Madame uttered a slight exclamation, that induced both of them to look round.

Unperceived, unheard by either of the ladies, seven or eight roughly-dressed men, each carrying a stiletto, and a pair of pistols stuck in his belt, had approached them, and their leader, hat in hand, was bowing to the startled Baroness.

[To be continued.]

"Badly Matched" commenced in No. 557 and Part CXXXVI.



No. 1.—LACE: HONITON AND POINT.

No. 2.—GOLD PENDANT.

No. 3.—GILT PIN FOR THE HAIR.

No. 4.—BOUQUET-HOLDER.

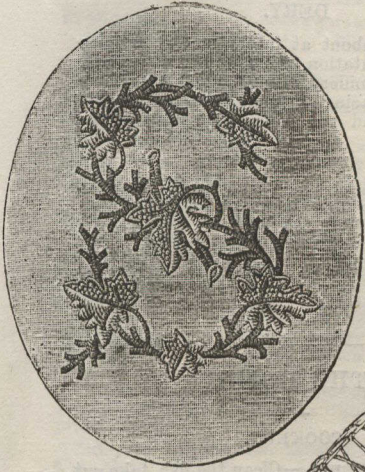
No. 5.—GOLD EAR-RING.

No. 6.—GOLD PENDANT.

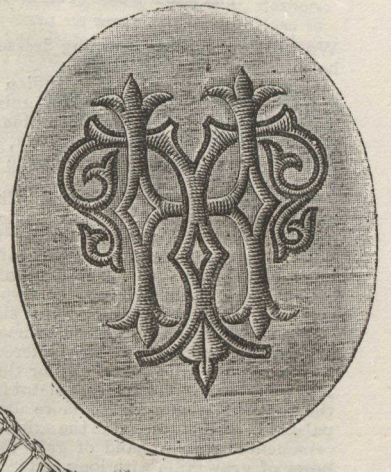
No. 7.—POINT LACE.

No. 8.—RUFFLE WITH FEATHER BAND.

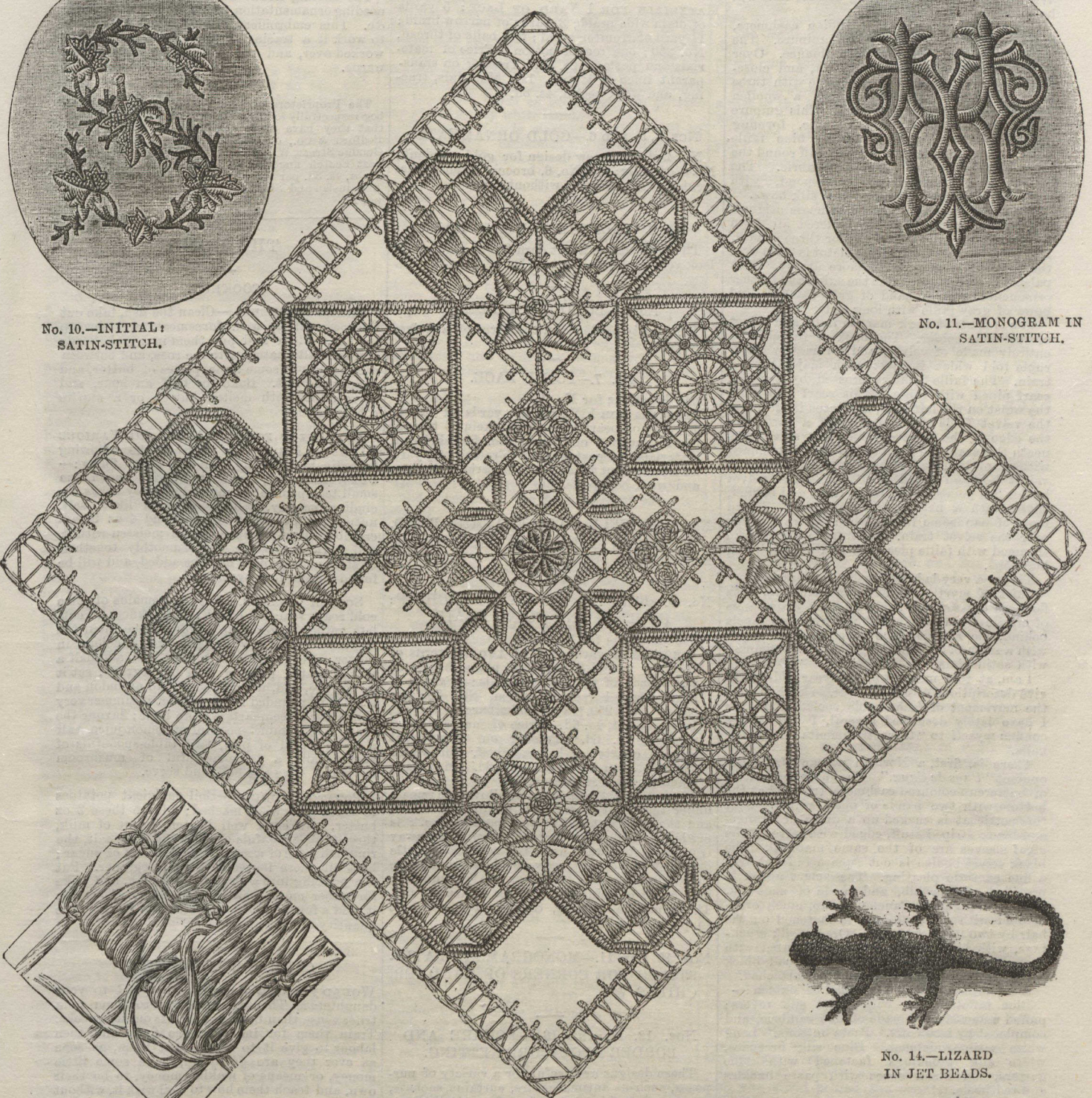
No. 9.—BORDER FOR HANDKERCHIEF, HONITON AND POINT BRAID.



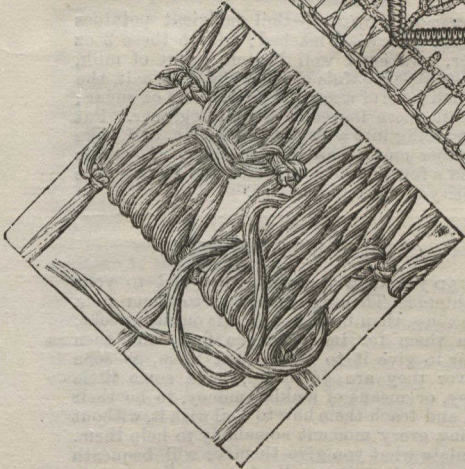
No. 10.—INITIAL:
SATIN-STITCH.



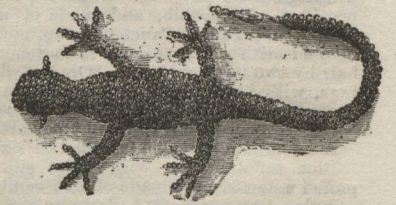
No. 11.—MONOGRAM IN
SATIN-STITCH.



No. 12.—SQUARE IN GUIPURE NETTING.



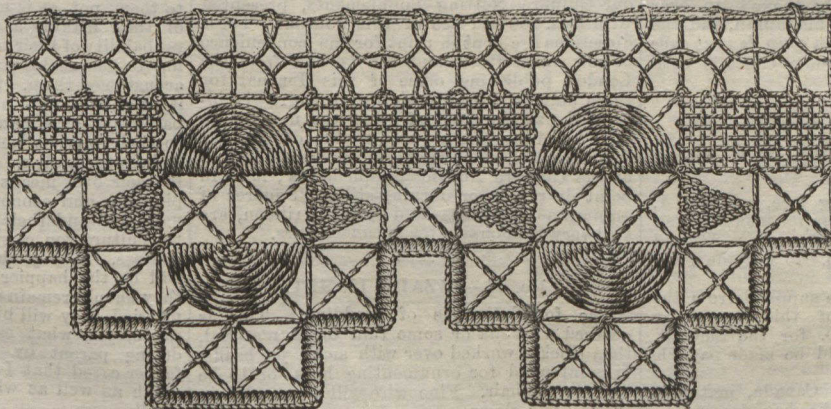
No. 13.—DETAIL OF SQUARE
IN GUIPURE NETTING.



No. 14.—LIZARD
IN JET BEADS.



No. 15.—HAREBELL:
EMBROIDERY.



No. 16.—BORDER IN GUIPURE NETTING.



No. 17.—FORGET-ME-NOT:
EMBROIDERY.

PARIS FASHIONS.

We will describe two morning dresses that will be suitable for married ladies.

One is made of dark blue Indian cashmere, and trimmed with black woollen guipure. The skirt is trimmed with a deep flounce. Over it falls a Pologneise, loose in front, and close-fitting behind, trimmed at the edge with three rows of black soutache, heading a woollen guipure about three inches deep. This guipure comes up the front of the tunic, forming coquillés, crossed at intervals by blue faille bows. The same guipure forms a ruff round the neck outside one of pleated cambric. The sleeves are trimmed to correspond, with coquillés, guipure revers, and blue silk bows.

The other dress is a sort of Princess peignoir of gray cashmere, richly embroidered all down the front with gray silk of two or three shades. A loose sleeveless Louis XV. paletot is worn over the peignoir, rendering it more dressy. This paletot is embroidered like the skirt, and further ornamented with a band of gray feathers and bows of gray faille with long ends.

One is made of dark maroon faille and velvet of the same colour. The back of the skirt is entirely made of velvet, and forms the quadruple fold which imparts such majesty to a train. The faille front is crossed by a velvet scarf piped with faille. This scarf falls from the waist on the left side, and loses itself under the velvet folds of the train half a yard from the edge of the skirt on the right side. Beneath this scarf the front of the skirt is trimmed with a pleated faille flounce, headed with a velvet bouillon piped with faille. The velvet bodice has pointed basques in front and behind, edged with a narrow faille pleating. Broad loops of handsome faille ribbon fall *en cascade* over the velvet train. The faille sleeves are trimmed with faille pleatings and velvet-drawn bouillons.

This is a very ladylike walking-dress:—Skirt of myrtle-green Indian cashmere, with flounce crossed, as a heading, by biais bands of myrtle-green satin. Tablier, with two lapels behind, one rounded, the other pointed, edged with a satin biais. Louis XV. paletot, trimmed with satin biais.

I am, at this moment of the year, obliged to give descriptions of ball-dresses, to keep in with the movement of fashionable society. But, as I have lately described several, I will to-day confine myself to "travestissements" for fancy balls.

There is, first, a Norman peasant from the opulent "Pays de Caux." The short petticoat is of buttercup-coloured cashmere, trimmed at the bottom with two bands of black velvet. Over this petticoat is tucked up a dress of orange-and-black striped stuff, edged with velvet. The *gigot* sleeves are of the same material. The black velvet bodice is cut square in front over a fine cambric pleating. The smart apron is provided with a bib, and made of shot-silk. Then the gigantic Canchoise cap, much ornamented with net and lace, is fastened on the hair by two large gold pins. Orange-silk stockings, with black satin shoes ornamented with paste buckles. Round the neck a broad black velvet ribbon, with a Norman cross attached.

A Louis XV. costume for a lad of sixteen:—Blue taffetas coat, with white silk revers; puffed under-sleeves made of fine cambric, and completed by lace ruffs. Paste buttons. Long white satin waistcoat. Blue silk breeches, white silk stockings fastened with blue garters, and black shoes with paste buckles and red heels.

Dairymaids' costumes may be made very cheaply out of brown holland and scarlet braid. Gracefully and picturesquely tucked up over a scarlet petticoat, with a bib apron, and the coquettish little cap placed *en coup de vent* over the braided coiffure, the whole effect is both piquant and pretty.

(Description of Engravings on pages 200 and 201.)

No. 1.—LACE: HONITON AND POINT BRAID.

For directions for working lace, see Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of our Point Lace Supplements, given with No. 517 and the April Part; No. 523 and the May Part; also with No. 526 and the June Part of 1874.

All materials for lace are supplied from the London Publishing Office of this Journal on receipt of stamps or P.O.O. for the amount. All Post-office orders should be made payable at Ludgate Circus.

In the United States and Canada, materials for the lace designs may be had from Mrs.

Gurney, New York P.O. Box 3527, or No. 989, Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn. Prices upon application. The Point Lace Instruction Supplements may be had from Mrs. Gurney, for 10c.

MATERIALS FOR 1 YARD OF LACE: 5 yards of plain wide braid; 3 yards of narrow braid; 1½ yard of Honiton braid; two balls of thread, No. 250; one reel of cotton.—Price of materials and postage, 2s. 6d. Tracing on transparent linen of ½ yard, 1s. Materials, tracing, and work begun, 4s. 3d.

Nos. 2, 5, AND 6.—GOLD ORNAMENTS.

No. 2 shows a new design for gold pendant; No. 5, ear-ring; and No. 6, brooch. These ornaments are in fine gold, without gems.

No. 3.—GILT PIN FOR THE HAIR.

The ornament is a gilt corn-flower, and would look very pretty in the hair for evening-dress.

No. 4.—BOUQUET-HOLDER.

This pretty holder is in the form of a quiver of arrows.

No. 7.—POINT LACE.

See directions for No. 1.

MATERIALS FOR 1 YARD: 10 yards of braid; 3½ yards of pearl edge; one skein of thread, No. 1; one reel of cotton, No. 50.—Price of materials and postage, 2s. Tracing of ½ yard on transparent linen, 8d. Materials, tracing, and work begun, 3s. 8d.

No. 8.—RUFFLE WITH FEATHER BAND.

The ruffle is of lisse. The feather band is finished with a bow of ribbon.

No. 9.—BORDER OF HANDKERCHIEF: HONITON AND POINT BRAID.

See directions for No. 1.

MATERIALS: 1 yard each of two patterns of Honiton braid; 8 yards of plain braid; 2½ yards each of two fancy braids; 4 yards of pearl edge; 1 reel of cotton, No. 70; two balls, No. 250, of Mecklenburgh thread; Brussels net, 1s. 6d. Price of materials and postage, 4s. 6d. Tracing on transparent linen of quarter of handkerchief, from which the whole can be worked, 1s. 6d. Materials, tracing, and work begun, 7s.

The net should in all cases be allowed to remain under the braid where it is at all practicable, and the strongest and neatest possible work is needed to keep the braid from wearing away from the net in washing. The net, with a little dexterity in working, may be hidden under the thicker parts of the braid; or the groundwork may be all of point de Bruxelles instead of net. This would be stronger, though, of course, not so quickly worked.

Nos. 10 AND 11.—MONOGRAMS IN SATIN-STITCH FOR CORNERS OF HANDKERCHIEFS, &c.

Nos. 12, 13, AND 16.—SQUARE AND BORDER IN GUIPURE NETTING.

These designs are useful for a variety of purposes, such as antimacassars, curtains, sachets, covers, pincushion-tops, &c., &c. Full directions for working guipure netting were given in our Guipure Netting Supplements, presented with Nos. 254 and 255 of this Journal. These directions are kept in print for the convenience of new subscribers, and can be had from the London publishing office of this Journal for three stamps. No. 13 shows, in a greatly increased size, the mode of tying the new stitch introduced into the corners of this design, the foundation of which is shown in diagram No. 15 of the Guipure Netting Supplements; it is in point de reprise or darning-stitch. Squares of guipure netting, separated by satin ribbon, are still very fashionable for antimacassars.

No. 14.—LIZARD IN JET.

The foundation is of wadding. This is covered with silk or some thin black material, then thickly worked over with small jet beads. It is intended for ornamenting hats, or to be worn in the hair. Fine wire will be needed in the tail and claws.

Nos. 15 AND 17.—FLOWERS IN EMBROIDERY.

For dotting about at intervals any articles needing ornamentation, such as sachets, cushions, &c. This embroidery will be found very easy to work if a tracing is made on tissue paper, worked over, and the paper torn away afterwards.

The Proprietors of THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL beg respectfully to inform their numerous subscribers that they have made arrangements with Messrs. Bedford & Co., of 136, Regent Street, W., and 46, Goodge Street, W., London, to supply them with their best Scotch fingering:—Black, white, and mixed drabs, 4s. 3d. per lb. All other colours, 5s. 2d. per lb. Andalusian and Shetland wools, from 9s. 6d. to 12s. per lb.

THE HOME.

COOKERY.

BAKED MACKEREL.—Clean the fish, take out the roes, fill up with forcemeat, and sew up the slit. Flour and put them in a dish, heads and tails alternately with the roes, and between each layer put some little pieces of butter, and pepper and salt. Bake for half an hour, and serve either with melted butter or a *maitre d'hôtel* sauce.

FORCEMEAT FOR THE ABOVE AND VARIOUS KINDS OF FISH.—Mix together the following ingredients carefully, mincing them finely:—1 oz fresh butter, 1 oz suet, 1 oz fat bacon, one small tea-spoonful of minced savoury herbs, including parsley, a little onion, if liked, salt, nutmeg, and cayenne to taste, and 4 oz bread-crumbs. Beat up an egg and moisten with it, and work the whole very smoothly together. Oysters or anchovies may be added, and will be found a great improvement.

SCOTCH COLLOPS.—Cut the remains of some cold roast veal into about the thickness of cutlets, rather larger than a crown-piece, flour the meat well, and fry a light brown colour in butter; dredge again with flour, and add half a pint of water, pouring it in by degrees; set it on the fire, and when it boils, add an onion and a blade of pounded mace, and let it simmer very gently for three-quarters of an hour; flavour the gravy with a table-spoonful of lemon-juice, half a tea-spoonful of peel, two table-spoonfuls of sherry, and a table-spoonful of mushroom ketchup. Give one boil, and serve.

POTATO PUDDING.—Boil sufficient potatoes to make ½ lb when mashed; add to these 2 oz butter, two eggs well beaten, ¼ pint of milk, three table-spoonfuls of sherry, a little salt, the rind and juice of a small lemon, and 2 oz sugar; beat all these ingredients well together. Put the pudding into a buttered pie-dish, and bake for rather more than half an hour. To enrich it, add a few pounded almonds, and increase the quantity of eggs and butter.

CARE FOR DAUGHTERS.

WOULD you show yourself really good to your daughters? Then be generous to them in a truer sense than heaping trinkets on their necks. Train them for independence first, and then labour to give it to them. Let them, as soon as ever they are grown up, have some little money, or means of making money, to be their own, and teach them how to deal with it, without needing every moment somebody to help them. Calculate what you give them or will bequeath to them, not, as is usually done, on the chances of their making a rich marriage, but on the probability of their remaining single, and according to the scale of living to which you have accustomed them. Suppress their luxuries now if need be, but do not leave them with scarcely bare necessities hereafter, in striking contrast to their present home. Above all, help them to help themselves. Fit them to be able to add to their own means rather than to be forever pinching and economising till their minds are narrowed and their hearts are sick. Give all the culture you can to every power they may possess. If they should marry, after all, they will be the happier and the better for it. If they should remain among the million of the unmarried, they will bless you in your grave, and say of you what cannot be said of many a dotting parent by his surviving child, "My father cared that I should be happy after his death as well as while I was his pet and his toy."

ZOE'S TRUST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SIR ROGER'S WARD," "KATRINE,"
"A WINNING HAZARD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ANNIE obeyed the invalid without one touch of embarrassment.

Her nun-like dress seemed a type of her spirit, which, young and lovely as she was, did not mingle with the earthly loves or feelings of her sex. For a quarter of an hour or more, the low confidence went on.

Annie's lips were tightly closed, as if to check one whisper from escaping them, and her hands were clasping the very pillow by which she sat.

Whatever was the nature of the communication, it evidently excited strong interest and agitation in her breast, which she sternly crushed back from onward sign.

"It is a miserable tale of crime and suffering," she said, when he concluded; "and you have no proof—none?"

"No, no—all has been taken from me: I am a desolate wanderer. I may be rejected by my nearest and dearest, and perish in solitude and obscurity!" he moaned.

"And if it were so—if your conscience is clear and stainless, then thank Heaven from your heart," returned the nurse, firmly. "I have no such blessing. I am but striving to work an atonement for disobedience and a parent's curse. And I, like you, have had my love crushed and betrayed, and can only scorn him I once worshipped so blindly. I have Eastern blood and Eastern passions in my veins," she went on, "and it is hard to school them, even under this saintly garb."

"However," she resumed, after a brief pause, "it is of you, not myself, I would speak. If you owe me any gratitude for my aid, then you must so far obey me as to banish everything from your thoughts that will retard your recovery. I shall not, perhaps, be so much with you for the future, for I have other claims on my care, and you can do without it now that you are stronger. Promise me to be patient and brave till I have formed some plan of action for you when you leave my hospital," she added, with a smile.

"I should be worse than an ingrate to refuse," he said. "I will do my best; but it is a maddening, feverish memory to rankle in one's heart when I think of the past and of her."

"Then rise above misfortune; prove yourself worthy of aid by braising up your own powers," returned Annie, with an animating look. "It were poor excuse to one who may even now be suffering if you yield yourself like a coward to despair. Your life is in your own hands now."

"You are a heroine," said the sufferer, faintly, "and ought to make men heroes. Well, I will strive not to discredit your goodness."

The sound of carriage-wheels was heard at the moment, and Annie, after a few brief arrangements for the sufferer's comfort, left the room to meet her new charge, whose arrival was thus heralded.

There was an ominous slowness and delay in the process of conveying the patient from the carriage to the house.

But at length it was accomplished, and, borne on pillows, and carried slowly and carefully by her servants and Dr. Lomax, the valetudinarian aunt of Theresa Marchmont, the weak wife of the mature Mr. Lefanu, was laid on the cool couch in the Sister Annie's quiet dwelling.

Would she quit it again in life? was a problem yet to be solved.

In the midst of all this agitation and discord, its innocent cause was pursuing her sad and painful way, uncheered or unaided by any friendly voice or counsel.

"Where are we to go when we get to London, Miss Zoe?" asked Rose, in a strangely-fretful tone.

"I cannot tell yet, Rose. Why do you ask?" said her young mistress, gently.

"Only I hope it won't be long, for I've got such a headache," replied the maid, in unusually plaintive tones.

"Give me the baby, and try to lie back and sleep," said her mistress, kindly.

But she scarcely responded to the gentle sympathy.

For once she was deaf and fretful, even with Miss Zoe.

And the poor girl felt that a new apprehension was coming on her, of more fatal evils than had yet entered within her imagination.

It was but too fatally true.

Ere the train stopped at the Great Western terminus, Rose was scarcely able to support

herself from rapidly increasing illness, and Zoe, alone in a great and monster city, was utterly bewildered as to her destination even for a night's shelter.

"Could you direct me to any plain, respectable lodging?" she said, pleadingly, to the porter, who had taken charge of her few goods.

"Why, yes, miss—ma'am, only they may not be good enough for you," said the man, civilly, influenced, perhaps, as much by the beauty and the sweet tones as the silver coin glittering in the pretty white hand.

"Oh! yes, if it is clean and safe, it will be all I wish for!" exclaimed the girl, eagerly.

"Well, it's that, anyhow," returned the man. "It's just at my own mother's sister's, and she's as clean and good a body as ever washed a floor, and will see that no harm happens so long as you don't offend her, ma'am."

He ejaculated the last word with some hesitation, as his head turned from the young face to the infant she held.

"Thanks—thanks; I shall be too grateful," returned Zoe, relieved from a pressing terror. "Will you give me her address?"

"It's just No. 6, Frederick Street, miss," replied the man; "and you've only to say that her nephew, Bill Waters, sent you. Her name's Lavis, miss, and a decent woman you'll find her, if you know how to take her. All right, cabbie!"

The cabman mounted his box, received the direction from Mr. William Waters, and drove off.

Zoe breathed more freely for a few seconds, then the difficult breathing and moaning plaint of poor Rose recalled all her terrors.

How could she expect to be received with an invalid, perhaps, in the first stage of some infection?

And her charge—the trust she had taken on herself—would he be spared the danger? It was not in her nature to think of the more personal miseries threatening her.

But the rapidly increasing illness of poor Rose sufficiently engrossed her thoughts; and when the cab stopped at the humble dwelling, she trembled lest she should be refused admittance on that ground.

Luckily, Mrs. Lavis had an eye to business, and her rooms had been long empty.

A week's rent in advance, and two shillings more than she had ever yet received for her scanty accommodation, carried the day.

And in less than half an hour, the daughter of Sir Philip Marchmont, of Hill House, was settled in two small rooms, with a large closet by way of *trois*, within the bedroom.

Not even the fresh country air, and flowers, and trees were there to compensate for the close privation of that badly-furnished apartment; but at least it was a shelter, and the suffering Rose was undressed without delay, and placed in the bed which was intended for the principal personage among its inmates.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"It's all very fine talking, young woman, but that won't pay my rent," said Mrs. Lavis, angrily, standing before the pale and trembling Zoe, with a defiant attitude that gave double emphasis to her words. "Of course, I was a simpleton to let you in without a reference or anything of the sort, only you spoke so fair and offered me rent in advance, which I suppose was only a blind. But I'll not be imposed upon any longer, that I won't, and you shall leave my house to-morrow if you won't pay me to-day, and many would turn you out neck and crop without any notice at all."

"Only give me a little time; I will pay you every shilling," said the poor, trembling girl. "It was owing to poor Rose being so ill that I could not keep up the rent," she went on; "but I think she is a little better now, and I shall soon be able to leave her and earn what is necessary. You may trust me—indeed you may," she said, pitifully.

"Oh! yes, you can talk, and no mistake; but, you see, that doesn't find me my money, and I'm too poor myself to go without, though I always pay my way like an honest woman, whatever fair-spoken ladies do, if you call yourself a lady," returned Mrs. Lavis, sneeringly. "No—no, I won't go from my word. I'll have my money, or else out you'll troop to-morrow, sick woman and all. And I don't believe your tale neither about the baby; I daresay it's yours, and she's as bad as yourself when she's well."

Poor Zoe! She was ill-fitted to cope with such coarse harshness, but a faint voice from the next room and the infant's wail came at the moment to rouse her courage to grapple with the emergency.

"You shall have it, then," she said, desperately. "But leave us now, please, for Rose is waking from her sleep, and would be disturbed by talking. I quite understand, and I will prepare by to-morrow."

The landlady was, perhaps, somewhat subdued by the girl's refined and gentle manner, albeit she scarcely comprehended its spell on her rude tongue.

But she slowly and sullenly left the room with a toss of the head that said more plainly than words:

"You'd better, or it will be the worse for you."

Zoe remained motionless for a few seconds.

Prepare. Yes, but for what? For the payment of her rent, or for becoming houseless with the two helpless ones depending on her? The thought was paralyzing, and for the moment the brave girl was sunk in despair.

"What can I do? Oh! merciful Heaven! help me," she gasped, clasping together her small hands.

The sharp-pointed setting of the ring she wore, and which she had never had the courage to draw from its resting-place, recalled her from the torpor that was numbing her faculties. It seemed almost like a Providence that she had not returned the jewel to its donor. It was valuable; so much she knew even by her acquaintance with precious gems and settings—there could be no doubt of that. And it might bring, at least, temporary means of warding off the imminent danger from the doomed ones under her charge.

She rapidly passed into the next room, where Rose was dozing in the languor of first convalescence.

"Rose—dear Rose, listen; will you try and keep quiet while I am gone?" she whispered. "I will not be long, and you will not want anything till I return."

The girl dreamily assented, and Zoe hastily tied a thick veil over her face, and, wrapping herself in a cloak that had served for a carriage-wrap in happier days, took the baby-boy in her arms, and prepared to sally from the house.

She literally shuddered when she found herself in the crowded streets, which were so utterly unknown to her, and so terrifying to her inexperienced.

Sir Philip Marchmont's daughter had never been alone, even in the quaint, quiet streets of the familiar town of Shrewsbury. And now she was plunged in the very heart of the busy metropolis on an errand that in itself was enough to sicken her to the very death. But she said to herself:

"It is for his child—his child that the gift is to be sacrificed;" and that women's love which nothing could quench, warmed the chill veins and animated the shivering limbs to renewed exertion.

Zoe's aim was to find some shop where she could dispose of her treasure, and she hastily paused in every window in anxious hope of terminating her wretched suspense.

But at more than one of the smaller jewellers she entered she was repulsed with rude suspicion, and she wandered on till she had well-nigh reached the terminus of the Great Western Railway before she arrived at any more promising place at which to vend her precious treasure.

It was a bright, sparkling window, and Zoe looked furtively inside to form some opinion of the persons within ere she again ventured on the perilous attempt.

It was an elderly, somewhat kindly-looking man who stood behind the counter. Still she hesitated, warned by her failures, till the sudden access to the throng in the streets hastened her decision. A train had arrived, and cabs and foot-passengers were hastening to their respective houses.

Zoe shrank within the recess of the double window, too shyly confused even to remember that the veil which had shaded her fair young face was raised in her anxious speculations, and the eyes that were riveted on her could peruse her features unobserved, with a choking emotion that ignored every other circumstance of the scene.

A recent traveller by the in-coming train lingered in perplexed observation close to her unconscious self, till she turned to enter the shop; then the words came that could scarcely have been clear enough to attract a less sensitive ear:

"Zoe—dearest Zoe!" She started suddenly. All the visions of the past rushed on her mind. The miseries of the present were forgotten in that rich, beloved voice. Yet she did not respond to its call, save by that involuntary start.

Then she was mute, calm, spite of all which

was demanded of her by that well-known and still beloved voice.

"Zoe," it said—"dearest Zoe, do I find you thus, my own beloved?"

She gave one glance of terrified repugnance.

It was Algernon. She could not doubt it in that agitated moment; and yet how changed in the brief space!

Pale, wan, haggard, her own treacherous lover—the husband of Theresa—the father of the babe in her arms—stood at her side.

The woman's sympathy stirred within her; but, as it seemed to her even then, for some needless and artful contrivance for such base manoeuvres.

"Go—go," she said. "It is all I ask. You dare not refuse."

An unutterable, unfeigned look of despairing sorrow passed over Sydney's fine features.

"Zoe, is it possible? You shun—you do not welcome me."

"No; so leave me. I cannot bear it. Go—go, if you would not kill me," she exclaimed, hurriedly. "You have no right to haunt me. I want only peace."

"And this is all, after our long, cruel separation—all my sufferings, Zoe," he said, in a voice of pleading pathos.

"You insult me. You must think me below contempt to dare use such language," she said, angrily. "Mr. Sydney, I shall claim protection if you go on to harass me thus."

She was well-nigh frantic, poor girl, at the unnecessary delay.

Her task was so risky and distressing, her fears for Rose, her horror at the discovery of her identity so alarming, that it might excuse the impatient injustice of the command.

"I will leave you on one condition, that you answer me truly, as I have a right to ask, Zoe. Are you indeed faithless? and where is your husband, or the partner of your guilt? I can scarcely hope for aught but the worst to see you thus alone, and in trouble. Oh! Zoe, be true—tell me, and I will be your friend even now."

She clasped the babe to her arms, and drew herself up as haughtily as a princess.

"Not another word. You have already outraged me enough. I cannot answer for myself if you persist."

Algernon looked bewildered, heart-stricken. Even the agitated Zoe could not mistake the evident and ill-repressed agitation of his looks and tones. Yet when she remembered the past, when even the babe in her arms pressed against her bosom, she could but despise the consummate acting; and, with a peremptory, almost defiant wave of her hand, and an agonised, sharp renewal of the word, "Go—go, or I shall ask protection," she shrank back into the doorway of the shop, as if to execute her threat.

Algernon gave one lingering glance.

There was sorrow, surprise, even resentment in the woe-stricken features that might have perplexed the girl even more had she been less engrossed by her varied emotions and the desperate effort at self-control they demanded. Then slowly, sadly, reproachfully, he turned from the spot. Yet Zoe could not but fancy he did not even then relinquish all intention of watching her movements; and, as she entered the shop, wild plans of evading such espionage crossed her brain, while the poor heart still throbbed spasmodically with the agitation of the strange interview. But the business before her demanded her full and undivided attention, if she would hope to accomplish her purpose.

Once again she displayed the beautiful jewel; once again she watched in trembling suspense the inspection bestowed on its beauty.

"Is it yours, young lady?" asked Mr. Kirby. Perhaps the epithet gave her courage. At any rate, she was not suspected as a thief.

"Yes, sir, it is," she said, firmly.

"Do you know its value?"

"I believe it is worth much; I do not know what," she said, gently, raising her sad eyes to the jeweller's face.

"And you are willing to part with the jewel? Possibly it was a gift?" he asked.

She bowed assent.

"Then, how can you make the sacrifice?" he resumed.

"I cannot help it," she said, simply.

"Yet, if you have friends who can give you such presents, you should not be in need. You are too young to have fallen into adversity, save by your own fault. I do not like to meddle in so strange a business," he said, half returning the jewel by his gesture towards the disappointed girl.

She looked up in his face with a look of touching candour and sorrow.

"What can I say?" she exclaimed, vehemently. "I dare not tell the truth; and I must not say falsehood. Yet, if you did—if you could

but guess all, you would pity me—you would help me as I ask. I do not want you to risk one shilling," she went on. "Give me less than its value; give me only what will relieve my distress, and take the rest for the goodness and the trust. It is all I ask—implore in the name of sympathy and compassion for a lone stranger."

Mr. Kirby had daughters of his own, and he was naturally a kind-hearted man, in spite of a hardening profession.

"I fear there must be wrong where there is so much mystery in one so young and attractive," he said, doubtfully. "But, still, Heaven forbid that I should be hard on the afflicted, even if erring in their ways. Listen to me, poor child," he went on, more severely. "I will not purchase this trinket till I am more certain that you have the right to sell it, and that I should be justified in thus taking advantage of your need. But I will advance you a certain sum—say, perhaps, half its value, on condition that you give me your real name and address, which I can very soon test, remember. Twenty-five pounds is scarcely half, I grant, the intrinsic value of the ring. But it is a chance whether I can realise what I advance. Will that satisfy you?"

Twenty-five pounds! when she was on the very abyss of alarm and danger for a sixth of the sum! She could scarcely speak her grateful thanks; and a harder heart than Mr. Kirby's would have opened to the conviction which every look and word brought of her innocence.

But the next instant came the difficulty of the conditions.

"I will certainly tell you the address," she said, "and the name by which I am known there. But I cannot—I must not tell you my real name. I confess candidly it is different from what I am now passing under. Can you not believe me when I say there is no guilt, only misfortune, in the concealment?"

The jeweller hesitated.

"I fear I am doing wrong," he said; "but, if so, the guilt must be on your own head, young lady; for I feel my own motives are pure, and without self-interest; and probably I shall not sell the ring till I have some better knowledge of its history than you give me at present. What is the name and address I am to receive from you?"

She pronounced both in firm, clear tones; and neither she nor the master of the shop was aware that another listener shared the information, who was standing as if examining the glittering window, close to the open door of the shop.

The bank-notes were duly handed to poor Zoe, who received them as a mine of inexhaustible wealth, in comparison with the emptiness of her drained purse; and, having signed the receipt, and returned brief but heartfelt thanks to the jeweller, Zoe hastened from the spot.

But, in the joyful bewilderment of the moment, she took a wrong turning, and ere long found herself in an inextricable labyrinth of unknown streets, which each moment were taking her further from her destination.

Bewildered, annoyed, terrified, she gazed round in the vague hope of retracing her steps, and regaining the lost clue, without committing herself by addressing a stranger to inquire the way.

But ere she could collect her thoughts enough for the attempt, her eyes met the familiar features of one who had silently followed her steps, and her ears were greeted by the voice of Hubert Courtenay.

"Found at last, fair Zoe Marchmont!" he exclaimed. "My search for you was more troublesome than I could have anticipated. But now that we have met, you will be good enough to place yourself under my protection, and suffer me to assume control over your future movements."

CHAPTER XXX.

"THIS is simply persecution—most unmanly persecution!" exclaimed Zoe, angrily. "You have no right to force yourself on me. I insist on your leaving me without further annoyance!"

"Nay, do not be so hasty, fair Zoe," said Courtenay, in the same composed tone; "you are, perhaps, not aware of much that I can tell you which has occurred in your absence, and which may materially affect your proceedings. Will you allow me to call a conveyance, since you must be sadly fatigued with that troublesome charge of yours? and I shall have the honour of escorting you home, and carrying on our conversation rather more comfortably than we can do in the open street."

"No, no! I have no wish for anything but

peace and freedom from molestation," said the girl, desperately. "If you are a gentleman, you will not persist in this intention."

"Hush! you know not what you are saying," returned Courtenay, calmly. "Suppose I can bring you news of those you love—suppose I could tell you of what may affect your whole life and conduct to know?"

Zoe started painfully.

"Tell me here what you have to say," she answered. "No one will take the trouble to listen," she added, scornfully, glancing round at the thronging passing crowd.

"No, you are not always to be master, Zoe," said Hubert. "If you do not allow me to accompany you, I shall certainly keep my information to myself, and it is of real import to you," he added, significantly.

Zoe shrank from the contact, but there was something that gave the idea of truth in his look and tone, and she hesitatingly complied.

Holding up his cane, a cab drew up, and Zoe and Mr. Courtenay were rapidly whirling to their destination.

Hubert did not break the silence during the drive.

He even retreated as far as possible, and, when the cab stopped, he handed her coldly and politely from the vehicle.

How she panted for freedom and safety, even if accompanied with poverty and hardship!

But Hubert Courtenay seated himself quietly in the humble apartment during Zoe's brief visit to the sick-room, and, on her return, he pushed a chair to her as politely as if the interview were as much a natural event as in her father's house.

"Zoe," he began, "I have already hinted to you that your father was involved in difficulties from which I might release him in the event of certain conditions being carried out. Your hasty and ill-judged flight has precipitated matters, and, in a word, brought things to such a crisis, that he is at this moment under an arrest for heavy claims on him."

Zoe groaned rather than cried out the sudden agony of the announcement.

All Sir Philip's harsh injustice was forgotten; she only remembered his goodness in happier days, his jovial brightness, his generosity and indulgence.

"Papa—papa, it will kill him! Who has done it—who has dared?" she almost screamed.

"It is at the suit of the creditors of some unlucky mine in which your father was much involved, and which has already swallowed up large portions of his fortune," said Courtenay, pitying the misery he himself caused. "But do not look so despairing, Zoe; you have in your own hands the means of releasing him, and replacing him in comfort and happiness. It will be your own fault if he languishes in confinement, however easy and modified it may be made to one in his position."

Zoe had remained in thoughtful abstraction as he spoke. Perhaps she scarcely heeded his words, for her first utterance was strangely at variance with his consoling assurance.

"And papa—and papa, where is he? in prison? Oh, it is dreadful! What can I do?"

"Let me take you to him," was the calm reply. "There will be no trouble in obtaining your admission."

"Yes—yes," she answered, with a sigh of anguish. "Poor—poor papa! Take me to him now without delay."

CHAPTER XXXI.

"THERE is no hope: all that can be done has been exhausted," said the physician, who had been unremitting in his attention to the invalid placed by him under the care of the Sister Annie. "You have done your part to the utmost, but you must be content with accomplishing one resurrection from almost certain death. This is a case rather of irritated nerves, acting on a frame enfeebled by long indulgence, and quite a past human skill."

The young sister, as she chose to be called, listened with grave thoughtfulness.

"How long can she live, Doctor?" she asked, after a pause.

"Who can tell? Perhaps days—perhaps weeks; but I do not believe it. I consider her hours are numbered," he returned, buttoning his coat for departure as he spoke.

"And it is quite hopeless—impossible to save her in any case?" she asked, again.

"Quite."

"And does he—the husband—know it?" she inquired, once more.

"Certainly. I could almost fancy it was no particular grief to him," returned the Doctor.

"He made but one condition with me on con-

sending for her coming here: that no lawyer and no clergyman was to be admitted to worry her, as he said, and I pledged my word to that effect."

Annie bowed her head in assent.

"It is needless," she said, "to break your word. I believe all can be done that she could bear in her present state without such aid; only keep her husband away, if it is possible. The very mention of his name brings on a shudder. I will send for him when there is an extremity."

And with this arrangement, the Doctor took his leave.

Annie paused for a few seconds; then the resolution seemed to be taken.

"I will try it," she murmured to herself—"I will try. There can be no worse consequences than are imminent now. I shall not have blood on my head."

And she took her way to the apartment where the now convalescent stranger was reclining on a large *fauteuil*, with evident signs indeed of recent and severe illness, but with eyes as clear and attitude as manly as in his days of health.

"Are you able to endure some agitation?" she asked. "Can you look on one near to the fate which you have escaped?"

"I should be ungrateful were I to shrink from anything that you could wish," he said, warmly. "Indeed, I hope to relieve you of so troublesome a charge before long."

"You are eager to risk your life and fate once more," she said, half scornfully.

"I would fain learn the truth, and fight, at least, for justice," he replied, firmly.

"Well, it is natural, and I can scarcely blame you," she resumed. "Still, I do claim from you some confidence; I will not say obedience to me, till the time I stipulate is past. Perhaps even I might ask from you an escort to your more civilized land, which I have never yet seen since my very earliest infancy. Would you undertake such an onerous task?"

"Can you doubt it—can you suppose I would refuse anything to the preserver of my life?" he replied. "Still, I confess I should prefer a more open friendship. I would not betray your confidence," he added, half-reproachfully.

"Nevertheless, I must keep my secret as well as yourself," she answered, with a furtive smile. "You are not entirely candid any more than I can be, only that, perhaps, I have better means of ascertaining the deficiencies in your revelation. But this is losing precious time," she went on. "Tell me, will you come and carry out the instructions I give you?"

"Yes, unless I can give you most cogent reasons for the contrary," he returned, "I will obey you to the very letter."

And after a few brief, rapid sentences from her lips, he followed his singular nurse to the room where Mrs. Lefanu was awaiting the fate which had, perhaps, never been realised by her during the long years of hypochondriac ailments that had destroyed the peace of all within her reach.

The dying eyes were still, however, open and clear to distinguish objects as intelligently as in life; and if death was indeed near, its shadow scarcely hovered over the couch of the sufferer. Her glance turned sharply from Annie to her companion.

"Who is it—who is it?" she asked, painfully. "Not he—not he! I will not see him. No, she deceived me, and I will not relent."

Annie signed to the stranger to retire into the shade for a moment.

"You are mistaken," she said. "If you cannot trust me, you will, at least, listen to the strange story I have brought him to tell, and which will help you to the very object you have in view."

"But it will be lies—yes—yes—lies; I have been deceived always—always, yet you look so kind and true," said the sufferer, piteously.

"I tell you I have endured falsehood and wrong myself. I would not—I dare not outrage the dying by such wickedness," said the nurse, solemnly. "But unless you can believe, it will avail nothing. There is no time for argument and proofs," she added, impatiently.

"Well—well, let me hear; I cannot be more miserable—more of a victim," said Mrs. Lefanu, fretfully. "And yet it is too late. Yes, fool that I am, I have put all in his hands, and he is a happy—yes; if I could but live over the past!" she exclaimed, clasping her thin hands together convulsively.

"Perhaps it is not too late—perhaps it can be altered even now," whispered Annie; "only trust to me, and the end may not be as you think."

Mrs. Lefanu bowed her head feebly, and then Annie beckoned the stranger forward towards the bedside.

It was strange to see that haggard face and

wasted form bending down to catch the eye and to spare the feeble breath of the patient; and yet more strange to watch the kindling fire, which, like a flickering lamp, blazed up in the dying face as he spoke in low, clear tones the tale he had to tell.

"Wretch—wretch!" she moaned. "Yes, I see it all now; but, then, what can I do? I have given it to him—all—all."

"No, it can yet be redeemed, if you are resolved," said Annie, firmly. "A few brief lines, and the witness of those who will swear the truth, and all shall have justice done to them; that is, if you are resolved—if you have no lingering doubts and qualms for the past."

"None," she said—"none. Only you will not baffle him; he is too subtle; he would not have trusted me here without some sufficient security, and I swore to him not to speak to anyone on the past—not to ask for counsel nor explain the truth."

"And you shall keep your oath. I ask no confidence from you. All that remains is for you to do justice and carry out your own real wishes," said Annie, calmly. "It was right you should know all. Then I have done."

Mrs. Lefanu remained silent for a few moments, with closed eyes and quivering lids, that showed there was no mingling of unconsciousness with her apparent apathy.

Then she suddenly turned to the side where the stranger still stood watching the scene with a half-bewildered interest.

"Tell me," she said, quickly, "have you any hope of saving her from disgrace? It is a fearful thing for a Marchmont to be stained so deeply. Could you cover the dreadful shame? I will do all if that is possible. If not, never shall hand of mine help to gild the disgrace of the name."

Annie gave a melancholy smile. "Be content," she said. "It shall be accomplished even at another's cost. I have suffered myself too deeply to deceive others—more than all to deceive the dying."

A wan smile crossed the sufferer's pale lips, and then Annie and her companion turned to make the necessary arrangements for that last melancholy duty of the departing woman.

[To be continued.]

"Zoe's Trust" commenced in No. 557 and Part CXXXVI.

IDLENESS.

MANY young people think that an idle life must be a pleasant one; but there are none who enjoy so little, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. Those who are obliged to work hard all day enjoy their short periods of rest and recreation so much, that they are apt to think if their whole lives were spent in rest and recreation it would be the most pleasant of all.

But this is a sad mistake, as they would soon find out if they made a trial of the life they think so agreeable. One who is never busy can never enjoy rest; for rest implies a relief from previous labour; and if our whole time were spent in amusing ourselves, we should find it more wearisome than the hardest day's work. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us; the idle can know nothing of it.

Many people leave off business and settle down to a life of enjoyment; but they generally find that they are not nearly so happy as they were before, and are often glad to return to their old occupations to escape the miseries of idleness.

THE LOTTERY OF MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE is often a lottery in a general sense; but there is one case on record, at least, in which it was made most literally so.

A certain youthful swain in France, relying upon his personal attractions mainly, actually put himself up as the one grand prize in a lottery of 10,000 tickets of the value of ten shillings each.

This novel matrimonial expedient created a wondrous sensation among the belles of the French capital, and the result was that all sorts of speculations went on among the fair, who eagerly bought up the tickets.

A fair young damsel, who speculated for the frolic of the thing, became the holder of the prize-ticket. The lucky youth tendered her the pecuniary proceeds of the lottery, £5,000; they became a case of "love at first sight," and within the brief limits of the day Hymen settled their destiny, and the "twain became one flesh."

Whether this marriage turned out happily we never heard; at all events, it was certainly as likely to do so as many others that are contracted, in which the motives are frequently no less whimsical, and not a whit nobler.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

THE German Empress puts her own room in order every morning.

IN GOOD COMPANY.—On his return to London from being present at the great sight in Paris, the Lord Mayor, with peculiar appropriateness, gave an account of his visit at a dinner of the Spectacle Makers.—*Punch*.

WHY is a farmer like a chicken?—Because he delights in a full crop.

ACCORDING to Addison, love refines a man's behaviour, but makes a woman ridiculous.

A WORD TO THE Y's.—Mind your P's and Q's.—*Judy*.

No wonder that egotists find the world so ugly. They only see themselves in it.

SOWING AND REAPING.—When a young lady hems handkerchiefs for a rich bachelor, she probably sews that she may reap.

WHY might carpenters believe there is no such thing as stone?—Because they never saw it.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—Jenkins (very short): "Well, for my part, I never heard a tall man say anything funny in my life."—Jones (very tall): "Ah! that's because you believe 'brevity's the soul of wit.'"—*Fun*.

"I HAVE come for my umbrella," said a benevolent gentleman on a rainy day to a friend.—"Can't help that," said the borrower. "Don't you see that I am going out with it?"—"Well, yes," replied the lender, astonished at such outrageous impudence; "yes, but—but what am I to do?"—"Do," said the other, as he opened the umbrella and walked off—"do as I did—borrow one."

AT HER OWN SACRIFICE.

"Now for a scamper! Come, Sancho! Such an afternoon as this it is an absolute sin to remain indoors."

So spoke Mand Fielding as she galloped down the avenue of Longford Manor, with her pet Newfoundland bounding by her side.

There were few girls prettier than Mand Fielding, and, save in one point, few she considered more fortunate.

An orphan, being educated at a fashionable school for the weary life of a governess, four years ago, her dead mother's cousin had—why or wherefore she was ignorant—suddenly adopted her, and taken her to reside amid the luxuries of Longford.

What was the one point where she was not fortunate?

She was in love, and—ah me!—not beloved. Of all the visitors at the Manor she cared for but one, Basil Ethridge, and, of all the visitors, he, alone, treated her with reserve. Why? She could not tell, except—and that made the tears rise—he did not like her. Would he ever?

"I am rich. If what people say is true, I am pretty. Why, then, does he ever speak to me with evident reluctance?" she incessantly pondered.

It was strange.

Even as she rode down the country lanes, her thoughts ran on the subject.

Looking back at the waving woods of the Manor, she added:

"I am richer than he. Surely such an estate as that yonder is worthy possession."

A tear in her eye—a sigh in her heart. She was about to resume her rapid ride, when, turning into another lane, she came upon a woman seated on the bank. She was plainly clad, but wore her clothes with grace, while her face was bowed on her hands, as if she were ill, or in grief.

Maud Fielding possessed the tenderest heart imaginable. She could not see distress without boiling over with sympathy, and a desire to relieve it. Consequently, in a second she was leaning over the other.

"Are you ill?" she asked. "Excuse me, I do not mean to be impertinent; but I would help you if I could."

The woman raised a face that filled Maud with admiration: it was so fair, so pretty, so young, yet so full of misery.

"You are very kind," she answered, in low, sweet accents. "I am only tired. I have walked from Tiltinson."

"Tiltinson! That is over twelve miles."

"Yes. But I hope I am near my journey's

end now. Perhaps you can tell me how far this is from Longford Manor?"

"Two miles still."

"Two miles! Ah! can I ever do it?"

"Whom do you want to see there?" asked Maud.

"It's master, Graham Longford."

Maud instantly thought it was to solicit charity, so said:

"I live at the Manor. Could I do as well as Mr. Longford?"

"You live there!" ejaculated the woman, rising quickly. "Then you are Maud Fielding?"

"That is my name. Can I help you?"

"You!" murmured the other, bitterly. "You are the last to whom I ought to apply. Yet, why not?" she went on, abruptly. "You have a kind, sweet face. Though you could not be expected to urge Mr. Longford to perform an act of justice that would be your ruin, you might persuade him to forgive."

"What do you mean?" inquired Maud, surprised.

"I have come, Miss Fielding, to ask Mr. Longford to see his son, who is on his death-bed, and to forgive him."

Then, ejaculating "Oh! George, my husband!" she burst into tears.

"His son!" cried Maud. "My guardian has no son."

"He has. Did you really not know it? Is it possible you are unaware that Graham Longford disinherited him, and, in anger, put you in his place?" asked the woman.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Maud, almost struck dumb by the revelation. "Tell me all about it," she added, after a pause. "Please do. Everything is new to me."

Alighting from her horse, she sat down on the bank by the other's side, and earnestly repeated her request.

"And truly you are unaware you are usurping the inheritance of Mr. Longford's son?" asked the wife, adding: "Stay, I see you are. Truth is in your face. Listen, then; you shall hear. Perhaps you may be able to procure my dying husband the sole thing he craves—his father's pardon. George Longford was of a roving, adventurous disposition. The dull routine of a country life maddened him; he would go off to shoot walrus in the North, or go out with the coral divers in the south. Finally the idea seized his brain to visit South America. His father vowed to disinherit him if he refused to remain quietly at home. George tried. Impossible. Then, after a tremendous quarrel, Graham Longford did a foolish thing; he locked his son in his room. The next morning the room was empty. George had started for South America. There he married me; there I heard his story: how his father had cast him off. We came back to England; my husband wrote to Graham Longford. The letters were returned unread. We were penniless; help, as pardon, was refused. Illness, through sunstroke, prevented George's working, and it has now brought him to the end, for he is dying. He is so weak, the Doctor says he can hardly last two days. Before his eyes close for ever he would see his father once again to beseech pardon for himself and a protector for"—and the woman's tears fell fast—"our child. Will you help me in this work, Miss Fielding?"

"I will," rejoined the girl, decidedly, for she had heard the recital with the keenest emotion. "Two days—only two days. No time must be lost. I think you had better leave it to me, and I promise you Graham Longford shall see his son, and, if I have power, forgive him. Oh! this is terrible. Quick, give me your address."

With grateful thanks the woman obeyed. Maud wrote it in her dainty note-book, then, forcing her purse on George Longford's wife, that she might ride back to Tiltinson, sprang on her horse, and galloped home.

As she went, a thought suddenly struck a chill through her. If Graham Longford forgave his son, she would no longer be heiress to the Manor. If Basil did not love her now, would he then? No. Should she try to reconcile the father and son? Yes—unhesitatingly yes.

"I should feel myself guilty of a crime did I not. Wealth would be a horror, not a joy," she reflected.

Graham Longford was a hard, proud, self-willed man; stubborn and unyielding, quickly offended, slow to forgive. Never had Maud thought he looked harder than on that day after dinner. She trembled at her task—the more difficult, as the very existence of this unhappy son had been concealed from her. Had it been otherwise, had the father spoken of him, bravely she would have said:

"Dear sir, I have seen your son's wife, George is dying. He wants to ask your forgiveness. Oh! pray go to him."

But that now might be the worst way, for it would put him on his guard, and no persuasion nor stratagems of hers afterwards could get him to the sick man's couch. The question was, did Graham Longford, in his heart, yet care for his son? Maud took a daring step to find out. While her guardian slept after dinner, she went to his room, found his keys, and searched his desk and other private repositories. She discovered what she hoped—two likenesses of George: one as a boy; the other, some years older, put away carefully with two locks of hair, evidently the dead mother's and the child's.

"Thank Heaven!" pondered Maud. "There is a soft spot in his heart yet. A *coup de théâtre* will be my best plan. Those soft spots are like panned-up streams at times: if the barriers are removed unexpectedly, they rush forth, and for the moment overwhelm all else.

Maud pondered over her *coup de théâtre*, getting quite nervous and excited over it. There was a weight—a want—a flutter at her chest, that deprived her of appetite and sleep, and made her nerves irritable.

Supposing she died in the night?

Morning dawned, however, and she was in her ordinary health. Better still, Graham Longford was in a remarkably good humour, and, strangely enough, made a singular proposal. It was a coincidence or it was fate.

"I have to go on business into Tiltinson this morning. Maud, would you like a canter with me?" he asked.

The girl leaped from her seat with sparkling eyes, and embraced the speaker.

"I should like nothing better," she said.

"Thanks. I'll go and put on my habit at once."

Two hours after Maud sat in the wretched room by her, until then, unknown cousin's sick-bed, his handsome boy on her knees, and the pretty, sad wife at the other side of his pillow.

"Do not fear," said Maud, continuing a conversation. "I am to meet your father at twelve at the end of the street, then I will bring him."

"Heaven reward you!" murmured the sick man, gratefully. "It is for my boy I think."

"If my guardian is obdurate, I will be his friend," said Maud.

At the hour appointed she met Graham Longford.

"Guardian," she exclaimed, "I want you to come with me. There is such a sad—sad case in this street, and—and I am sure you would help if you knew. The man is dying; his wife and child are penniless."

Graham Longford in such a fashion was not uncharitable; he had his good points. Without demur he followed his niece. She led him to the house, to the room, and, trembling, entered.

There was one great cry. It came from Graham Longford. Before the sight of the wan, pallid, once beloved features which were lifted from the pillow, he had reeled against the wall white, horror-stricken, and shaking like a leaf, three words bursting from his lips:

"George! Oh, Heaven!"

"Father, oh! pardon," pleaded the son, lifting a wasted hand prayerfully.

For a second the two remained looking at each other.

Maud timidly had stolen to the wife, who clung to her in anxiety and fear. The silence was abruptly broken by a small, sweet little lisping voice. The boy had moved unobserved to Graham Longford, and taking his hand hanging by his side, had said, his large blue eyes lifted to his grandfather's:

"Hush! Poor papa is ill. You mustn't make a noise, or he'll be worse."

As Maud looked at the boy, she saw his striking resemblance to one of the photographs in her guardian's desk, and she knew why Graham Longford caught him up and so passionately kissed him.

"Praise Heaven!" gasped George, with a happy cry. "Oh! father, am I, then, forgiven? May I die in peace with you as with the world?"

The other made no reply. He staggered forward, then dropped on his knees by the bed upon which his head and outstretched arms fell as he sobbed forth:

"Dying! Oh! my son—my son!"

George bent over him; his tears fell fast, his arm crept about his parent's neck. Maud took the child's hand and the mother's and led them from the room.

Poor Maud! How happy she was! She did not know Graham Longford. True, she had reconciled him to his son, but it was by a trick; he had been led into a trap which his pride could never forgive. In fact, to be happy he must, it seemed, be in dispute with some one.

"Maud," he said, coldly, when they returned to the apartment, "you have made my son—

whom I hope, with proper care, will yet live—and I friends. Do you know the result? I cannot have two heirs."

"I know it perfectly," she answered, her thoughts on Basil.

"No," cried George, "Miss Fielding must not suffer. I ask but your pardon—your help, father."

"It is she who must decide. She is entitled to do that, for I took her from school, and of my own will made her an heiress. Only by her consent can I undo what I have done. Only I say this, she remains as she is, or she has nothing. Whatever the result, I have been played with, duped, and cannot readily look over it. Well?"

"Can you think, sir, I hesitate?" answered the girl, sadly. "Do what is right. Your son or this child is your heir, not I."

"What! Will you consent to return to the boarding-school and be a governess?"

"I will consent to anything rather than do wrong to those who have never harmed me," answered Maud, with quiet decision.

"So be it. You have had your chance," said Graham Longford. "You have tricked me. We two cannot live under the same roof. You must leave for the school to-morrow."

"To-morrow!"

"No, it shall not be!" cried the sick man.

"It shall," answered poor Maud. "Your father is right. I had better renounce the idleness to which I have been accustomed as speedily as possible. Good-bye, all."

She left, and rode home alone. It was a weary, sleepless night she passed. She had sacrificed herself; but that she did not regret: it was that she should never see Basil again.

By the evening's post she had written to the school. On the afternoon of the next day she was ready to start.

She was about to descend to take leave of Graham Longford, when the footman said a gentleman waited her in the drawing-room. In surprise at this nameless visitor, she proceeded thither.

It was Basil Ethridge.

His handsome face was full of tenderness and emotion, as, advancing, he took both her hands in his.

"Miss Fielding!" he exclaimed. "Oh! brave, noble girl! I have heard all, and know not how to contain my joy—my admiration. Only this hour have I learned from my dear old friend George Longford's lips that you have been living here in perfect ignorance of his existence. He has told me, also, of your noble sacrifice, and I have hastened humbly to crave your pardon for the injustice I have done."

"Injustice—to me?" she murmured, surprised.

"Yes. I believed you were filling poor George's place knowingly, and were too cold-hearted to care for him."

"Oh! Mr. Ethridge, could you think so cruelly of me?"

"I did, and crushed back the admiration my heart could not help but feel in your presence, dear Miss Fielding; crushed, for I loved George as a brother. But I know all now, and honour you; yet, tell me, is it possible that Mr. Graham Longford can be so cruel—so hard, as, in anger, for the ruse you played on him for his good, to banish you from the Manor?"

"Yes, Mr. Ethridge, I leave to-day," she answered, faintly.

"Yes; but you do not the neighbourhood," he exclaimed. "No, not while my mother has a roof to offer you, Miss Fielding. You shall stay there until you can better arrange your plans."

"Your mother! a home beneath her roof!" ejaculated Maud, trembling.

She lifted her eyes to his, then covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

"I never expected this," she sobbed. "I am so glad you do not think worse of me. You are very—very kind. I shall never forget it."

Was it the look or the tone that told her secret?

Heaven knows. But somehow Basil's arm stole round the slender waist, and his secret was whispered too. The secret he would not before confess, because he loved George Longford, and had misread Maud.

Basil Ethridge's family was the best in the county, and the prospect of a union with it mollified Graham Longford.

Maud Fielding did not leave the Manor, but was married from it, and George, who did not die, with his wife and child there took up their residence.

Thus, the very step which Maud believed would lose for her what she most desired, on the contrary, won it—Basil Ethridge's love.

E. W. P.

Samara Polacca.

COMPOSED FOR THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL BY J. M. BROWNE.

The musical score for "Samara Polacca" is written for piano and consists of six systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass clef staff joined by a brace. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 3/4. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The second system includes a repeat sign with "1st time." and "2nd time." markings. The third system ends with a "Fine." marking. The fourth system begins with a "TRIO." marking and a 3/4 time signature. The fifth system includes a "D.C." (Da Capo) marking. The sixth system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *f>* (f marcato). The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

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THE
YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL
 AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE



LEONTINE SAT IN THE LITTLE DRAWING-ROOM AT MONSIEUR SILVAS', KNITTING.

HIS WORD OF HONOUR.

CHAPTER XVII.

AUGUSTA drew a long breath and trembled so, poor young lady, that she was obliged to sit down. But Harry looked at her sternly. He was thinking of gray-eyed Leontine, and the soft witchery of the memory was over him like a spell.

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In Augusta he only saw the bar to his hopes, and yet she was suffering more than he was. Women feel these things more acutely than men do—more deeply, although they in general contrive to wear a calmer countenance and to hide their emotions.

“It will be better for us both, Augusta—it will, because—because I love another girl!”

She grew white as death—livid; her lips were purple. She gasped:

“Who is she? Is she a lady—a—”

“She is poor, and my uncle would shut his doors against me if I married her.”

Augusta breathed more freely. Her complexion came back to its natural colour.

“Then you wish me to give you up, and when Sir Miles dies you will marry her?”

“How can I tell what may happen, Augusta? I may die before Sir Miles; so may she. She may marry another man—very likely will, for I

dare not marry her; but I *can't* go to the altar and swear before Heaven and man to love you when all my thoughts are with another woman!"

"Who is she? An opera-dancer, I suppose, or a shop-girl. Who is she?"

"Not an opera-dancer—not a shop-girl: a lady in the truest sense. More of a saint than a flirt."

"Oh, indeed! a little canting hussy, and pretty, of course; doll's blue eyes and flaxen hair, and so on! What fools men are! Oh! Harry, she's only an artful jade, looking after your money—a little scheming wretch, who has no love for you! Oh! do be wise! Think of your poor uncle and all your friends, and don't throw yourself away!"

"Angusta, don't be unjust. I thought you would have had some feeling of pity if you knew how oppressed she was. But never mind. Women never pity one another."

"Not such little wretches as those," said Angusta. "No—no, Master Harry,"—she laughed a nervous, half-spiteful laugh—"don't think, when Sir Miles and my parents, and all your friends are so bent on this match, that I will let you off so easily to marry this horrid girl. No, I am engaged to you, and I expect you to fulfil the engagement."

And Angusta's obstinate mouth was compressed tightly.

Harry paced the rug distracted.

"Angusta, for Heaven's sake don't tell anyone about—about—"

"What's her name?" asked Angusta.

Harry looked at her, and answered at hazard, desirous now of hiding the name of her he loved.

"Fanny."

"Fanny what?"

"Scrubbs," replied Harry at random, happening to recollect the girl whom little Tossey Sells talked about so incessantly.

"Scrubbs? What a horrid name! Do give up all thoughts of her. Think, Harry, of your future, your uncle, your friends."

"Won't you give me up, Angusta?" he asked, almost fiercely.

And Angusta, looking on the rich carpet, smiled, and said, slowly:

"No, Harry, I won't, for your own sake, and because I want you to get on in the world, and make a name in the House, and in the country; and not fling your life away for a little scheming hussy. Scrubbs indeed!"

Harry covered his face with his hands, and thought deeply.

"Well, Angusta," said he, looking up, presently, "what is to be, will be. You will keep my secret?"

"And you," she said, laying her hand on his shoulder, "will keep the promise your uncle made for you? You will marry me?"

"It seems fated," said Mervyn, gloomily.

The afternoon following the arrival of Harry Mervyn at Braithwaite, that young gentleman was taking a lonely walk across a heath, where the snow made the way trackless; while the keen wind blew, and the overhanging clouds threatened a heavier downfall than had as yet whitened the world that year.

Far out against the horizon, where the day was writing its adieu in rosy colours in the west, stood clear blue hills, which loomed through the gathering twilight like giants in the misty atmosphere close at hand; there was not a bush nor the dwelling of a peasant to give the idea of life to the scene.

Mervyn, well wrapped, paced on with long, sweeping strides. He was not walking towards Braithwaite, though the hour was late, and they dined at six now at the great house. He struck right across the heath. He walked as though he had some object in view—some appointment to keep.

Could it be a love-tryst on that gloomy, white-floored January evening? If so, the lassie must have had courage of the highest, health of the brightest, and must have hastened in the footsteps of earliest youth and fondest affection, otherwise what could tempt a maiden out on such a freezing night?

Harry kept on. The red light died in the west, and the frosty stars sparkled in the heavens, while the wind blew colder and colder. Presently Harry turns up a side path. There are trees now on each side of him. This is a thicket on the heath. White and weird the snow-decked branches gleam in the starlight.

Harry hastens on. Then a gate, a white field, a hedge, under which he paces, and presently another gate. There is yet another field on the opposite side of this gate, and a long, white paling, shrubs behind it, and a low-roofed, old-fashioned house, with gable fronts, windows in the roof, and a queer, ancient porch.

It was not long before Harry stood under the porch, tugging manfully at the brass handle of the house-bell.

It seemed that half a dozen dogs set up a yelping chorus, and then the door fell back, and Mervyn stood in a dim entrance-hall, with low roof. The floor was paved with red tiles. A servant girl, with a rough head and a little oil lamp in her hand, stood open-mouthed while he shook the snow from his clothes, wiped his feet upon the mat, and asked for Mrs. Slater.

"Her be in the little parlour," said the damsel. "Please to walk in."

So she ushered Harry into the drawing-room, the only genteel and handsome apartment at Heathside House.

The drawing-room was large and long, with a Brussels carpet, and a low ceiling, pink damask chairs, and a fireless grate; a marble-top chiffonier, and a window opening upon the snowy lawn—a window which let in the draught most fearfully, for the shutters were not closed.

Harry shivered, and sat down.

The girl had left the little oil lamp upon the large mahogany table. He heard voices of women and barking of dogs, and then all at once a large lady in blue came into the room. When she saw Harry, she set down the wax candle which she carried, and cried out:

"Good gracious me! what, in the name of wonder, brings you out such a night, Mr. Harry? The girl said it was Mr. Clyde, of the farm."

"No, Mrs. Slater; it's I myself in the flesh, neither ghost nor goblin. I say, madam, have you a fire anywhere? I want a little talk with you, and I'm perished alive."

Then Harry shook Mrs. Slater by both hands so heartily, that she declared he would wring them off.

"You are so rough, Harry Mervyn; just the same as when you were a boy."

"I'm a boy still; but I'm in a horrible fix."

"How? What has happened? Offended Sir Miles?"

"No, not yet. You know, Mrs. Slater, what a remarkably promising youth I am. I have always walked in the paths where I should go—haven't I, now?"

"Well, Mr. Harry, I think you have always been steady, and honourable, and a gentleman, in the truest sense of the word. I am sorry there should be anything amiss."

"But haven't you a fire, my dear lady?"

"Yes, yes, yes, and a nice cup of hot tea. Mr. Slater has gone to Worcester—won't be back to-night. Come into the little parlour."

So Harry crossed the low hall, and entered the snugest of little parlours. An enormous fire burnt in the grate. The tea-table was spread. There were muffins, and marmalade, and brown bread and butter, and the odour of the tea was fragrant.

"Sit in the arm-chair," said Mrs. Slater, "and let me give you a cup of tea to warm you."

So Harry drank his hot tea, and talked with Mrs. Slater, who was a well-educated woman in her way, dowered with common sense.

Mr. Slater was a horse-trainer: a man rather careless and lavish; he had large stables at the back of the premises, and had dwelt in this old house on the lonely heath for some years. Sometimes he made plenty of money, sometimes none at all. During the summer the Slaters let the smart drawing-room and two bedrooms to tourists or other strangers; they had no children.

In her youth, Mrs. Slater had lived at Braithwaite for a time; it was in the days when Lady Braithwaite was living. She had left to marry Slater, but the intercourse between herself and the hall was always kept up. When Sir Miles adopted Harry and named him as his heir, Mrs. Slater had frequently had the lad at her house for a fortnight at a time. She was fond of him, and he had often said that he liked this woman better than anyone in the world. Harry was an orphan, as we have said elsewhere, and his strong affections naturally sought objects around to which to cling: like the ivy and the vine, these tendrils of a loving nature sought support, and sometimes disdained not the roughest.

Mrs. Slater was a robust, ruddy, middle-aged woman, with a loud voice, a kind smile, a hearty manner.

"Well, Mrs. Slater," said Harry, when the girl had taken away the tea-things and they were quite alone. "I have come here to tell you my trouble and to ask your help; you have often said that if justice were done, I should never inherit Braithwaite."

"Ah! but then justice is very often left undone, Mr. Harry, in this bad world, and injustice prevails; you and I can't alter that."

"Why not? I don't want Sir Miles to leave me Braithwaite if there's another person with more right to it. I wish to Heaven he would

give me ten thousand pounds and freedom: that's all I want, and it isn't much, considering I have been brought up to expect fifteen thousand a-year."

"No, it's not much in proportion, certainly; but why do you quarrel with your bread and butter all of a sudden?"

"He wants me to marry Miss Grandcourt within three months."

"Well, Miss Grandcourt is a very nice young lady."

"Everybody to his taste—*chacun à son goût*—what's one man's meat, &c., Mrs. Slater."

"Yes, that's right: don't let us have any ill-words about it; poor young lady, she is attached to you, Mr. Harry."

"Worse luck!"

"Don't say that. I can't bear for a girl to place her affections on a man who does not appreciate their value; as for a man in love, I don't pity him in the least."

"You are very cruel, Mrs. Slater."

"No, my dear young friend, I'm not; but still, it's a pity you can't like Miss Angusta; she's good to the poor, her servants like her; she's not proud, I'm sure; she will come in here in the hot weather, and sit in the stone kitchen, and ask me to give her a bunch of roses, and drink some of our cider or milk, and chat with me as if I was her mother. She gave me a lovely golden locket with her hair in it. Shall I show it to you?"

"No—no—no, I see enough of her hair; not that she has enough of it; she wears false plaits and—"

"Hush—hush! don't talk in that manner. Well, what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to tell me the name of the real heir, so that I may bring that personage to Sir Miles, and then he will give me a few thousands and let me off. If he turned me off I am afraid I should lead a horrible life of it, trying to earn my bread without a shilling to help me on. I don't want a fortune, only competence and freedom."

"Mr. Harry, if I knew where to find the true heir I would help you to bring him to Braithwaite, but I have not the remotest idea where he is; still, I believe I shall know shortly."

"Then you will let me know?"

Harry rose and grasped Mrs. Slater's hand. "I know, of course, that such a person must exist."

"Oh! I don't see that at all. A life is a frail thing."

Harry sighed.

"Well, good-night. I shall come again soon."

Not long after this, Mervyn was fighting the wind and sinking in the snow as he toiled homewards towards Braithwaite.

When he reached the precincts of the estate, he paused.

There was a pond, with a little boat-house outside the shrubbery. If he crossed this, he would cut off half a mile of road. The question was, would it bear? It was a little sheltered, and perhaps had not frozen so hard as some more exposed water.

At last he began to walk across it. He wished himself safe on the other side before he was half over; for he heard noises that he did not like.

All at once, crack—splash—plunge, and Harry, in his heavy sealskin and thick boots, is sinking in the deep water!

He rose—he grasped the ice: it cracked again, and Harry Mervyn was struggling with death!

He shouted:

"Help!—help!"

An answering shout from the thicket beyond, the gleam of a lantern, and then a splash close to him.

A great plank had been thrown to him. He grasped it—clung to it—sunk, still clinging to it—rose once more, and, creeping along it, ducking every now and anon into the deadly cold water, he found another plank beside him, and a voice kept shouting from the bank:

"Hold on—hold on!"

And so, half by miracle, quite by the mercy of Heaven and the aptitude and presence of mind of some fellow-man, Harry Mervyn reached land.

Then the lantern light flashed full upon his deliverer's face.

Harry uttered an exclamation of wild surprise.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ENGAGED COUPLE.

"DON'T mention my name," said the personage whose presence of mind had saved Harry's life. "Walls have ears, so have shrubs, and hedges, and wintry branches like these."

"But, in the name of all that's wonderful, what brings you here?"

"Get home—get home, and change your wet clothes. Have a hot bath, a tumbler of brandy-and-water; have your bed warmed, and lie under mountains of blankets until you've steamed the chill out of you. Don't fall a victim to rheumatic gout or worse in the flower of your youth, before the glory of your manhood is developed. Get home—get home, Harry!"

"But what brings you here?"

"Want of money. I'm in a horrible fix for a twenty-pound note."

"Why couldn't you have written? It's so very dangerous coming here. Some of the neighbours will be sure to tell Sir Miles, and then—"

"Oh! the old wretch—the unmitigated old brute! How ungrateful! Harry Mervyn, where would you have been now if I hadn't been near the pond when you tumbled in?"

"Dead. I should have gone down to feed the fishes at the bottom, and I don't much think I should have cared."

The other burst into a hearty laugh.

"Well, you made hubbub enough, dear boy. 'Help—help—help!' You did not seem at all inclined to go down philosophically among the fishes in the philanthropic and disinterested hope of affording them a fine supper. But get home—get home, Harry lad, in Heaven's name!"

"But you want twenty pounds, you say, and I have a note for that sum in my under-waist-coat pocket."

"Get home—get home! Don't stop to undress, for the love of mercy! Remember the hot brandy, and the heaps of blankets, and the warming-pan. As for my money, call down at Howly Gate to-morrow. I'm stopping at the farm with Trent's. Heaven bless you!"

They wrung each other's hands with the greatest heartiness, and then Mervyn hastened home, where he followed his friend's advice in every particular, and lay under a mountain of blankets all the evening instead of participating in the amusements of his uncle's guests.

The next day he rose without cold, stiffness, or hoarseness, thanks to his splendid constitution and the regimen he had practised.

Harry Mervyn went out with his gun as if he had had no ducking in the pond.

He found his mysterious acquaintance at Howly Gate, and forced an extra five pounds upon him, entreating him to get back to London as fast as possible.

In the evening, Harry Mervyn was compelled to pay attention to Miss Grandcourt. He danced with her; he sat by her. She chattered incessantly.

"Dumb Scrambo has found a voice," said a dashing young lady with black eyes, who very much admired Harry's handsome face, splendid proportions, and prospective title and estate.

Janet Jackson was the daughter of a county magistrate and squire of very small estate and very large family.

She had nine sisters, two only of whom were married. She was the fourth daughter. The three next to her were marriageable; and these, with herself and Catharine, the eldest single Miss Jackson, made five young ladies ready and willing to be bound in the bonds of Hymen, supposing those bonds to be made of gold, or, at least, pure silver.

Janet was twenty-four, sparkling, spirited, a splendid waltzer, with flashing black eyes, a brown, clever, rather plain, but very pleasing, face; a fine figure, a good taste in dress, and the prospect of an income of £50 a-year to live on if she remained unmarried; for there was a brother who intended to marry, and who would come in for all the land.

Now, Janet was a girl of the world, good-natured, pleasure-loving, keen-scented after all good things.

She would have been delighted to marry Harry, both because she liked him, and because he was heir to a fine fortune. She saw how he hated to have Augusta forced on him, and she resolved to try and make a little game for herself.

Janet wore a pink ball-dress, which set off her brown skin and black eyes to advantage. She had been whirling round in a waltz with an uninteresting half-pay Major, for whom, as she expressed it, she did not care a snap.

She sat fanning herself on a couch while the Major went in search of lemonade, and she said to a younger sister who sat near her:

"Dumb Scrambo has found a voice at last."

"You mean Miss Grandcourt?"

"I mean dearest Augusta. How delighted her lover looks, does he not?"

"He looks awfully bored."

"He looks as if he were sipping nectar and

eating ambrosia. By-the-way, I wonder what ambrosia was like? I fancy like whipped cream and trifle cake;" and Janet fanned herself again lustily. "Here comes the Major. He has been sipping nectar, I know. I wish there was no such wine as sherry allowed in civilised society. Major Loftus always seems to breathe sherry and think sherry; if one may venture to suggest such a possibility. Now Miss Grandcourt is coaxing Harry to have a game of guessing charades. Here he comes to consult me."

And Janet spread out her pink skirts, and smiled a fascinating smile, which showed her white teeth.

"Miss Grandcourt wants a game of acting charades. Will you organise it?" said Mervyn.

"With pleasure."

So they chatted on, and it fell out in the course of the game, through the subtle machinations of Miss Janet Jackson, that Augusta was obliged to go out with the actors while Janet and Harry sat side by side on the amber sofa, chattering, listening to the buzzing converse of the rest, watching the effect of the long, princely room, with its conservatories opening like glimpses of Eden here and there through half-open, gilded doors; and all the while in another room the heiress, separated from the heir, stood sulkily in a corner, not caring what she was to act or to wear.

"How nice it must be to be engaged!" said odd Janet Jackson to poor Harry. "I wish I was engaged."

"Your own fault, Miss Jackson, of course?"

"Of course not, if you please. What do men marry for—money or beauty don't they? I've neither."

"I know you don't care for compliments, so I won't say you are lovely as the Gunnings, but you are quite fascinating enough to be loved without having a fortune."

"Thank you; I would make you a courtesy, if we were alone; but, you see, if I did, everybody would wonder what I meant. You'll excuse it, won't you?"

She asked this absurd question with the gravest face in the world, and Harry laughed.

"There, I wished to make you laugh. I am sure Miss Grandcourt has been trying to amuse you for the last hour, and you have sat as grave as a judge, melancholy as a mute, looking as if you were listening to your own funeral oration."

Miss Jackson fanned herself again with energy.

"I suppose still waters run deep, and your joy in her society is too deep for words. I wish I was engaged!"

"You have settled it for me, then, that I am engaged, without giving me a chance of trying to make myself agreeable."

"Well, Miss Grandcourt herself announced the pleasing fact to me last night, after you had tumbled into the water, and gone to bed in the blankets; she said how anxious she naturally was, now that the time of marriage approached so near."

Harry muttered some hasty, angry word which Janet did not catch, and she went on remorselessly.

"I should think one would have such a nice, quiet life with her; she never seems to stir unless you are here. Life will flow like a—like a—like a nice canal, won't it?"

"I am sure I can't say," replied Harry, who began to think Janet impertinent, teasing, and unladylike. "I wish, please, you would choose some other topic to discuss than myself and my matrimonial prospects."

There had been a time when Harry had been a little fascinated by Janet's piquant ways and lively black eyes, but now he contrasted her with the young face of Greek outline, and with serious gray eyes, looking at him half-pleatingly, half-reproachfully. He thought of Leontine in the cottage at Kew, and Janet, Squire's daughter as she was, seemed vulgar by comparison.

Janet coloured and laughed, but she saw that instead of amusing Harry Mervyn, she had made herself disagreeable to him. She hastened, then, to change the subject, and soon she was making him laugh by her funny descriptions of scenes and persons she had visited. So the evening wore on, and then came supper in another room; after that, wishing good nights and merry adieux, amid laughter, fun, and frolic.

The door is shut, and Augusta is in the splendid guest-chamber, which she occupies at Braithwaite.

There is a fire, and wax-candles are burning; the young lady wears a white dressing-robe; Deborah, her maid, is brushing out her hair; Deborah is not a girl; she has lived with the Grandcourts fifteen years; she is a thin, clever-looking, active woman, genteelly dressed in

black silk, and with a pretty little blue cap on her head.

There are tears in poor Augusta's eyes; while Deborah brushes the hair, the young lady weeps. She has a cold in her head, so she uses her embroidered handkerchief rather often. Deborah maintains a discreet silence. At last Augusta speaks:

"Deborah!"

"Yes, miss."

"I've been very much mortified to-night. I don't mind telling you."

"I'm sure, miss, those that would annoy a gentle, kind, sweet young lady like you deserve hanging."

Deborah was honestly fond of her lady.

"It's Harry," sobbed Augusta. "I don't want him hanged. Oh! Deborah, I wish we were married, and it was all over."

Deborah coughed in a measured manner.

"I think your hair will do now, miss."

"Please to put it up for the night. Yes, Deborah; Mr. Mervyn has hurt my feelings. When we are once married, of course it will be different. We shall understand each other better."

Deborah coughed again.

"It was all Sir Miles Braithwaite's fault," poor Augusta went on, hurriedly. "He came up to us when Harry was wishing me good-night; and he said, before Lady Connaught, and Sir Thomas, and that fast creature, Janet Jackson: 'Kiss her, man—kiss her; and I went up towards him, and he went backwards, and looked as if he could have cut my throat.'"

Augusta broke down, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"He just took my hand, and dropped it, and then stood up, pale, and stiff, and haughty, before all those people; and Sir Miles and I heard that Janet Jackson laugh—I'm sure of it, though she looked as grave as a judge when her eyes caught mine."

"It's very provoking of Sir Miles," said Deborah, discreetly; for she knew she must not speak against Mr. Mervyn.

"And it was stupid of Harry also," said Augusta.

"Well, miss, there are young gentlemen—young noblemen who would give their right hands to be in the position he is in—engaged to such a young lady as you are."

"Deborah," said Miss Grandcourt, turning round, and then standing up, "there is a creature in London whom Harry loves, and her name is Scrubbs—Fanny Scrubbs. Now that he is regularly engaged to me, he must and shall cease to speak to her. I mean to have him watched; and if he goes near her house, I will tell Sir Miles."

Augusta shut her mouth tightly; and the determination her face expressed was intense.

"Now, Deborah," said she, presently, "I want your help. You said once before you had a brother, who would watch him."

"So I have, miss. He is clerk to a lawyer, and likes work of that sort."

"When Mr. Mervyn returns to London, set your brother to watch him everywhere."

"I will, miss."

"And I will pay him four pounds a-week while he is doing this."

"You are always generous, miss."

Thus Harry's lady-love set a watch upon him during those winter holidays, and Miss Fanny Scrubbs was placed also under the same surveillance.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHAPTER IN SILVAS' ROMANCE.

It was the day before school re-opened; Leontine sat in the pretty little drawing-room at Monsieur Silvas', knitting. She was alone. Outside the snow lay in white patches upon the little lawn and gravel-paths, and hung in festoons on the shrubs and bushes. The sky was clear; the air was frosty. The fire burnt brightly. As fast as Harry Mervyn entered her mind, the beautiful little music-mistress drove him out again with proud resolve and indignant spirit. She was fast learning to regard him with a species of contempt, half allied to pity, and wholly devoid of bitterness; while he, in the gorgeous home to which he was the heir, was daily learning to love the memory of her sweet face more and more as it receded from him into the regions of the impossible.

She thought of Fanny Scrubbs. He thought only of her—Leontine. So she sat, knitting a gray little purse to be presented to Monsieur Silvas. For madame, she had made and trimmed a pretty warm little jacket. She was thinking now of the toils and the music-lessons,

the stockings and the scoldings at Olympia Lodge.

All at once the door-handle turned, and M. Silvas entered.

"So busy at work, *petite*?" he said, sitting down opposite to her, and almost devouring her with his dark eyes.

"Yes, monsieur, it is almost finished; it is a purse."

He watched her in silence for a few minutes, then she put the finishing stitches, and presently handed it to him.

A strong, handsome, little crimson silk purse, with an amber fringe and border.

"Accept it, monsieur. I made it gay because you love gay colours."

"For me?" He took it. "But that is charming, and made by those dear, beautiful, little fingers." A tremulous sigh escaped him. "You cannot think, my child, how I shall miss you! How horrible to send you back to that prison! Leontine, I shall never put that purse to the base use of keeping money; I shall guard it as the most precious thing in the world—my greatest treasure."

Surely the odd light in Monsieur Silvas' black eyes must have suggested something to Leontine at that moment.

What did he mean, this handsome, talented, kindly, cynical, clever man? Did he know some secret concerning Leontine, or Leontine's friend, lover, fate, hero, whatever one might, could, or would term Harry Mervyn of Braithwaite?

"It is not worth treasuring, monsieur," she said, hurriedly. "I wished to make you and madame each a little present of my own needle-work as a proof that I am not ungrateful for your generous kindness—that is all."

"Nay, but I—do you understand?—I value the gift on account of the giver."

He came and stood before Leontine where she sat on the little blue damask sofa.

"I have supposed myself in love perhaps seven times, Leontine Corville; each time it was the affair of a week—a nine days' wonder, at the most. I had a romance in my youth, but that seems so long ago now—fifteen years. I was twenty, and I lived in an old chateau in Normandy with my mother—do not think that we, the Silvas', are a fallen family of *noblesse*. Oh! not at all. My principles are Republican to the backbone. We were only retainers of a great house. My mother kept the rooms—the show-rooms—in order while the family were in Italy, for the Chateau le Cours was and is an historical chateau, and the Le Cours are an historical family. I was a lad, ardent, impassioned, who read myself crazy with Rousseau. I was a musician also, with only such instruction as the priest of the village had afforded me; I could write English, German, and Italian. I was employed to catalogue and keep in order the books in the library at the chateau, and I was to see that the pictures—many of them gems from the hands of great masters—were well preserved. So I led a dreaming life amid literature and art. I studied a little, but I dreamt more; and then the Le Cours, who had been away five years, returned to the chateau."

Monsieur Silvas paused in his narrative to wipe his brow. It seemed that the recollections of fifteen years back had heated his imagination and his handsome head at the same time; and yet his face was very pale, while the fire in his eyes seemed almost lurid as he gazed at Leontine.

"The Le Cours came back: Arthur, the son, with the Count and the Countess, and Clotilde, the daughter; she was divine. There was a painting by Murillo in the gallery—a painting of a Madonna, with a soft Spanish type of countenance. Clotilde resembled that inspiration. Well, she was eighteen. She wore silks and pearls of an evening; yet all the Paris *modes* could not make a commonplace young lady of fashion of that dream—that breathing poem—that harmonious blending of all that was lovely in womanhood. I was the librarian—the young secretary. Well, and she came to the library for books, and we conversed. I played on the organ in the gallery, and she listened. Together we discoursed of pictures—of poetry—nay, of politics, for she thought not only of the refined and the elegant, but of all mankind, and she prayed that our France might be governed well. We loved. Mademoiselle, that was my romance—loved without knowing that we loved—loved until our hearts, souls, spirits, were as one."

Leontine's large eyes dilated; her cheeks were aflame. This love-story of fifteen years back touched her deeply, and awoke her sympathies.

"Go on, monsieur—please go on."

He was looking at her fixedly, and now he broke into a laugh.

"It is all over," he said, waving his hand gracefully and carelessly—"all over years and years ago. She was divine. What of that? She was a Le Cours—*noblesse oblige*. Her proud Countess mother engaged her to marry a neighbouring Marquis, fifty-five, lean, bald, with white whiskers, and an estate of fifty thousand francs' rental. She loved me. What of that? She was obedient, as became a French daughter. She wept tears of pearl; they wetted my cheek as I held her to my heart. My tears were dried up—my heart was hard. Have I loved seven times since? Ay, twenty times seven—loved as the man of the world loves, with his eyes on the bank-book of the adored one—ha, ha! Well, the maiden became Madame la Marquise, and I went up to Paris and taught languages. I prospered. Occasionally I saw Madame la Marquise pass in her chariot; she always bowed to me. After long years the Marquise went to Algiers with her old husband. He lives still; so does she. For me, I came to London. I teach French among English nobles—I teach it at Olympia Lodge."

He snapped his fingers.

"When I saw you, my heart stood still. You are like the Murillo—you are like Clotilde—you are like the vision of my youth come back again. I said so to my mother. I—"

Enter Madame Silvas, smiling sweetly.

"Ah! *mon enfant*," said she. "I was thinking a little change would be pleasant to-day. Come, Achille, take the old mother and the young guest—take us to the morning performance at the opera; it is charming, and I know Achille has had tickets given him. Run up, little one; change your dress. I will lend you a black satin shawl, with a splendid gold border. It was a present from Achille."

And Leontine left the room.

When she was gone, the old lady's face flushed crimson; her eyes danced and flashed; she spoke through shut teeth.

"Imbecile—idiot—son of mine! to throw away your chances of fortune, and make love to a beggar! I listened at the door."

"I will not have my happiness taken from me a second time," said Achille. "She is divine—she is like Clotilde."

"She is a little pauper; and she is, perhaps, like Clotilde in being a sentimental miss—that is all. This fancy will pass like any other."

"It is not fancy; it is inspiration—it is the deep love of a man's mature age."

"Well, talk on, but promise—oh! promise not to bind yourself—net yet—not for a year. There is plenty of time. Yonder pretty drudge will not have another offer in a hurry. Wait. In a year a chance will turn up which will enrich you. Oh! Achille, we are in debt. Think. That pretty girl; years go on; half a dozen little mouths to feed; poverty—poverty; the workhouse at last. You are not strong. More toil would kill you, my son—my Achille!"

Her voice trembled; there were tears in her eyes.

"Well, *ma mère*," said Achille, drawing a long sigh, "thou hast reason. I will wait a year, as you say. My treasure is safe for the present."

[To be continued.]

"His Word of Honour" commenced in No. 564 and Part CXXXVIII.

GRAINS OF GOLD

INGENUOUS shame once lost is never regained.

LEARNING in prosperity is an ornament; in adversity a refuge.

GRAY hairs, like honest friends, are plucked out and cast aside for telling unpleasant truths.

HE can never speak well that can never hold his tongue.

HE who betrays another's secret because he has quarrelled with him, was never worthy of the name of friend: a breach of kindness will not justify a breach of trust.

THOUGHT and action are inseparable and equally indispensable. If we would thoroughly perform our task, we must grasp it mentally and do it patiently.

LOVE seizes on us suddenly, without giving warning, and our disposition or our weakness favours the surprise; one look, one glance from the fair fixes and determines us. Friendship, on the contrary, is a long time in forming; it is of slow growth, through many trials and months of familiarity. How much wit, good-nature, indulgence, how many good offices and civilities, are required among friends to accomplish in some years what a lovely face or a fine hand does in a minute!

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

HOW TO SEND KID GLOVES.—Through the finger-post.—*Judy*.

THE man whose hair turned white in a single night is surpassed by the girl who lost hers completely in one dance.

SOMETIMES.—"A kind word spoken to a husband will go further than a broomstick or a flirtation," says a woman of experience.

FROM April to November men and women generally increase in weight. From November to March there is usually a decrease.

THE highest wages in the world for servants are paid at St. Petersburg, where girls who can cook receive eight pounds a month and their board.

AT forty years of age a man looks back over his life, and wonders what he did it for, and then turns wistfully towards the future, and keeps on doing it.

THE CHARGE.—A newly-started paper delicately announces that its charge for marriage notices is "just what the ecstasy of the bridegroom may prompt."

POOR THING!—"What is home without a mother?" is what a young lady remarked the other day, when her ma left her the ironing to do.

THE King of the Friendly Islands in the Pacific Ocean is a licensed local minister of the Methodist denomination, and his wife, Queen Charlotte, is a class leader.

A WITTY lady says, "If you want to find out a man's real disposition, take him when he's wet and hungry. If he is amiable then, dry him and fill him up, and you have an angel."

SOUND advice of an old merchant: Never owe any man more than you are able to pay, and allow no man to owe you more than you are able to lose.

A CORRESPONDENT of a newspaper describing a neighbouring river as a "sickly stream," the editor appended the remark, "Just so; it's confined to its bed."

AN absent lady's character being under discussion at a tea-party, one of the gossips hypocritically said, "Well, after all, we should think the best of her."—"Yes," growled an old bachelor; "and say the worst."

A RARA AVIS.—Jones: "Who is that girl all the men seem so anxious to be introduced to?"—Brown: "Oh! that's Miss Pynke. Wonderful woman, sir!"—Jones: "What has she done?"—Brown: "Never written a novel, or contributed to a magazine!"—*Punch*.

A PECULIAR custom prevails at Norham, Durham, that if the banns of marriage be thrice published, and the marriage does not take place, the refusing party, whether male or female, pays forty shillings to the vicar, as a penalty for "scorning the Church."

AFRAID.—A little girl remarked to her mamma on going to bed: "I am not afraid of the dark."—"No, of course you are not," replied her mamma.—"I was a little afraid once, when I went into the pantry to get a tart."—"What were you afraid of?" asked the mamma.—"I was afraid I could not find the tarts."

LOSS OF BEAUTY.—The world affects to commiserate wounds of the heart, and to disregard those of vanity. What a division of ideas is here produced by two phrases that are in reality synonymous! With what superficial frivolity the loss of beauty is treated by authors of great merit in other respects, and also in those gossiping conversations in actual life which mean sipping and yet to the individual how immense is that loss! What consequences it involves! Often glory, honour, respect, consideration, esteem, power, love, extinction of influence, either for good or for evil.

SOME DUCKS AMONG THEM.—The Rev. Walter Dunlop was much distressed by a schism in his flock, occasioned by an agitation being raised in Dumfries on the subject of adult baptism. One day, in the course of his sermon on the words, "How often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her chickens," his feeling on the subject broke forth, and, with tears, he said: "Oh! my freens, ye ken hoo I've striven tae gie ye the words o' wisdom; ye ken hoo I've kept ye year after year, as a hen covers her chickens, but I doot after a' there's some ducks amang ye; sae mony are ga'n aff tae the water!"



THE BRIGANDS AND THEIR CAPTIVES HAD NOW REACHED A SPOT WHERE IT WAS NECESSARY TO STEP IN SINGLE FILE.

BADLY MATCHED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TRISSIE'S BRIDAL," "WILFUL WINNIE," "A TWISTED LINK," "RUSSET AND ROSE," "FOR LIFE—FOR LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE leader of the band, with all the grace of a courtier, asked if he had the honour of addressing her Eccellenza the Principessa Caspares. Ah! yes; he knew that he could not be mistaken. He had been looking for her so long: one, two, three days; and he held up his fingers. He was delighted to see the most illustrious lady at last.

"Tell me your errand without any more fine words," she answered, impatiently. "You are a brigand. You intend to rob me."

He did not deny the soft impeachment, although his reply was intended to be reassuring.

"La signora shall have no cause to complain of the usage she receives at my hands. If she will accept my arm, and request her fair companions to follow quietly, it will do away with the unpleasant necessity of uttering threats, or using these;" and he pointed to a bundle of cords carried by one of his followers.

"Surely, fellow, you will not attempt to detain us!" exclaimed the Baroness, more alarmed for the young creatures, who, pale with dread, had crept to her side, and were grasping her dress. "You can have my watch, my rings, the contents of my purse, but I insist that you permit me to return to my carriage."

"The signora's coachman, warned by me that he would not be safe if he remained within a league of this place, has taken flight," the brigand chief replied; "and, as there is not a decent hotel within two hours' journey, her serene excellency will understand that she has no resource but to accept the hospitality of her most humble servant. Your luggage is in the hands of my men, so you need have no uneasiness about that."

"Spare me your civilities, pray," replied the angry Baroness, "and tell me precisely what it is you require. What sum, I mean, do you demand for my liberty and my friends'?"

The chief shrugged his shoulders.

"La signora is too hasty. I cannot decide how many purses of gold she is worth to me and my good comrades till we have taken counsel together. She has nothing to fear. We are honourable men, and pledge ourselves to respect her; but, in return, *she must obey.*"

There was a menace now in the tones that had hitherto been so studiously polite, and the Baroness began to lose courage.

"Take these—take all I have, and let us go," she cried, snatching off her ornaments, and thrusting them into the hands of the chief. "You would gain no credit by detaining a party of helpless women. Be as generous as you are brave, and accept my solemn pledge to send you, to any place you choose to name, whatever sum of money you think proper to demand. I will not retract, however exorbitant you may be, for I am answerable for the safety of those who travel with me; and if harm befall them—"

She could not proceed; the strong-minded lady had never been in such a predicament before, and knew not how to extricate herself. Besides, she had just caught a glimpse of Lady Camilla struggling in the clutch of two of the men, who had seized her as she turned from the stream to rejoin the Baroness.

"It agonises me to refuse any request made by so illustrious a lady," said the polite brigand, with his hand on his heart; "but what must be, must be. Our road lies this way;" and he pointed to a faint track leading through the larch trees towards the summit of an overhanging acclivity. "An hour's sharp walking will bring us to the resting-place prepared for my guests. Will the signora follow us quietly, and recommend her companions to do the same, or must my men *compel* them?"

"I will go with you quietly," said Bessie, shrinking from the ragged, scowling Italians who hemmed them in, and feeling as if any fatigue would be preferable to encountering the touch of their, perhaps, blood-stained hands.

"And I," echoed Trixie, more faintly, for she, too, felt that if resistance was useless, it would be folly to provoke their fierce captors, and perhaps draw upon themselves insults that

could not be offered while they retained a dignified position.

The man nodded with a grim smile.

"You have decided wisely, signorinas. My comrades have received orders to capture you, and they will carry them out; it rests with yourselves in what way."

So significant was his tone, so threatening the frown on his brow, that even madame succumbed. For a few seconds she had meditated screaming for help, and struggling violently with her assailants; but a little reflection showed her the madness of such a proceeding. It would certainly bring back Sir Charles Ormsby from his vain search for the missing carriage; but what could he do against such a numerous band but incense them by a furious resistance, that would probably end in his being murdered before her eyes?

As soon as this thought took possession of her mind, she was eager to be taken away ere he could return. The capture had evidently been long planned; and this conviction brought consolation with it. The brigands knew her name and rank, and doubtless that of Lady Camilla. Most likely they had obtained their information from some gossiping servant at the Conte's, who might have added exaggerated accounts of the wealth of the ladies that had inflamed the cupidity of these men.

But this would only make them more careful to use their prisoners well; and the Baroness consoled herself that the worst either of them had to fear would be their detention in some mountain cave or half-ruined fastness till the terms of their ransom were decided, and she could advise her bankers to honour the cheque she would be forced to sign.

Accordingly, she signified her willingness to proceed; and, signing to two of the strongest of his men to raise in their arms the Lady Camilla, who had fainted with fright, the chief began to lead the way towards the track he had indicated.

But now the interruption took place that the Baroness had been dreading. Charlie Ormsby, provoked beyond measure at the disappearance of the carriage, and unable to descry any signs of it, was returning to apprise the ladies of the

odd circumstance, when he perceived their position.

With all the fiery impetuosity of his character, he clenched his fists, and sprang towards them, felling the first who crossed his path. But the brigands were not taken at a disadvantage, for they were on the watch for him; and in an instant three or four had thrown themselves upon the young man, and borne him to the ground.

Passion, however, lent him such strength, that, after a desperate struggle, he contrived to shake them off, and rise to his feet. But what could he do against such numbers? Ere the gasping, shuddering Baroness could stir or lift up her voice to plead in his behalf, his arms were pinioned behind him, and half a dozen stilettoes flashed from their sheaths. But no blow was struck, for, with a thrilling cry, a girl had bounded forward, and thrown herself on his breast to shield him with her own body.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"RUN THOU NOT INTO DANGER."

THE confusion that followed Sir Charles's appearance and capture was so great, that the Baroness could scarcely tell for some minutes what had happened. Then she saw that it was Beatrice Mayne, who, regardless of the risk she was running, had interposed her slight figure between the prisoner and his infuriated and noisily gesticulating captors. She had not escaped injury in her bold act, for one of the upraised knives had grazed her arm as she flung it over Sir Charles's shoulder; but she had succeeded in saving his life, for the men, although they continued to scowl and threaten, sheathed their weapons, and, with a joyful throb, she saw that unless provoked again by his intemperate conduct, he was—for the present, at all events—comparatively safe.

And now she could think of herself; and feeling sick as well as angry at the sight of the crimson stream trickling down her arm, she held it up, and passionately taunted the chief, who had pushed his way into the midst of the group, on the conduct of his followers. Even in this there was policy.

Better, thought Trixie, that they should be provoked with her, than left to vent their brutality on the baronet.

"Oh! man—man!" she exclaimed, displaying the bleeding gash, "you promised us good treatment, yet see what your comrades have done! Is it thus you use your prisoners—thus you keep your plighted word? Will you let your companions murder us before your eyes, and make no effort to prevent it?"

"The fault was none of mine!" he began to assert, but she scornfully stopped him.

"You are no Italians; no, not one of you. The countrymen of Garibaldi are brave and honourable; they do not pounce upon an unarmed man, and overpower him with their numbers, and stab the still more helpless girl who has not attempted to resist them."

"Corpo di Bacco! there is no coping with the tongue of an angry woman," muttered the annoyed chief, who was eager to get his prisoners away from a spot too near the high-road to be very safe. "Truly, signora, you are too hard upon us. My comrades have not wilfully meddled with you. If you have been rash enough to throw yourself on the knife's point, you must not rate us because it pierces sharply. Your place is with the other ladies. Rejoin them, and I will deal with our prisoner here."

He gently pushed her aside, but, eluding him, she clung more closely to Sir Charles. She had put a terrible signification on his last words, and believed that the baronet would be ruthlessly murdered as soon as she quitted his side.

"No—no," she gasped, defying those who advanced to remove her, "I will not leave him. You shall not take me away—you shall not hurt him. Have mercy—have mercy! He is so young to die. Men—fiends!" she added, frantically, "you shall not touch him!"

And once again she wrapped her arms around him, and strove to shield him with her own body.

However, her strength was as nought when pitted against the brigands, and she was forcibly withdrawn from her perilous position, sobbing too wildly to hear the deep-toned entreaty that she would think only of herself Sir Charles hastened to utter in their native language.

"Who are you, signor?" the chief demanded, and the English baronet would have boldly avowed his name and lineage, but for Trixie's interposition.

A suspicion had darted into her mind that these were no ordinary bandits, and it was she who answered their leader's question.

"He is my brother, and the servant of an English gentleman called Sir Charles Ormsby, who is nephew to Madame the Baroness."

"Si, si, this must be true," assented one of the band, "for he rode behind the carriage at some distance, just as the grooms of these English milordos always do."

"We ought to have secured the master, not the man," growled his leader. "Bind his arms and bring him along. It is not worth while to injure him, neither must we let him escape to tell tales, and put others on our track."

Still Sir Charles, who detested the idea of hiding under false colours, would have asserted the truth at all risks; but when he attempted to speak, one of the men buffeted him on the mouth, and Trixie, shrieking at the sight, extended her clasped hands, and implored him to be quiet.

"For the time present these ruffians are our masters," she said, rapidly, in English. "Submission and silence may help us all; while defiance will ensure your own death, and leave us at the mercy of our captors."

"Submit to these cowardly curs!" he hissed under his breath, jerking one of his wrists out of the grasp of those who were tying a cord around it. "But yes, you are right," he added, catching a glimpse of the agitated features of the Baroness, and of the insensible Camilla, with whom her bearers were crossing the stream. "Gently, fellows; you need not cut me with your confounded ropes. I yield me, and will give you no more trouble."

"Very wisely said," observed the chief, who had been raising and examining the man Sir Charles knocked down. "Matteo is not hurt, only stunned, or even my influence might not have prevented your feeling the consequences of your rashness. We make short work with troublesome customers;" and he drew his stiletto across his own throat with a grim significance that made Trixie's face a shade paler than it was before. "Now, lads, come on; we have wasted too much time already, and our path is a difficult one after the night falls."

In obedience to his directions, two of the bandits placed themselves on either side of the Baroness, who was leaning on the arm of Bessie, while another walked immediately in front, to clear aside the overhanging boughs that impeded their progress, as—the stream passed by wading—they began to wind up the mountain-side.

After madame and her companion stalked the chief, who had signed to Trixie to precede him; but she hung back, attaching herself to the man who led the baronet.

"My poor brother," she said, plaintively, when she perceived the angry brows of the banditti began to relax. "Your ligatures chafe his arms cruelly. If he gives you his word not to attempt an escape, will you not be merciful, and unbind him?"

"Do not stoop to plead for me, my dear girl," said Sir Charles, "nor make promises I do not think I could command myself to fulfil. I'm sure I shall not be able to resist knocking down the cowardly rascal whose blow has swelled my lip so painfully."

"You will do nothing so foolish. There is a proverb in our country that tells us discretion is the better part of valour," she retorted. "You'll please to bear that in mind, and not make your personal injuries the cause of greater distress than we are already suffering."

Sir Charles saw the force of her reasoning, and began to moderate his ire.

"I am dumb; though what good it will do to permit these rascals to believe—"

"Peace!" she whispered, apprehensively.

"We know not who hears or understands us. Sir C. Ormsby's man-servant is too insignificant a personage to be worth putting out of the way, as the leader of these men was observing a few minutes ago. Very possibly you will now be sent to arrange for our ransom, whereas—"

But here she was sharply checked by the chief, whose quick ears their voices had reached.

"Silence, there! or if you must talk, let it be in Italian, that I may know what mischief you are hatching."

"My brother speaks your language so badly," pleaded Trixie, gliding towards the man, and doing her best to conciliate him. "We did but complain of the pain to which those tightly-drawn cords are putting him. Will you not have them loosened, signor?"

"That he may give us another display of the strength he possesses?" retorted the man, sarcastically. "For his own sake, pretty one, thou shouldst not ask it. It is but a word and a blow with my comrades as well as with him; only he should bear in mind that they strike with the knife instead of the fist."

Trixie closed her eyes for a moment, and looked so overcome, that the chief put out his hand to support her. But she quickly recovered herself.

"He shall not offend again. I will be his surety; only be merciful, good signor, and release him from these bonds; I cannot bear to see him writhing in them."

"Cospetto! but he is fortunate to have so fair and charming a sister to plead for him!" cried the Italian, gallantly. "But dost thou forget that safe bind is safe find, and that if he attempted flight, as he seems rash enough to do, a bullet through his brain would inevitably follow? What would you say then?"

"You horrify me. What has he done that you should hurt him?" she faltered, forced now to accept the aid he tendered, for her trembling limbs would scarcely support her.

The brigand laughed lightly.

"Bah! signorina, his fate rests with himself. Bid him be quiet, and he will be safe enough. Had it been his master now—but this young fellow is not in half the danger you perilled when you dashed between his breast and the keen blades of my comrades. By the eyes of Juno, you are a brave girl," he added, with such an admiring air that Trixie involuntarily increased the distance between them. As she did so, he perceived the rent her sleeve had received, and that her arm was still bleeding.

"Fools that we are to forget that you were hurt in the fray!" he exclaimed. "It is I who shall be blamed for this. Will you permit me to examine it?"

But Trixie put the wounded arm behind her. "Thanks; there is not much the matter; it is but a scratch, and my brother will bind his handkerchief around it if you will kindly set him free."

The Italian hesitated, but Trixie's entreaty looks eventually prevailed.

"So be it, then," he said. "The young man knows what will follow if he makes any attempt either to defy or evade us; and at his signal, one of his followers untied the knots that confined Sir Charles's hands, prudently withdrawing as soon as he had done so, for the blow that had felled Matteo was a mighty one, as his wan looks still testified. But Trixie was beside the baronet as he impatiently shook off the last ligature; and while appearing to call his attention to herself and assisting him to turn her muslin scarf into a bandage, she was whispering prayers and entreaties that he would be patient and cautious.

"Think of the Baroness—of Lady Camilla," she murmured in his ear, as with cramped fingers he was folding his handkerchief into a sling. "While you are with them they will retain their hopes of deliverance; think, too, of your mother, who would be heart-broken if anything befel her only son."

"Say no more, dear little girl," he answered. "All your reasons are convincing ones, though you have omitted one of the most potent you could have advanced."

"And that?"

"Is, that any imprudence on my part would leave you at the mercy of the ruffian who dares already to cast admiring glances at you."

"What matters?" said Trixie, bitterly, as she bent her neck for him to tie the sling around it. "Who cares what befalls me?"

"I do. Do you think I shall ever forget or be indifferent to the welfare of the heroic girl whose courageous interference saved my life?"

"It was only an impulse," she stammered, blushing furiously. "I should have done the same for anyone else."

"I daresay you would, for you have a warm little heart of your own; but I am none the less grateful for my rescue from sudden death. There would have been no satisfaction in being butchered by half a score of ragged ruffians. Is your arm easier now?"

"Much. Do not trouble yourself about it any longer, for our guards are growing impatient at our delay. Will they let you go forward and give the Baroness your assistance in climbing this precipitous path?"

"I shall ask no favours. Let the fellows carry *me tante* when she complains of fatigue. It will teach them that they cannot meddle with impunity with a person of her dimensions."

"And Lady Camilla: would not your presence be an unspeakable comfort to her?" asked Trixie, heroically overcoming her longing to keep him by her own side.

"She is still insensible," he answered, gloomily, as he leaned forward to descry the movements of those in advance. "They are lopping boughs to form a litter for her. I was an idiot when I permitted myself to be convinced by my wrong-headed aunt that no escort was required in this hateful country."

"It is no use grieving over what cannot be altered," Trixie reminded him, in as cheerful a tone as she could assume. "After all, ours is but the fate that has befallen scores of travellers who have lived to laugh over their adventures with the brigands, when they were once more safe at their own firesides."

"True," he answered, recovering a little of his own vivacity; "and there would be a certain degree of enjoyment in spending a night or two in such society as veritable Italian banditti, if my companions were not of the gentler sex. Pray don't think that I am weak enough to lament my own capture, or to entertain any fears on my own account."

"Help us, then, to endure our share of the adventure with fortitude," she told him, promptly. "Your example and madame's ought to make us brave enough to submit with patience to an imprisonment which these men, in their own interest, will be careful neither to make a long nor painful one."

But even while she spoke, Trixie's heart was sinking very low, for the impression that their detainers were no practised knights of the road had deepened during her short conversation with their leader. They were rude peasants, sullen and ignorant enough to do the bidding of anyone who paid them well, but he, despite his assumed ferocity and ostentatious display of his weapons, had the sharp yet deferential manner common to those who have been brought up in the houses of the Italian nobility.

She had noticed, too, that his hands were not as rough as his companions', nor was his skin brown and sunburnt, as if he had been accustomed to spend his days and nights exposed to the changes of the weather as he skulked from one hiding-place to the other. Her terrors not being selfish ones, had made her keenly alive to trifles that, under other circumstances, might have passed unnoticed, and had also made her an attentive listener to every word that fell from the brigand's lips. She had gathered from his hints that it was not for the rich prize of a large ransom that they would be glad to know Sir Charles Ormsby was in their power; on the contrary, it appeared to be his life they sought, though why, who should say?

This conviction made Trixie reiterate her entreaties and injunctions as she toiled up the mountain-side with the baronet, who began at last to feel surprised at her excessive anxiety, and inquire the reason of it.

"Why do you harp so upon this string? Because I flew into a passion when I first saw what had befallen my friends? Believe me, I shall be calm enough now I see the necessity of submission; and if you entertain any uneasiness, it should be for yourself."

He was assisting Trixie to cross a bridge over a torrent—a frail structure formed of a fallen tree, which was flung into the ravine as soon as the whole party had traversed it, thus rendering a speedy pursuit impracticable—and she chose to let the remark pass unanswered; but he repeated it.

"It is for yourself you should be anxious, for life must be precious to one so young and fair."

"No—no!" she cried, vehemently. "It would be hateful to me if—I mean, I am of no consequence, for I have no one to mourn my loss; while you—"

"Whilst I am not half the use in the world that you will be," he interposed. "It does not require much prescience to foretell a bright career for your active, energetic little self. You will never fall into the error that I have committed, and live for nothing but the enjoyment of the hour."

"Do not blame yourself too harshly," she murmured, with unusual gentleness. "We are often the slaves of circumstances. Has not this been your case?"

"Partly; and yet, on looking back, I can see that circumstances ought not to be permitted to make us their slaves. You would not let them enslave you?"

"I don't know that," said Trixie, doubtfully. "I used to think I was tolerably firm-minded; but I have had reason to alter my opinion lately."

Sir Charles gave the hand he held an encouraging squeeze.

"You are a little heroine; for while other women in your present predicament would be either fainting or weeping, you contrive to forget that you are on your way to a bandit's cave, while you preach hope and patience to another."

Trixie sighed, shivered, and glanced at the rough men stalking beside her.

"Why did you remind me of what it was so pleasant to ignore for a few minutes? You will be very careful not to exasperate our captors? Promise—pray promise me this!"

"And make the life you have preserved my first care? Dear little guardian-sprite, I am not worth one of the tears now glistening in those sweet eyes. How shall I ever contrive to requite you for the tender interest you evince in me?"

"You can leave that to Lady Camilla," said Trixie, growing cold and reserved, as soon as his tones and looks took a greater warmth. "I never forget that it is her destined husband I am trying to serve."

"Are you, then, very much attached to her ladyship?" he asked, incredulously.

"I think her the loveliest woman I ever saw," was the evasive reply.

"Her husband left her in my care," Sir Charles muttered, with a rueful look, "and very nicely I fulfil his behest when I let her fall into the power of a set of the most desperate scoundrels in this detestable Italy. It is small comfort to know that my wrong-headed old aunt is as much in fault as I."

They had now reached a spot where the track they were following had narrowed, and approached the edge of a precipice, so that it was necessary to step in single file, and even then to tread with caution, for the shadows of the twilight were deepening, and a false step would have precipitated them to unknown depths.

Lady Camilla was placed on her feet, and told that she must exert herself to walk, for she could not be carried any longer without endangering her own life as well as those of her bearers. She became hysterical, and protested so loudly that she could not brave the perils of the narrow path, that Sir Charles would have pressed forward to soothe and reassure her, if his guards had not roughly barred his passage, while Trixie clung to his arm, reminding him that it was for the lady's safety the chief was enforcing this.

While the baronet was fretting and raving at his thralldom, Bessie suggested that Lady Camilla should permit herself to be blindfolded; and when Madame Caspares—who had very little sympathy with feminine terrors—peremptorily seconded the proposal, she submitted. In this way the difficulty was surmounted, and in the course of an another quarter of an hour the weary, dejected travellers found themselves before the gate of a ruinous old fortress, built upon a commanding spur of the Apennines, and still available for purposes of defence, if its owners felt disposed to stand a siege.

[To be continued.]

"Badly Matched" commenced in No. 537 and Part CXXXVI.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

Though you should come, and kneel low at my feet,

And weep in blood and tears of agony,
It would not bring one single pang to me,
Nor stir my heart out of its quiet beat.

There was a time when any word you spoke,
When but the sound of your melodious voice,
Would thrill me through, and make my heart rejoice;
Your wish was law; but now the spell is broke.

And though an angel, with a shining brow,
Should come from heaven, and speak to me, and say,

"Go with this man, and be his own alway,"
I would refuse. I would not trust you now.

Though you should pray me, writhing in white pain,

For just one last caress, and I should know
That you were draining out the dregs of woe,
I would not let you hold my hand again.

This is a woman's love—a woman's pride.
There is a stream that never can be crossed.

It rolls between us: and the trust I lost
Has sunk for ever in the rushing tide.

E. W.

Among the curiosities of superstition, it is recorded that Dr. Johnson objected to going under a ladder. Montaigne avoided giving his left foot the preference in putting on his stockings. Augustus, for good-luck's sake, wore some portion of a sea-calf; Charlemagne, some trinket of unknown value. Cromwell believed the third day of September a lucky one; Louis Napoleon thought the same of the second of December. The latter, in his will, requested his son to keep as a talisman the seal he had worn attached to his watch. Cæsar crossed the Rubicon because on the opposite side he saw a man with a fine figure; his nephew felt confident of winning the battle of Actium because he met a peasant mounted on an ass. Mohammed was all fate; Bonaparte all star and destiny.

CLANDESTINE MARRIAGES.

Of ninety-nine cases in a hundred, the girl who consents to be privately married gives herself cause for life-long regret. Even though her parents overlook the escapade, and receive her again into favour, the man she marries never forgets the fact that a disobedient daughter seldom makes an obedient wife, and the first matrimonial quarrel is apt to betray his private opinion on the subject.

Yet, reprehensible though stolen matches may be, the absolute cruelty which parents too often display towards their thus erring children is barbarous. For instance, a merchant, ascertaining that one of his clerks had privately married his daughter, a mere school-girl, immediately disowned the misguided child, and, not contented with that, discharged the clerk on accusation of theft. Now, the unhappy husband is out of work, his character gone, staring pitiless poverty in the face.

Do you think that love will linger by their fireless hearth?

Another story of the same kind is told of a wealthy, retired, American ship captain. A young man, a thorough sailor, had just secured his ship and at the same time secured the hand of the retired captain's daughter, against the will and protest of the father. It was a pure love match, but the father was so indignant at it that he put forth every effort to have his revenge. He had it. Possessing influence, he drove his newly-found son-in-law from his ship, and following him, drove him from the employ of the company, and still following, prevented his getting employment even as a mate. The result was the young captain took to drink, first neglected and then abused his wife. She clung to him as long as she could, but finally was driven to the grave, dying still young, of a broken heart. The father had his revenge, but it could have brought little comfort to his heart. The acute reader will perceive that the moral of this article is two-edged.

LAUGHTER.

Who can estimate the value of a hearty, happy laugh? It is water to the desert—manna in life's wilderness.

Some persons are far more richly endowed than others with this happy gift, and the method of its manifestation in themselves and its effect upon others are among the most wonderful mysteries of our being. Go where they may, they are ever welcome; for, provided always that their matchless talent is refined by good taste, and tempered by good feeling, they bring the summer with them, and make everybody the brighter for their presence.

It is marvellous to think what an atmosphere of fun seems to surround some people, what an air of festivity they throw around the dullest things, and what radiance of expression they impart to the most commonplace emotions.

Sydney Smith, in this respect, was inimitable. His comic faculty was magnificent; he was the life of every dinner-party honoured by his presence. *Appropos* of this subject, he tells a good story: "A joke goes a great way in the country. I have known one last pretty well for seven years. I remember making a joke after a meeting of the clergy in Yorkshire, where there was a Rev. Mr. Buckle, who never spoke when I proposed his health. I said that he was a buckle without a tongue. Most persons on hearing laughed, but my next neighbour sat unmoved and sunk in thought. At last, a quarter of an hour after we had all done, he suddenly nudged me, exclaiming:

"I see now what you meant, Mr. Smith: you meant a joke."

"Yes, sir," I said, "I believe I did."

"Upon which he began laughing so heartily that I thought he would choke, and was obliged to pat him on the back."

In this case, the first joke was excelled by the second.

Dean Swift's wit was of a different order, combining fun with wisdom. It happened one day that his cook, whom he invariably called "Sweetheart," had greatly over-roasted the only joint he had for dinner. "Sweetheart," said the Dean, in the blandest possible tones, "this leg of mutton is overdone. Take it back into the kitchen and do it less." The cook replied that the thing was impossible. "But," said the Dean, "if it had been underdone you could have done it more." The cook assented. "Well, then, Sweetheart," rejoined the master, "let this be a lesson to you. If you needs must commit a fault, at least take care that it is one that will admit of a remedy."

The mingled wit and wisdom of this admonition are delightful.



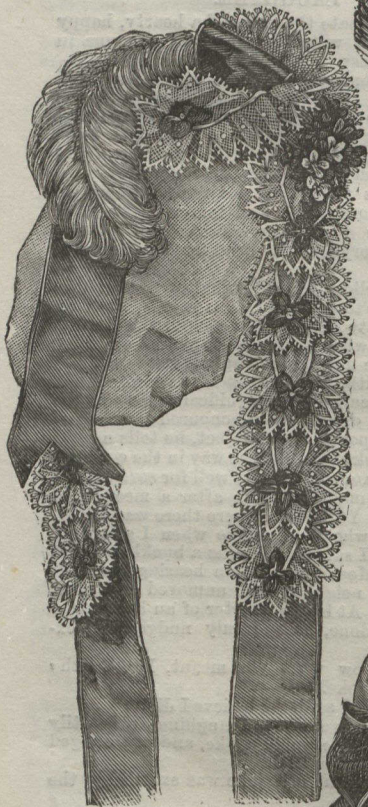
No. 1.—DRESS FOR BOY FROM TWO TO FOUR YEARS OF AGE.



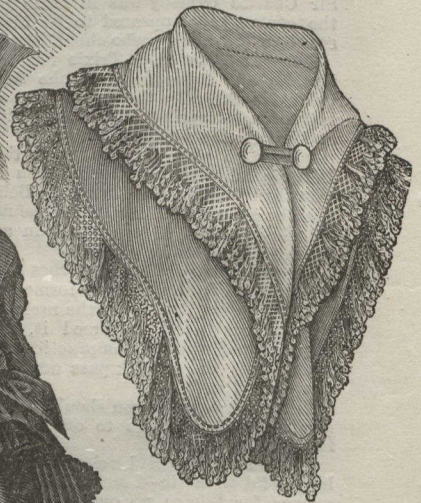
No. 2.—BACK VIEW OF No. 1.



No. 3. WALKING-DRESS FOR YOUNG LADY.



No. 4.—CAP FOR ELDERLY LADY.



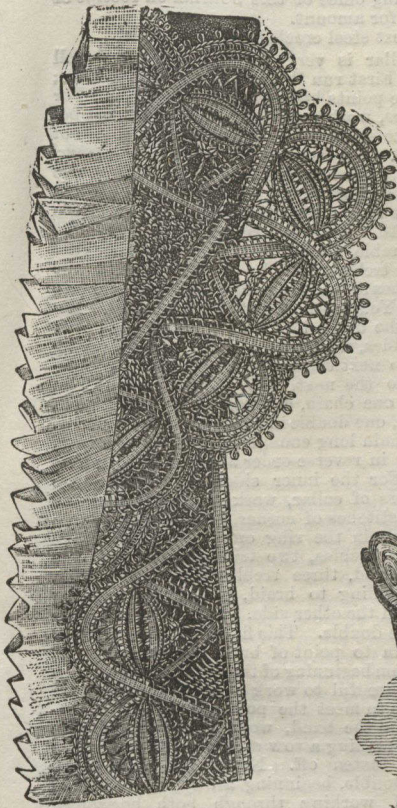
No. 5.—FICHU FOR ELDERLY LADY.



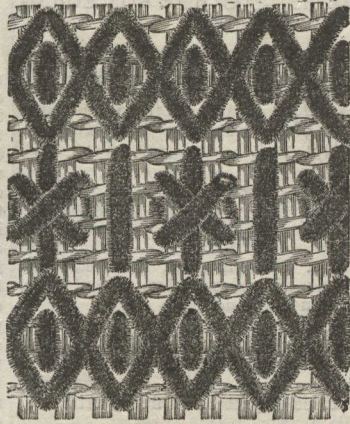
No. 6.—HOME OR VISITING DRESS.



No. 7.—HOME OR VISITING DRESS.



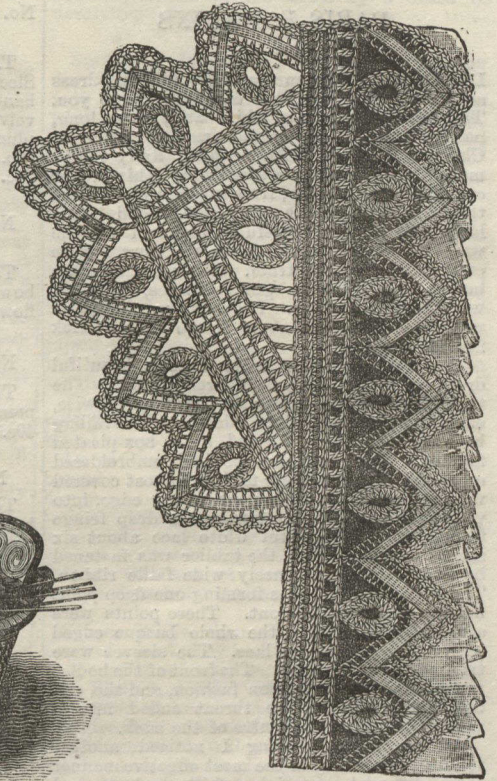
No. 1.—COLLAR WITH RUFFLE:
HONITON AND POINT BRAID.



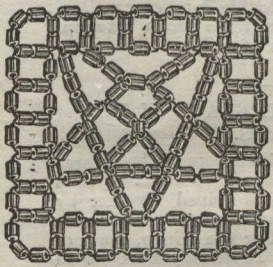
No. 2.—DESIGN FOR WORK-BASKET.



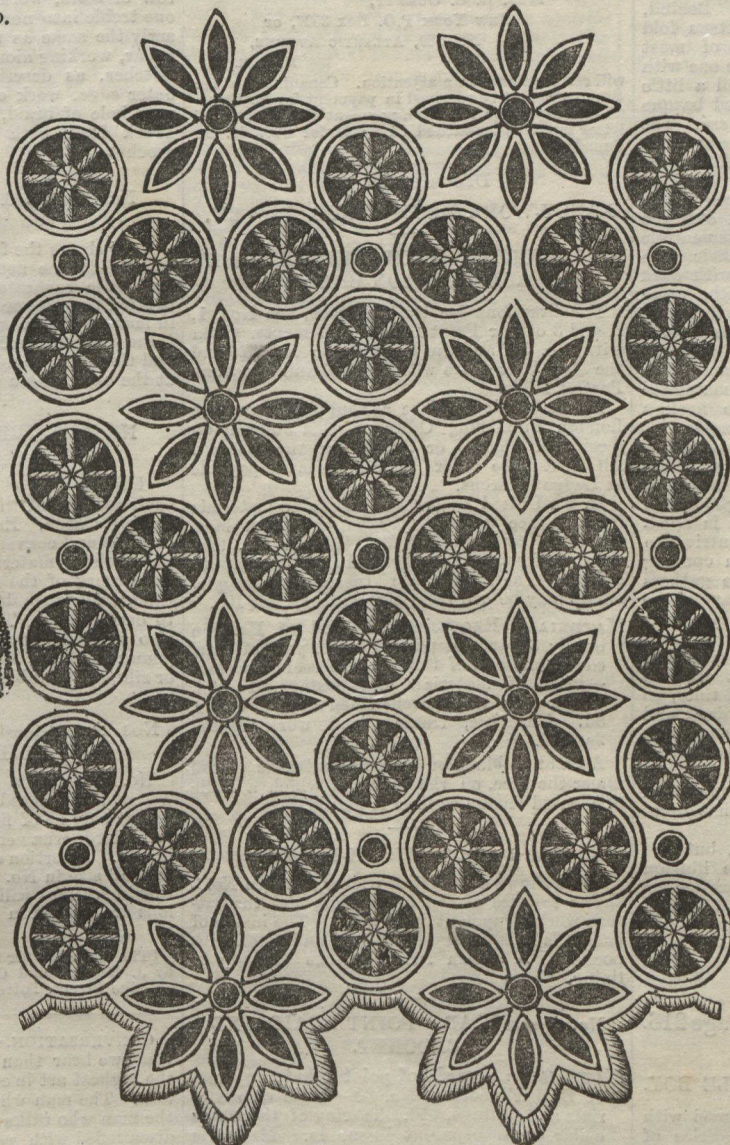
No. 3.—WORK-BASKET ORNAMENTED WITH CHENILLE.



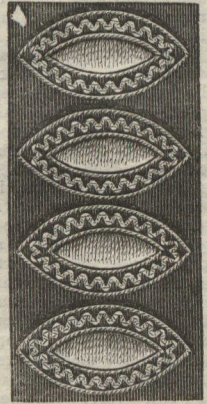
No. 4.—COLLAR: CROCHET
AND POINT BRAID.



No. 5.—DETAIL OF
NECKLACE.



No. 7.—EMBROIDERY FOR POLONAISES



No. 8.—EMBROIDERY
FOR CRAVAT.



No. 6.—NECKLACE IN
JET BEADS.



No. 9.—COLLAR AND CRAVAT.
EMBROIDERED.

PARIS FASHIONS

I HAVE rarely seen such a lovely wedding-dress as the one I am glad I can describe to you. This dress was made of white satin, with a long, narrow train. The tablier was of crêpe de Chine, and edged with a thick, fluffy fringe made of white marabout feathers. This tablier came out, on one side, from under the folds of the train, and, on the other side, ended into a long scarf, most gracefully fastened at the waist under the basque, with the long square end falling over the train. The satin cuirasse bodice had crêpe de Chine sleeves, trimmed with marabout fringe. It opened *en châte*, and was edged with the same fringe over a thick illusion ruching.

The mother of the bride wore a beautiful dress of dark garnet-coloured faille. The trained skirt was drawn in front lengthwise, each bouillon ending into a deep vandyke falling between the folds formed by a box-pleated flounce. These vandykes are richly embroidered *au passé*. The very long tablier, almost covered with embroidery, was cut out, at the edge, into vandykes, edged with a two-inches deep fringe falling over a beautiful white lace about six inches deep. Behind, the tablier was fastened by two bows of immensely wide faille ribbon. The bodice had basques forming one deep point behind, and two in front. These points were also embroidered, and the whole basque edged with fringe over white lace. The sleeves were trimmed to correspond. The front of the bodice was embroidered, plastron fashion, and the embroidery encircling the throat ended into a pointed design in the centre of the back.

At the same wedding I noticed another toilette, combining in the most effective manner three different materials: faille, velvet, and matelassé. The golden maroon faille skirt was trimmed in front with two gathered flounces, one overlapping the other, the top one headed with three rows of bouillons. Behind, the demi-train was formed by a Watteau fold falling from under an upper skirt of most original style. The front, which made one with the bodice, was of matelassé, and fell a little below the knee. The back and pleated basque of the bodice are made also of matelassé. The basque is free from the waist, and falls over the *fourreau* back of the upper skirt. This back part is made of faille, and consists of three pieces. On each side a slightly-gored piece, about half a width wide, is buttoned over the matelassé front with large *passementerie* buttons. Both these pieces are in their turn buttoned over by a faille scarf lined with dark maroon velvet. This scarf falls over the train about the length of the hand lower than the other part of the *fourreau*; then it is turned up, the velvet lining uppermost, and gathered in under the basque by loops of velvet and faille. The sleeves are made of velvet, with matelassé revers and faille bows. Round the neck a carcan ruff—velvet outside and faille inside.

A new manner of mounting skirts for evening-dresses is now adopted, concurrently with the deep quadruple fold. The skirt is run into very close gathers for a space of about eight inches from the waist downwards, and then is apparently left free; but there is some contrivance underneath to prevent the train from opening too widely. It is evident that these gathers find their place only in the back part of the skirt, the front and sides remaining perfectly creaseless.

It is rumoured that the new spring materials will be checked, many of them. But checked in *camaieu* style, and with graduated tints, so that no definite outlines divide the dark and light squares. Beige materials will be as much worn as last year, one season being not sufficient to wear out the vogue of a material, the manifold good qualities of which ought to be recompensed with immortality, just as waterproof has been. There will be plain and checked beige.

A fashion that is not very general, but yet must be mentioned, is that of white illusion scarves as bonnet-strings. This fashion is rather expensive, as such strings must be continually renewed.

DESCRIPTION OF

FASHION ENGRAVINGS. Page 216.

Nos. 1 AND 2.—DRESS FOR LITTLE BOY.

The dress is of brown poplin, trimmed with brown military braid and buttons.—Price of pattern of dress, trimmed, 80c.; flat, 30c.

No. 3.—WALKING-COSTUME FOR YOUNG LADY.

The dress is of fawn-coloured cashmere. Sleeveless jacket of black velvet, trimmed with bands of ostrich feathers. Bonnet of blue velvet, ornamented with pink rose and blue plume.—Price of pattern of sleeve, trimmed, 30c. Sleeveless jacket, trimmed, 80c.; flat, 25c.

No. 4.—EVENING-CAP FOR ELDERLY LADY.

The cap is of white illusion, trimmed with bows and ends of violet ribbon, blond lace, flowers, and mauve plume.

No. 5.—FICHU FOR ELDERLY LADY.

The fichu is of book-muslin, trimmed with point lace.—Price of pattern of fichu, trimmed, 40c.; flat, 20c.

No. 6.—HOME OR VISITING DRESS.

The dress is of light brown taffetas; the tablier, band on skirt, sleeveless jacket, and bows are of dark brown velvet, bound with taffetas.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, \$1.80. Tablier, made up, 60c.; flat, 30c. Jacket, 60c.; flat, 25c. Sleeve, trimmed, 30c.

No. 7.—HOME OR VISITING DRESS.

The dress is of black taffetas, trimmed entirely with the same material, with the exception of the sash-end, which is finished with fringe.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, \$2. Jacket, trimmed, 80c.; flat, 25c.

Orders and Remittances for Patterns or Subscriptions to THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL, addressed to
MRS. R. C. GURNEY,
NEW YORK P.O. Box 3527, or
No. 939, ATLANTIC AVENUE,
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 217.

No. 1.—COLLAR WITH RUFFLE: POINT AND HONITON BRAID.

For directions for working lace, see Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of our Point Lace Supplements, given with No. 517 and the April Part; No. 523 and the May Part; also with No. 526 and the June Part of 1874.

All materials for lace are supplied from the London Publishing Office of this Journal on receipt of stamps or P.O.O. for the amount. All Post-office orders should be made payable at Ludgate Circus.

In the United States and Canada, materials for the lace designs may be had from Mrs. Gurney, New York P.O. Box 3527, or No. 939, Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn. Prices upon application. The Point Lace Instruction Supplements may be had from Mrs. Gurney, for 10c.

MATERIALS REQUIRED: 1 yard of Honiton braid; 3 yards of point braid; 1 yard of pearl edge; one ball of thread; one reel of cotton.—Price of materials and postage, 1s. 3d. Tracing on transparent linen of half collar, 8d. Materials, tracing, and work begun, 2s. 11d.

A band of black or coloured velvet is placed under the lace, on the inside of which a ruffle of pleated muslin or lisse is placed.

Nos. 2 AND 3.—WORK-BASKET.

No. 3 shows a basket of wicker; design No. 2 shows the size of the foundation, and the pattern worked upon it in chenille. The inside of basket is lined with quilted silk, and fitted with pockets. A ribbon *ruche* finishes the top of lining.

No. 4.—COLLAR: POINT BRAID AND CROCHET.

MATERIALS: 3 yards of point braid; one reel of Barber's cotton, No. 80.—Price of materials and postage, 7½d. Tracing of the whole collar on transparent linen, 1s. Materials and tracing can be supplied from the London

publishing office of this Journal on receipt of stamps for amount.

The finest steel crochet-hook is needed.

This collar is very neat and pretty if well worked. First run the braid upon the tracing; secure the points by sewing them firmly. For the corners, work one treble, with one chain between, into every alternate hole on each side of the braid. For the right-hand inner corner, work one single into first chain, two chain, one double into next chain, two chain, one double-treble into next chain, twenty chain, one single in the sixth. Into this ring work one double, one half-treble, sixteen trebles. In working the four next trebles, join by pulling through the four stitches of the chain and treble of corner (see design). You are now at the top of oval. Repeat for the other half. Four chain, pass over seven trebles, including the corner, one triple-treble into next chain, three chain, one double-treble into the next, two chain, one treble in the next, one chain, one half-treble in the next, one chain, one double in the last chain of corner. Make a chain long enough to reach next corner, and work in reverse order as described for first corner. For the inner sides of vandyke-edge and corners of collar, work four single on the first four stitches of corner, six chain; join in a ring; work in the ring one double, one half-treble, five trebles, two trebles, joining to side holes of braid, three trebles into top of ring, without joining to braid, two trebles, joining to braid on the other side, five trebles, one half-treble, one double. This finishes the oval. Four single, join to point of braid with one single. Repeat from beginning of the row. At the corners it will be needful to work one double-treble and one treble to meet the points of braid (see design). For the band, work the entire length of collar, making a row of double in the length of chain; fasten off. Now work three more rows of double, beginning always on the same side, and working through both horizontal stitches of the previous row. For the upper row of band, work one chain, pass over one, one treble into next. The ovals are worked exactly the same as those described for corner of collar, working along the treble row with single stitches, as described for corner. For the outer edge, work one double into every alternate hole of braid, with three chain between. Work down both ends of collar with double crochet.

Nos. 5 AND 6.—NECKLACE IN JET BEADS.

No. 5 shows the full-size design of the squares which form the necklace, all of which squares are made separately, and joined together by passing the silk or wire through the side beads in making the fringe. For the fringe, beads of three sizes are needed. These may be counted and threaded from No. 6. The necklace is tied at the back with a ribbon bow.

No. 7.—EMBROIDERY FOR POLO-NAISES, &c.

Holland, beige, or tussore Polonaises, from their usefulness, will be worn through the forthcoming season. Embroidery is one of the most suitable and convenient forms of ornamentation for washing materials, and the cost of really good work of the kind is great; therefore we think a few such designs are sure to be useful to our readers. The design shown in No. 7 is also suitable for embroidering white frocks for young children. Cotton, *a la croix*, écar thread, or silk, are suitable materials for the work.

Nos. 8 AND 9.—COLLAR AND CRAVAT: EMBROIDERED.

No. 9 shows a linen collar and habit-shirt. The collar is closed with a new fastening. The cravat may be of fine cashmere, crêpe de Chine, or foulard, ornamented with rows of embroidery in silk. A portion of the embroidery is shown in the full size in No. 8. The mode of arranging this in scallops will be seen in No. 9. The scallops are worked in button-hole stitch.

[The materials for the above designs are supplied by J. Bedford and Co., 136, Regent Street, and 46, Gooch Street, Tottenham Court Road.]

CONVERSATION.—“We gain more esteem by what we hear than by what we say. Perhaps the highest art in conversation is to make others talk. The man who hears you may be bored; the man who talks to you never is. He may be dissatisfied with your views; he is sure to be pleased with his own.”

THE HOME

COOKERY.

HOT CROSS BUNS.—Put 2 lb flour into a basin, and mix well with it 6 oz moist sugar and a little ground allspice; mix 2 oz German yeast with half a pint of *lukewarm* milk, make a hole in the centre of the flour, pour in the milk and yeast, and, with a wooden spoon, stir enough of the flour in to make it the thickness of cream; throw some of the flour over, then cover the basin with a cloth, and set it in a warm place for about an hour and a half; melt the butter, but not to an oil, and stir it into the other ingredients with enough warm milk to make the whole into a soft dough; then mould it into buns about the size of an egg, place them on a tin in rows three inches apart, set them in a warm place until they have risen to double the size, put them into a brisk oven, and just before they are done wash them over with a little milk. They will take about twenty minutes to bake.

PANCAKES.—Take six eggs, break them separately into a cup to ascertain that they are fresh; put them into a basin, whisk them well, then add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb flour and half a tea-spoonful of salt, beat to a perfectly smooth batter, then add sufficient milk to make it the consistency of thick cream. Place a small frying-pan on the fire, and when quite hot put in a piece of butter or lard; when it is nearly boiling, pour in about half a tea-spoonful of batter, or rather more, according to the size of the pan; fry until it is of a delicate brown, then turn it carefully with a slice, and when brown on the other side, sprinkle some pounded sugar over it; take it out with the slice, and place it on a dish before the fire. Proceed in like manner until sufficient are cooked for a dish; serve immediately. Never place one pancake upon another. Lemon-juice and sugar or jam are served with pancakes.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—Equal weight of lump-sugar and Seville oranges. Peel the oranges, and boil the peel in plenty of water for four hours, changing the water once, or the peel will be too bitter. When boiled, it must be cut into thin strips. From the inside of the orange first remove the white, then the pips and skin, which form the quills, leaving in a dish the juice and pulp. Wash the skins in a little water, and add the sugar to the juice. Next boil the pulp, sugar, and juice together for half an hour, then add the peel, and boil all together for ten minutes. Put into pots, and it is fit for use.

A GOOD CAKE FOR CHILDREN.—Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ lb butter, or good, fresh dripping, into 2 lb flour; add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb pounded sugar, 1 lb currants, well washed and dried, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz pudding spice or allspice, and mix all thoroughly. Make warm a pint of new milk, but do not let it get hot; stir into it three tea-spoonfuls of good yeast, and with this make up your dough lightly, and knead it well. Line your cake-tins with buttered paper, and put in the dough; let it remain in a warm place to rise for an hour and a quarter, or more, if necessary, and then bake in a well-heated oven. This quantity will make two moderate-sized cakes; thus divided, they will take from an hour and a half to two hours' baking. Let the paper inside your tins be about six inches higher than the top of the tin itself.

HOUSEHOLD.

A FLORAL ORNAMENT.—Since a little taste and ingenuity will convert a very ordinary room into a perfect bower, we never fail to throw out a hint on this subject for the benefit of our lady readers who are admirers of beautiful things. The following description of a floral ornament is a pleasing one: Take a goblet with the foot and stem broken or cut off, so that the bowl will be perfect; take coarse red flannel, the redder the better, stitch it neatly around the bowl or goblet, so as to cover it completely on the outside; dip it in water, so as to wet it thoroughly, then roll it in flaxseed; the seed will stick in and on the flannel; be sure that the seed is distributed evenly, then stand it on its mouth, or large end, in a saucer or small plate; put water in the small plate or saucer, and renew or add to it as it absorbs. Never let the vessel get dry, nor suffer it to chill or freeze. It can and will grow in any part of the room, and will be a deep green with red ground.

An honest old farmer, on being informed the other day that one of his neighbours owed him a grudge, growled out: "No matter; he never pays anything."

ELEANOR'S WEDDING.

OH! how busy we had been all that day, packing the bride's dresses, sewing favours, arranging sprigs of evergreen and white camellias; later, in the evening, helping to set out the table for breakfast, leaving nothing for the morning but the dishes and eatables: a good, substantial, unpretending breakfast, such as old-fashioned gentlefolks thought good enough, some thirty years ago.

What fun it all was! Interruptions without end, by old servants and friends popping in at any minute to get a sight of Miss Eleanor's fine gowns.

Plenty of gay chatter over each box; children dancing about, repeating, with gleeful satisfaction, the new name, "Mrs. Arthur Saville," looking so bright and grand on the brass tablet of each lid.

There were boxes to be left till after the honeymoon, and boxes to travel with the happy pair.

A goodly array of presents, but not set out in boastful display, as is the fashion nowadays.

The last bridesmaid had arrived by the mid-day coach, and two gentlemen cousins.

The Rectory was a good roomy house, having many pleasant sunny rooms, and several queer little odd corners, something between a closet and a dressing-room; altogether, in the house and by a friendly lodging offered by a neighbour, we mustered about thirty people, besides many who were invited for the next day.

The snow was thick and hard, frosted over with dazzling brilliance; icicles hung from every bough and window-ledge. There was a great deal of talk about the right way to get to church, which was only the other side of the Rectory garden. It might be grand to have carriages and go round by the road through the village, but we all agreed that with a stout bit of carpet laid along the garden-path, we might all walk, and the white dresses would only be a shade darker than the pure whiteness of the fresh snow. The service was to be early—a quarter past nine o'clock—as there was a particular train to be caught at the station near Bath, and a very long drive over a rough road to get there.

With so many young people and a nice scattering of bonnie children, we all voted for ending the day with a dance; and two village fiddlers and myself, with some old tunes on the piano, were to be the band.

I was invited to be bridesmaid, but declined, being on the wrong side of thirty, and was very glad to help, and found plenty to do.

There were the children to be kept out of the way, happy and quiet, and I found employment for each, which was pleasanter than banishment to the nursery. Dear, merry souls! intoxicated with delight and pride at being allowed to walk first in the procession, and little blue-eyed Rose was to be first bridesmaid and hold the bride's glove.

What happy, handsome lovers! What an unshadowed courtship! He was rich and good, loving and true. She, sweet and winsome as a May-day.

Cousin Willie, as everybody called him, came to the wedding; but to judge by the fell-tale looks and mournful, impulsive manner, I should fancy he made a martyr of himself. I do not think he was a rejected lover, for I never heard that he had ventured so near the point. But Eleanor was charming, and cousin Willie was charming, and Woodleigh Rectory had been open holiday place for the clever Oxford student.

But Oxford men going into orders were not quite as ready to woo and win a wife as a young squire with a ready-made fortune, and a handsome face to boot. Familiar knowledge of the house and family ways made the cousin a clever assistant in the mysteries of arranging tables; and late in the afternoon I saw his rather gaunt figure bending over a box of finery, folding with womanly skill the skirts of silk dresses.

"Let me do it: I'm first-rate in this line. My sisters will tell you so," he said to me, with such sad eyes that I hadn't the heart to take his place.

Then there were deep-drawn sighs and questions, with a would-be cousinliness, about their prospect of happiness, and he drew me on to talk of Eleanor, and, on any near hit of mine too near the point, bent his head lower over a corner, and squeezed down the paper rather unmercifully. Poor fellow! he need not have envied, had he but guessed.

We who looked out on the January night in its exquisite, still, bright, moonlight, might as well have conjured up images of thunder-claps and earthquakes, as dream that the deep assurance of happiness to the young lovers was

suddenly to be broken down by a crash of desolating sorrow.

* * * * *

Summer weddings are pretty and gay; sunny days and flower-scented air seem more in keeping with light, airy wedding garments. But this winter wedding was bright and joyous; happy, beaming faces, peals of merry laughter, tender, loving graciousness from the fair bride. Father and mother, proud and satisfied, brothers and sisters, little children claiming their last taste of the sweet sister's home love.

We had supper in the study, the Rector's sanctum. Cobwebbed books were piled in motley groups on the floor; little tables and big, placed in all shapes and places, to give room for the assembled guests.

A word was not heard to jar, a voice was not raised in impatience or imperative order in all the arrangement and preparation of that wedding party.

Eleanor slipped away from the table, and, with her sister Clara's help, adorned herself in bridal array.

Down she swept with satin gown and lace bonnet; handsome, tasteful, but almost Quaker-like in contrast with the modern furbelows and trains. Pretty enough are the gossamer veils, or the rich, enveloping lace, but methinks no bonnier bride ever stepped the earth than sweet Eleanor Graham, as she stood in graceful, modest shyness on the threshold of her father's room.

Cousin Willie chanced to go to the door in quest of a book they had been discussing, when he opened it suddenly on her; an exclamation from Eleanor, a vivid, scarlet flush in his face. He looked at her for a moment in rapturous bewilderment; then, as if gathering up the whole force of his will into one effort, he placed one hand on her shoulder, and with the other lifted her veil and kissed her, solemnly as a brother, and not a lover. Arthur Saville jumped up; of course, he guessed who was outside.

Cousin Willie took his hand, wrung it, and whispered:

"Take care of her, Arthur; guard her tenderly. Heaven bless you both, my dear cousins!"

For the rest of the evening, I noticed he kept a grave, quiet expression on his face, as if he had made a bargain with his heart.

We were much astonished and chagrined to hear that snow was again falling fast, and some went out in the porch to take a look at the sky.

"Fast—very fast and thick, and a hard frost." Such was the verdict. Bad look-out for the garden walk in the morning.

Arthur Saville wished to return to his home that evening, to give one more room to a guest, and preferring a seven-mile ride to village accommodation; moreover, he had two young brothers and a sister staying with him, whom he reckoned on bringing in the carriage the next day.

Eleanor and he had lingered on in the bay-window among the old sermon books and dingy red curtains.

She was asking some favour, I could see, for she held his coat-sleeve tightly, and I could easily catch—

"Do, pray, stay as I wish! I am so silly to-night, and, Arthur, you can easily put up at the 'Stag's Head' for once."

He could not, of course, stay away without notice being sent home, and who could go better than he?

With this he silenced her urgent pleading, and she followed him to the hall to help on the rough coat and muffler. The pony was brought round, rough-shod. He went again to the little room to wish Mrs. Graham good-night, and assure her, for Eleanor's sake, that all was right. Cousin Willie also came into the hall wrapped up above his chin, and bearing a thick stick. He came up to Eleanor, who asked, more by her anxious eyes than her words, what he was going to do.

"To walk with Arthur across the moor. Two are better company than one. We shall get on bravely. Good-night, dear cousin; I shall soon be back."

Arthur warmly thanked him; turned to Eleanor, held her tightly in his arms for a moment, and gaily bade adieu to us.

He looked as grand, as handsome, as pleasant as ever lover looked. I linger over the epithets with mournful emphasis. Cousin Willie strode forth into the fast-falling snow.

Arthur came again to the door, put something into Eleanor's hand, bent down and kissed her yet again.

* * * * *

How often have I lived over that scene—that night! Eleanor in her bridal dress, and fair,

bright beauty, shivering on the door-step, her hands clasped, her eyes searching them as long as it was possible for her to catch a glimpse.

How long she would have stood, forgetful of cold in her slight apparel, I know not; but the keen wind made too much draught to be borne without remonstrance, and Mr. Graham soon came out, shut and bolted the door, and smilingly reproved his daughter for being so imprudent.

"Go in, dear child—go to the fire, and change all this flimsy stuff. It is a rough night for Arthur; but once over the moor, he will mount the pony and soon be at home. Poor little woman, you are shivering; come away—come."

I followed Eleanor into the warm room. There were still some directions to be written for cards, in which she helped, but her hand trembled, and she was persuaded to go upstairs and rest.

It was half-past eleven, and everybody dispersed but the old cook and myself, who busily set the room to rights, and put the finishing stroke to the packing and dining-room arrangements. It was past midnight ere I went to my room. Eleanor's door was ajar; seeing her light, I stepped in, and found her at the window still in her white dress.

"Is cousin Willie come back?" was her eager question.

Her window looked down on the pretty winding entrance through the shrubbery. The path was visible in spite of the thick snow.

Just then we both heard the swing of the gate, and soon watched him come up to the door. He looked up to the window, which Eleanor threw open.

"All right. I left him the other side of the turnpike, and he said he should keep on to the right and soon come to the bridge. He begged me to tell you not to fuss yourself, for he quite enjoyed his walk."

"Thank you so much, Willie dear! How could you must be! How kind you are! Shall we not go down and see if he wants anything?" she said, turning to me.

I thought it only civil and right, and offered to go alone, and urged Eleanor to go to bed; but she would follow, and shook hands with her cousin, who looked grave and rather sad. Poor man! it was a trouble to him to be waited on by her, and to receive her affectionate thanks.

After he had gone to his room, I entreated her to let me help her to undress, and promise to rest. She kept me lingering on, taking off bonnet and dress, going continually to the window, opening it, looking out in wishful anxiety that almost teased me.

The snow had ceased to fall so heavily, the air became keener and clearer. I thought, after all, the wedding morning would be bright.

I entreated, I threatened to call Mrs. Graham. She only coaxed, and begged, and prayed me so pitifully to stay and bear her company, that I had not the heart to say her nay. So hour after hour passed away, and at last, very weary and sleepy, I could bear it no longer, but threw myself on her little easy chair, and was soon fast asleep.

I awoke with a very sudden painful jar on my nerves. The poker fell with a crash. Some one knocked at the door, and Eleanor, who had been standing near the fireplace, caught it in passing, and threw it down. It was Mary, the housemaid, come to call her and bring hot water.

Eleanor looked like a ghost; her hands were burning. I asked for tea, and she drank some, and promised to shake off her nervousness. I went to my own room, intending to come again and act lady's-maid.

It was settled that we were all to assemble in the study for early tea at eight, and walk to church at nine.

The bridegroom and his party were expected to arrive at the church, going round the village way.

The weather had considerably brightened, as we hoped. The dear children came running in with their white frocks like pretty snowdrops. Such merry voices, such gay chatter, scattering my nightmare feelings more effectually than even cold sponging and tea.

Down came the guests one by one, looking so genial and comely. The mother, with a hazy look of tears and smiles, went straight to her daughter's room. Eleanor preferred staying there till the last moment. She came downstairs with her face fearfully flushed and agitated. Her father met her, kissed her tenderly, and throwing an Indian shawl over her shoulders, proceeded to take his place in the procession. The little sisters went first, then the bridesmaids, six in number. Mrs. Graham leant on the arm of her own brother, a clergyman, who was to marry them.

I followed with Charlie, the eldest son. Looking back in the garden, I thought it a

goodly sight, watching them down the snow-clad path.

A very pleasant, well-behaved crowd greeted us in the little step between the Rectory garden and the churchyard.

The old clerk was in the church, and some old friends and parishioners who were coming back to breakfast.

Mr. Belton looked at his watch, and wondered when the bridegroom was coming. We expected to find him and his party, but everyone said such rough weather and roads were enough to impede the progress of the fastest horses.

The church clock chimed the half-hour. Eleanor looked troubled; her lips twitched, her hands were pressed together in a nervous tremble.

Cousin Willie was very pale. He spoke to Mr. Graham, and left the church: I suppose to see and inquire about the carriage. Several gentlemen also went out. The children whispered and peeped at the door, their little faces alone looking happy. Mrs. Graham spoke low to Eleanor. I went outside, for my face burned. I was a little overdone with my wakeful night, and I didn't care to look at the dear girl's face.

Ten o'clock! No bridegroom, and nobody returned. Mr. Graham then went as far as the village inn. He soon came back, but, in spite of his cheering words about rough roads and dark nights, his face was blank, and sent a chill to my heart.

"Sit down, my child; no doubt they are walking, finding the snow too deep for wheels; come to the vestry."

Eleanor was kneeling in her place at the altar rails. Her father went softly to her and tried to raise her, but she knelt on.

I went down the village and saw a group of men coming slowly on. As they neared me, I distinctly observed the form of a man being borne on a shutter, covered with a blanket.

They stopped within ten yards of the church. Cousin Willie was the first bearer; his hat pressed tightly on his brow. The brothers walked on the other side.

Mr. Belton spoke, and desired they would wait. He passed me and went to the church. Mr. Graham came to him, and I heard these woful, broken words:

"Picked up by the mill, the other side of the bridge; missed his footing and fell some distance. Pony ran home. No hope. Must have lain there for hours."

No word from Mr. Graham—no word from me. Did Eleanor guess? Did she hear the awful tidings? I turned to see her approaching, and I believe a faint cry broke from my lips.

Her father held open his arms. She brushed past. She went to the bier; she uncovered it, and threw herself on the white, cold corpse. A wild cry, a piteous moan, a sob bursting and echoing from the men—from all that loving crowd of friends.

I looked down on his handsome, gracious face. I looked on the dear woman who was stricken by a withering blast. I heard the deep tones of the poor father's voice ordering and directing what was to be done. I saw the children's awe-stricken, wondering faces. But all as in a dream.

Cousin Willie caught up Eleanor and bore her away, covering her face tenderly with her lace handkerchief.

Hurriedly and noiselessly the procession formed. Hardly a word spoken or a sigh breathed, as we followed the remains of that bright, happy, beautiful bridegroom.

That night at twelve o'clock, I stood once again with Eleanor looking down on the frosted snow, looking up to the starry sky.

"Dear friend," she said, in a voice that pierced my heart by its hollow sound of grief, "my hardest agony is passed. Last night when I saw him go forth on his journey, an icy bolt was shot into my heart. Did an angel touch me, and strike the fear of death on me? Did I really hear whispering voices warning me in tender truth that my love was passing away? Oh! you cannot tell what the hours of last night brought to me! Oh! Arthur—Arthur, did you know you kissed me in a life-parting?"

No tear fell on her white, stricken face, no sob convulsed her slender form; only now and then, in a mournful wail, did I hear the same words, over and over again:

"Oh! my love—my own love!"

At her particular desire, the funeral was to be at nine o'clock—the same hour as the wedding. She had begged her mother to let the sisters, her own and his, wear the same white dresses; and on our going out on the snow, she glided past us and took her place alone by the coffin, like a spirit from another world; her bridal-veil over her head, her step firmer, her sweet face set in the expression of heavenly love.

No sound was heard, save the deep, awful words of Christian hope and comfort. No sob broke the stillness, no footfall disturbed. The sun shone down on the open grave, and Eleanor's upturned face caught its light, and years afterwards she told me she took it as an earnest of hope and rest for the love His unerring wisdom had taken from her.

D. F.

ZOE'S TRUST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SIR ROGER'S WARD," "KATRINE," "A WINNING HAZARD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"A LADY to see you, Sir Philip," said the official in charge of the room where the unfortunate baronet was languishing in all the impatience of a suffering and impetuous nature, aggravated by the self-reproach he could not altogether quench, and by the neglect of his only remaining child.

A flash of pleasure illumined the faded features at the announcement.

"It was Theresa at last."

So ran the first impulse of his mind.

But ere he could do more than rise to meet the new-comer with extended arms, the open door admitted a female figure, which, though closely veiled, he knew at a glance was not the tall figure and raven hair of his younger child.

There was a sudden recoil, then the door closed behind the visitor, and in another moment the veil was impatiently thrown aside, and Zoe, pale and tearful, was clinging to his averted arms.

"Father—dear father, I could not remain away from you at such a moment," she faltered. "Will you not look at—will you not pardon your child for flying to be your comfort in your deep sorrow?"

"Say rather to remind me of a still darker curse," he returned, sternly. "Is it because I have been imprudent enough to risk my own safety for ungrateful children that you dare to present yourself before me as if I were too degraded to preserve my honour and self-respect?"

"No—no—no," she pleaded, earnestly. "Father, you wrong me; yet I do not blame your harsh judgment when all was against me. And even now I cannot do more than implore you to believe me—your child—the child of your beloved wife, who never willingly deceived nor disobeyed you. Father, I am innocent of the miserable shame you believe rests on me, but I can give you no proof. I can but assert that I am guiltless. Perhaps the day may come when all may be cleared up. Till then, I must endure and wait; but now, dear, dear father, I would at least fulfil one duty. I would implore you to take all—that is mine from our dear mother's settlement. I will try to induce Theresa to yield up hers, and perhaps that will free you, dear father. It will discharge this dreadful debt; and I can work and never offend you with my presence till you can say to me, from your heart, 'My Zoe, I know that you are innocent.'"

Sir Philip had gazed on the pale, sweet face of the kneeling girl with a half-stern, half-bewildered air.

But as she finished, he clasped his hands over his face, and waved her away in silent impatience.

"Go, go—I cannot bear it!" he exclaimed, as she still lingered near him. "Father, do you, then, hate me so terribly that you cannot even endure my presence for a brief moment?" she said, scornfully. "I will go away if you will; I will never force myself on your presence more; only take the little I have to offer—take all, and be free and happy once more!"

The baronet groaned in speechless anguish.

"Child—child!" he gasped, after a brief pause, "you torture me—you force me to confess my misery—my guilt! Is it in vengeance you are come?" he went on, passionately.

"No—no! Heaven is my witness—no!" she said, sadly. "What can put such hard thoughts in your head of your poor child, that you could believe her to be so wicked—so cruel?"

"Then you do not know? Have you not heard that it is all gone—all? Did Hubert Courtenay never tell you of my bondage?" he said, looking at her full in the eyes, as if to read her very soul.

"Never!" she said, firmly—"never! All he ever hinted to me was that he had some power which might injure you should he exercise it—that was all—all! No more—no more!" she repeated, firmly.

"And if I told you yet more—if I bade you save me by that sacrifice which he demanded, what then?" asked the baronet, eagerly.

Zoe bent her head so low that her father did not even see her face in his sharp gaze.

"I could not," she murmured.

"Yet you profess love for me—you tell me of devotion and penitence," he said, bitterly. "It is but idle talk, after all. Go: you are like the rest."

Zoe's hands tightly covered her face.

It was a sharp trial, when she was conscious alike of Courtenay's love and power, and her father's urgent need.

And still she had that sense of truth and honour that made her shrink, as from a precipice, at the required pledge.

"Father, what can I say? You know all—you see the shadow over my fame—you know the beggary which is my only dowry; and my heart is not mine to give. Dare I—can I, as your daughter, as a woman, as one of a pure and honourable race, give such a promise? I can suffer—work—starve—die! but not incur perjury and disgrace."

"That is, you will do anything that is of no avail, and find excellent reasons for refusing the only service you can render," said Sir Philip, fretfully. "Of course, I cannot force you, except by laying on you a parent's commands; it is not for me to drag you to the altar, even with so generous and eligible a husband. Only, don't let me have any more prating about your self-sacrifice. I have no belief in such lip-falsehoods."

And he started up with such sudden impetus, that Zoe actually fell to the ground at the abrupt deprivation of her clinging hold.

"Come, come, this is rather too strong a measure, Sir Philip," said a well-known voice behind the engrossed pair.

And Sir Philip sprang from the angry abstraction of his thoughts to meet Hubert Courtenay as he advanced into the room.

"There, do not fancy I am playing eaves-dropper on your privacy," he said. "Listen, Zoe, for, since your father is a witness, you can scarcely doubt the truth of my statements," he continued, firmly. "Do you really imagine it possible that any man shall throw away thousands on thousands for mere charitable pity without return? And such is the state of matters now. The advance I have made to Sir Philip far more than covers the settlement he gave over to me as security, and which is somewhat doubtful in its availability, as I am advised. You cannot actually expect me to sit down with a heavy loss, to shield your father's name from the dishonour it merits, and calmly satisfy myself with the approval of my conscience? I can do far better things with my wealth than assist imprudent and, I may say, most fraudulent bankrupts."

Zoe shrank under the severe taunt, which her candour told her was but too well deserved.

And Sir Philip literally groaned under the barbed arrow, that thus pierced his very heart.

What could Zoe do? What could she look or say, when such a tremendous and taunting risk lay before her?

Nothing. She shivered down in her chair, and did not speak in reply to the questioning words—the yet more pleading looks.

"Sir Philip, will you leave us for a brief moment?" said Hubert, after a pause. "The stake is too important for niceties, and I have a word to add to your daughter that I can say better in your absence."

A request from his lips was, indeed, but tantamount to a command, and the baronet mechanically rose to obey.

"Zoe," said Courtenay, when they were alone, "I would fain spare your delicacy. I reverence your noble generosity, your woman's devotion, too highly for any needless insult. But I know too much not to chafe under the feeling that you are giving up your whole life to a worthless scoundrel and a selfish woman. Am I—is your father to suffer because you have not courage to conquer the weakness? Every object you can desire will be gained by the marriage I offer—your own fame, your father's happiness; your sister's—what shall I say?—safety, perhaps honour, can be secured. Why do you hesitate? I place myself and all I have in your hands. Zoe, can you refuse?"

The girl quivered—hesitated—shrank, as it were, under the stirring appeal.

The big tears fell down her cheeks in silent sorrow while the struggle lasted.

"Mr. Courtenay," she said, abruptly, "can you realise what you are asking? A loveless, joyless marriage with a broken-spirited victim! Yes, it sounds harsh, but so it is; for nothing but necessity could win my consent."

"Yes," he said, calmly, "I fear nothing. The object of your love is totally unworthy of you. I shall win your heart in time. If you will be

my wife, I can trust you to the very uttermost. Now will you be mine?"

Zoe's whole heart stood still, and her limbs had a strange weight on them as she replied:

"On the conditions you offer, I will."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AGAIN at the Hill House; yet under what different auspices and feelings!

Zoe Marchmont felt as if in a dream, and walked, and spoke, and acted like an automaton, so far as her ideas and impulses were concerned. Yet Hubert Courtenay did all that man could to redeem his pledges and shield her feelings. The babe was placed under Rose's care (who was now fully restored to health) in the cottage that had been Mrs. Clifton's. His promise was also given that the unfortunate former owner of the dwelling should be sought for in the distant asylum where she had been transported by Sir Philip's jealous anger; and Theresa herself could not complain of the respectful regard displayed to her by the man who had once crushed her to the dust by his half cynical, half reproachful innuendoes and threats.

Madame Fanchon, perhaps, read more clearly than the rest; but, if she had ought to complain of, it had but the effect of rendering her more silent, more industrious, and, it might be, more weary than before; and Sir Philip, if a trifle less hard and jovial, was at the very summit of relief now that the heavy burden was lifted from him, and, as Zoe's sick heart whispered, scarcely able to appreciate the fearful cost at which it had been purchased.

"Zoe dearest, I want you to accompany us to Shrewsbury to look at some trifles I have been selecting for my fair bride," said Hubert, one morning, some fortnight or more after the re-establishment of the "old" family at Hill House. "Sir Philip and Theresa will, of course, play propriety," he added, smiling; "but I am very anxious you should give me your opinion ere completing my purchase."

"You are very kind. I am sure I shall be pleased, whatever the choice may be," said the girl, trying to smile without a betraying sadness. "However, I will certainly go, if you wish. At what time is the carriage ordered?"

"Oh! I am not quite such a tyrant as to venture so far as to name the hour. Name your own time, and you will find us at your command."

And Zoe, who had no taste for appearing an interesting victim when once her course was taken, cheerfully arranged the time, though her heart sickened at every step which served to rivet her chains.

The luncheon passed, the carriage came to the door, and the little party set off—all but Madame Fanchon, who, though invited as a matter of courtesy to join the expedition, as usual excused herself, and remained in her habitual corner in the morning-room, with the everlasting worsted-work in her hand. But only in her hand; not engrossing her attention and thoughts. For the instant the noise of carriage-wheels died away, it dropped on her lap, and she hastily rose, and, walking to the French window, stepped out into the grounds.

"If he would but come!" she murmured. "He said it was to be to-day; and I, who pull the puppet-strings, have managed to get the course clear. If he would but come! Hark! Surely that is a step."

She was right. The slight crackling of leaves and rustling of boughs betokened an arrival; and in a minute or so Algernon Sydney was at her side.

"So you are alone, and free. You have managed well so far," he said, raising her still white hand to his lips.

"Alone! Yes. But, Algernon, when shall I be free? When will the task be complete?" she said, mournfully. "Have you come to tell me that she is gone?"

"Humph! You mean my mother," he said, with a sarcastic smile. "No; it will be some time before I can take such strong measures as that. You must be content with a secret triumph, I am afraid; because, you see, there is this advantage, that it would spoil all, were it to come to light—fade away like the colours of a vision, my good madam," he added, with a remarkable hesitation on the word.

"Surely you may venture to say it when we are alone," she observed, half resentfully.

"Rather not. The birds might carry the matter," he said, with a laugh. "And, to say the truth, I am not quite so easy as you appear to be in the business. Look here, what came to me in a mysterious envelope this morning, with no address but London, and in the writing, I rather suspect, of an old chum—Louis Vermont.

It is a deucedly irritating way of warning a fellow, in any case."

The Frenchwoman took the paper. It bore only the words:—

"Take care. Danger is at hand. *Verbum sap.—Your FRIEND.*"

Madame Fanchon read it several times with the usual immobile expression in her face.

"It is a trick," she said—"a matter of revenge. It has the air of that, to my thinking—not a genuine warning."

The young man shook his head.

"Not so, I fear," he said, uneasily. "Not that I am going to make myself a martyr on the strength of it; only it needs caution, and a sufficient guarding of the approaches. You understand? I think I have taken tolerable precautions so far."

"To whom do you suppose it refers?" she asked, again. "To Mrs. Clifton, or to—"

"Hush! Better not mention names, madame. I guess pretty well whom you mean. Yet it is impossible. I had authentic news, and trustworthy agents at work. I don't believe that person is in life."

Madame shuddered slightly.

"You should have insured it," she said, "just as you should have prevented Courtenay marrying that girl, whom I intended for you; yes, as a completion of the revenge."

"Simply it was impossible, good madame," he returned. "She was doubly indignant against me as her faithless lover, and, as she termed it, her sister's betrayer. And, as to the other business; well, though dead men tell no tales, yet there is an ugly penalty for murder that does not apply to other more gentlemanly crimes. However, to the point. What can be done? You have been here long enough to form some plan, and have some influence."

A strange smile crossed her features after a few moments' pause.

"It can only be done in one way—by relating the truth, Algernon," she said.

"The truth? Are you delirious, or weakly in despair?" he returned, scornfully.

"Neither," she said, calmly; "I have gone through too many years of suffering and danger to quail now under the final strokes—the last crisis of the drama. But have you lost your usual acuteness?—can you not divine my meaning, that the parts in the play which is described may be assigned to the wrong persons, and the characters changed, while the plot remains the same? Now do you understand?"

He actually laughed aloud—a low, chuckling laugh, which had no gaiety in it.

"Excellent," he said. "Yes, if the emergency arose, that might be attempted; and, thanks to your agency, I am tolerably coached up in the minutiae of the past. Still, it is a fearful game to play, and there is but one card more in case of the worst."

"And that?" she asked.

"The power that my own precipitate folly has given me in one respect," he replied. "I can punish them by exposure and disgrace, if they do not come to terms; and now, having thus arranged for the worst, I had better leave you before they return."

"Scarcely; you may have been observed, and then suspicion may be roused; and besides, the more frequently you come here, the stronger hold you obtain on their good faith," she answered.

"Only that it galls me to see her—yes, to watch the air of authority he usurps over her. I tell you, if ever I did care for a woman in my life, it was for Zoe Marchmont."

"And for no other?" said madame, significantly. "Can you swear that—can you tell me you never had another passion but this hopeless one?"

A deep scarlet flamed in his cheek.

"Hang it all! you seem bent on making a fellow uncomfortable," he said, sharply. "I was a fool then, I daresay, but it is over and forgotten."

"Our follies sometimes come back to lash us when we believe them buried," said madame, significantly. "Pray that it may not be so with you, Algernon!"

"Oh! I wish I had nothing more to fear than that. The girl disappeared after about a week, and never turned up more, though unless she drowned herself, or rushed into a convent, I cannot imagine how she could have escaped. But she'd have blazed up like a comet long ago, had she meant to raise a conflagration. However, you're in a confoundingly black mood to-day, and if I'm to stay here for them, either you or I must take ourselves off till they come back."

A look of yearning reproach—a melting ten-

derness seldom seen on those impassive features—came over Madame Fanchon's face.

Then, as by a sudden impulse, she cast herself on the young man's neck, and kissed him passionately.

"Are you mad?" he said, extricating himself impatiently. "Don't be a child—a fool, for Heaven's sake!"

She raised herself from his neck, and the old expression had returned, only with a scornful bitterness in the calm lips.

"Mad!" she said; "yes, perhaps I am—perhaps I have been, and am beginning to awake from the delirium. I have restrained every feeling, kept iron rule over lips, and eyes, and actions, and lived as an automaton for long years; and you, for whom, and for revenge, I have borne all this, are turning on me with cold and ungrateful reproach. *Algernon Sydney*"—she laid an emphasis on the words—"beware! lest by your overweening selfishness and pride, you do not lose your only friend. I will crush you even now, if you drive me too far."

He bent down and touched her lips with his. "There's a kiss of peace," he said. "Don't be unreasonable; I am well-nigh frantic since this confounded note came, and you are galling the fretted wounds."

She smiled assent, but there was a cold chill in her heart that belied the lips.

[To be continued.]

"Zoe's Trust" commenced in No. 157 and Part CXXXVI.

PARENTS AND PALETOTS.

"My dear Charlie, you surely do not mean that you have lost another overcoat!" exclaimed Mrs. Vavasour—one of the youngest, and best-looking, and best-tempered of widows—addressing her only son, as the "buttons" brought a parcel from the tailor into the breakfast-room.

It must be added, *par parenthèse*, that there was an ample jointure, and plenty of disregarded admirers, and a devoted and fascinating son, to contribute to the lady's equanimity of temper; and though she was even now scarcely past wooing as to age or good looks, she had never dreamed of giving her lamented husband a successor during her twelve years of widowhood.

But to return to the subject of the plump-looking parcel, which could scarcely be confined to decent proportions by the string.

Charlie released the trammels, and exhibited a most bewitching paletot, utterly irreproachable in colour, make, and material.

Charlie laughed comically.

"Well, mother darling, I am not extravagant enough to have a fourth in one year, except as a matter of necessity; and January is too early to dispense with one, you know."

"But how in the world do you manage so badly?" asked the half-laughing, half-reproving mother. "It's downright waste, Charlie boy; and though I would not appear at all—"

"Stingy or unmindful of the precept we heard at church yesterday," laughed Charlie. "I am yet aware you must be rather scandalised, *madre mia*. As to managing badly, I do not manage at all, I suppose; but it's other folks who manage *well*, and get hold of my exquisitely-fitting great-coats. I say, mother, is it not dreadfully mortifying to think how many figures there must be like my elegant form?"

"But how do you account for your many losses, my son?" asked the mother, pushing towards Charlie a cup of fragrant Mocha.

"Simply because there are men who have the gift of imagining that what is convenient to possess is really their own; and others who get their sight somewhat obscured when they leave a party, and take brown for gray, or black for brown."

"And as you do not belong to either of these classes, you are the loser and never the gainer in this system of fashionable barter. Therefore, you are minus three great-coats in a year, and your tailor and some three other individuals gainers to the amount of at least twenty or thirty pounds. Is not that it, my boy?"

Charlie bowed assent.

"Then, suppose I come to the rescue, and suggest the sewing your name in the collar of this fashionable surtout?" suggested Mrs. Vavasour.

"Impossible, mother! Fancy every green-grocer's man engaged for the night, or club waiter, or theatre hanger-on, pointing to me, with a sagacious nod. 'Yes, that's Mr. Vavasour, of Berkeley Street—a stingy cad, I'll be bound!'"

"Then put a card in the pocket. Any decently honest individual must recognise that," was the next proposition.

And as Charlie made no objection, though he did not precisely assent, Mrs. Vavasour at once acted on the idea, and placed a card, legibly engraved with the name and address of the owner, into the pocket of the new great-coat.

It was, perhaps, a week or more before the success of her plan was fairly tested.

On the tenth day after the clever "dodge" of the mother, Charlie went to a large and fashionable ball at Willis's Rooms. Of course, he met several acquaintances, and danced till the small hours of the morning, when, after placing his last partner in her carriage, he sought the cloak-room, received his great-coat in triumph, and, as he neither sported cabriolet, nor happened to discover Hansom cab, walked home, in all the good-humoured excitement of a pleasant evening.

But just as he arrived at his own door, and was feeling for his key, inwardly smiling at the sharp contact of his mother's card with his fingers, he perceived, with some astonishment, the shadow of a brougham, which was evidently drawn up at his mother's door.

Visions of sudden illness and doctors' equipages flitted before his eyes, and he sprang forward with a bound.

But though a somewhat elderly man did greet him as he approached, he was in irreproachable evening-dress, and the gas lamps revealed a female face in a distracting hood of pink and white, that just defined a soft and youthful face of irreproachable oval, reclining in the corner of the carriage.

The individual, on the shady side of fifty, and with a grave-looking face, accosted our hero.

"Sir, you have my great-coat."

"Excuse me, sir; it must be some mistake. I have my card in the pocket of mine to prove it," returned poor Charlie.

"Sir, I have one, too, and, what is more, the door-key of the house where my daughter and I are lodging. They are early folks, you see, and don't care to be kept up; and I have brought my Sophie up to see London, and didn't want to balk her fancy. Come, sir, don't keep us all night. I want to get to my bed. Just change, and all will be right."

Charlie was too bewildered to reply; but, quickly divesting himself of the paletot, he received the one held out impatiently by the old gentleman; and, as his own sense had predicted, he found that the card in the pocket was certainly his own name and address, and the coat was the identical fashionable garment recently made his own.

"I—I am very sorry, sir," he stammered.

"Nay, it's my fault, as I came away first," rejoined the elder gentleman. "But where's the key?"

"I've not touched it. I only found the card, which I presumed was one placed there by my mother's prudent care," said Charlie, perplexed beyond belief.

The elder gentleman examined a card, which he drew from the pocket of the exchanged garment.

"Oh! not mine, though yours is yours," he exclaimed, in rather Irish fashion. "It's the card of a Mr. J. Brown, and what on earth are we to do? We've hammered away till we were ashamed already."

"Better remain here. My mother will be happy to receive the young lady. I will soon rouse her," said Charlie, catching a glimpse of a laughing pair of eyes and the sound of a suppressed silvery laugh.

"What do you say, Sophie?" asked the papa.

"Oh, no! It would be shocking to disturb a stranger," said a sweet voice. "Shall we try again, papa? or is there any address on Mr. Brown's card?"

"I believe I do know a Mr. J. Brown, not a mile off, and he's a great man for balls and theatres," suggested the coachman.

"Permit me to accompany you. I may be of use, as I know London thoroughly," observed Charlie, springing into the carriage.

And in the next ten minutes, he found out that Sophie was the loveliest and merriest girl in the world, that she had been at Mrs. Parke's ball, and that her father's name was Fairfax.

The carriage drew up. There was a promising light in the windows. Mr. Brown was evidently up.

But his temper rose as readily.

"Be off, or I'll call the police!" he exclaimed.

"I've not been to any ball, nor worn any overcoat, and my name is not J., but Marous Brown, and be hanged to you as knaves and fools!"

He slammed the window with an expletive even more forcible.

Mr. Fairfax was divided between rage and despair.

Sophie's imperturbable good-humour and gaiety bore her through, in spite of fatigues and fancies.

"Never mind, papa. It is a good joke. We shall not soon forget it. Let us go back to the lodgings."

But the Jehu demurred.

His horse was done for. It was nearly five. He could not remain out.

"Then there is no alternative: you must return with me. I pledge myself for a hearty welcome," pleaded Charlie.

And, with infinite reluctance and apologies, they yielded to the friendly importunity.

In fifteen minutes more, they were again at his door; in another quarter of an hour, Mrs. Vavasour was in the breakfast-room, kindly welcoming and sympathising with her unexpected guests; and ere six o'clock sounded, they were all comfortably snoring in their respective beds.

Mr. Fairfax disappeared before the ladies descended, to seek his lodgings, and dispatch a more appropriate breakfast-dress for his daughter than her ball-costume, and a message that he would fetch her about mid-day.

But before luncheon, Sophie had conditionally accepted the offer of concert tickets and Mrs. Vavasour's chaperonage for the evening, and her father arrived in time to compare notes and discover some half-dozen mutual relationships and acquaintances in days of yore.

"Mother, is she not charming? I wish you could prevail on them to remain here instead of going back to their lodgings," observed Charlie, invading his mother's dressing-room before dinner.

"Only that you might be ruined in overcoats while showing her the lions," was the demure answer.

"Not a bit, mother, if I keep her wraps well attached to mine. Depend upon it, the safeguard would be perfect. No one could imagine the dainty little mantle could belong to anyone but herself. I never saw one like it—no, not even on your graceful shoulders, *bella madre*."

Mrs. Vavasour shook her head laughingly.

"Don't practise your lover flatteries on me, you gay deceiver. However, since Mr. Fairfax is the cousin of my dearest old friend, who was, moreover, my principal bridesmaid, I think I may be warranted in the rash measure you propose; and as you are so much engaged during the next fortnight, they will be agreeable companions for me."

But Charlie's mountain of invitation-cards melted like snow before the sun; and he was most remarkably afraid of cold winds and storms for the succeeding fortnight, unless Sophie's bright eyes and joyous laugh fortified him against the blast.

At last, Mr. Fairfax declared he must return home to fulfil an urgent engagement at quarter sessions, or School Board, or some such county gentleman's pressure of business.

Sophie could not be spared from the opening of the oratorios, and the subsequent Easter extravagancies, Mrs. Vavasour and Charlie declared, and the doting father yielded to his child's pleading though silent look of entreaty.

But when he returned at Easter to fetch her, a fresh demand was made on his generosity and forbearance.

"Mr. Fairfax, will you give me your daughter? Can you part with the priceless treasure?" urged Charlie, in tones broken with emotion.

"Humph! I don't know. I must speak with your mother. I'm not going to be robbed of my life's happiness just to please a harum-scarum boy who cannot even take care of an overcoat," he replied, gruffly.

And he and Mrs. Vavasour were closeted for an hour or more; and when the young pair were called in, they were fairly perplexed at the flush on the lady's cheeks, and the jubilant expression on the gentleman's still fine features.

"There, children, don't fancy we elder folks are to be robbed at pleasure of you reckless young lovers, and left to cry our eyes out at our leisure. Charlie, your mother has consented to take Sophie's place as my housekeeper, under a dearer title even than daughter; and as we think you young folks are not steady enough to be trusted alone, I mean to place you in the Dower House, as it is christened, where the married sons of our family, or widows of the possessor of the little domain, have always lived, and which will be within reach of eyes and ears—"

"The truth is," he added, in a broken voice, "we are a couple of doting simpletons, and I can't spare my girl and she can't her boy out of reasonable distance; but you sha'n't be meddled with, children, more than we can help; and, harkye, Charlie, I'll make a special clause in the settlements for half a dozen paletots a year."

But Sophie laughed, and declared she'd take care of Charlie and his great-coats also.

The Camp Quick March.

COMPOSED FOR THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL BY JOHN CASTLE.

The first system of the score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a dynamic marking of *ff* and a fermata over the first measure. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment of chords.

The second system continues the piece. The upper staff features a first ending marked "1st time." and a second ending marked "2nd time." with a repeat sign. The lower staff includes a "Fine." marking. The music concludes with a double bar line.

The third system continues the melody in the upper staff and accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature remains one sharp and the time signature common.

The fourth system continues the piece. The upper staff ends with a fermata and a dynamic marking of *ff*. The lower staff concludes with a double bar line. The initials "D.C." are written at the end of the system.

The fifth system is labeled "TRIO." and begins with a dynamic marking of *ff*. The upper staff features a more active melody with eighth notes, while the lower staff provides a steady accompaniment of chords.

The sixth system continues the Trio section. The upper staff has a melodic line with some grace notes, and the lower staff continues with the accompaniment.

The seventh system concludes the piece. The upper staff has a first ending marked "1st time." and a second ending marked "2nd time." with a repeat sign. The lower staff ends with a double bar line. The initials "D.C." are written at the end of the system.

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THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE



"POOR THING! I DOUBT ME SHE'S GONE," SAID A FAT OLD WOMAN WITH A BAG.

HIS WORD OF HONOUR

CHAPTER XX.

THE next day Leontine and her little trunk were once more admitted into the entrance-hall of Olympia Lodge.

How cold the flags struck to her feet! how unfriendly the house looked!

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A new maid, tall and ruddy, supplied the place of Susan.

Leontine was ushered into her small bare attic, and left to unpack and make her little arrangements. She sat upon her trunk, buried her face in her hands, and thought deeply. A certain something, a chill, an instinct, a presentiment, seemed to warn her of coming trial; she knew not how or why, but the walls of Olympia Lodge struck her as colder, harder, more dreary

than of yore. In all the toil, amid all the drudgery of the past term, she had hoped; she had seldom desponded; she had not allowed petty annoyances to assume the command of her spirits, crush them into melancholy, and herself into testiness or ill-temper. No; she had been erect and cheerful under rebuffs, energetic and patient, sweet-tempered and uncomplaining. Now she felt as if it would be impossible to do her duty cheerfully in this genteel college for young

ladies, as if spies and enemies watched her at every corner, as if scorn and contumely were to be her portion henceforth. She began to struggle, as she always did struggle with morbid feelings; she told herself that her nerves were upset, or she would never feel so stupid.

During the vacation she had sat up late, seen more of the world, gone through strange excitement; and now the reaction, the return to cold, dull Olympia Lodge had chilled and damped her, had made a simpleton of her, so she told herself. She rose and bathed her eyes in the icy water, and then went down into the school-room.

Very few young ladies had arrived. Miss Jennings was there, looking rather cold and frosty, and hearing the second class read from Macaulay's history.

Leontine sat down and began to darn stockings; some of the little ones had returned, and had brought with them a number of those useful articles unneeded. The work was desultory all that day. In the evening, just as the tea-things were laid on the long table and Miss Jennings began to officiate, arrived Miss Fanny Scrubbs.

Leontine could not avoid a certain shudder when the plump, handsome, richly-dressed heiress appeared.

"She is, after all, dearer to him than I am," thought Leontine.

Meanwhile that "divine she" came and sat at the tea-table, after flinging her hat and jacket into a corner.

"Thick bread and scant butter, as usual," said she, making a grimace. "Miss Jennings, I've heaps of tea-cakes in my bag, and a crock of country butter among my luggage; may the cook prepare us something that we can eat?"

There was a joyful acquiescence; soon the nine or ten pupils and Miss Jennings were eating the hot buttered tea-cake of the spoiled pupil.

Miss Scrubbs looked at Leontine.

"Oh! you. Are you afraid of hot butter? Spoils the complexion, doesn't it?" she added, with a sneer. "And French complexions are fallow."

"Mademoiselle's is not," said a pert little girl of ten; "it's prettier than yours. You're like a wax doll; she's like a marble statue."

There could not have been a more truthful comparative criticism of the charms of those rival beauties.

Fanny Scrubbs boxed the child's ears violently, and then followed crying and commotion, Miss Jennings remonstrating gently, as she always did with the spoiled heiress; it ended with the arrival of Miss Hoocher, and the dismissal of the pert pupil to bed at an earlier hour than usual.

After tea they all sat round the fire and chattered. Fanny Scrubbs had the most to tell, and was listened to with the greater attention; there she sat in her velvet dress, with her gold chain and earrings, her plump white throat surrounded by a becoming ruff, her pink cheeks aglow, her blue eyes shining; she had been to all the theatres, to seven balls, to twelve dinners, she had danced with every officer in one regiment, she had had three direct offers of marriage, she would leave school in March because she was going to Rome with her parents; all this while not one word of Harry Mervyn; only, when her eyes met those of Leontine, she raised her eyebrows in contempt, and gave her a defiant look, as much as to say, "Tell about him if you dare!"

At the usual hour they all retired.

During the days that followed, things fell into the usual routine. Leontine gave her music-lessons, her French lessons, and darned the stockings.

When Monsieur Silvas appeared, he did not take much notice of Leontine. This gentleman's conduct puzzled her. She remembered his declaration, which amounted almost to one of love for herself—his declaration which the entrance of his mother had interrupted. Since then, neither by word nor by look had his manner expressed to her anything beyond common politeness and friendly kindness. At Olympia, he was cold to her before Miss Hoocher; and then Leontine discovered, to her confusion, that that lady was not aware of the time she had passed at Achille Cottage. Leontine would have told her the truth at once; and bitterly did the poor child regret in the time that followed that she had not done this honestly; but Miss Hoocher had said, sharply, while Leontine was sorting some music in the music-room, one evening:

"Monsieur Silvas was sorry not to have seen you all the holidays. He says he believes the Sells will go abroad again immediately. Did you enjoy your visit there?"

"Very much, madame."

Leontine's face was turned from Miss Hoocher, so that the lady could not see her deep, rosy blushes.

"He says," repeated Miss Hoocher, "that he never once happened to meet you during the holidays."

"Truth—truth, Leontine! Out with the facts, and brave the consequences!" Thus spoke the girl's better angel. But, alas! another subtler spirit whispered to her heart: "What! will you give the lie direct to your kind host—your thoughtful, brotherly friend? For some reason, he wishes your visit concealed. Respect his secret."

So she was silent.

Tossey Sells, the most communicative of *enfants terribles*, was laid up at home with the measles, and it seemed that her parents purposed taking her abroad with them; therefore, the only person who could tell Miss Hoocher that the French master and the young music-mistress had met during the holidays, was Miss Scrubbs.

That very night Fanny said to Leontine as she was taking away the lamp from the sleeping-room:

"I know how you were flirting about during the holidays, Mademoiselle Propriety's-sake"—this was the sneering epithet Fanny had bestowed on Leontine—"but mind, if you tell of me, I tell of you. I have warned monsieur also. He does not wish the Major to imagine that he takes younger people to picture-galleries. However, mind what you are about. Those two will marry some day. She has leasehold property, and money in the bank. Good-night."

And the rude heiress covered her face with the clothes.

Leontine went down stairs in much perplexity. All this concealment was horrible. She resolved to speak to Monsieur Silvas, and ask him to tell the truth to Miss Hoocher.

The next morning a pupil called Matthews, a little girl of about twelve, was seized with a violent toothache. All the usual remedies failed, and towards afternoon the child grew so ill, that Miss Jennings laid the case before the lady-principal.

A council was called, consultation held, and it was resolved to send Bertha Matthews to Upper Brooke Street to her own father, who was a skilled and noted dentist.

Who was to take charge of her? Miss Jennings could not be spared—Fraulein had a cold in the head; finally Leontine Corville, as being the favourite among the "little ones," the teacher who had the most influence over them, the most docile, quick, and reliable of the pupil-teachers, was told to dress hastily and accompany little Matthews to Upper Brook Street.

CHAPTER XXI.

CAN HE BE TRUE?

LEONTINE sat opposite to her little charge in the cab. Poor Bertha, wrapped in shawls and scarves, a hood on her head, kept up a continual moaning. Nothing that Leontine could say comforted her.

"Oh! I hope papa won't take it out—I hope papa won't take it out!" the child repeated. "Oh, dear me! what shall I do, mademoiselle—what shall I do?"

So on all through Hammersmith and Kensington, and right on to Bond Street, it was the same.

Leontine, happening to look out of the window in this same busy and crowded Bond Street, saw, with a start of mingled anger and joy, Harry Mervyn, walking along as fashionable young Londoners walk in the season, carelessly glancing hither and thither.

All at once he saw Leontine, and his face changed; he flushed, then paled, smiled, waved his hand, hastened to come up to the cab-window.

The man was driving slowly because of the crowd.

Harry Mervyn called to him to draw up, and then, looking into the cab, he said:

"How I have thought of you!" and he tried to take the hand of Leontine.

She avoided this.

"Mr. Mervyn, do not interrupt us. I am taking this little pupil to her father. She is in pain; she is to have a tooth extracted."

"I am sorry; but when it is over, may I not meet you somewhere? I have so much to say. I would have written, but—"

"Oh! Mr. Mervyn, it is time this farce was ended. I have never, sir, given you any cause to think that the attentions you pay me now and then, when it suits you, are essential to my happiness, or even to my amusement."

She was flushed—she was haughty; the short upper-lip even curled a little in expressing a contempt too great for words.

He looked at her in amaze.

"Miss Corville, I have been unfortunate in displeasing you; and yet I was so open—so honest. I told you all my heart. I did not think you would resent it; and now I have a hope—a chance of getting away from those hateful bonds."

He struck his glove against the door of the cab.

"Well, then, you can prosecute your suit with the third young lady, your supreme favourite. Oh! Mr. Mervyn, don't attempt to deceive me. I know all about it; and now it is imperative that we get on."

He looked at her in amaze.

"Third young lady?" said he.

"Of course; you know to whom I allude?"

"Who—who—who, in Heaven's name? Leontine, tell me! I am wretched. I did not think you were so much of a coquette."

"Mr. Mervyn, I will not answer that most absurd question who. The last time I saw you, you behaved in a manner that I cannot forgive."

"Oh, indeed!" he replied, in a tone of pique. "When I only spoke the truth, and did all for the best. Well, women are a study."

He stepped back, looking pale with suppressed anger, raised his hat, signed to the driver to proceed, and Leontine lost sight of him in the crowd.

Mr. Matthews, surgeon-dentist, was glad to see his little daughter.

Leontine held her hand while the terrible tooth was extracted. After that the pupil and teacher went into a snug parlour, where Bertha was welcomed by her mother, a lady-like, kindly personage.

Here they had tea, and Bertha was comforted with cakes to carry back to school.

It was quite dusk before another cab was called, and teacher and pupil were started again in it for Hammersmith.

The lamps were lighted as they dashed up Piccadilly.

For some reason, perhaps to get beer, the cabman stopped and went into an inn. When he came out again he saw his horse, which had taken fright, tearing down the street at a mad pace.

The cab came to grief against a lamp-post; the two ladies were thrown out, the wheel was off the cab, the shaft broken.

A crowd gathered round the young lady and the little girl. As for Bertha, by some chance she was not hurt at all; she stood under the lamp-post crying at the pitch of her voice; but Leontine lay senseless on the pavement; her head had struck against the lamp-post; a stream of blood trickled down the side of her beautiful, white, still face.

As she lay in her mourning garments on the kerbstone, with all that rough crowd surging around her, the peace and purity of her physique by contrast was emphatically marked.

"Poor thing! I doubt me she's gone," said a fat old woman with a bag in her hands. "I think she's out of all earthly troubles."

The next moment the crowd parted as by instinct, to make room for a young man of the upper classes, a distinguished, handsome youth, who dashed up to Leontine, put his arm round her, put his ear to her chest, and listened for her breathing.

He uttered a low, piteous cry, then raised her up on one arm, and said to a policeman:

"Call a cab."

A cab was called, into it Leontine was lifted, and little Bertha followed; the young gentleman then got in, and told the cabman to drive to Sir Miles Braithwaite's mansion, in St. James's Square, and Harry Mervyn sat with his arm round Leontine Corville, with her head pillowed on his shoulder.

All the while little Bertha kept crying:

"Oh! dear, is she dead—is my darling mademoiselle dead?"

"Heaven grant not!"

The words were a prayer.

When St. James's Square was reached, and the mansion of Sir Miles, the light from the magnificent hall-lamp fell upon the face of Harry, and showed it white as Leontine's. He himself carried her into a large room, where burnt a large fire. He laid her on a couch, drew it close to the fire, called for cold water, sent a servant for a doctor.

It seemed an age before one came; then Sir Bedford Hull arrived, administered remedies, looked grave, examined the wound in the head, prescribed quiet, the patient on no account to be moved that night. He bound up the head. Presently Leontine opened her eyes. With a wild, startled gaze they met those of Mervyn. She frowned, closed her eyes, opened them, then tried to speak.

"I saw you with her—you know with whom,"

she went on. "It is useless to tell me not. Do not ask me to believe anything you say; I never could."

"Stand away, Mr. Mervyn," said Sir Bedford, sternly; "your presence seems to excite her."

"She is—a friend of mine," poor Harry gasped, looking piteously at the Doctor. "I was visiting Captain and Mrs. Sells at Dulwich. She was there, and this evening she was taking this little girl to her father, a dentist in Upper Brooke Street."

"This little girl's father, or her father?" asked the Doctor, sternly.

"This little girl's father: Mr. Matthews, in Brooke Street."

"Oh! are you Mr. Matthews' little girl?" asked Sir Bedford.

"Yes, and that's Mademoiselle Corville, our music-teacher at Miss Hoocher's."

"Dear me! it's awkward," said Sir Bedford.

"This young Frenchwoman has no friends here, I suppose, except her employer at Hammer-smith?"

All poor Harry's impetuosity rushed back upon him.

"Good heavens! Doctor Hull, you look at me with as much suspicion as a policeman feels for an old offender. What have I done—what can I do? I brought Miss Corville here; I was passing at the time the accident happened."

"No doubt, Mr. Mervyn, your conduct this evening has been all that courage and kindness could demand of a gentleman."

"Thank you, Sir Bedford; and now what is to be done? Sir Miles is not at home. The proprieties are sacred in their way, but a human life is more sacred still. Miss Corville must not be moved?"

"On no account."

"And who is to attend her?"

"Telegraph to Miss—whatever the lady's name is at the school."

Here Leontine half started up.

"I heard his voice: I am sure I did—Harry Mervyn: he is a flirt, and quite heartless. Still, I like him better than anybody in the world. He is always gentle and—a gentleman."

"This becomes personal," said the Doctor, with a smile, half-grim, half-amused. "I will telegraph for you if you like, Mr. Mervyn."

The Doctor went off, Harry Mervyn sat watching Leontine. Little Bertha fell soundly asleep in an arm-chair, and Leontine herself, after swallowing a cordial which arrived, fell into a deep, tranquil sleep.

At about ten arrived Miss Jennings and a hired nurse. Accommodation was provided for the latter. Miss Jennings, after a polite conversation with Harry, departed, taking with her little Bertha Matthews.

As for Leontine, she slept all night on her sofa. When she awoke, it was to complete consciousness, though with a terrible throbbing in her head. She saw a large, finely fitted up room; indeed, this was the dining-room of the town mansion; she saw a fire, an old woman asleep in an arm-chair, a kettle, a tea equipage, several medicine bottles among the splendid chimney ornaments. She began to think; then she remembered the runaway horse, and with a loud cry she awakened the nurse, and asked after Bertha Matthews.

She was delighted to hear of her safety, then she was told that she had found a refuge in the house of Sir Miles Braithwaite, and that Mr. Mervyn had brought her there; she covered her face with her hands.

Sir Bedford arrived at an early hour; he pronounced Leontine to be much better, and said she might leave for Hammersmith that afternoon.

Soon after he had gone, Harry Mervyn entered and sat by the side of Leontine. His face was agitated; he took her hand.

"Leontine," he said, "darling, dearest, last night showed me my heart. I know now that I would rather live in a garret with you than in a palace without you. I'll never marry Augusta Grandcourt. I shall try and find Sir Miles Braithwaite's grandson; he has one, and let him inherit Braithwaite, give me five thousand pounds and my freedom. Would you be afraid to try life with me, Leontine?"

"I with you? Oh! Mr. Mervyn, if I could trust you."

"My own darling!" He pillowed her head on his shoulder. "Leontine, trust me, will you? I love you more than my life, more than I have words to tell you of; true love does not want many words: will you be my wife?"

She loved him—loved him with the entire and fervent love of a fervent yet pure nature; and memory of Fanny Scrubbs was swept out of her soul; she put her hand in his and said:

"I trust you."

And then came a rat-tat-too on the door, and

enter Miss Jennings and a servant. A cab was called, and the adieux of Mervyn and Leontine were polite, conventional, all that could be desired by the wise. Then Leontine returned to Olympia Lodge.

For some days her work was suspended; she lay in bed, and the local Doctor prescribed. When she came down, it was to sit alone in a quiet little parlour allotted for invalids.

All this while no word or tidings of Mervyn reached her. Yet she had faith in him.

One evening she sat in the little invalid parlour alone; it was dusk, dark rather, and the servant had not brought in lamp or candle. Suddenly somebody rushed into the room through the French window which opened on the garden—somebody who did not perceive her; he—for the intruder belonged to the nobler sex—went and sat on a little sofa, and presently a young lady came in through the door from the passage.

"Harry," said the voice of Fanny Scrubbs, "are you here?"

He sprang up, encircled her with his arm, and kissed her loudly.

"Harry, what is all this about your picking up that foreign girl, and taking her home. Why not have left her at an inn?"

"Oh! it would have been unchivalrous—not like a Mervyn, darling."

"But that little Matthews said you seemed in such a flutter; she was sure you were in love with the foreign creature. Oh! the perfidy of man."

Harry answered with a laugh.

"As much in love as I am with my laundress. I don't care for French girls."

Enter suddenly a servant with a lamp.

"Out with you—out with you!" cried Miss Scrubbs. "Here, leave the light;" she slipped five shillings into the woman's hand.

The woman went, and then for the first time Fanny saw Leontine, sitting pale and trembling, in the arm-chair.

"Good gracious me, I thought you were in bed!" Then she burst into a rude laugh. "Well, it seems fated you are to be a spy upon us. Allow me to introduce you to my future husband, Mr. Harry Mervyn."

Harry bowed, and on his lip was a mocking smile.

CHAPTER XXII.

INDIGNATION held Leontine dumb. Too much hurt to express her feelings, even if pride had not stepped in and commanded her to bear all with an unflinching dignity, and a lip that quivered in spite of the smile she forced upon it, she sat holding her pretty head erect in an attitude of unconscious grace, courteously listening to the verbose impertinence of the insolent heiress.

"Yes, we two are engaged, hand and glove, finger and ring—two hearts intertwined."

"Or, rather, one heart pierced by an arrow," said handsome Mervyn, gallantly bowing to Fanny, and laying his hand upon his own heart.

"Ah! that's all very well. I hope the heart will continue in that submissive and interesting position, pierced with love, penetrated by a sense of my perfections," said Fanny Scrubbs, with a loud laugh. "Meanwhile, Miss Propriety's sake, let me explain how it comes to pass that Harry and I are discovered in our *tête-à-tête* by you. I forgot that ever since your head was bumped against the lamp-post you have been in a chronic state of nerves, and so on, and have lived in here with serious books, and basins of gruel, weak tea, arrowroot puddings; and so I told Harry to be here this evening at five, while the Major and her sweetheart, Silvas, are having early tea in her little parlour, and lo! and behold! here you are, and you hear all; now don't betray us: if you do, I will get you turned out of the house."

And very defiant Miss Scrubbs looked.

Then Leontine spoke, not to Miss Scrubbs, but to Mr. Mervyn.

"Monsieur," she said, with a little cold, painful, yet sweet smile, "I am astonished at all this: I cannot understand it; possibly you have some code of—I won't say 'honour'—but some worldly code which you reconcile with your conduct, and I trust you are happy in that reconciliation."

"What on earth does the foreign creature mean?" thundered Fanny Scrubbs. "I declare, Harry, anybody would fancy you'd been making love to her when she was lying with her head bandaged under care of doctors and nurses in St. James's Square. But why did they allow you in the room? Oh! you rascal."

Now it is a singular fact, but Harry—the recreant, the faithless, the mocker, the apparently devoted by fits and starts now to Miss Scrubbs,

now to Leontine—did not seem in the least confused by the reproaches of the pretty governess or the loud-voiced questioning of Fanny. He turned away, and his shoulders heaved. He was struggling violently with a great fit of laughter.

Leontine rose, and when she spoke her voice was firm.

"At least, while I am on the invalid list, this room is mine, and I may forbid the entrance of intruders. I would scorn to betray, as you call it, this romantic attachment of Mr. Mervyn for Miss Scrubbs, but I may request both to retire."

Harry Mervyn turned round and bowed low to Leontine.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "your order shall be obeyed. I only expected five minutes alone with my dear Fanny—my intended bride. Unfortunately, we have annoyed you with our romantic affairs; doubtless your gifts and your learning render you contemptuous of these sentimental emotions; yet, fair lady, permit me to hint that it is early in the day; love may still invade the cold purity of your hard little heart in that day. Remember how remorseless you have been towards us—unconventional and unorthodox pair of lovers as we are."

"Miss Scrubbs—Miss Scrubbs!" cried the sharp voice of Miss Hoocher in the passage. "I want you for five minutes in my sitting-room."

"A letter from papa," whispered Fanny.

The next moment the energetic and self-possessed heiress acted with consummate tact: first she pointed to the window through which Mervyn made his exit, next she blew out the light, next she rushed into the passage, crying: "Yes, Miss Hoocher, here I am."

Leontine sank into the invalid chair and buried her face in her hands. Again the French window opened, and Harry Mervyn stood beside her in the gathering gloom of the winter twilight.

"A thousand apologies are due to you, mademoiselle," he said, hastily. "I conceive—or am I too vain?—that some light words uttered by me the other day in St. James's Square were rather too seriously interpreted by you. I am devoted heart and soul to Fanny Scrubbs. Do not betray my poor Fan to that cruel ogress—Miss Hoocher. I feel sure of your generosity. You will not even tell Fanny that I talked nonsense to you the other day. You are so pretty; and she, poor darling! is so jealous!"

"Sir—sir! How can you expect generosity, when you act so meanly?"

Harry put his hands to his ears,

"Spare me, fair lady. If you knew all, you would pity me. I have the greatest mind to—to explain. What I know must be the most extraordinary puzzle. At the same time—"

"I want no explanations. I will hear nothing," said Leontine, vehemently. "I wish to have nothing to do with Miss Scrubbs, or her admirers. Leave me, sir, instantly."

The beautiful Leontine rose with the dignity and wrathful pride of an insulted queen, and pointed to the French window.

"I will not listen to one word of your explanations, sir. Leave the room."

Harry Mervyn bowed low, and obeyed.

Outside in the wintry garden, he leaned against the trunk of a tree on the skirts of the little grass plat, and there, hidden by the thick laurel-bushes that surrounded him, gave vent to the heartiest though quietest laughter that ever convulsed a youthful frame with merriment.

"It is the greatest lark," he said, at length, wiping his eyes. "Poor little French girl! How inexpressibly fascinating she is! How wonderfully pretty, with her straight profile, long lashes and soft, passionate gray eyes. Dangerous company for my honourable self—H. Mervyn, Esq., of Lothario-like renown. If only she would have let me explain how happy I could have made her! Well, well, well. All happens for the best—for the very—very best. I pitied her so, poor little sensitive, intelligent, graceful, gifted thing. Meanwhile, my Fanny Scrubbs, true as the stars hath my heart been to *thee*, my love."

He kissed his hand, waving it towards the windows of Olympia Lodge, dimly seen in the half light.

"Yes, Fanny is my fate—Fanny and her money—her money—her money; for H. Mervyn is a mercenary hound, about to tie himself to a gold-bag. Nevertheless, the bride is fair, and flaxen-haired, and loving. Oh! my Fanny, adieu."

Again he kissed his hand, and then hurrying down a side path, leaped the wall which divided the kitchen-garden from the play-ground; then climbing that higher wall at the extremity, he dropped safely into the lane at the other side.

Meanwhile, Leontine sat in the dark little room, shivering, repressing the tears that would rise, telling herself that of all the false, selfish men renowned in story, play, or poem, this same Harry Mervyn, of Braithwaite, was the most selfish, the falsest, the most mocking, the most heartless. How she hated him and loved him all in the same breath! Poor little tossed-about, tormented, transparent soul!

Enter the maid, Ellen, with a light and Leontine's tea.

"Good gracious! miss, you've sat the fire out. You'll be perished with cold. It's freezing hard."

And forthwith, Ellen, who was good-natured, went down on her knees, and began to coax the fire into life again.

Again Leontine thanked her, and sipped her tea, and wondered what good was to come of her life now that it had suddenly grown so gray. She had been loving Mervyn intensely for the last three weeks, ever since he had told her so fervently of his love for her in St. James's Square, asked her to be his wife, sworn to forego wealth and worldly honours for her sake. She had had time during her illness and solitude to brood over the delightful, even rapturous, memory of his tender tones, his deep voice, tremulous with emotion. The clasp of his hand and the light in his eyes had been constantly felt and seen in her dreams. While now, what a blank—what a dreariness! Oh! false—false Mervyn!

"I must rouse myself from this folly," said brave Leontine, at length. "Life was not given to be wasted in futile love-dreams. I must work. I wish the Doctor would allow me to go back to the school-room."

So an hour passed. At the end of that time, the handle of the door turned round, and Fanny Scrubbs rushed into the little room.

"You horrid, foreign creature!" she cried, furiously. "I've been waiting for a chance to get at you, that I might give you a little of my mind. You are the greatest flirt in a sly, cunning way. Haven't I given a hint to old Hoocher of your goings on with Silvas, and isn't she anxious for an excuse to turn you out? You won't get a character here if you ask for it," added Fanny Scrubbs, with a cruel laugh. "You'll be shivering in a garret before long, with all your clothes in pawn, like the girl I read of in a novel the other day."

Fanny's cheeks were swelled and purple; one could fancy specks of foam on her lips. She trembled, nay, shook from head to foot.

"What have I done?" asked Leontine.

"Done? Did you not scold and insult Mr. Harry Mervyn, who is to be my husband soon?—did you not imply that at some time or other he had made love to you, you little wretched, beggarly, half-starved, foreign creature?"

"Did I?" returned Leontine, coldly; then, turning upon Miss Scrubbs: "Miss Scrubbs, leave this room. I distinctly refuse to submit to your vulgar insults—leave the room!"

"Vulgar insults!" The round blue eyes of Fanny opened in amazement. "Do you dare to call me vulgar?"

"More vulgar than anyone I ever met, or read of, or dreamed of; more cruel, more unjust, more tyrannical," said poor Leontine, stung into spirit by the other's insolence.

"Look here," said Fanny, advancing to the table, and laying hold of it—"look here; tell me every word Harry spoke to you in St. James's Square—tell me, and I will not set Miss Hoocher against you."

"I shall never repeat a word uttered by that gentleman, nor mention his name again," said Leontine.

Fanny broke into a harsh laugh.

"That looks very bad; it shows me he said nothing—nothing at all, treated you with contempt, as you ought to be treated, and you, vain idiot, got vexed, and tried to make mischief between us."

Leontine was silent.

"Obstinate mule," said Fanny, stamping her foot, "tell me, this moment, all that passed. Did he—did he kiss you?"

Her voice absolutely faltered.

Fanny was jealous to the core of her heart. She loved Mervyn. He was the only being she had ever really cared for.

"Miss Scrubbs, you insult me!" Leontine rose, her face suffused with blushes. "I believe this Mr. Mervyn must have some chivalry in him. No, he never insulted me."

Fanny looked at her in amazement.

"You idiot!" she said, contemptuously. "But it's no use your pretending and blushing, and all that. I know you are the veriest flirt in Christendom. I told Miss Hoocher so to-night."

Leontine turned wearily away, sat down in the chair, looked at the fire, allowed Fanny Scrubbs to question, accuse, mock, and insult her.

She tried not to hear, or to listen, and this silent contempt irritated the heiress still more. At last, however, Fanny took her departure, and Leontine was left alone.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was February. The season was approaching its height. Augusta Grandcourt was in town. She was to be presented the next day at the drawing-room of the Princess of Wales.

In the stately Grandcourt mansion, which looked into Hyde Park, there was some slight bustle of preparation for the next day's doings. Augusta's train, of inordinate length, was in the hands of her maid, Deborah. The said train was of white corded silk, embroidered in gold. Augusta's diamonds, necklace, bracelet, brooch, and ear-rings lay sparkling in their open blue velvet case upon the toilet.

Augusta lolled back on a couch. It was after dinner. She was going to the opera. Now she was taking coffee in her own room. She wore amber satin and pearls. Augusta's face was heavier, more sallow than it had been some two months since at Braithwaite.

"Deborah!"

"Yes, Miss Augusta."

"Put that thing down. I don't care about going to Court. I wish—I wish, Deborah, I was a barmaid—a pretty barmaid, with black eyes, and white teeth, and pink cheeks."

"Lor, my dear young lady, don't talk so—you that have every blessing and every comfort that heart can desire—that are beloved by all who know you, and that fill an exalted position in society! Don't talk so, my dear young lady!"

"If I don't talk so I feel it the same, and worse; and I always speak my mind more to you than to anybody. So your brother has watched Mr. Mervyn, and he goes frequently over the wall into the grounds of that horrid school, Olympia Lodge, to see that girl Scrubbs, and you mean to tell me that she is a cotton-spinner's daughter, and rich—not a governess, or anything of that kind?"

"Ever so rich," said Deborah, decisively. "My brother meets the servant-girls, and gets all the news out of them; and this girl expects to marry him at once, and wears an engaged-ring."

Augusta listened, with her long upper-lip drawn down as if she intended presently to break into tears, and sobs, and lamentations.

Poor Augusta looked and felt most supremely wretched while she listened to the information which Deborah gave her.

"I am not surprised at all," she broke forth at length. "It is what I expected to hear. Lately, Harry's coldness has been frightful. Civil he certainly is; oh! and pays me all the attention in public that can be required of him. Dances with me at the balls, takes me down at the dinners, sits next to me, attends to me. When I sit down in a drawing-room he hands me my fan if I drop it. Everybody knows we are engaged—everybody congratulates me; but meanwhile in private—when we are alone—oh! the indifference of Harry. Deborah, I believe he hates me!"

Something of a flush mounted to the pallid face of Augusta. She bit the long upper-lip; the small eyes had an unwonted light in them. She took up a pearl paper-knife, and she clenched it as if it had been a stiletto.

"I feel that I could murder that Fanny Scrubbs!" said Miss Grandcourt.

"Miss Augusta, dear lady, don't talk so."

Faithful, kind Deborah was really concerned at the young lady's distress. She came and stood near to her, and looked at her with affectionate eyes, in which shone honest tears.

Deborah was a homely person, not exactly a stylish maid; but Augusta trusted her more than anybody in the world.

"You will make yourself ill, Miss Augusta. As for Mr. Harry—oh! if I wouldn't treat him with contempt if I was an amiable, highly-born lady of fortune."

"You don't love him," said Augusta, shortly.

"No; and that's what I wonder at, Miss Augusta, how anyone can love a man that treats them badly."

"It is puzzling," said Augusta, closing her small eyes. "But so it is; and then, if we were once married, I feel sure it would all come right, and we should be the happiest of couples."

"Oh! Miss Augusta dear, how can you think so!" cried Deborah, whose shrewd common-

sense showed her the folly and fallacy of Miss Grandcourt's expectation. "Even folks who begin with love often find it's spent and gone before half their married life is over. Marriage is a trying state, I've heard my mother and others say; and, although I'm but an old maid myself, I've watched people and noticed things, and I'm quite sure, unless Mr. Harry loves you before marriage, he won't love you after."

Augusta shut her obstinate mouth, and smiled an obstinate smile.

"I don't care," she said. "It's my belief, and I'll keep him to his engagement. Sir Miles will make him a beggar if he does not marry me in six weeks from this, the twenty-second of March. Sir Miles was here last night, and settled it with me. As for this Scrubbs, of course her father must be written to, and Sir Miles must be told all about it; only we'll watch them a little longer. Of course, he does not mean to marry her?"

"She's ever so rich," said Deborah.

"Then Sir Miles ought to be told at once. I will write him a note now, Deborah, if you'll hand me pen and ink, and I'll appoint to meet him to-morrow evening after dinner. I know he is in town."

And Augusta wrote the note making the appointment, and Deborah took it out and posted it.

Miss Grandcourt went to the opera; and into the box where she lounged with her mamma came Harry Mervyn. Very *distract* the handsome youth looked. Gounod's music did not appear to delight him; and yet the enchantress, Patti, was charming the audience that night; and bouquets were showered, and the opera-house shook with the mighty plaudits of the lovers of sweet sound.

All at once, Augusta, who was watching Harry's fair, thoughtful face, instead of Patti's, turned to him, and said:

"Are you thinking of Fanny Scrubbs?"

Sharply she asked the question, with a lip that quivered, and an extra pallor on her cheek; and Harry, he started; and then, with a flush and a puzzled frown, he repeated, wonderingly: "Fanny Scrubbs?"

"You are very clever, Harry," said poor Augusta, pettishly; "but you can't quite deceive me. You know you told me yourself you loved her desperately."

Harry's puzzled frown contracted the whole of his handsome face for the space of two or three seconds; then suddenly light broke, and a smile shone out of his eyes, twitched at the corners of his lips, made him look inexpressibly pleasant.

"I know—I know," he said, hurriedly, "I told you an absurd story; but you questioned me so, Augusta, and asked the name of the young lady, and so I almost invented one. At least, there is such a scrubby individual in existence, I am told; but I never saw her in my life; and, from what I have heard, I never wish to."

Augusta drew a long breath.

"Harry, I used to think you the soul of honour. Oh! how am I to believe you again? You have been seen, Harry, climbing the walls surrounding the grounds of Olympia Lodge, where this creature, of cotton-spinning antecedents, is a fast, vulgar, finely-dressed pupil of the establishment—a pupil that ought to be expelled the school."

Hotly Augusta spoke. Her face burnt; her mouth felt parched; her breast heaved.

Harry Mervyn bit his lip.

"I do not like the spy system, Miss Grandcourt," the young gentleman said. "You have been watching me, or setting a watch upon me; but you were never more mistaken in your life. It is quite false. I never climbed the walls of Olympia Lodge. I never spoke to the cotton-spinner's daughter in my life."

Harry Mervyn had grown pale with anger. Augusta trembled; her heart softened towards this hero of her fancy whom she so much loved.

"Harry," she said, extending her hand, "forgive me. I was wrong to listen to tales; I believe you."

Harry took her hand, shook it, dropped it again.

"Let us dismiss the subject," said he. "Listen to the music; here comes the enchantress, Patti, once more."

All the music and the glow and the lights and the splendours of the opera-house were lost upon Augusta that night.

After it was over, Harry saw the Grandcourts to their carriage, and then began to walk down the Strand.

[To be continued.]

"His Word of Honour" commenced in No. 584 and
Part CXXXVIII



SIR CHARLES GAZED AT THE ORNAMENT WITH MINGLED CURIOSITY AND ADMIRATION.

BADLY MATCHED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TRISSE'S BRIDAL," "WILFUL WINNIE," "A TWISTED LINK," "RUSSET AND ROSE," "FOR LIFE—FOR LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Oh! break, my heart! Poor bankrupt, break at once—

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!"

Two or three coarse, slatternly women came out of the fortress to stare inquisitively at the prisoners, whose dejected looks and evident fatigue appeared to amuse them, for they whispered and tittered together, till, with a curse and an up-raised hand, the brigand leader drove them back to the den whence they emerged. Then with great respect he tendered his arm to the Baroness, who had quite regained her self-possession, and was inclined to be cross with Lady Camilla, who hung about her, weeping hysterically.

"I am afraid, ladies, the accommodation I have to offer you is of the roughest, for we are far from any town, and the time for preparing for your reception has been very short. But we will do our best to reconcile you to your residence beneath our poor roof."

"I have slept under poorer ones," she answered, coolly, "and I can put up with the plainest fare, so you will not find me over fastidious. In fact, as I come here against my will, the fewer civilities you proffer me, the better pleased I shall be, for my thanks would only be as hypocritical as your protestations."

"Madame must not blame me for what was inevitable," he answered, deprecating her anger.

"Inevitable that I should be detained till you have made all the money you can by me?" she asked, shrugging her shoulders, and turning from him with a gesture of scornful incredulity. "Things have come to a pass indeed," she muttered in Bessie's ears, "when thieves and robbers preach philosophy! Show us where we are to sleep, sir brigand, and bid some one bring us some bread and a few grapes; we shall want nothing more. I suppose," she added, catching her breath at the thought—"I suppose you will not separate us?"

"Certainly not, madame," he replied, to the great relief of all his auditors. "An apartment is prepared for you and *la bella signora*," bowing low before Lady Camilla. "The signorinas your companions will sleep in an adjoining one, and your man can spread himself a rug in the ante-chamber. My castle and all that is in it are at the disposal of my most illustrious visitors."

As no one acknowledged the flourishing compliment, which seemed to them almost like an insult, he took the torch one of his followers was holding, and led the way into the hall of the castle. It was such a dark, dirty hole that Lady Camilla uttered an exclamation of disgust, and the Baroness drew her skirts around her; but the chief stalked on to a narrow winding stair, up which he led the way till the top story of the tower was reached. Here a few articles of faded, dusty furniture had been collected, and a ragged piece of carpet laid before the open hearth, on which an aged crone—still more wrinkled and hideous than the women they had seen below—was endeavouring to light a fire.

With a sob of despair, Lady Camilla sank into the nearest chair, and audibly wished herself dead; while the Baroness stood beside her so thoroughly overcome by the long walk up-hill and the mental agitation she had undergone, that for once in her life she felt very much tempted to follow the young widow's example. Bessie, always practical, knelt down by the hearth and assisted the old woman in piling the sticks together, and fanning them into a blaze; and Trixie, aroused from her despondency by her friend's example, beckoned Sir Charles to assist her in drawing the old-fashioned *fauteuils* nearer the fire, and disposing the cushions so that madame and her helpless charge could comfortably rest their weary limbs.

"Chut! what children we are!" cried the Baroness, beginning to appreciate the efforts of the young girls as soon as the fire burnt up and the aroma of the coffee brought in with the bread she had demanded, floated towards her. "Look up, Lady Camilla. We shall sup more sumptuously than if we had stayed at the miserable inn we visited at noontide; and so that our food is good and nourishing, what signifies whether we eat it

in a hut or a palace? This loaf, though not of the whitest, is delicious! After all, captivity amongst banditti is not half so terrific in reality as in imagination."

Urged by the Baroness and Sir Charles, the languid Camilla consented to approach the table; and a scanty but refreshing meal was discussed by the little party, after which they all gathered about the hearth to confer on the dilemma in which they found themselves. They talked in whispers and in English; for though the crone had disappeared with the fragments of their supper, and no one else intruded upon them, they knew not who might be eaves-dropping.

Madame predicted that on the morrow the chief would name the price he set upon their liberty, adding that, however exorbitant it might be, they would have to succumb and pay it.

To this Sir Charles Ormsby assented, though with reluctance and many a muttered execration; for he could not reconcile himself to the idea of enriching the lawless fellows who had captured them.

"If we felt sure that they are veritable brigands—" Trixie began to say, thoughtfully, but was stopped by quite a chorus of wondering exclamations.

"What else can they be, child?" demanded the Baroness. "We have never meddled with their political parties. Thank goodness I have always been careful not to mix myself up with the affairs of any nation in which I have resided! What induced you to make such an odd speech?"

"The same reason that prompted me to prevent Sir Charles Ormsby declaring his real name," she answered. "A suspicion that revenge more than the desire for plunder has prompted this attack."

"But, my dear girl," cried the baronet, "I cannot accuse myself of having made any enemies during my residence in Rome!"

"And yet," murmured Trixie, in tones that were meant for his ear alone, "it was at *your* life that shot was fired at the Colosseum."

"Lady Camilla is fainting!" cried Sir Charles, starting up to her assistance, and looking reproachfully at Trixie, whose incautious allusion

to Colonel Severn's death he felt sure that his widow had overheard. But the lady quickly recovered herself, and refused the water Bessie proffered her.

"It is absurd!" she cried, with a hysterical tremor in her voice. "No one would dare to make me their prisoner!"

"It seems, however, my dear, that some one has dared it," replied the Baroness, coolly; "and you seem to forget that it is my nephew's safety that these fellows menaced more than yours or mine. But we are foolish to waste our time in conjectures. Let us all try to get some sleep, and depend on't that long before this hour to-morrow a messenger will be en route for Rome to fetch the sum of which his rapacious leader intends to mulct us."

With this cheering prediction, she insisted on their separating; and though Lady Camilla protested that she should not dare to close her eyes, and would have had Bessie or Trixie to watch beside her, the more considerate Baroness overruled all her opposition. The weary girls were dispatched to their couch; while madame, as she stretched herself on the one she was to share with her exacting ladyship, advised her to follow so good an example, and, remembering Sir Charles's assurance that he should keep vigilant watch outside their door, she at last consented to do so.

The prognostication of the Baroness was not verified; for the morrow came and went, and not a word was said by the chief about a ransom. He visited his prisoners, uttering tedious regrets at the poorness of their accommodation, but was silent on the subject they were most anxious to hear him name, and vanished as soon as madame attempted to put any questions to him.

Her impatient temper, however, would not brook this, and when another day passed away in the same ominous silence, she watched for his appearance, and, catching him by the sleeve as soon as he entered the room, demanded his intentions.

"Some of his comrades were absent," he answered, evasively, "and till they returned, no definite arrangement could be made."

"And yet you call yourself the leader of these men! They are supposed to obey your commands!"

"And they shall do so," he exclaimed, pompously. "If they have given the signora any cause for complaint, she has only to speak, and they shall be severely punished."

"I complain of being detained here. I demand to know your motives for it. If I must pay for my liberty, tell me how much, and I will apprise my friends at Rome of my position, that they may send me the sum you require."

"There are obstacles," he answered, mysteriously. "La signora must have patience. She is well placed here; she has her own rooms, the society of the signorinas, the attendance of her courier, domestique, or whatever he calls himself; jerking his thumb over his shoulder at Sir Charles, who, with his hands in his pockets, was lounging against one of the door-posts, struggling with a British yearning to give this dilatory outlaw a taste of lynch-law. "But, perhaps, the ladies found staying in the house so long rather irksome. In that case he would permit them to ramble in the vicinity of the castle, under the guidance of Monna Santa, who could lead them to one of the pleasantest spots and best views in its vicinity."

"Shall we accept or refuse this proposal?" asked the Baroness, turning to her companions.

"Refuse," said Lady Camilla, listlessly. "Who would care to walk where either of those horrid men may at any moment pounce upon one?"

"Accept," said Trixie, who had been permitted of late to give her opinion without being unmercifully snubbed for it. "We must do our utmost to preserve our health, and how can we hope to effect this if we are always immured in those close rooms?"

"Accept the offer by all means," Sir Charles added. "When we have contrived to learn where we are, we may be able to decide which route to take if a chance of escape presents itself."

Accordingly the next time the chief favoured his captives with a visit, they signified their desire to avail themselves of his offer; and Monna Santa, a stolid-looking woman, whose *patois* was so execrable that neither of them could understand a word she said, came, distaff in hand, to commence her services as guide and duenna.

Much to their disappointment, they found that these strolls were to be solitary ones, each being led forth in turn to pace the patch of sun-burnt sward in front of the fortress, or tread one certain path just beyond it, till a shrill

whistle warned Monna Santa to lead her charge back to the tower; and what was still more annoying, Sir Charles was peremptorily refused permission to quit it at all. He ventured to remonstrate, but was ordered to be silent, and asked if he thought that either of the chief's comrades would care to dance attendance on a saucy English lackey.

"Then you would have been more civil to my master had he fallen into your hands?" he observed, curious to hear what answer he should obtain.

"So civil that he would not have given us half the trouble you are doing," the chief replied, with an unpleasant smile.

"I don't understand you," said the baronet, and was heard with an odious shrug.

"Don't try, friend," retorted the chief, in the same half-jocular tones, as if it amused him to sport with the ignorance of the Englishman.

"Have you never heard that it is dangerous to be too inquisitive? Also, hear me: 'The wise man putteth not his head in the lion's mouth.' Yet your master hath done this. Let him thank his patron saint that he 'scaped us the other day; for I fancy that he would have been in the way here; and when strangers are in our path, we are apt to sweep them out of it with all expedition."

"After this fashion perhaps?" and Sir Charles made a feint of stabbing himself.

The fellow nodded, little dreaming that his quiet interlocutor was longing to openly express his indignation and horror of such crafty and un-English proceedings.

"What has my master done to displease you?" he asked, as carelessly as he could.

"Me! *Cospetto!* lad, I never saw him," was the laughing reply. "There are greater men in this fair land than your very humble servant—men with long arms, and longer purses—whose vengeance, when provoked, it is not easy to evade."

"And what have I—has Sir Charles done to provoke the vengeance of the high and well-principled nobles to whom you allude?"

"If your master does not tell you his secrets, why should I?" asked the brigand, who was aiming pebbles at a poor little bird, which had ventured through one of the loop-holes that lighted the ante-chamber in which they stood conversing.

"At least, you might tell me the name of this nobleman whom, it appears, from what you hint, he has been so unfortunate as to offend."

But the bandit leader put his finger on his lip.

"Walls have ears, and wise men keep their tongues from babbling about the affairs of their superiors. I have talked too much already; so a good day to thee."

"Pleasant, certainly, to know that a concealed enemy is on one's track," soliloquised Sir Charles; "and pleasanter still to remember that if a girl had not been more ready-witted than myself, I should be lying stark and dead in one of these ravines. Could Camilla enlighten me as to the why and wherefore of this Italian vendetta? Yet why should I blame her for the vindictive feelings of one who, perhaps, hates me all the more for the coldness with which she has repulsed his advances?"

And from this moment, to the bewilderment of Trixie, his manner to Lady Camilla was marked with a more respectful devotion, as if he was eager to atone for the doubts of her sincerity, which, despite every effort of his reason, continued to plague him.

The Baroness, after availing herself once or twice of the chief's permission to descend from the tower, refused to go again, declaring that it was too tantalising to stand beneath the blue sky, and know that she must return to captivity. But she insisted that her companions should breathe the fresh air at every opportunity that was afforded them; for Bessie's cheek was fast losing its colour, and Trixie's step daily grew more languid.

It was only the Lady Camilla who regained her spirits, and seemed to endure their lengthy imprisonment with tolerable fortitude; but this might be accounted for by the fact that the lover of her youth shared it, and spent many an hour in whispering converse with her. It might also be her reluctance to leave him that made her always linger till twilight approached before she wrapped her shawl around her, and accompanied the patient Monna Santa to the path beneath the pines. Yet, once there, she loved to loiter till the moon rose, returning with her delicate beauty so freshened and heightened by the pure mountain breezes that had swept over her cheek, that Trixie would tell herself, with a sigh, it would be strange indeed if the baronet could look upon her and not yearn to call so fair a creature his own.

Then Lady Camilla suddenly became restless and irritable, counting up the days that their imprisonment had lasted, and taunting Sir Charles on his supineness. Why did he not invent some plan by which they might effect their escape? or, if that really was impossible, why did he not contrive to find some means of communicating with the outer world?

Sir Charles was silent some few minutes before answering this complaining speech.

Should he tell her that he had learned why they were prisoners? But no; he could not bear to pain her by such an avowal. She might weep and reproach herself; and whether she were or were not in fault, he shrank from seeing her tears.

"Do not imagine," he said, "that I am enduring this maddening imprisonment patiently. My brain is continually at work; and if at one moment I reject every plan that presents itself, and fall into despair, it is but to grow hopeful again that some opportunity will turn up by which we shall be enabled to elude our guards. My own escape I might have contrived long ago—"

But ere he could say more, her hands were grasping his arm.

"Ah! no—no, Charles! If you leave me, I shall be lost! I am so weak—so irresolute: it is the thought that you are here that gives me strength to endure my anxieties."

He kissed her taper fingers, did his utmost to cheer and soothe her, and was rewarded with one of her tenderest glances when, an hour after, she glided through the ante-chamber to take her evening stroll.

As soon as she had disappeared, Madame Caspares called him into her room to confide to him that she had been trying to bribe Monna Santa with two or three glittering articles of jewellery; but though the woman's eyes had glistened at the sight of the trinkets, she had frankly said that she dare not accept them—that the good signoras must be content a little longer. Perhaps there would be a change in their fortunes sooner than they expected.

"Does she mean that this fellow has been treating for our liberty without consulting us?" queried the Baroness of her nephew. "Perhaps his demands are so exorbitant, that he knows it would be useless proposing them to us, and so, with threats of returning us without our ears and noses, he is working on the sympathy of our friends?"

It was not at all improbable; but Sir Charles treated the suggestion lightly, and chatted with her till the lengthening shadows reminded him that it was drawing near the time for Lady Camilla's return, and that Monna Santa must not find the quiet English man-servant lounging on one of the *fauvels* in the Baroness's apartment. So he returned to that dreary, blank ante-chamber, whose flagged length was beginning to be worn with his footsteps.

But there he found Bessie and Trixie in agitated conference. They broke off abruptly on seeing him, and were moving away together; but when he courteously inquired if anything had happened to disturb them, Bessie stopped, and replied aloud to the whisper her companion eagerly breathed in her ear:

"Nay, Trixie, this is folly. Sir Charles will not thank us to conceal what we have found, simply because it may cost him a little pain to behold it."

"Has anything befallen Lady Camilla?" he asked. "You shake your head. Then speak freely. But no;" and he turned to Trixie. "Whatever there may be for me to hear or see, let me learn it from you, for you will not inflict one pang more than is absolutely necessary."

And, folding his arms on his breast, he stood calmly awaiting her reply.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"And this will witness outwardly

As strongly as the conscience does within."

FROM the pocket of her dress Bessie Mordaunt drew a little packet, which she laid in the palms of Trixie, who, pale and trembling with repressed emotion, mutely held it towards Sir Charles. Yet what could there be in the article she tendered him to cause her to evince so much uneasiness? It was, in reality, a very beautiful bracelet, formed of cameos, and fastened with a large clasp of gold, on which some armorial bearings were wrought with seed pearls and small rubies.

At first Sir Charles gazed at the ornament with mingled curiosity and admiration; but when he examined the clasp, his brows began to contract into a frown, and more than once he glanced up suspiciously at the young girls. But Bessie met his scrutiny with steady composure,

and Trixie had seated herself on a stool—the only piece of furniture the room could boast of, and was leaning her drooping head on her hands.

"I recognise this device," he said, at last. "It is the badge of one of the oldest families in Italy, and is borne at present by the Marchese Montalti. How came it in your possession, Miss Mordaunt?"

Trixie answered without looking up. "It was I who found it not an hour ago."

"May I know where?"

The answer was so low as to be almost inaudible.

"On the floor beside the Lady Camilla's chair."

"From which, of course, you conclude that she dropped it," Sir Charles observed, coldly. "It is very possible that she did; for I happen to know that her ladyship had many such tributes to her beauty offered to her while she was in Rome. With your permission, I will take care of this bracelet till she comes from her walk, when I will return it to her."

Was he determined not to suspect her truth even now that the gift of his rival was found in her possession?

"One word, Sir Charles," exclaimed the provoked Bessie.

But he made her a sign to be silent. "Not one, young lady, if it be such as you would not care to utter in Lady Camilla Severn's presence."

"Very well, sir; then let me give back to her the bracelet, which, to my certain knowledge, was not presented to her before last evening."

"My dear Miss Mordaunt, you assume too much!" said the baronet, only betraying by the twitching of his nostrils that he was far more deeply impressed than he chose to appear. "I do not suppose Lady Camilla ever favoured you with an inventory of the contents of her jewel-box."

"You are mistaken, sir. Her ladyship having no maid with her, it was I who packed her trunks for her, dispatching to England every article of value she wore, with the exception of her watch and chain, and some jet ornaments. I repeat that I am positive she never had this bracelet before we came here."

"Do you understand how much you are implying?"

And the baronet's hand closed fiercely on the hauble.

"Thoroughly, sir," was the undaunted reply. "I am deliberately expressing my conviction that Lady Camilla received this gift yesterday; and more, I believe that she had it from the Marchese himself."

Sir Charles bit his lip till his teeth nearly met.

"Do you mean to insinuate that he is here?—that she meets him—converses with him—accepts his presents?"

"From the window of the room we occupy," was the reply, "Beatrice has twice caught a glimpse of Lady Camilla as she strolled beneath the pine trees yonder, and on neither occasion was she alone."

"Of course not; the woman Santa was with her, or, perhaps, the chief;" and Sir Charles' brows relaxed a little.

But Bessie shook her head.

"Monna Santa stood knitting at a little distance; but she did not attempt to approach the speakers. I tell you, sir, it was no woman who conversed with her ladyship, and the chief was here listening to the complaints of the Baroness."

"There are other men about the place, and either of them would be saucy enough to address the lady."

"She made no complaint of having been annoyed by the brigands," said Bessie, who was getting really angry at his incredulity. "Nor is it at all probable that she would risk a repetition of such an offence; yet she has gone out to-night as usual."

"Lady Camilla is the mistress of her own actions, Miss Mordaunt," she was haughtily reminded.

Bessie turned from him with a scornful gesture.

"I have done, sir; the over-officious are rarely thanked for their revelations;" and, with a smile of contempt for the weakness with which Sir Charles found excuses for the beautiful woman, who held him in her chains, she quitted the ante-chamber, and rejoined the Baroness.

"Look up, little sprite," said Sir Charles, bending down and touching Trixie on the shoulder. "Why are you more anxious to spare my feelings than your friend? If I am being fooled, as she tries to make me believe, I am only getting my deserts—am I? You should

not be sitting in this despondent attitude, but triumphing over me, and reminding me how such judgments always overtake the ungodly."

There were tears in the eyes Trixie slowly raised at his bidding.

"I am too sorry for you—too much ashamed of my own sex to be able to triumph over any one just now. It must be horrible to be deceived in those we love."

"Why, so it is, most horrible; but I must have better proof of Lady Camilla's treachery before I shall be induced to condemn her. She is her own mistress, as I was forced to remind your friend, and answerable to no one for the gifts she accepts, or the visitors she receives."

"Will this excuse her in your eyes for playing such a double game?" asked Trixie, surprised and angry at the coolness with which he spoke.

"What have I to do with it? Her ladyship is not under allegiance to me—yet."

"But you love her?" murmured Trixie, half in inquiry, half in reproach.

"And you dislike her; you have owned it before now. Is there not, then, a little hypocrisy—just the least in the world, you know—in this pretence of regret that she appears to be acting treacherously?"

"I don't know," faltered the girl, conscious that it would be difficult to analyse the feelings with which she had regarded the proof that Lady Camilla was holding communication with her Italian lover. "I certainly longed for you to know what we have, or fancy we have discovered, although I had not courage to tell you myself, lest it should—"

"What, little one?" he asked, when she paused.

"Lest it should grieve you very much," and she ventured an anxious glance at his grave but not troubled face.

If he was suffering, he certainly was well able to conceal it.

"Why did you think I should fret if my lady smiled on another? It would not be the first time. I do not think it is in the nature of your sex, ma'am, to be constant to one love ever, and I may not complain, if I would, seeing that I am not my own master. You need not start, nor look as if the remark astonished you. I have long suspected that you know quite as much as I can tell you respecting the only event of my life that I have reason to wish undone."

Trixie let her folded hands drop by her sides, and looked away from him towards the narrow slit that served for a window, and through which the evening star was visible.

"It matters little what I know. I do not speak of it to anyone."

"No, you have been the discreetest of maidens, for which I thank you; I certainly have not wished my most unfortunate marriage bruited in the ears of my relatives. But, harkye, demure keeper of other secrets besides mine, with me there need not be so much reticence. I have a shrewd notion that you can tell me where to find the mysterious personage who owns, and yet refuses to bear my name."

"What makes you say this? Why should you suppose that I—?" and there Trixie stopped and, half-rising from her seat, eagerly surveyed him.

"Pshaw! do you think that I have not put one and one together, and guessed that you have been made the confidant of Miss Bessie Mordaunt's affairs. If it did not puzzle me how a poor, stunted child could develop into so handsome a woman, I should say that Bessie is but another form of the name my bride bore when I led her to the altar."

Trixie shook her head.

"There would be nothing marvellous in a dwarfed, neglected girl becoming taller, stouter, and brighter when she fell into better hands, and that Bessie Mordaunt is well acquainted with many circumstances in your early life I have discovered and wondered at; but that she is your wife, Sir Charles Ormsby, I do not believe. What has led you to such a conclusion?"

"Many things, trivial in themselves, yet very convincing. Looks she has bestowed on me, words she has let fall, and her own avowal that she has met before. Who told you that I am a married man, if such a mere form can be called marriage? Bessie? I thought as much. And why is she here, but to play the spy on me—to gather evidence that will enable her to convict me of some disgraceful act or other, that will give her a plea for dissolving our union?"

"No—no, Bessie is incapable of such meanness!" cried Trixie, warmly. "You do her injustice, you persistently blind yourself to her noble nature and many good qualities. Play the spy! bring disgrace upon you! The charge is as false as it is cruel."

"*Eh bien!* fair defendress of all that are accused, tell me why she is residing with *ma tante*, under a partially assumed name?"

"I cannot; I am not in Bessie's confidence; but that she hides anything of which she has reason to be ashamed I never will believe."

"Oh! paragon of Bessies!" he cried, mockingly. "Perhaps her indignant friend thinks I ought to swallow the bitter pill of her presence in the hour of my humiliation, and feel very grateful to her for opening my eyes to the fact that there is a canker in the rose I thought so perfect."

"If the presence of Bessie humiliates you, what must mine do?" and Trixie rose, and began moving slowly away. "I do not wonder that you are displeased with both of us; you think we have shown an unkindly haste to denounce Lady Camilla; that it would have been kinder to be silent until—until—"

"I found out for myself that a pretty woman can rarely be content with one admirer," he exclaimed, in the same cynical, half-jesting strain that puzzled and repelled the still agitated Trixie. "Pooh! child, our fair friend has a right to amuse herself, and it is rank folly to make all this fuss and flutter, because she is not free enough from the foibles of her sex to refuse a cameo bracelet when it is offered to her. But here she comes. My dear Lady Camilla," and he stepped to the summit of the tower-stairs—those stairs on which a grim sentinel always stood to prevent anyone descending them without permission—"your friends were growing quite uneasy about you; the dews are heavy to-night, and as you are so very delicate, it is not wise to expose yourself to them."

"Perhaps not; but it was so pleasant out there," and she sighed softly as she let him divest her of the shawl that had been wrapped around her exquisite form. "I should have loitered under the trees another hour if Monna Santa had not hurried me in."

"It is not like you to be so enamoured of solitary walks," Sir Charles observed, with a penetrating glance.

"Our tastes change as we grow older," she replied; "and, unless I can have a companion who thinks as I do, I prefer to be left to my own musings."

"The chief does not waylay or pester you with his attentions when you are out—does he?"

There was an uneasy look in Lady Camilla's eyes, as if she began to suspect the drift of these questions; but apparently Sir Charles's well-assumed nonchalance put her off her guard, for she answered, with her customary smiling ease:

"I have not been annoyed by anyone. Monna Santa says it would be at the peril of their lives if either of the bandits approached us. Tedious as we find our imprisonment, we cannot complain of any want of respect or attention."

"We cannot, indeed," the baronet promptly assented. "So polite are these brigands—so anxious to keep us with them, that I begin to think with one of the Baroness's demoiselles—he glanced at Trixie, who still stood within hearing—"that some other reason than the hope of a liberal ransom is actuating them; what think you?"

She looked startled. Hitherto such suspicions had been carefully concealed from her in pity for the weak state of her nerves, so that she did not know how long they had been entertained.

"How can I tell?" she faltered. "I have urged you to effect our liberation, no matter on what terms; and if you will not—"

"Or cannot, Lady Camilla," he interposed. "Do me the justice to remember that my hands are tied by my assumed character. But I am ready to avow to these men my real name."

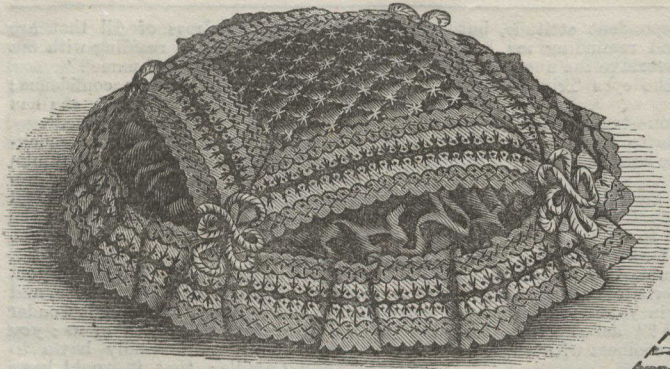
"No, no!" burst from her lips, in evident alarm. "It would be madness. I should never forgive myself if any harm befel you through my impatience."

"Thanks; but I will be careful of my life, never fear. It has grown precious to me since I have been so near laying it down. I think I hear the Baroness calling."

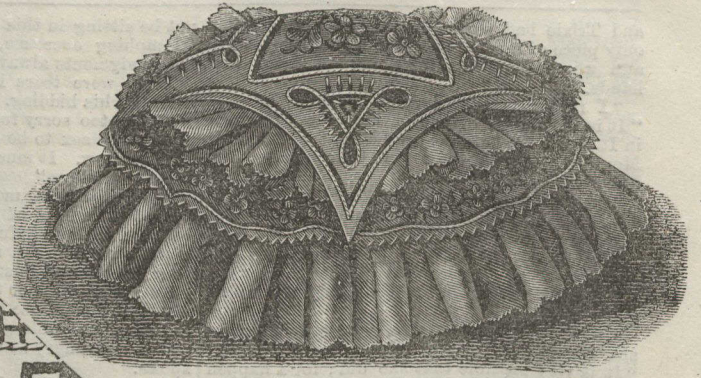
[To be continued.]

"Badly Matched" commenced in No. 557 and Part CXXXVI.

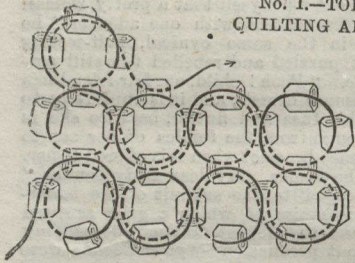
THE extreme copiousness and harmony of the Arabian language has been highly eulogised by critics. It has two hundred words denoting a serpent, five hundred for a lion, a thousand for a sword, etc. The natives believe it impossible for an uninspired man to become master of it. No European tongue equals it in richness. It is full of imagery and beauty, so that all love-songs breathe a spirit of tenderness as graceful as it is impassioned.



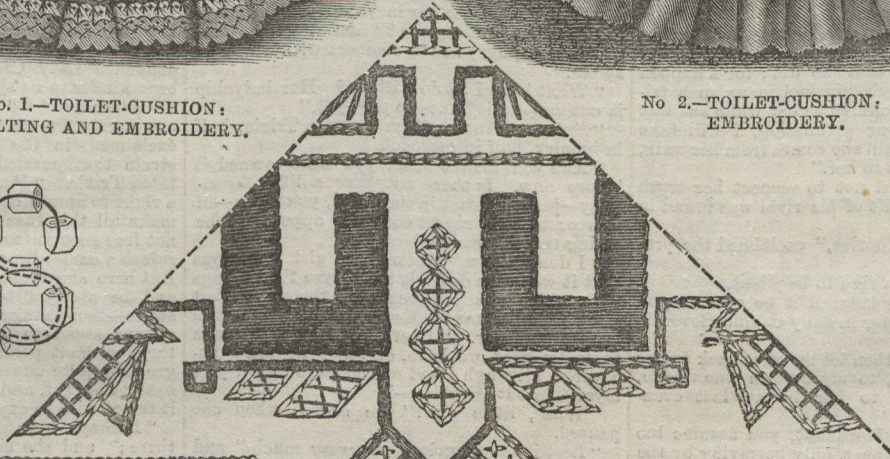
No. 1.—TOILET-CUSHION:
QUILTING AND EMBROIDERY.



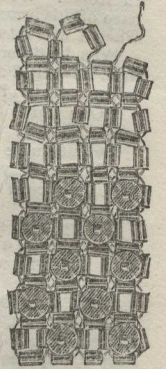
No. 2.—TOILET-CUSHION:
EMBROIDERY.



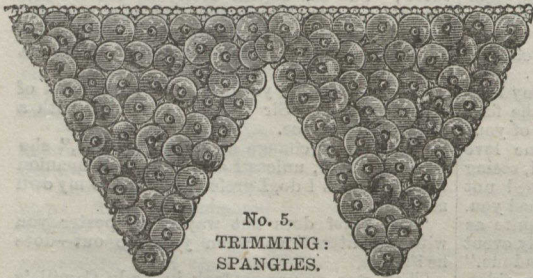
No. 3.—MODE OF MAKING
TRIMMING.



No. 6.—CENTRE OF GARDEN-CUSHION.



No. 4.—TRIMMING: BEADS
AND SPANGLES.



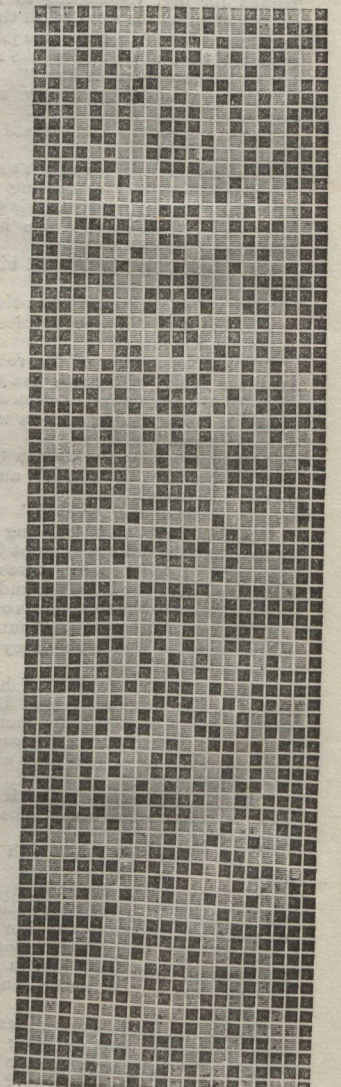
No. 5.
TRIMMING:
SPANGLES.



No. 7.—GARDEN-CUSHION.



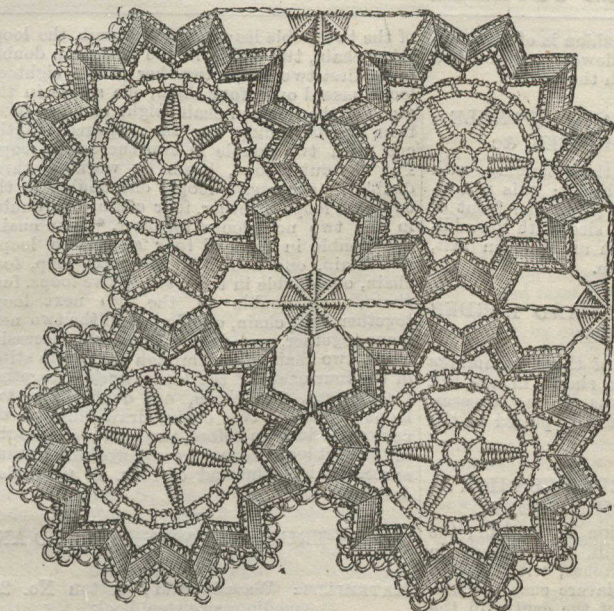
No. 8.—BORDER OF GARDEN-CUSHION.



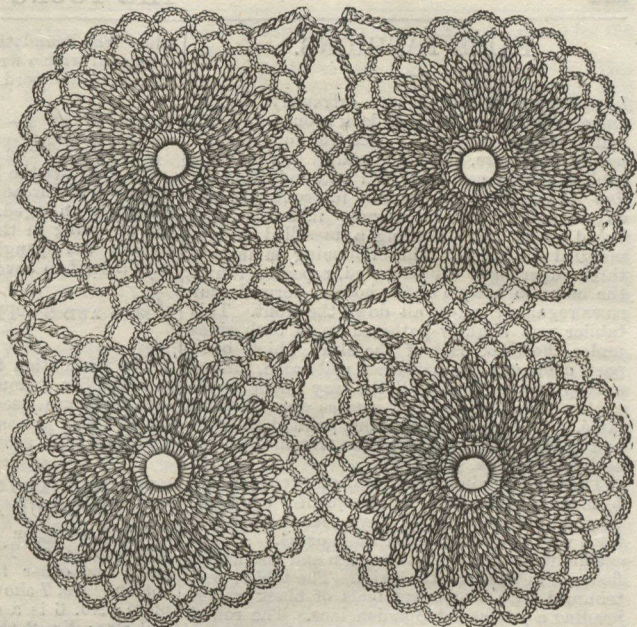
No. 10.—BORDER OR STRIPE
DARNED NETTING.



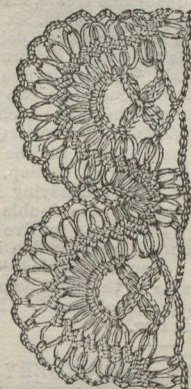
No. 9.—BORDER,
SPANGLES.



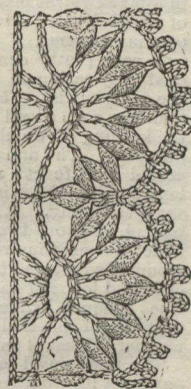
No. 11.—ANTIMACASSAR:
POINT LACE.



No. 12.—ANTIMACASSAR:
CROCHET.



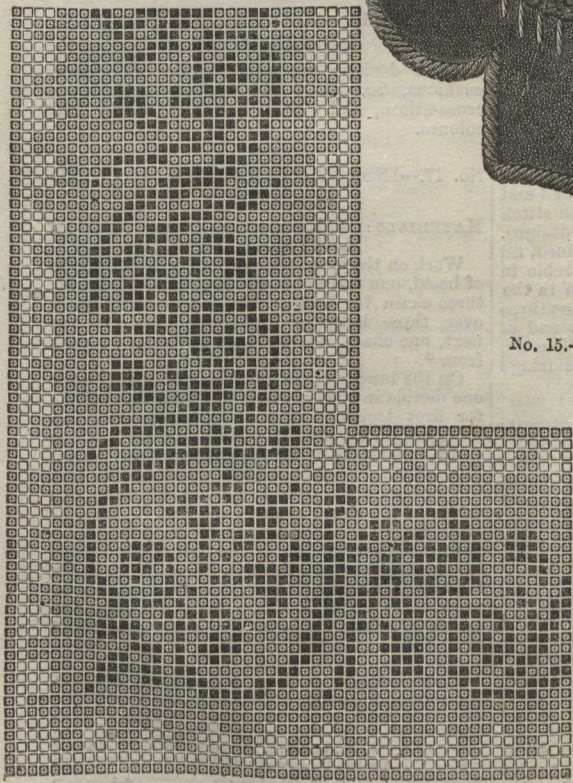
No. 13.—TRIMMING:
HAIR-PIN WORK
AND CROCHET.



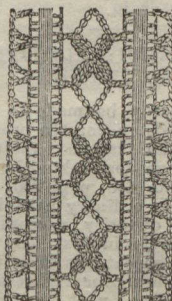
No. 14.—TRIMMING:
BRAID AND
CROCHET.



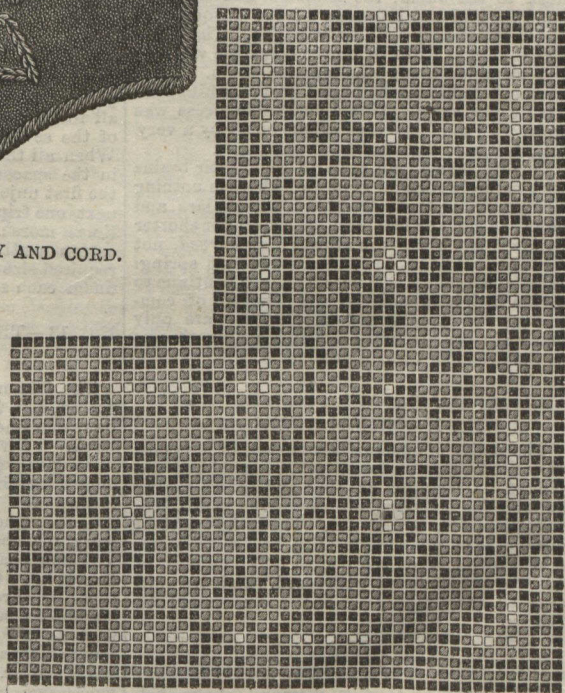
No. 15.—DRAPE IN EMBROIDERY AND CORD.



Black. Scarlet. Yellow.
No. 16.—BORDER IN BERLIN WORK.



No. 17.
INSERTION:
CROCHET
AND BRAID.



Blue. Crimson. Yellow.
No. 18.—BORDER: BERLIN WORK.

PARIS FASHIONS.

I NOTICED yesterday an extremely stylish and original dress, made of dark bronze-coloured matelassé and cashmere. The front of the skirt was of cashmere, and made plain. A very long tablier, also of cashmere, fell to within four or five inches from the ground in front. It was edged, and crossed at regular intervals with broad, piped biais heading a tasselled fringe, mingled with jet. This trimming simulated three superposed tabliers, and, repeated round the cuirasse basque of the bodice, formed four rows regularly spaced all down the front. This tablier was slightly gathered up on both sides under the back part of the skirt, which back part, made of large-patterned matelassé, formed a deep fold, buttoned all the way down in the centre. The plain narrow sleeves were of matelassé. A matelassé plastron, pointed in front and in the back, completed the trimming of the cashmere bodice.

This way of simulating two or three tabliers by means of the trimming is frequently employed by good dressmakers. I have seen it used also for a very handsome black faille dress.

This was made with plain train and bouillonné flounces in front of the skirt. The tablier was trimmed with two broad biais of black velvet heading a jet-beaded Spanish lace. The round basques of the bodice were trimmed to correspond. The sleeves were open at the outer seam up to the elbow, and were trimmed in the same style over an elegant *fouillis* of rich white lace. The faille ruff, lined with pale blue silk, inclosed coquillés of the same white lace, and was framed in a black velvet biais and beaded lace. A bow of mingled black velvet and blue silk closed the opening *en cœur*.

A very pretty *demisaison* dress is made of dust-gray cashmere and taffetas indéplissable of the same shade. The skirt has three gathered flounces, each edged with a row of indéplissable, the heading of which is formed by two rows of stitching. The upper flounce's gathers are concealed by a fourth row of indéplissable. The long square tablier is edged all round with the same trimming. It is gathered five or six times behind, at about two inches from the trimming, which forms thus very pretty coquillés, and is seemingly fastened together by a bow with long ends and loops of handsome broad faille ribbon. The basques, which open behind over the coquillés of the tablier, are edged in the same manner. Sleeves and ruff to correspond.

The most novel toilette created this week by our most imaginative tailor for ladies, is a black velvet dress, with long narrow train. The skirt is as plain as untrimmed velvet can make it. But the bodice opens in front and behind over white satin plastrons, veiled with white beaded lace. These plastrons have behind, and in front also, the shape of two inverted V's joined together at the waist by both points. The longest and narrowest V reached from both sides of the neck to the waist; the shortest and broadest from the waist to the edge of the basque, and ended into a very shallow vandyke. The black velvet sleeves had five crevés from the waist to the shoulder along the outside seam. These crevés were filled with puffed beaded white lace over white satin. This remarkable dress was worn with much success at the opera by a very fair, tall, and dignified-looking woman.

Our *lingères* do not seem to rack their brains very severely for new models. There is nothing really new for the present. Linen collars and cuffs are more or less high, with larger or shorter points; but these are always now curved, not folded out, as they have been since last spring. Muslin, net, and crêpe lisse ruchings continue to divide with lace coquillés the privilege of completing the *habillé* toilettes. They are only made of more moderate size and height, thanks to the drooping Catogan chignons.

(Description of Engravings on pages 232 and 233.)

No. 1.—TOILET-CUSHION.

The centre of cushion is composed of a square of quilted silk, edged with silk, embroidered and pinked. Design for quilting and for an edging suitable for this cushion were given in No. 565, page 153 (Nos. 8 and 10). The other part of cushion is of puffed silk, with border to correspond with that of the centre. The corners of quilting are finished with cord. Colours suitable to the drapery of the room should be chosen.

No. 2.—CIRCULAR TOILET-CUSHION.

The centre is of silk, diamond shape, hollowed at the sides, and ornamented with embroidery and cord, with frill round of pinked

silk. The foundation of cushion is of silk, embroidered with a wreath of flowers, and finished with frill and cord to match the centre.

Nos. 3 AND 4.—BEAD AND SPANGLE TRIMMING FOR DRESSES, &c.

No. 3 shows the back of the trimming, with the mode of threading the beads; this is considerably enlarged. No. 4 gives the front of the trimming in the proper size, with the addition of the spangles, which are put on last, with a bead to cover the hole.

Nos. 5 AND 9.—TRIMMING AND BORDER IN SPANGLES.

The foundation for each of these trimmings is net. The trimmings are shown in the full size, and are used for ornamenting dresses, jackets, &c. A small jet bead is placed in the centre of each spangle.

Nos. 6, 7, AND 8.—GARDEN-CUSHION: APPLIQUE AND EMBROIDERY.

The foundation of cushion is holland; the appliqué is of Turkey twill, embroidered in chain and other fancy stitches, with ingrain cotton. No. 7 shows a miniature cushion complete; No. 6 is a quarter of the centre in the full size; No. 8 the corner and border. The cushion is finished with a binding of Turkey twill.

No. 10.—BORDER OR STRIPE IN DARNED NETTING.

This design is suitable for cushions, antimacassars, &c. It is worked in common darning upon square netting.

No. 11.—ANTIMACASSAR: POINT LACE.

MATERIALS: Linen braid, 1s. 3d. per dozen yards; Nun's thread, No. 1, 3d. per skein.

For directions for working lace, see Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of our Point Lace Supplements, given with No. 517 and the April Part; No. 523 and the May Part; also with No. 526 and the June Part of 1874.

All materials for lace are supplied from the London Publishing Office of this Journal on receipt of stamps or P.O.O. for the amount. All Post-office orders should be made payable at Ludgate Circus.

This design is also suitable for pin-cushion tops, d'Oyleys, and covers of any kind.

No. 12.—ANTIMACASSAR: CROCHET.

MATERIALS: Cotton, No. 12 and No. 20; medium-size steel hook.

With the coarse cotton make a chain of twelve; join in a ring; fifteen chain, one double under the ring. Repeat twenty-three times more; fasten off. With the fine cotton—

1st Round: One double under the fifteen chain at the top of loop, six chain. Repeat all round.

2nd Round: Seven chain, one double under the six chain. Repeat all round. This completes the rosette. In working the second and all following rosettes, join at the fourth stitch of the seven chain where required (see design). When all the rosettes are made and joined, fill in the spaces by working one triple-treble in the first unjoined loop, one double-treble in the next, one triple-treble in the next. Repeat three times more; fasten off, and sew the end of cotton neatly to the back of work. When the required size is worked, tie in a knot of fringe under each seven chain.

No. 13.—TRIMMING: HAIR-PIN WORK AND CROCHET.

The trimming may be made in any size of cotton, but the cotton for the crochet should be rather finer than that used for the hair-pin work. Directions for making hair-pin work were given in No. 468, page 250. Make the length required in ordinary hair-pin work, allowing for the quantity necessary for the scallop. One double in first loop of hair-pin work, one chain; repeat this three times more. Thirteen chain, pass over eighteen loops, one double in the two next successive loops together, three chain, two treble in the first of the three chain, three chain, two treble in the first as before, one double in the third and fourth loops together, of the eighteen loops passed over, * one double in each of twelve successive loops, one double in the two next loops together, three chain, two treble in the first, take out the hook, insert it in the centre

of the two treble leaves, pull through the loop, three chain, two treble in the first, one double in the first two loops together of the eighteen loops passed over, four chain, one single in the ninth of the thirteen chain, eight chain; repeat from the beginning for the required length; end with two double in two successive loops. For the outer edge, begin by working three double in successive loops, one double in the two next loops together, four chain, one double in the two next loops together, * four chain, one double in each of four successive loops, five chain, one double in the next loop, four chain, one double in three successive loops, four chain, one double in the two next loops together, four chain, one double in the two next loops together, one double in seven successive loops, two chain, draw through the centre stitch of the four chain of the loops worked together (see design), two chain, one double into two loops together, two chain, draw through the next outer loop as before, two chain, one double in the next loop; repeat from *, working in three successive loops instead of four, as previously described.

No. 14.—TRIMMING: WAVED BRAID AND CROCHET.

MATERIALS: Waved braid; cotton No. 20; medium-size steel hook.

One double in the first point of braid, three chain for first treble, one treble in each of the five successive points of braid; put the cotton three times over the hook, put the hook into the top of three chain worked for first treble; work off the same as for a quadruple treble, six chain, one double in the next point of braid, six chain, six trebles as before in the successive points of braid; repeat. On the top of this row work one double in the end of braid, * five chain, one treble under the quadruple treble, one chain, one treble, two chain, one treble, one chain, one treble, all under the same five chain; pass over the six chain of last row, one treble in the next. Repeat from *. On the edge of scallop, work one treble in the point of braid lying in the middle between the scallops; one double in the next point of braid, * two picots (of five chain, one single in the fourth), one double in the next point of braid. Repeat from last * three times more. One double in the next point, one treble in the next point of braid. Repeat from beginning of this row.

No. 15.—DRAPE IN EMBROIDERY FOR BOOK-SHELVES, BRACKETS, &c.

The foundation is of velvet or cloth. The design is worked in rock braid and purse-silk; an edging of cord finishes the drape.

Nos. 16 AND 18.—CORNERS AND BORDERS: BERLIN WORK.

These designs are suitable for ottomans, cushions, &c. They are worked in ordinary cross-stitch, and will be suitable for any two colours.

No. 17.—INSERTION: LACE, BRAID, AND CROCHET.

MATERIALS: Barber's cotton, No. 50; fine steel hook; lace; braid.

Work on the outer edge of two separate pieces of braid, one double in the first hole of braid, three chain for first treble, * two chain, pass over three holes of braid, one treble in the next, one chain, one treble in the same; repeat from *.

On the inner side of one piece of braid, work one double in the first hole of braid, three chain for first treble, * seven chain, pass over five holes of braid, one treble in the next, three chain, one treble in the first of the three chain, three chain, one treble in the first of the last three chain, pass over five holes of braid, one treble in the next; repeat from last *.

Work on the second piece of braid the same as for the first, joining to the first worked piece by putting the hook through the stitch between the two trebles; and in working the seven chain, work three chain, put the hook through the centre of seven chain of the other side; then work the remainder of the chain.

The Proprietors of THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL beg respectfully to inform their numerous Subscribers that they have made arrangements with Messrs. Bedford & Co., of 183, Regent Street, W., and 46, Goodle Street, W., London, to supply them with their best Berlin wool at Wholesale Prices, viz.:—Black and white Berlin wool, 6s. 6d. per lb. Common colours, 7s. 2d. per lb. Ingrain, 7s. 8d. per lb. Azuline Humboldt, shaded and partridge, 8s. 6d. per lb. Gas-green, 10s. per lb.

THE HOME.

COOKERY.

ORANGE PUDDING.—Grate the yellow part of a smooth, deep-coloured orange, and of a lemon, into a saucer, and squeeze in their juice, taking out all their seeds; stir 4 oz butter and 4 oz powdered white sugar to a cream; beat three eggs as light as possible, and stir them gradually into the pan of butter and sugar; add gradually a spoonful of brandy and wine, and a tea-spoonful of rose-water, and then by degrees the orange and lemon; stir well together. Having prepared a sheet of puff-paste made of 5 oz sifted flour and 4 oz fresh butter, spread the sheet in a buttered soup-plate; trim and notch the edges, and then turn in the mixture; bake it about thirty minutes in a moderate oven; grate loaf-sugar over it.

OYSTER FRITTERS.—Take a pint and a half of milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb flour, four eggs; the yolks of the eggs must be beaten very thick, to which add the milk, and stir the whole well together; whisk the whites to a stiff froth, and stir them gradually into the batter; take a spoonful of the mixture, drop an oyster into it, and fry in hot lard. Let them be a light brown on both sides. The oysters should not be put in the batter all at once, as they would thin it.

LAMB PIE.—Make it of the loin, neck, or breast; the breast of house-lamb is one of the most delicate things that can be eaten. It should be very lightly seasoned with pepper and salt; the bone taken out, but not the gristle; and a small quantity of jelly gravy be put in hot; but the pie should not be cut till cold. Put two spoonfuls of water before baking. Grass-lamb makes an excellent pie, and may either be boned or not, but not to bone it is, perhaps, the best. Season with only pepper and salt; put two spoonfuls of gravy when it is taken out of the oven.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

MEN are pleased with a jester, but never esteem him.

EXPERIENCE is a pocket-compass that few think of consulting until they have lost their way.

To show yourself irresolute is to endow your enemy with confidence. We take courage in beholding a feebleness which is greater than our own.

ONE-HALF the want is caused by people looking at this, that, and the other useful employment as not being genteel.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

THE WIFE'S SECRET.—Her opinion of her husband.

MR. P.'S ADVICE TO YOUNG PEOPLE FALLING IN LOVE.—Fall out.—Punch.

MOTTO FOR THE MARRIED.—Never despair.

THE SPIRITUALIST'S MOTTO.—There's a medium in all things.

TWO CENTURIES ago not one person in a hundred wore stockings.

TO THE MANOR BORN.—The Squire's son.—Judy.

DR. WATTS was evidently no believer in muzzles when he wrote "Let dogs delight to bark and bite."

OLD Bank of England notes are preserved for seven years. The original value of the present stock was over £3,000,000,000 sterling, and their weight is more than 112 tons.

THE world has been compared to a looking-glass, which gives back every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will turn and look sourly at you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion.

GOOD ADVICE.—In these days of hydrophobic fever, it is refreshing to read a sensible bit of advice, such as comes from a New Orleans paper. A timid correspondent wanted to know "how to tell a mad dog," and the editor made the following suggestion:—"We don't know what he wants to tell him, but the safest way would be to communicate to the dog in writing. Send the letter from a gun in the shape of wadding, followed by small shot, to see if he gets it."

JEANNETTE'S MIDNIGHT WALK.

CHAPTER I.

"JEANNETTE, my beloved, do not weep so bitterly, lest I am maddened to avenge each tear by a corresponding drop of his heart's blood!" said Hugh Talbot, with a deep sternness in his tone, that was only softened and modified by the passionate caresses with which he tried to soothe his companion's emotion.

"Hush, Hugh—hush!" she said, shuddering; and, raising herself from her lover's shoulder, she looked fearfully round. "Of course, I know these are but idle words; but they might be overheard by others, and—"

"Reported to Maurice de Vaux—is that what you fear, Jeannette?" asked Hugh, firmly. "I care not. They are not idle words, dear one. Your cousin has crossed my path from boyhood with strange, persistent hate. He destroyed my success at school and college by secret wiles and slanderous reports. He has snatched from me by unfair means the appointment that would have enabled me to claim you for my own; and now—now he will not rest till he has won you, my bright, beautiful darling, when I am driven from home and country by his plots and treachery."

"Never, Hugh—never!" said the girl, her tears drying on her scorching cheeks. "So long as you are alive and free, I will never consent to marry any other living man. And, listen, dear Hugh: were it otherwise—were you to desert your poor Jeannette, I could never consent to be Maurice's wife! I fear him, Hugh!"

And she shivered painfully.

"Yet he is rich and handsome, Jeannette. The post he has won from me adds sufficiently to his own means to place him in ease and luxury," returned the young man, doubtfully.

"If he were an Apollo and a Cæsus, I would say the same!" exclaimed Jeannette, passionately. "No, Hugh. You may trust me in absence and silence, so long as you do not forfeit my love by your own deed. Go in hope and faith, dear Hugh. You may yet win far higher distinctions than you have lost; and remember that my whole happiness depends on you. Let me be proud of you—of my love for you, Hugh, and then I cannot be quite wretched."

"And leave him—my enemy—my rival—triumphant?" returned Hugh, with a look in which love and distrust were contending with each other. "Give up all hope and idea of revenge?"

"No, Hugh, but take a noble revenge by surmounting every difficulty," she returned, "and proving how impotent he is. That is the proudest, noblest return you can make for Maurice de Vaux's enmity. Will you not do this for my sake, dearest?"

"It is a hard task you impose, Jeannette," said the young man, his proud spirit flashing in his eyes with suspicious light; "but there are few things you could ask in vain. And now I must go, my beloved. I have to reach Carlisle in time for the North train. In less than a week I shall be on the ocean, my beloved, every hour taking me further from you. It may be years ere we meet again. Give me some token of your love to gaze at—to caress—to bring home hope and comfort to my heart in the long, dreary absence."

She took from her bosom a locket, and gave it to him, with her hair on one side and a tiny miniature on the other.

"Here, Hugh: when you send me back this, I shall know that you no longer desire to hold me to my troth. Till then, keep it, as you would your little Jeannette—next your heart."

"It shall rest there in the grave itself," he said, fervently kissing it; and then clasping the fair donor to his bosom, he pressed one long, lingering kiss on her lips, and rushed from the leafy bower which had been the scene of this interview.

Jeannette de Vaux remained for a few minutes in the stunned, hopeless despair that is more fearful than the most violent sorrow: her senses were numbed by the blow, and yet she knew well she would wake up to far more desperate and smarting grief when the first strange bewilderment had passed away.

Then she walked slowly and deliberately to the house, and sought her own chamber, without encountering the keen eyes of her watchful mother.

She sat down opposite the cheval-glass, and her eyes fell unconsciously on the face and form it reflected. A lovely, girlish face it had been but a few days since: now it was white, and sad, and tearful, yet beautiful—most beautiful—in its delicate features, its golden hair, its large blue eyes, and curved lips; and Hugh Talbot

and Maurice de Vaux might well contend for the possession of such a prize.

Jeannette was the daughter of a widow. Her father had been Maurice de Vaux's uncle; and from childhood it had been planned and hoped that she would win the heart and step into the wealth that had once been her father's heritage. But the girl was ever afraid of her dark cousin; and when the bright, gallant, and gay Hugh came on the scene, there was no more hope of the plans being realised.

Hugh had distinguished himself at school and college, albeit some strange *fiascos* had marked his career; and when he knew and loved Jeannette, he had moved every power to obtain a post that would have given him a sufficient income to openly claim her hand.

But here again he had failed. The interest he had exerted suddenly collapsed before some unaccountable influence; and when the interview just described between himself and his beloved took place, he was on the eve of sailing for Canada, where a distant relative held high office under the Government, and who thought he might do something for his young orphan cousin.

And the brave girl had consented to the separation from him she loved; and even now, when her heart was torn by the parting, she dwelt more on the danger of the enmity between the two so nearly connected with her than the desolation of her own true heart. She was a sweet, unselfish, noble creature, was that fair Jeannette de Vaux.

"Please, miss, your mamma begs you will come down. She wants you particularly," was the summons that roused her from her sad reverie.

Jeannette well understood the meaning of the message.

"I will come down immediately," was the reply.

And in a few minutes she had smoothed her hair, adjusted her toilette, and descended, with forced calmness, to the drawing-room.

"Jeannette, my dear cousin, I could not go without bidding you good-bye," said Maurice de Vaux, softly. "I am about to go off to Scotland for a week, to arrange my affairs there; but when I return, I shall hope to have a kinder reception than I have hitherto met with from you, dearest."

"I have always treated you as a cousin, Maurice, with friendship and regard: I cannot do more," she said, glancing round the room, from which her mother had disappeared unaccountably. "I hope you will have an agreeable journey," she added, coldly.

"Jeannette," he said, hurriedly, "I fear I can but too well understand your coldness; but let that pass. It is enough for me that the past has taught a sufficient lesson to those who have dared to interfere with my rights, and that they will do so no more. Your mother has given me leave to urge my suit on you, dearest. She has strengthened it with her consent and strong desire for our union. We have known each other from childhood; we are kindred in blood. There needs no longer explanation—no preliminaries for our engagement and speedy marriage. Shall it not be so, Jeannette? Will you not consent, frankly and unaffectedly, to accept me as your husband? and my whole powers—my whole wealth—shall be devoted to make you happy."

Jeannette had listened with a strange coldness to the words that are deemed so agitating to girls of her age and temperament; but when Maurice ceased, and bent forward to take her hand eagerly in reply, she recoiled with a kind of haughty repugnance.

"No, Maurice, I will not—I cannot. Do not ask it if you wish to retain my cousinly regard. I shall look upon such persistence as an insult not to be pardoned. I wish you every happiness," she added, in a softer tone; "but you must seek it elsewhere than in me."

"No, Jeannette, I cannot, and I say, in my turn, that my resolution is inflexible. You will be my bride on my return from this journey, or you may repent your obstinacy. My aunt is fully satisfied as to my proposal, and your girlish fancy for a scapegrace adventurer will soon pass away when you are my wife. I will not press you for any further answer now, dearest. Think of me during my absence, and receive me more kindly on my return. I have no fear of my success."

And he stooped down to kiss her; but she sprang back indignantly.

"Back, sir!" she said, angrily. "At least I may claim respect from your hands, or I will never see you more."

And, coldly extending her hand, she just touched his fingers, and stood proudly waiting his exit ere she again took her seat.

"Will you not?" he replied, laughingly. "We

shall see, my fair queen—we shall see! Good-bye. I kiss your scornful little foot."

And, with a provoking smile, he left the room.

Jeannette little guessed how soon she should recall those ominous words.

* * * * *

"Jeannette, I am very uneasy about your cousin," said Mrs. de Vaux, a week after the above interview. "He has neither written to me nor to his own servants, nor has the slightest trace been found of him since he left home, though he is extremely exact and punctual, and had arranged to return home three days ago. It is very strange."

"Where was he going, mamma?" asked the girl, languidly raising her eyes from her work.

"To Glasgow, my dear. He had business there, which would occupy him about a day or a day and a half. He went to Carlisle the very day he was here. I am getting sadly alarmed about him."

It was Jeannette who became pale and sick now. She remembered but too vividly the threats of the high-spirited Hugh. She calculated, with an ingenious self-torment, that if her lover had by any chance missed the train, he would have actually travelled at the same time as his rival; and with two such inflammable spirits, charged with such grounds of resentment, what might not have been the consequences?

"Mamma, let us go. Can we not find out if—Maurice got safely to Glasgow?" she gasped.

"Ah! I am very glad to find you have so much interest and sympathy with your cousin," said the mother, approvingly; "but I scarcely know whether—"

But the lady's sentence was cut short by the entrance of a domestic with scared and bewildered looks.

"If you please, ma'am, you're wanted. A—that is, a person wishes to speak to you at once on business."

"Mamma, let him come in here. I insist on its being known to me! It is about Maurice," said the pale girl, firmly.

"My dear, I will tell you after; but—"

"No—no! Now—now!" insisted Jeannette, with such feverish impetuosity, that her mother did not venture to oppose her; and, in a few moments, two strangers were ushered in.

"Madam, I believe our intrusion needs no apology," said the elder, respectfully, "if we are speaking to the aunt of Mr. Maurice de Vaux. But perhaps the young lady had better—"

"I shall stay, sir; speak freely," broke in Jeannette, with unnatural calmness.

"Then it is our duty to inform you, madam, that very serious apprehensions exist as to the fate of your nephew. That gentleman did not, as it appears, ever reach his ultimate destination, though he was seen on the Glasgow platform, engaged in a somewhat angry discussion with another person, with whom he left the station. So much has been ascertained; but from that time all direct clue has been lost, though the unfortunate Mr. de Vaux has never been seen since; and besides, another very suspicious and painful discovery has been made, to test the value of which I am come this day. After a very diligent search, the police have found a small pool of blood in a wood about a mile from the railway-station, and by its side a locket, which, from the initials engraved and the likeness it contains, is supposed to belong to a lady, and probably Miss de Vaux. Here it is."

Jeannette had listened to the man's story with a face that blanched gradually to an ashen hue, and her limbs seemed stiffening to stone in their numb coldness. But when the trinket was produced by the officer, she gave a sudden bound forward, and snatched it eagerly from his hand.

"Hugh—Hugh! Murdered—dead—lost!" she shrieked, and the next moment sank senseless on the floor.

"I am very sorry for the young lady," said the officer, respectfully, as he raised the unconscious girl, and laid her on a sofa; "but perhaps it is as well she should not hear the end of my story, poor young thing!"

"What more have you to tell?" asked the trembling mother. "Is the body found?" she said, in a low, hoarse tone.

"No, madam; but I regret to say that we believe—we fear—that the murder has really taken place and the murderer been found."

"Speak!" ejaculated the lady, hoarsely.

"Who—where?"

"The suspected person, madam, is Mr. Hugh Talbot, who, in fact, is now in custody for the crime."

But the very name appeared to have roused

the fainting girl from her stupor, and she raised herself feebly on her pillow.

"It is false!" she said—"false! How dare you!"

"My dear young lady, compose yourself," said the officer, quietly. "It is all uncertain at present. We will hope that the missing gentleman may be found; but—"

"But, in any case, Hugh Talbot is innocent," answered the girl, firmly. "Mother, send these men away, and let us go to prove their falsity. Where is he—my Hugh?" she said, turning fiercely to the officer.

"Mr. Talbot is in custody, Miss de Vaux," said the officer, somewhat nettled, perhaps, at his word being called in question; "and not without cause, for there was blood on his clothes, and high words had passed between him and the missing gentleman; and, what is still stronger proof, his breast-pin and this locket were found near the place where the poor gentleman seems to have been murdered, and he himself was missing, and can give no satisfactory account of himself for some twenty-four hours after Mr. de Vaux was missing. You may rely on it, there will be a very strong case against him, and I've known folks hanged on much slighter evidence."

Jeannette's girlish features seemed to mature some years during those brief minutes; and when she spoke again, it was with the composure and dignity of a self-controlled woman.

"It is not usual to condemn an innocent man unheard, I believe, more especially for a crime that, I trust, has never been committed. Mamma, have these persons any more business with us?"

"I do not know. Ask them," faltered the weak mother.

Jeannette regarded them with cool, silent inquiry.

"Our time is precious, gentlemen; perhaps you will conclude your errand here at once," she said. "Yet stay—one question. Where is Mr. Talbot confined?"

"In Glasgow, madam," said the man, with a kind of involuntary respect.

"It is well," she replied, calmly. "Mamma, have you any questions to ask?"

"No. What can I say?" repeated the agitated woman, faintly. "I am sure I am quite upset. I do not know what to say or think; and just when—"

"You hear what Mrs. de Vaux says," returned the girl, calmly. "If you have no more questions to ask, perhaps you will leave us."

"Well, you see, we have no business to ask questions," replied the man, sullenly. "No doubt you will have to be subpoenaed on the trial, and then you'll be forced to speak. So if I'm not wanted, I'll leave, miss. I hope you'll never have anyone worse to deal with."

And the irate officer took a hasty and ominous departure, while Jeannette sat buried in thought for a few minutes.

"Mamma, we must lose no time; we must go to Glasgow. I must see Hugh," she said, rising as if to put her plans into immediate execution.

"My dear, impossible! You forget it would be monstrous to go to your cousin's murderer!" said Mrs. de Vaux, recoiling in nervous horror.

"It is the only chance of discovering the truth, mamma. He will tell me—poor Hugh!—even if it broke his own heart; and if you do not go, I will."

Mrs. de Vaux looked helplessly at the resolute features of her daughter.

"My dear, you are so self-willed."

"I am right, mamma, and you know it. Let Lucy get our clothes ready at once. We can leave by to-night's train, and I will never return till the truth is discovered," she added, with the air of a youthful martyr, ready to sacrifice her very life to the cause she had at heart; and, as usual, the strong nature prevailed against the weak.

CHAPTER II.

"JEANNETTE—Jeannette, do not leave me, I entreat! I will not drag your innocent purity into my wretchedness and degradation!" groaned the unhappy Hugh, as the sudden announcement of "A lady, sir," was followed by the entrance of Jeannette's pale figure into his cell.

"There is no degradation where there is not guilt, Hugh," she said, softly. "And I came to ask you that question, with full trust in you. You are not guilty, Hugh; I feel it—I am certain of it!" she added, sinking on the floor beside the spot where he sat, bowed and wretched under his load of misery. "Tell me the truth, and I will believe you against a whole world, dear Hugh."

"My angel—my treasure—my true darling!"

murmured the unhappy man, despairingly. "Oh, Jeannette! why have you loved me? Why can I not suffer alone?"

"But, Hugh, you have not said it yet, dearest. One word—only one word! Say it, and I will ask no more—'Innocent!' That is all you need utter, Hugh."

"As Heaven is my judge, I am innocent of his blood, my Jeannette! But, alas! appearances are so strong against me, I cannot dare to hope!"

"Tell me all," she said, calmly. "I can brave everything now, Hugh. I did not doubt you, but it is certain now. I thank Heaven, at least, for that mercy!"

"My blessed love! and you ask no proof but my bare word?"

"None, Hugh," she answered, simply.

"But you shall know all, my love," he said, for the first time venturing to draw her to his heart, and press a pure kiss on her lips—"all my error, and yet my guiltlessness. You know that I left you with the intention of leaving Carlisle that night; but I was too late. The next evening I was early at the station, and got at once into an empty carriage, where, just before the train started, I was joined by your unfortunate cousin.

"For some little time, only a bare recognition passed between us, and the opportune entrance of another passenger was a restraint on both. But as we drew near to Glasgow, we were again alone, and then the fierce hate between us broke forth; and while I told him, in no measured terms, my opinion of his conduct, he taunted me with my poverty and loss of you, my darling, till my blood boiled under his stinging stabs.

"'Coward!' I said—'coward to attempt to trample on a man whom you have crushed to the dust!'"

"In another moment, he had struck me a blow that for a few seconds well-nigh stunned me, and every particle of forbearance, even for your sake, dearest, vanished at the insult. Jeannette, I can scarcely tell you what passed after that. It is all like a hideous dream, till we found ourselves in a secluded place, with fatal weapons in our hands and wrath in our hearts. But even then I remembered you, my darling. I felt that to lift my hand against your cousin would be a hopeless bar between us, and I raised my weapon and fired in the air just as his bullet struck me a slight flesh wound, that did me little more injury than to fell me to the earth for a brief space, insensible.

"When I came to myself, it was rapidly becoming dusk—or, rather, twilight was deepening into darkness—and I with difficulty summoned strength and presence of mind to stagger from the spot; and, after a weary, slow walk of some half-mile or more, found my way to a roadside inn, where I remained for two or three days ere I recovered from the effect of the shock on the brain rather than the actual wound."

"And he—Maurice—what of him?" she asked, shudderingly.

"I cannot tell. I can swear before Heaven and man that I could not have inflicted on him the slightest injury! I fired far above his head, and when I fell, I can just recall a sharp exclamation on his part, that proved him to be unhurt and vigorous. When I came to myself, there was no trace of him, so far as the darkness and my enfeebled strength would allow me to search. Jeannette, I am innocent: my hands are clean from his blood; but how can I hope to prove it to others?"

"And the locket," she said, softly—"what of that?"

"I know not. It was next my heart. It could scarcely have fallen without some hand to drag it from its hiding-place; and yet if it had been Maurice, he would scarcely have left such a precious treasure, either to be reclaimed by me or to the mercy of strangers," he said, sadly. "No, Jeannette; all is against me, and I feel it is useless to struggle against the fate that has pursued me for so many years. Yet I mourn to have dragged you into my evil star, dearest, and blighted the first promise of your young life by my ill-omened love. Forget me, dearest; leave me to my ill fortunes, and I will think of you as the sole gleam of light in their dark gloom."

"Never, Hugh—never!" she replied, firmly. "No. So long as I believe you innocent, I am yours and yours alone. Do not despair, Hugh, but trust in Heaven and in me, your true Jeannette!"

And, with a wintry smile, the girl stooped forward, pressed her lips on his brow, and glided from the cell.

* * * * *

Days passed on, and still the case against Hugh became darker and darker. Articles be-

longing to the missing man were found near the place where the blood had been discovered and the small locket that was so convincing a proof against the accused.

Maurice was universally presumed to be dead, and the first examination of his supposed murderer was attended numerously by curious and indignant spectators.

Jeannette had been examined with regard to the causes of enmity between the rivals, and her enforced testimony had but strengthened the previous conviction of Hugh's guilt. Calmly and firmly, though with a face as white as marble and a tone that was thrilling in its quiet misery, the girl spoke the truth, even to her lover's hurt; and if there was a universal sentiment of pity for her, it was but too evident that her statement completed the chain of suspicion against him she loved best on earth; and the verdict of "Wilful murder" and the committal to the next sessions of the accused, proved the conviction of the jury but too fatally.

"Hugh—Hugh! I could die for you; but I cannot stain my lips with falsehood!" she gasped, as she sought her own chamber on that dreadful night. "Oh, Heaven!" she exclaimed, casting herself down in agony by the chair that was her usual resting-place, "have mercy, for vain is the help of man!"

As she threw her arms despairingly in the ample recess of the large *fauteuil*, a tiny billet struck against her hand, which had, either by accident or design, been half secreted in the chintz folds of the seat.

In moments of great agitation, even trifles excite unnatural interest, and Jeannette snatched up the small envelope, and tore it open with a haste that well-nigh blinded her to its contents.

There were but a few lines, written in a hand perfectly unknown to her, and they ran thus:—

"If Jeannette de Vaux has courage and love in her heart to run an apparent risk of personal danger, she may save those dearest to her from peril. At midnight of this day, a person will be in waiting for her on the south bank of the Clyde, near ——. He will be dressed in a light drab coat, and will give as a pass-word, 'Treachery.' Then it will rest with Miss de Vaux herself whether she will comply with the necessary conditions for the completion of the proposed task."

Jeannette read and re-read this anonymous document with a heart that beat high and rapidly at the first gleam of hope thus given, and then sank in sick, chilling doubt and fear as to its truth.

Was it but a device—a trap to draw her into the same danger in which her unhappy cousin and lover had been engulfed? She remembered, with a sickening heart, that she was, in all probability, the heiress of the unfortunate Maurice, who would scarcely have dreamed, in his full health and youth, of any will as to his property.

She was so convinced of her lover's innocence, that the only supposition left was that he had been the victim of some deep-laid plot. Was she about to fall in the same meshes? Was her life—her liberty—to become a sacrifice? Or, as a wild idea struck her heated fancy, could Maurice himself be living, and the author of the wretched intrigue?

But as she gradually grew calmer, she nerved herself to a more deliberate consideration of the matter. The fears and doubts vanished before the one devoted, unswerving resolve to sacrifice all—risk all for her lover's sake.

"It is Heaven's answer to my prayer," she murmured. "I said I would die for Hugh, but not lie for him, and I will keep my word."

It was an exciting interval for the young creature ere the hour of her expedition arrived. She luckily needed but little excuse with her mother for her silence and agitation after her dreadful ordeal in Court, and she retired to rest with little opposition on her part.

But the time that must still elapse ere she could safely leave the house was simply agonising.

She wrote a few hasty lines, which she inclosed and deposited under the toilet-glass, in case she should never return. She concealed in her dress a small toy pistol, which had been the constant companion of her deceased father; and then she wrapped herself in a thick Scotch plaid, and stole down the stairs of the silent and darkened house. The risk of discovery was lessened by the number of tenants on the different flats of the tenement, to any one of whom she might be supposed to be a visitor; and at last, without hindrance or detection, she had opened the door, closed it behind her, and found

herself in the dull, silent street. For a moment she drew back, then the thought of Hugh nerved her courage, and she flew rather than walked along the street, till the brief space she had to pass was traversed, and she arrived at the place of meeting.

The deep shadows of some trees obscured the faint beams of the moon at the spot more precisely indicated in Jeannette's strange missive, and for a few seconds the trembling girl believed that she had been deceived, and that no one awaited her. But the loud breathing of some living creature and a rustling in the air—that indescribable sound which the presence of any human being always spreads around—told her that she was not alone, and she moved hurriedly and timidly in the direction of the sound.

There was a figure under the thickest shadow of the branches, of which she could hardly discern the dress; but as she approached, she distinguished the word, "Treachery," uttered in low, thick accents.

"Not from me," she said, with a calmness that surprised herself. "What have I to do?" The man slightly bent forward so as to beckon her in the shadow, and, with a thrill of irrepresible terror, she obeyed.

"Do not fear," he said, "if you are loyal and true. Is it for Maurice de Vaux or Hugh Talbot that you fear?"

"For both," she replied, firmly. "The safety of one is the safety of both."

"I am answered," he said, "and believe you; but tell me, young lady, do you love Hugh Talbot? Would you do a bold deed to save him?"

"I would," she said, in steady, clear tones. "Only tell me what."

"Then, first, you must submit to be blindfolded, and let me lead you where it is necessary you should go," he said, "and trust to my word that you shall be safe, and the saviour of him you love if you have courage to obey me. Will you do this?"

Poor Jeannette shuddered; but again came the vow she had uttered, "I will die for him!" and she raised her head proudly as she answered:

"I am ready."
"And will you swear not to betray anything that you see or hear, except the fact which will ensure the safety of an innocent man?" he asked. "Mind, I do not exact an oath under compulsion; but if you carry out your wish, it must be with that condition."

There was a longer pause now than before, but the strong will once more prevailed, and the girl replied, firmly:

"Yes; I will swear!"
"It is well," was the rejoinder.

And then, without delay, the man produced a handkerchief, which he bound over Jeannette's eyes, and dictating to her the oath he required her to take, he grasped her hand in his, and they set forth on their midnight walk.

Jeannette could scarcely have told how long the time was ere they arrived at their destination.

To her it seemed an hour, but probably it was not above a quarter of that time, ere they stopped at what she could perceive was a house, for there was a pause, and then the click of a key, and in another moment they were evidently under shelter, and walking along a wooden floor.

"Now," said her conductor, "listen to me, young lady. You are going to be face to face with the dead—yes, and alone, too; but you have nothing to fear. He is scarcely cold, and your lover has had no more to do with his end than yourself. It was his own pride and passion that provoked the blow which eventually caused his death, at the very moment when Mr. Talbot was lying insensible on the sward. All you have to do is to swear that you have seen his corpse, and that the spirit had not departed an hour ere you looked upon it. Now go."

He dexterously slipped the handkerchief from her eyes, as he opened a door and closed it behind her, and Jeannette found herself alone in a large, dimly-lighted room. No, not alone, for on a low couch in a corner was a form covered by a sheet, and the girl guessed, with a cold, chill, ague through her limbs, that it was the corpse of the unhappy Maurice de Vaux.

She stood paralysed—powerless for a moment, then, with a desperate effort, she sprang forward, raised the covering, and gazed on the white, cold features of him who had left her in pride and passion but one brief month before. The features were calm and wasted, as by long illness; on the breast lay a chain and watch he had always worn, and which she at once

concluded were placed there for her to carry as proofs of her strange adventure. She stooped down and pressed her lips to the cold brow, on which her tears fell like rain, and then reverently replacing the sheet, she tottered towards the door.

"Are you satisfied?" said the voice of the man, who had conducted her to the spot. "Have you brought away the tangible evidence of your discovery?"

"I have," murmured the girl, faintly. "And you will keep your oath, and only reveal the fact of Maurice de Vaux's recent death, and of Hugh Talbot's innocence of the same?"

"I will, so help me Heaven!" she gasped, for her strength was well-nigh failing her; and the man appeared satisfied, for the next instant he had passed the handkerchief once more over her eyes, and her hand was grasped by her mysterious guide.

"Your oath need bind you but for three days," he said; "then let them search at pleasure, for we shall be hundreds of miles from the scene of their labours, young lady. May you be as happy as you are brave!"

Jeannette never knew how she reached home that night. The whole scene was as a dream to her own strained nerves.

But not a dream was the evidence of the watch and chain, not a dream the acquittal of her lover, not a dream the bridal of the young heiress of the unhappy Maurice with his supposed murderer some six months after the tragedy thus related.

The scene of Jeannette's midnight adventure was identified by the policemen some few days after, and the corpse discovered as she had described, and although the murderers were never traced, still it was surmised, with every appearance of truth, that the man in question was a well-known gambler, who had probably been employed by Maurice in his long and successful plottings against his ward, and who had finally contended for an undue reward for his services.

Such was the solution of the mystery, which was very rarely touched upon by the parties principally concerned, save with grateful humility for the blessings of their own lot. Hugh loved to dwell in after years on the courageous devotion of his peerless wife, to which he owed his own fame and happiness.

"My Jeannette," he would say, "if I am ever ungrateful enough to murmur, I would only repine that we are so unequal in our obligations to each other. I owe you much, yet can give you so little, save the deep love of a devoted heart. My wife, in after years our children and their descendants will relate over many a household hearth, the story they have received from your brave and eventful midnight walk."

S. D.

MY BABY.

DEAR little shining head, at rest
So tranquilly 'gainst mother's breast;
Would I could know the coming years,
Which needs must bring thee smiles and tears,
And throb of joy, and thrill of life,
And hope, and fear, and weary strife—
Dimming, mayhap, these dear eyes' light,
Seaming with care this snowy brow—
Might leave thee free from sin's dread blight,
And pure, and undefiled as now—
My baby.

DEAR little hands, so frail and weak,
Lovingly pressed to mother's cheek;
Would I could know they shall be free
In the far-coming time to be—
From aught that may defile or stain,
From lust of power, and greed of gain:
Earnest and patient, true and strong
To aid the right, and right the wrong—
Reached out to comfort and to save,
Wherever weakness needs a stay;
Wise, gentle, fearless, loving, brave,
Yet all unsullied as to-day—
My baby.

DEAR little feet that restless run
From morning light to set of sun;
Unworn through the live-long day
Of mimic toil and childish play—
Oh! when far past youth's sunny isle,
And baby sports no more beguile—
May wise ambition wing them still,
And speed them on o'er vale and hill;
And genius' fires glow warm and bright,
A shield, a comfort, a delight;
And noble deeds crown all thy years;
Till thou shalt fall unto thy rest,
As calm, and void of troublous fears
As now—asleep on mother's breast—
My baby.

A. E.

ZOE'S TRUST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SIR ROGER'S WARD," "KATRINE,"
"A WINNING HAZARD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE errand which had taken the party from Hill House to the good town of Shrewsbury had been completed, and Zoe, with a sad mockery of pleasure, had decided on the glittering jewels placed for her choice.

Perhaps the inward weariness of her soul was too visible on her speaking features, for even Sir Philip—though not usually quick to discern such changes—perceived the pale suffering that she could not altogether disguise.

"Come," he said, "I think you had better remain here while we go and complete our business. Zoe, you look tired; we shall return to you before long."

And after a few faint remonstrances from the uncomplaining girl, the proposal was agreed to, and she remained half-unconsciously gazing at the glittering gems in their crimson velvet beds, all unconscious that another customer, as might be presumed, had entered the shop.

"Miss Marchmont will, perhaps, deign to accept a redeemed, though, perhaps, worthless jewel," said a familiar voice, "even while triumphing in more valuable possessions."

She looked up fearfully, and a bewildered cry escaped her.

The figure before her was Algernon Sydney's, but yet how strangely changed at once from the lover of former days and the heartless betrayer of Theresa.

Pale, thin, with shortened hair, as if but recently grown from some deprivation of his former clustering locks, and a skin at once embrowned and yet devoid of the hue of health, the person who stood before her could not be the Algernon of the Court, whom she had seen but a few days since; and yet if not, who was he? and why did her heart bound instinctively to the glance of the well-remembered, tender, speaking eyes?

There was no mistaking that questioning, half-terrified glance, and the new-comer's expression softened as he watched her changing features.

"Algernon, for Heaven's sake, speak to me—tell me I am not mad or dreaming!" she gasped at length. "Why do you look like that? Have you been ill? Where is Theresa?" she added, in helpless alarm at the apparent failure of her senses.

"My darling—my Zoe!" he exclaimed, taking her hand in his. "Calm yourself. Believe me, I could never be harsh to you, my early love, even though you have tried me sorely. Explain yourself, my beloved. Perhaps I can guess something of the truth; but I would fain hear it from your own lips."

"Algernon—Algernon," she said, hurriedly, "there is some fearful deception, or I have been mad. Tell me, have you not been at home? and is Theresa not bound to you by every tie of honour? and did you not forget poor Zoe in her great loneliness? Oh! speak—quick—quick! for my brain is turning, I believe!"

"Zoe, for my sake, compose yourself and listen. There has been a hideous imposture, of which we have both been victims; but it shall all be explained and redressed now, my beloved, and, please Heaven, our happiness secured after all our troubles. I have never even seen your sister—never varied one instant in my devotion to you, and I had but just arrived in my native land when I saw you in London under such agonising circumstances for my heart and hopes. And have you been as true amidst all the temptations and sufferings, my Zoe?"

The poor girl had turned ashen white at the miserable memories that crowded on her.

Algernon was true, and she not false, but bound.

"Algernon—Algernon, forgive. I have been—I am true in heart!" she gasped. "But I am—"

She did not finish the sentence, for at the moment Sir Philip and his younger companions entered the shop.

The stranger encountered Sir Philip's bewildered gaze well-nigh as questioningly as he had met poor Zoe's surprised look; but he was more rapid in solving the mystery.

"I understand your surprise, Sir Philip," he said, "at the appearance of a second Richmond upon the field; but I can presently explain all to your satisfaction in a more fitting place for such revelations. Meanwhile, may I not hope for your kindly welcome home after my long absence and sufferings?"

Sir Philip was fairly breathless. Theresa shrank back in vague dismay; and Hubert Courtenay alone preserved his self-possession.

"If I may judge from your expressions and the strong resemblance," he said, "I presume that you, sir, claim to be the real Algernon Sydney, the heir of Sydney Court; and I confess there is a most singular likeness between you and the gentleman who at present passes as such; but where the deception is, it is, of course, impossible to decide. Zoe, what say you in the matter?" he added, turning to the girl, who sat in quiet sadness, watching the scene.

"I believe this one is true," she gasped.

"Well, as there is a good deal at stake, even besides your claims to the heritage, and I am in some measure concerned, I would suggest that the affair should be at once settled," observed Hubert, coolly. "Sir Philip, would it not be well for this gentleman to accompany us to Hill House, where the matter can be more closely investigated?"

"Certainly—certainly," said the stranger. "It cannot be too instantly set at rest for my wishes; only there should be another person for actual proof, and I shall at once seek to bring her to the Hill House as quickly as possible."

"There is ample room in the waggonette, is there not, Sir Philip, if it is but one who has to accompany this gentleman?"

"Certainly, and the suspense is better terminated," said Sir Philip, with a rapid glance at his two daughters, whose countenances bore marks of varying but almost equal agitation at the scene. "Zoe, my love, collect yourself," he whispered. "It is incumbent on you to remember all that is due for your honour and my safety."

"I know—I know," said Zoe, in an almost inaudible tone. "I will not faint. I will try."

Hubert Courtenay had, during this little scene, disappeared for a few moments with the so-called Algernon Sydney, and when he returned, there was a more calm and self-possessed expression on his decided features.

"Mr. Sydney will meet us at the Castle," he said, "with his friend. I believe we may venture to start at once—at least," he added, "if these ladies are ready for the drive."

Theresa had her veil down, but her voice was strangely husky as she assented; and Zoe, with all her sick misery of heart, had a braver and more self-controlled mien as they walked to the carriage, and drove to the appointed spot.

The stranger was there, with a female, whose figure and face were, in a measure, disguised by the garb of a sister of mercy, and whom he silently assisted into the carriage.

It was a strange drive. Each tenant of the vehicle was occupied with personal thoughts, while yet the same subject was in every mind.

Yet Hubert Courtenay formed in that silent interval resolutions and impressions that changed the lives of more than one of that little group.

* * * * *

"Ha! Sydney, so you have been kind enough to wait for our return," said Mr. Courtenay, entering alone the music-room, where the heir of the Court was amusing his leisure with examining and humming over songs lying on the instruments. "Well, you will be rewarded for your patience, I hope, as we have some new friends to introduce to you, whom it will no doubt be a great excitement to you to meet in this secluded region. Perhaps you will join us in the drawing-room. Sir Philip and the girls are there."

His tone was careless enough to disarm suspicion; and though Algernon shot a quick glance at the speaker, he did not perceive anything that could justify his recoil from the proposal; and with a final action to the air he was humming, he followed the young man from the apartment.

His eyes were somewhat dazzled by the group that presented itself, and wandered from one to the other in uneasy examination.

But Courtenay allowed little time for the survey.

"Let me perform a rather perplexing office," he said, "and present to each other the rival claimants to one name and heritage. Mr. Sydney, it is for you to maintain your cause against this new-comer in fair field," he said, turning to the hitherto undisputed master of the Court and name belonging to its possessor.

It would have been a study to see the faces of the two young men thus addressed.

The stern indignation in the one, the tiger-like despair in the other.

"What fiendish jugglery is this?" exclaimed the pseudo suitor of Theresa. "I suppose some fancied resemblance has inflated this impostor, or, it may be, that he has interested confederates."

And he glanced uneasily at the two girls, who were covering as it were at each other's side.

"Peace! hardened, base impostor that you are!" said the new-comer, sternly. "Unhappy offspring of guilt and shame, you should at least show some sense of the crime you have desperately attempted. For the sake of the blood that flows in your veins—of the father to whom we owe our common birth—I would fain pardon you, and bid you depart unpunished for your sin; but you may drive even forbearance too far."

"This is rather too absurd," said the rival, contemptuously. "I suppose you presume on some accidental resemblance to advance the claim which is below contempt. Sir Philip, I will appeal to your excellent sense and honour as a defence against such an outrage on your friend."

"And I," said the hitherto veiled and silent female, who had remained shaded in the most distant recess during the altercation—"I warn you to hold your peace and to submit to the detection which too surely awaits you. Reginald Lennox, do you dare to defy the recognition of her whom you drew away from a loving father and happy home?—dare you pretend that she, who has never lost sight of your serpent-like windings, could be deceived in your identity? Be wise, and submit. Cast yourself on the mercy of those who may perhaps extend to you an indulgence far beyond your deserts—on a wife, who may even yet save you from your deep degradation and misery."

There was a certain dignity in Annie's gesture and tone that could scarcely fail in its influence, even on so hardened a nature as the man she addressed. But he shook it off with a powerful effort, and gave a cold, sarcastic laugh, as he replied:

"Since you are good enough to assign to me so fascinating a character, you will perhaps satisfy this company why you do not pick out that interesting impostor whom I confess might well be my double for the part you assign to him. I beg most distinctly to deny the imputation cast on me so frantically."

"Yes," she said, "I will; though there is yet more powerful evidence to be adduced. Reginald Lennox, dare you deny this is your writing?—dare you put pen to paper as a proof it cannot belong to your authorship? And you, Mr. Sydney," she added, turning to the rival claimant for the name, "will you kindly write a line or so, in evidence that it cannot have come from you?"

[To be concluded.]

"Zoe's Trust" commenced in No. 557 and Part CXXXVI.

WE ALL HAVE FAULTS.

HE who boasts of being perfect is perfect in his folly. I have been a great deal up and down in the world, and I never did see either a perfect horse or a perfect man, and I never shall until I see two Sundays come together. You cannot get white flour out of a coal sack, nor perfection out of human nature; he who looks for it had better look for sugar in the sea. The old saying is "lifeless, faultless." Of dead men we should say nothing but good, but as for the living, they are all tarred more or less with the black brush, and half an eye can see it. Every head has a soft place in it, and every heart has its black drop. Every rose has its prickles, and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened with clouds. Nobody is so wise but he has folly enough to stock a stall at Vanity Fair. Where I could not see the fool's cap, I have nevertheless heard the bells jingle.

As there is no sunshine without some shadows, so all human good is mixed up with more or less of evil; even poor-law guardians have their little failings, and parish beaules are not wholly of a heavenly nature. The best wine has its lees. All men's faults are not written on their foreheads, and it's quite as well they are not, or hats would need wide brims; yet as sure as eggs are eggs, faults of some kind nestle in every man's bosom. There's no telling when a man's faults will show themselves, for hares pop out of a ditch just when you are not looking for them. A horse that is weak in the knees may not stumble for a mile two, but it is in him, and the rider had better hold him up well. The tabby cat is not lapping milk just now, but leave the dairy door open, and we will see if she is not as bad a thief as the kitten. There's fire in the flint, cool as it looks; wait till the steel gets a knock at it, and you will see. Everybody can read that riddle, but it is not everybody that will remember to keep his gunpowder out of the way of the candle.

Fleeting Dreams—Caprice.

COMPOSED FOR THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL BY W. H. DWIGHT.

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THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE



LEONTINE COULD HARDLY REALISE WHAT HAD BEFALLEN HER.

HIS WORD OF HONOUR.

CHAPTER XXIV.

It was a bitterly cold night; a keen, north-east wind was blowing in Harry Mervyn's face; the stars were twinkling overhead. What the perplexing thoughts were that filled the young man's heart we cannot now declare, but it is certain that

he was far from happy, that his approaching marriage with Miss Grandcourt, which all the papers were hinting of, and all his acquaintance congratulating him upon, seemed about the most hideous catastrophe that could befall him.

"I would defy Sir Miles; I would choose poverty," he said to himself, "only I believe there is a way out of the difficulty. Surely Sir Miles would receive with open arms his own grandson, who has never offended him? Surely

he will make him his heir? persuade him to marry Augusta, and give me five thousand pounds to begin life upon. I might get some Government appointment; I might go abroad, which would be better still. Anyhow, I would marry Leontine."

Harry Mervyn did not proceed towards St. James's Park; he turned up a narrow street to the left, and before long, found himself in the neighbourhood of St. Martin's Lane, somewhere

in the wilds of Soho. He entered a second or third rate coffee-house, where the gas was flaring. The name over the door, "Gaspard," showed that it was a foreign house of refreshment, as did the language spoken by the waiters and the customers.

It was nearly eleven o'clock, and most of the men who had been smoking, drinking wine, coffee, absinthe, or bitter, as the case might be, discussing politics meanwhile, taking the side of the Extreme Right or the Extreme Left, the Buonapartists, or the Legitimists, according to their several political creeds—most of these men were on their feet making preparations for departure, fastening up their cigar-cases, buttoning on their great-coats, talking loudly in their mother tongue, laughing loudly also, for everybody at Gaspard's seemed in beaming good-temper that night.

When the young Englishman entered, way was made for him politely. He advanced towards a sofa at the end of the apartment—a little red sofa, upon which lounged a small, sallow, straight-haired man, with a hooked nose, meeting brows, a great mouth that smiled always like a painted mouth in a mask at a pantomime, a prematurely ugly little man, and yet a good-tempered individual it was easy to see at a glance.

"*Entrez—entrez, monsieur,*" cried the little man, springing off his couch and advancing to meet Harry.

Then followed a perfect torrent of French, voluble as a phrase-book out of which one learns or tries to learn French idiom at school.

"Sit down—sit down, Picard," said Harry, at length.

The heir of Sir Miles was an excellent linguist.

Monsieur Picard spoke no English.

"Let us call for wine, or will monsieur sup? Or shall we have chocolate, or what will monsieur choose?" asked Picard.

"I am not inclined to eat anything, M. Picard; but let us order something; they will be closing directly, so I must make friends with Gaspard. I think I will have a room here to-night. I know the accommodation is comfortable and the place clean; order what you like for supper; let us have a sitting-room to ourselves, and then we can discuss our business privately."

Picard danced about like a puppet. He speedily ordered oysters and broiled steak, and Medoc, champagne, fruit, and black coffee—a dainty little Parisian supper; and soon he and Harry were seated in a snug back parlour before a bright fire; here they ate and drank: Harry sparingly, the Frenchman voraciously. When they came to the cup of black coffee at the last, Harry said:

"Well, Monsieur Picard, what have you discovered?"

The agile Frenchman snapped his fingers as if they had been castanets, and executed a *pas seulle* with such grace and skill, that Harry laughed and declared he ought to make his fortune on the stage.

"Too modest—too modest, dear young sir," said the little Frenchman, laying his hand upon his heart. "I should die of confusion; meanwhile my talents, such as they are, are devoted to your service. I have discovered this much. Sir Miles Braithwaite has a grandson in existence whom he would, no doubt, make his heir at once, could he see the proofs of his identity."

Harry looked on the carpet, and his heart stirred strangely. All his life long, or, at least, ever since when, an orphan boy of nine, he had been called from school and installed with honour at Braithwaite as the heir of Sir Miles, he had looked upon the fair inheritance, the sounding title, the honours and glories of the kingdom of this world as his by inalienable right. Lately, horror of the marriage proposed to him, and love for another girl—let the astute reader decide whether that girl was Fanny Scrubbs or Leontine Corville—had prompted him to seek out the true heir of Sir Miles, resign in his favour, and only claim from the baronet a few thousands and freedom. Picard, a clever little agent of the French detectives, had been sent over from Paris at his request, to prosecute inquiries in London. Picard had found a clue, returned to France to follow it out, and now here he was again with fresh discoveries.

Harry, then, felt some natural shrinking now from taking the step which was to disinherit him, but he knew that there was another heir, and honour would never have allowed Mervyn to hesitate even had his inclination not been on the side of right.

"Where is this young man—the grandson of Sir Miles?"

He asked the question slowly, even with some difficulty; but he asked it bravely.

"I know not," Picard snapped his fingers

again as if they had been castanets. "I only know for a fact he is in London, where he works—where he earns his bread."

"Poor fellow!" Harry sighed. "Is he educated?—is he a gentleman?"

Again the fingers of Picard were snapped.

"How can I tell? I only know the facts, monsieur, so far and no further: Sir Miles Braithwaite had no son, but one daughter. She ran away with her music-teacher. They went abroad, and wrote home for forgiveness. Sir Miles tore the letter into little bits, and so returned it to his daughter. She vowed never to forgive him. She said she knew his violent temper, and that he would relent; but she never would. She had a son in due time, and then she died, and the son was christened Charles in the church of St. Sulpice, in Paris, and he was put out to nurse, and he grew tall; and whether his father sent him to school or taught him anything, I cannot tell. Mademoiselle Barbara Braithwaite did an unwise thing when she sacrificed all for love. The father lived in Italy, and paid for the boy at nurse, and at last he—this Monsieur Geromonde—died, and my informant sent the boy to London, hoping his grandfather and he would meet. Was ever such a simpleton?"

And Picard again executed a *pas seulle* round the table.

"Your story is very incomplete," said Mervyn, gloomily. "I cannot make head or tail of it."

"*Mon enfant*, it is not required that thou shouldst make head or tail. Heads are useless; tails are not wanted. All we have to do is to find out this Monsieur Charles Geromonde, and present him to his maternal grandfather."

"And if he is a carpenter, or an artisan, or a man-servant?"

Picard shrugged his shoulders.

"What can you do? Sir Miles may still own him or disown him, as the case may be?"

"And who is your informant?"

Picard made the most hideous grimace.

"Monsieur, if I repeat names, my business is at an end. I must not tell. He would not direct me at once where to find Charles. He means to come over himself, and look out for him, and get the reward, perhaps. Meanwhile"—Picard laid his finger at the side of his nose—"I shall have discovered him—Charles Geromonde. He lives under his own name."

"To me it seems hopeless," said Mervyn. "I have a great mind to tell Sir Miles that his daughter left a son, who is living."

"Nay—nay—nay. In the name of wisdom, let me entreat you to forbear. Sir Miles will think some spurious heir is about to be forced upon him."

Harry smiled sadly.

"Is it likely that I would give up my wealth and title to a spurious heir?"

"Nay, you have some motive; you, monsieur, are in the season of rash youth, when the blood is hot and quick, and the imagination is lurid with the fire of passion. You are in those days when a man thinks the world well lost for some fair Helen; and to gain this bride, you would fain descend to the lower rank of poor gentleman. In years to come, you may regret or rejoice—who can say? But Sir Miles will see through your scheme, or fancy he does; he may disinherit you the same, and yet refuse to acknowledge Charles. Be careful: we must have proof—baptismal and others; only Charles can furnish me with these. We must seek him out, monsieur."

"How old is he?"

"About nineteen or twenty, as nearly as I can guess."

"I have the certificate of his mother's marriage," said Harry. "She was married to Geromonde, near Braithwaite, in the village church of St. Amis, and I know who was present at the marriage."

"That is nothing," said Picard; "we want the baptism of the boy. We must creep before we run."

After a little while, Harry requested to be shown to his room, which was a neat and warm apartment.

During his meetings with Picard, he had once or twice used Gaspard's as his hotel, where, in a kind of incog. he hid his West-end dignities and fashionable graces.

Harry had provided himself with a small portable dressing-case, so that when he emerged from his chamber the next morning he was as fresh, as well-brushed, as distinguished-looking as if he had just left his own fine chamber in St. James's Square.

He started, for in the passage he encountered the individual whose presence of mind had rescued him from death by drowning at Braithwaite.

"What a god-send!" cried the mysterious

person. "Harry, lad, I give you my word I am stumped; I have not half-a-crown in the world. I have been staying here a week, and owe no end of a bill, and how I am to pay—"

"Come in here—come in here, for Heaven's sake!" interrupted Harry, leading the way back into his own chamber.

Then he locked the door, and looked at his acquaintance gloomily.

"Seediness is impressed upon every button of my coat, written upon every thread of my wristbands, reflected in the dim polish of my thin though fashionable boots," said the visitor, with a reckless laugh. "Upon my word, if I hadn't a scheme in hand—a scheme which will set me on my legs—I think I would just go down to Braithwaite, and fling myself into the pool which so nearly drowned you."

"You would do nothing of the kind: you've too much sense; and have you spent all the twenty-five I gave you?"

"All? Oh! generous Harry, all! And how many twenty-fives have you spent on suppers and champagne, and pretty presents, since I saw you? I, poor wretch, who have rent, and food, and clothes, to think of—oh! defend me from rich—"

"Hush!" interrupted Harry, drawing out his purse. "There's a ten-pound note for you, and a couple of sovereigns. I say, I hope your grand scheme will soon come into operation, my dear fellow. I sha'n't be able to keep you going much longer. Sir Miles Braithwaite's grandson—son of his daughter Barbara, who married the music-master—is about to turn up, and out me out of Braithwaite."

The other burst into a mocking laugh.

"When I see him, and hear him speak, and see all his proofs, I'll believe him; not before. Another Tichborne trial, eh? Oh! Harry, how can you be so green, so verdant, so fresh, and childlike, and lamblike? These French detective fellows have humbugged you."

"I hope not," said Harry, fiercely. "If so, I must quarrel with Sir Miles; I must tell him to find another heir."

As he spoke, he looked at his acquaintance, who burst into a joyous, ringing laugh.

The rest of the conversation cannot be related just yet; but again these extraordinary acquaintances wrung one another's hands heartily, and said to each other: "Heaven bless you, old boy!" before they parted.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE accident that had befallen Leontine was a severe one. Youth and an excellent constitution, however, did more for her than the Doctor could do; though, on his part, he was an intelligent man, who left Nature for the most part to work in her own way. He prescribed rest, quiet, freedom from work and worry.

Miss Hoocher began to look glum, however, as the weeks ran on, and Dr. Martin still forbade the return of Mademoiselle Corville to the school-room. She had, he said, narrowly escaped congestion of the brain; and to drive her to the noise and thrum of the music-room might be dangerous in the extreme.

Meanwhile, M. Silvas was extremely kind to Miss Hoocher. He actually volunteered to give the more advanced pupils a music-lesson per diem until mademoiselle should be able to resume her duties. But, during this time, Miss Hoocher never once invited him to enter the invalid-parlour and see Leontine.

So the days went on; and the March winds began to blow in the gardens of Olympia Lodge. The crocuses blazed in the borders. A lean old gardener set to work among the cabbages and potato-plants in the lower quarter of the grounds. The dust blew along Hammersmith highway. Leontine sat in the invalid's parlour, reading.

Suddenly a servant-girl entered, with a letter in her hand, and threw it into Leontine's lap.

"Eleven o'clock post, miss. This is for you; and I thought maybe you would like to get it before Miss Paul Fry has peeped at it, which is the rule."

"Thank you," said Leontine, quietly.

A letter in the handwriting, or nearly the same, as the one addressed long ago to Fanny Scrubbs. The monogram "H. M." on the seal. She broke it with fingers that trembled, and read as follows:—

"29, St. James's Square.
"I hope my long silence has not led you to doubt the truth of the words I spoke to you in St. James's Square, that I love you, Leontine, and long to make you my wife. I have made inquiries daily, not at the house, but of the Doctor who attends you. Meanwhile, I have been working out a curious problem. When I

have finished; I will explain all; but just now things are complex and puzzling. If you read the papers, you will see that the marriage of Miss Grandcourt is postponed. That lady had the grace (let me not appear unfeeling) to catch the measles. She is not yet recovered. Leontine, you have no idea of the whirl in which my mind and thoughts are confused—a marriage seeming imminent, from which my whole nature revolts. Only trust me, darling—it is all I ask; and believe in the love of your devoted

"HENRY JOSEPH MERVYN.

"March 14."

Leontine put down the letter. Her heart beat; her cheeks were flushed. Presently they became pale, as if she had fainted.

"He must be mad," she said; "or he thinks that I am insane. Fanny Scrubbs? What an incomprehensible puzzle! Is he a somnambulist, who walks and acts in his sleep? in his waking state, being devoted to Miss Scrubbs, in his dreaming state, to me? Oh! and I could have loved him so! What a frank, bold handwriting! and how pleasantly the paper is perfumed! The aroma of wealth and luxury, and, I suppose, of aristocracy."

A step outside; and Leontine crushed the letter into her pocket.

Enter Miss Hoocher in a hurry.

"Mademoiselle, poor Monsieur Silvas is taken suddenly ill: a violent nervous headache. He is gone to lie down in the parlour. *Could you manage to take the French classes to-day?*"

"Oh! yes, madame."

She rose up, delighted to be of use.

"I feel so much better. I shall be glad to get to work again."

"I should think you would be," said Miss Hoocher, coldly.

Leontine had a little miscalculated her strength. The noise, the excitement, the stupidity, and exuberant spirits of the girls, most of them as old as herself, the long hours, the glare and the dazzle of the March sunshine through the three long windows. She was faint and fatigued before the French classes were over.

Miss Hoocher came every now and then into the school-room, walked round, and looked severely at Leontine.

"Mademoiselle, you do not keep order in your class."

Fanny Scrubbs, bursting with rude laughter, let a heavy book fall with a thud upon the floor; and a smothered giggle ran round the class.

"Mademoiselle Corville, you do not exert your authority."

"Young ladies, pray attend," said poor, pale little Leontine, her eyes blazing with feverish excitement.

Miss Hoocher stayed a few minutes longer. When she was gone, the giggling recommenced.

At last came release. Leontine rose, and made her way towards the invalid's room, where a cup of tea and repose in the arm-chair awaited her.

She was met on the way by Miss Hoocher.

"Oh! mademoiselle, I will send your tea to the music-room. We are now going to dine. I really think there is nothing like plenty of work to get rid of nervous ailments. I wish you to take the music-pupils."

Poor Leontine put her hand to her aching head, and obeyed. She sat giving music-lessons till dusk.

Meanwhile, Monsieur Silvas slept upon the green damask couch in Miss Hoocher's comfortable parlour. The French master was suffering from morbid excitement, late hours, drinking more wine than his usually abstemious habits accustomed him to drink.

This story has nothing to do with politics; but it may be hinted here that the gifted Frenchman was ambitious to the core. His desires could not confine themselves within the bounds of a successful career as a teacher of languages, or even an author of some repute. Gaspard's had seen him often of late; and while plunging over head and ears into various plots, he was still obliged daily to toil in the schools, and make his rounds as though his nights had been spent sleeping peacefully at the cottage at Kew.

Miss Hoocher entered the room; came and stood near the head of the sofa, looked fondly at the finely-chiselled, unconscious face. The lady was in the shady years of middle life. She had never been pretty, nor even good-looking, in her youth. She had never been beloved. She had never loved. She had laughed at the tender passion as a folly, or detested it as a something undignified and unaimed. She was a hard, practical, worldly, business-like woman until Monsieur Silvas became French master at Olympia Lodge. Then, beguiled by the French-

man's insidious flatteries, dazzled by his beauty, enchanted by his talents, Miss Hoocher lost her head, or her heart, which is pretty much the same thing in these cases. She adored, she idolised the French master.

Presently he stirred, muttered, opened his eyes. How dark and fiery they looked to Miss Hoocher!

"Ah, madame, you are too good."

He tried to sit up.

"No, no, no. Let me arrange this pillow for you. Some beef-tea is being made for you. You must take some."

"Madame, how shall I repay your goodness? Alas! I am not worthy of it."

He took the hard, unlovely hand of Miss Hoocher, and pressed it to his moustached lip.

Her heart beat.

"There is *nothing* I would refuse you," she said, eagerly. "Your talent, your assiduity, your conscientious manner of teaching are—*are wonderful!*"

Achille Silvas, pale and languid with pain, his head in a whirl, feeling grateful besides to Miss Hoocher, who had been very kind to him, advancing money before it was due, feasting him in the little parlour, working hard to procure him other pupils—Achille Silvas took the hand of Miss Hoocher in both his own, and sighed tenderly.

"Oh! my sweet friend," he said, "if I dared—if I might hope! But I am a poor, penniless dog."

That was all. He would not have married Miss Hoocher for the world. But he wished her to *think* he desired it. And Miss Hoocher fluttered out of the room, too much agitated to remain near her hero. She went to look after his beef-tea. She tried to be prosaic and practical.

Meanwhile, Leontine Corville had finished her music-lessons, and was walking wearily towards the invalid's parlour. As she was passing the open door of Miss Hoocher's sitting-room, the red fire-light enveloped her in a roseate glow, illumined her sweet pale face and her black dress.

Silvas started up with a cry.

"Oh! my darling," said the Frenchman.

He went and took her hand, and led her into the room.

"My pretty Murillo—my Madonna of Spain," he said. "Oh! how I have thirsted for you, Leontine, you never can know. Child, how I love you—how—"

"Monsieur!" He was putting his arm round her waist. Leontine repulsed him. "Monsieur Silvas, you forget yourself."

"I think so," said a hard, unnatural voice.

It was Miss Hoocher, carrying the beef-tea. She put it upon the table. There was no light but the fire-light, for dusk had stolen into the room. Miss Hoocher's face was in the shadow; but Silvas and Leontine could see her whole form shake. She grasped the back of a chair.

"I have had it hinted to me," she said, "that Corville was a shameless girl, and had been seen with you during the holidays, at Kensington Museum—nay, had stayed at your house, but I would not believe it."

"Madame—" began Silvas.

"Silence! I have always distrusted the French." She laughed bitterly. "You will rue this! Understand, you do not teach in this house after the quarter."

He bowed to her. He felt what an enemy she had become, all at once, and how his character and reputation would suffer; perhaps he would lose all his London teaching.

"Get out of this house!"

Miss Hoocher stamped her foot. Silvas caught up his hat, and hurried out of the room.

"And now *you*," said Miss Hoocher—"you are not fit for the society of young girls. You come with me to your room, pack your box, and it shall be put outside in the street with you. If you wish for a quarter's payment, summon me to the County Court, and hear what I will say in defence of myself."

"Madame, I am innocent of wrong—madame, what can I say?"

She began to weep. Miss Hoocher lighted a candle, and, pushing Leontine before her, mounted to the poor child's sleeping-room, where she made her pack and cord her box, and dress herself in her walking-attire.

Leontine had spent nearly all the last payment in replenishing her wardrobe. Ten-and-sixpence was all she had in the world.

"Call nobody," said Miss Hoocher. "I'll help carry this box down-stairs."

And she helped her down with it; carried it through the back hall into the garden, and thence to a door in the wall which opened upon Hammersmith highway.

Miss Hoocher slammed this door behind her. Leontine looked about; the lamps were alight, and rain was beginning to fall.

CHAPTER XXVI.

It was so sudden: so rapid had been the punishment—or shall we say vengeance?—inflicted by the mistress of Olympia Lodge, that Leontine, her head already aching and bewildered from her exertions in the music-room, could hardly realize what had befallen her—that she was literally turned out of the house, her face set towards a strange city, without a sovereign to call her own, and, as the world would judge, without a character.

She had never been in the open air since her return after the accident. Now the March wind blew chill, and the rain that fell was half frozen. It had been a bright, bitter day, with a searching east wind; now it was a dark, sullen evening, with the blast rocking the bare boughs and piping drearily amongst them.

"What has happened—what have I done?" Leontine asked herself. "I could not help Mr. Silvas being so—so—shall I say rude?—as to put his arm round my waist; still he has been so kind, almost like a brother. I feel sure he did not mean insult. Still, it looked ill-bred, and Miss Hoocher was dreadfully angry; still, she must have heard me tell him he was wrong. Oh! I am punished for not telling her I had spent a fortnight at Achille Cottage, for letting her believe the lie of Monsieur Silvas, for it was a lie, and his having been kind to me was no excuse for my sanctioning what was false. Oh! what shall I do—what shall I do?"

She could not shed one tear. The hurry and the shock of the expulsion had been so overpowering, that her nerves vibrated like the struck strings of a harpsichord. Her blood seemed on fire—her mouth was parched, while her flesh crept with the chilling influence of the March winds. She shivered and felt scorched by turns.

"I have nowhere to go except to Achille Cottage," said the poor child, at length. "They are my country people. It is through them that I am turned out—through shielding Monsieur Silvas. Yes, I must go there. Madame will give me shelter; monsieur will look out for a situation for me."

Leontine asked the first boy that passed to carry her box to the omnibus-stand. There she speedily found a bus starting for Kew, and in due time was set down within a few yards of Achille Cottage.

She left the box in a shop under care of the shopwoman. Soon she had shut the little gate behind her, and was walking up the little gravel path between the grass borders.

The sleet had turned to cold, steady rain.

Leontine wore her waterproof and a German travelling-hood.

She came up modestly, yet without fear, to the little rustic porch, and rapped at the door. In a little while it was opened by madame's maid—a small, scared individual, frightened out of her wits at madame and madame's foreign ways, and madame's peculiar English. It was a new maid since Christmas. The Silvas exchanged servants often.

"Is madame in?"

The girl stared, turned about, and then screamed at the pitch of her voice:

"Here's a young person wants you, mum!"

She did not like to ask a stranger into the house. Evidently she had been warned never to do so.

Madame could be courtly on occasion, but some of her ways savoured of the ruder classes—this bullying of maid-servants, to wit.

"Tell the person to wait!" shrieked madame, in answer. "I am much occupied. Can she not leave her message, and come to-morrow?"

"Madame," cried Leontine, advancing to the foot of the stairs, "it is I—Leontine Corville."

"Ah, thou!"

Madame spoke French now. Her voice sounded rasping, almost terrible.

Leontine trembled, she knew not why.

"Please to go into the *salon*. I will come to you, mademoiselle."

Madame's tone was a shade more polite, but cold—cold as the pitiless rain which beat against the window-panes.

Leontine entered the little drawing-room. The pretty green chairs, curtains, and carpets were there as of yore; but the grate was fireless. One might have written one's name in the dust of the rosewood table. A chill, neglected, damp, little fire room, with no look of home about it. Presently madame entered—madame, whom Leontine had always seen graceful in black silk and white lace, costumed with all

the taste of an elegant old French lady. Now she was huddled into a gray peignoir; a yellow handkerchief covered her head, and was pinned under her chin.

Madame had been hard at house-work; her hands were soiled; she might have passed for an old barrow-woman on the Quais, or in some street of the lower quarter. The expression on her face was stern, not to say angry, and bitter.

Leontine advanced with outstretched palm. Madame appeared not to see it, smiled ironically, and curtseyed.

"*Bien, mademoiselle?*"

"Oh! madame, are you also offended with me?"

Madame folded her sallow hands, and smiled a yet more withering smile.

Leontine began to tell her tale.

Madame stopped her, showing her long teeth, still with that cruel, incomprehensible smile.

"Pardon, mademoiselle, I think I know as much of this romance as you can tell me. My son has only left the house five minutes before you came; he has gone on to Hampton, where he has a gentleman pupil. He has told me all; how that through your entering the room where he was, he has received notice to quit the best school where he instructs—a loss of £150 a year to him, besides all the mischief madame's tongue will do him. I have lived long, mademoiselle, and I have seen much of the world—many people—*beaucoup de monde*—but, pardon, I have never seen such effrontery in one so young, mademoiselle; that you should come here after such disgrace, and to the mother of the man whom your coquetries have ruined, is astonishing beyond belief. If mademoiselle thinks to marry my son, mademoiselle is more mistaken than she ever was in her life. Monsieur Silvas is not a marrying man."

"Madame, these are cowardly insults hurled at one homeless and unprotected, young, an orphan, and innocent."

Madame snorted and tossed her head in its yellow wrapping.

"I do not profess to be given to sentiment, mademoiselle; it is not in my line; I am simply practical. I work, and I try to save. I prepare my son's dinner, and endeavour to make his home comfortable. I have neither time nor sympathy to waste upon orphans. I do not want orphans here," madame might have added, "especially if they come in the guise of lovely maidens of nineteen, fortuneless and accomplished, with whom my son Achille is fool enough to be in love. I tell you so very plainly, mademoiselle: there is no welcome for you at Achille Cottage. Achille, my son, even he would give you no welcome now; so I advise you to seek other friends; nay, if you had heard the way he spoke of you, you would never look at him again."

Madame spoke this cruel lie boldly, with an insolence that seemed like candour shining in her wicked old eyes.

Leontine, sensitive, stung to the quick, turned about without a word; she did not even say adieu to the cruel old mother of Achille. She rushed out of the house into the rain. She had now about nine shillings in her purse, and she had her trunk at the baker's shop. Never mind; let her get away—away for ever from that dreadful old witch in the yellow handkerchief—that terrible, cruel-tongued old virago. She passed out into the road, holding down her head—her head which ached so cruelly.

"Oh! what a wicked—wicked world this is!" the poor child said to herself.

She was right, inasmuch as it is a very selfish world, and out of this intense selfishness springs much of the sorrow which man inflicts upon his fellow-man; and, for the matter of that, woman upon her fellow-woman.

Miss Hoocher, stung by jealousy, scrupled not to turn a young, pretty, penniless creature out upon the streets of a dangerous city; she was rid of a rival, she had punished her, humiliated her. If she attempted retaliation, the mistress of Olympia Lodge was prepared to assert that Leontine was no fit companion for young girls, that she was bold, fast, forward; and if the girl should really have become all these, the self-righteous woman would have pointed triumphantly to the ruin she had made herself.

As for Madame Silvas, love for her son—love of greed, ambition for the worldly prosperity of Achille, were the motives that made her cruel, false, and horribly unjust. Achille was extravagant, poor, ambitious, handsome, talented. Achille, then, must marry money—*should* marry money, and here was he losing his head for this little wretched, penniless child, just because she had a pretty face and sang sweetly.

Madame rubbed her dirty old hands together when Leontine was gone, and chuckled loudly.

"But that was well done," she said: "that she should come here while he is out, and I should have the sending of her away; and she should so believe me that he has spoken ill of her. They will not meet, I hope. What can I tell Achille when he begins to rave? He will not believe me if I say she is gone to America, and yet I might get up that tale, or that she is married. Patience; I am thy mother, my good Achille, and I am determined thou shalt not run thy head into a noose; that shalt not hang thyself, my Achille."

CHAPTER XXVII.

AUGUSTA GRANDCOURT had had the measles severely, and her marriage with Harry Mervyn was postponed until May. Decorum would not permit the young people to meet, although Miss Grandcourt now sat up, supported by pillows, on the damask satin sofa in her splendid chamber, with her mamma and the faithful Deborah in constant attendance upon her.

For the matter of that, Harry was thankful to decorum, and even—notwithstanding his natural good-nature—to the measles also: anything—everything that kept him and Miss Grandcourt apart, spun out the time, gave him the chance of shaking himself free from a hateful engagement, without offending his adopted father, or rendering himself, at twenty-three, with his expensive habits and tastes, and with no profession in his hands, an absolute beggar, without funds, friends, or interest.

Harry had been educated for the duties and responsibilities of a wealthy land-owner, who was to marry an heiress, mix in society, go into Parliament, and endeavour to benefit his fellow-creatures in a large, general, all-embracing fashion.

Now he was secretly educating himself for a life of toil and private application. He had made up his mind to choose poverty, and the entire estrangement of Sir Miles, rather than marry Miss Grandcourt; but while there was yet time to fish out the true heir—the finding of whom, he felt convinced, would induce Sir Miles to provide him with a Government appointment, and a few thousands to start with, so that he might marry Leontine—he hesitated to come to open rupture with the young lady or his patron.

Harry had received no answer to the letter he had written Leontine—he went over to Hammersmith, and inquired of the Doctor who had attended her. If this Doctor believed that the young gentleman's inquiries sprang from other than the chivalrous and philanthropic feelings which would naturally prompt a man of generous nature to look after the welfare of a friendless young person, who had been indebted to him for succour and kindness, this said Doctor concealed his suspicions cleverly.

Harry had dashed up to the door in his smart cab, his smart tiger had rung the bell, and now he stood in the Doctor's reception-room, tall, erect, handsome; the Doctor—a square, solid man, some ten years older than the brilliant heir, some three inches shorter: a prosaic, grave person, altogether among the grays, and browns, and neutral shades of life, as compared with handsome Harry—entered the room in his morning-coat, bowing politely to his visitor.

Harry blushed, and his heart of twenty-three summers beat fast and furiously.

"Good-morning, Doctor."

"Pray be seated, Mr. Mervyn."

Mr. Mervyn sat down.

"I have called to make inquiries after your patient, Doctor."

The Doctor raised his brows.

"Oh! the young lady who was thrown out of the cab?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle Corville."

The Doctor coughed.

"Rather unpleasant affair, Mr. Mervyn."

Now, if the young Doctor, aged thirty-three, with his rising practice, his intended bride, and all his human interests, and knowledge of humanity—mentally and physically considered—did not rightly interpret the death-like pallor which spread over Harry's face, he was duller than we give him credit for. But he made no sign.

"Mademoiselle has left Olympia Lodge, Mr. Mervyn, quite suddenly; in fact, not to mince matters, she has been turned out."

Harry Mervyn uttered a violent and sudden exclamation.

The calm Doctor looked at him in surprise. Accustomed to the regulation of his own feelings, he was astonished at this passionate outcry. Then he gave Harry the version he had received from Miss Hoocher, who had spread far and wide the story of Leontine's imprudence, and, as she said, bad conduct.

"It seems that during the Christmas holidays this young lady was in reality visiting at the house of the French master and his mother—a handsome, clever, cunning fellow that master: I'm certain he is cunning, from the shape of his mouth—and when she returned, she and the Frenchman both told Miss Hoocher that they had not met during the holidays, and one of the pupils saw them together at Kensington Museum. Then, the other evening, Miss Hoocher, going suddenly into a sitting-room where the Frenchman was shamming headache, and being petted up with beef-tea, and so on, finds him putting his arm round mademoiselle's waist (and mademoiselle had no business in the room at all), so Miss Hoocher gave the Frenchman 'warning to leave,' as the servant-girls say, and she made pretty little mademoiselle pack up her things and quit the house."

"Turned her out—that poor, pretty, defenceless child! Oh! the heartless hag!"

The Doctor was silent. It would not answer for him to speak against Miss Hoocher, and have his words repeated, perhaps.

"You see, the head of an establishment like that is forced to be very particular, especially with the teachers."

"I will never believe one improper word passed that girl's lips—I will never believe an impure thought ever crossed her mind. There is some mischief, or some falsehood, or some jealousy. If the Frenchman was handsome, and cunning, and was shamming headache in Miss Hoocher's sitting-room, perhaps they were going to be married, and this is a lover's quarrel about the beautiful French girl."

"She is remarkably pretty," said the Doctor.

"And do you think her capable of deceit, and of flirting with that rascally Frenchman?"

The Doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"I have had no opportunity of studying the young lady's character. She appears modest as a blush-rose—pure as a snowdrop."

"And I'd stake my life on it!" said Harry, passionately. "Where does this rascally Frenchman live?"

The Doctor did not know, so Harry went to Olympia Lodge to inquire.

Harry did not leave his carriage; he held the reins while his smart servant went to the door of the ladies' college and inquired of the maid the address of Monsieur Achille Silvas, the French master.

The maid went away to ask. Before she returned, Fanny Scrubbs, peeping out of a passage-window, discovered, with a fluttering at her heart, Harry—her Harry—sitting in his stylish trap, holding the reins of his handsome horses, waiting for some message from Olympia Lodge.

Downstairs she was told all by the servant. Mr. Mervyn had sent his compliments to Miss Hoocher, asking for Monsieur Silvas' address. He could not have seen Fanny's face as she peeped at him over a stone cistern through a very small window high up in Olympia Lodge. Still, the young lady felt a strange misgiving as she took her place in the school-room that day. How, unconscious of her, abstracted and angry had the face of Mervyn looked as he sat holding in those prancing grays!

What on earth could his business with the French master be about?

[To be continued.]

"His Word of Honour" commenced in No. 564 and Part CXXXVIII.

A DAINY WASH-ERWOMAN.—It is a pleasant amusement to watch the movements of the little Swiss maiden, in a straw hat and black velvet bodice, with the silver chains, who is plying her occupation of laundress. She has paddled her boat far out into the lake, and is letting it drift with the current. In the boat beside her is a pile of freshly-washed linen, glistening like snow in the sunlight. But its whiteness does not content her. As the boat moves along, each piece of linen is thrown into the lake and trailed slowly through the blue water—blue as ever painted. Still she is not quite satisfied. She takes perhaps three or four handkerchiefs in her hand at a time and literally throws them overboard, in such a manner that the chance looker-on cannot but breathe a fervent hope that they may not be his own property. But before he has time to frame his wishes into words she has caught them again, with a dexterous sort of legerdemain; and the process is repeated again and again. And all the while the black-velvet bodiced maiden, with the glistening silver chains and pins, snowy sleeves, and round white arms, if she be a true Brienz maiden, is singing like a very nightingale.



SIR CHARLES CLASPED THE GLITTERING ORNAMENT ON LADY CAMILLA'S ARM.

BADLY MATCHED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TRISSIE'S BRIDAL," "WILFUL WINNIE," "A TWISTED LINK," "RUSSET AND ROSE," "FOR LIFE—FOR LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

In apparently gayer mood than customary Sir Charles took his station behind Madame Caspares' chair when she supped, and waited upon her and her companions as usual; but he refused to partake of the meal, although he drank freely of the wine, that was sent up to be mixed with the cold clear water the ladies preferred.

The bracelet still lay in his pocket; yet he made no allusion to it, although Trixie, who could not resist watching him closely, saw his hand steal towards it repeatedly. Then she began to wonder what he would do with it, or whether Lady Camilla would miss and inquire for the trinket if he continued to retain it in his possession.

But all suggestions were at an end when, the Baroness signifying that she felt tired, he said his adieu, and prepared to retreat to his straw pallet in the ante-chamber.

"A fair good-night to ye all, gentle friends," he exclaimed, gaily, as he kissed the cheek of madame, and bowed over the hand of the widow. "By-the-way, Lady Camilla, I have something of yours here which I must return, or your dreams may be perturbed ones."

Every drop of blood fled from her face as he clasped the glittering ornament on her arm, and then steadfastly looked into the depths of the eyes that vainly sought to avoid his.

"How very handsome!" cried the Baroness, putting up her glass that she might get a better view of it. "My dear Camilla, I never saw this before? Whose is it? Yours?"

"Certainly it is hers," responded Sir Charles, icily. "This is the last gift her ladyship accepted from the murderer of her husband."

"Charles Ormsby!" cried his horrified aunt, "what are you saying?"

"The truth, *ma tante*—the truth. Why do you look at me so strangely? Lady Camilla will tell you that the admiration of a young and

handsome Marchese is more precious to her than the memory of the good man, whose worst fault was loving her too well."

"In mercy spare her—spare her!" murmured Trixie, who trembled at the scorn in his clear, incisive tones and the piercing looks, that seemed to read Lady Camilla's guilty soul.

"I have done," he answered. "After all, silence would have been wiser;" and he quitted the room, although Lady Camilla, sinking on her knees, besought him to stay—to hear her; and her hysterical sobs must have penetrated to that outer chamber to which he retreated.

"I wish some one would enlighten me," said the Baroness, peevishly, while Bessie supported the half-fainting widow, and Trixie bathed her face and hands with cold water. "I was mad when I let my nephew accompany us; but for him this might not have happened. Who is going to tell me the meaning of this ridiculous scene? I hate scenes, but I like them explained when they do occur."

"Let those explain who made the mischief by giving this trinket to Sir Charles," cried Lady Camilla, recovering her speech, and tearing off the bracelet. "It is true that it was in my possession, for the Marchese forced it upon me last night when he suddenly appeared before me while I was walking with Monna Santa."

"The Marchese, eh? I begin to comprehend the state of affairs," said madame, significantly.

"Then you will understand, my dear and only friend, that I dared not refuse his gift—dared not resent his conduct as I wished to do, for fear he should revenge himself on you."

"Oh! you need not have made yourself uneasy about me," was the dry retort. "I am not at all afraid that any Italian Marchese, however powerful or vindictive, will attempt to meddle with me."

"But Charlie, whom he regards as his rival?" murmured the widow, with a violent shudder, partly real, partly simulated. "What will become of him if I set this violent-tempered man at defiance?"

The Baroness clenched her hands in great agitation, and answered, with a repressed passion that awed her hearers:

"Lady Camilla, if any harm befalls my young kinsman, his blood be upon your head! I will denounce you as the cause in every civilised city in the world!"

"Oh! you are too cruel!" sobbed the lady, writhing at her feet. "Is it my fault that the Marchese loves and pursues me?"

"Yes—a thousand times yes! Had you been a true widow, mourning the death of your husband as he deserved to be mourned, even this Italian—however headstrong, however passionate—must have respected your grief, and left you at peace."

To this charge Lady Camilla replied only with her sobs.

"Then it seems that Beatrice Mayne was right," Madame Caspares resumed; "and these pretended bandits are the unworthy tools of a more unworthy master. How long are we to be detained here? oblige me by saying."

"Why will you speak as if I were in fault—I who never dreamed of being subjected to such treatment?" remonstrated Camilla.

"Nor knew that he was on our track? If you can assert this, I will believe and pity you. But no; your lips quiver. Ah! and I now know—I am sure that it was the Marchese with whom you talked at your window the night before we left Count Amalfi's—deny it if you can!"

"It was the first time I had seen him since my widowhood," Camilla declared; "and he was so vehement—so passionate—I was obliged to give him a hearing, lest he should alarm the house, and cause a scandal. I could only get rid of him by promising to write as soon as I reached England."

"And he took measures to prevent your reaching it at all. If it were not that Sir Charles Ormsby is endangered by your flirtations," the Baroness irately added, "I should feel quite indifferent as to their result. As it is, I am constrained to ask you what is to be done?"

"If we temporise with the Marchese—if I can prevail with him to let us continue our journey to the villa you have taken, Charlie will then be safe," the young widow assured her.

"But on what conditions will your gallant friend agree to this? Let me know precisely to what you are to bind yourself."

"To nothing," said Camilla, lowering her voice. "I shall not consider myself bound to keep any promises extorted from me while I am a prisoner."

"But you will cajole this lover of yours into the belief that you intend to be his wife. It is a dangerous game to play."

"I know it," she faltered, growing pale again. "I am frightened when I look forward, yet still more afraid to draw back; for at any moment he may discover that I deceived him when I declared that Sir Charles has gone to England."

"A crooked policy generally leads one further astray than open dealing," madame observed, shaking her head thoughtfully. "What excuses does this Marchese offer for our detention? Have you insisted on being set free? But no, of course you have not. If you had really felt indignant at what he has done, you would have apprised me of the truth, and asked me to advise you how to act."

"Have I not told you that he is so violent in his protestations, that he overwhelms and bewilders me?"

"While he is with you he may; but when you are free from the overpowering effect of his presence, what has there been to prevent your disclosing the truth?"

Lady Camilla threw herself into a chair, and burst into a fresh sob.

"Everyone rails at me—everyone finds fault with me, and yet I have acted for the best."

"If by everyone you mean your companions in this detestable old tower, I answer that we do find fault with you, and have good reason for it," retorted the Baroness, who was very angry, "for our imprisonment has not been lightened by the maunderings of a half-mad lover. But while you bewail yourself in this manner, any rational discussion of our difficulties is impossible. You had better go to bed, Lady Camilla. To-morrow I will endeavour to see this Marchese, and awaken him to a sense of the disgraceful course he is taking."

"You had better leave him to my management," she was faintly told. "If you contrive to incense him, we are lost."

"What do you mean by lost? Is this Italian base enough to murder us in cold blood because I choose to tell him that it is not in this way English ladies are accustomed to be wooed, and add my firm conviction that you are playing him false? But you need not look so terrified. I can play the diplomatist if it be necessary; only I warn you that I will be no party to deliberate attempts to deceive any man."

"Yes," said Lady Camilla; "I will go to bed, for I am quite worn out with anxiety. If you knew what I have endured ever since the Marchese has been here—"

"I thought you said he only came yesterday," interjected the Baroness.

"If you knew what I have suffered," she went on, evading any reply to this observation, "not on my own account, but Sir Charles's, you would pity instead of upbraiding me."

"Humph!" said madame, who had always viewed the young lady's proceedings with covert dissatisfaction. "I am sadly obtuse to-night. I cannot muster up any commiseration except for myself and these poor girls. To be the dupe of a couple who are playing at love-making after the absurdest fashion, is by no means agreeable to a woman of my age and opinions."

And, resolutely refusing to hear another word on this subject, she dismissed Bessie and Trixie to their chamber, paced the room while Lady Camilla, thus deprived of any assistance, slowly and reluctantly performed her own *toilette de nuit*, and then, without disrobing, lay down beside the young widow, who, too selfish to feel much real anxiety for the fate of her friends, soon sighed herself into a profound slumber.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"The little strength that I have, I would it were with you."

NEITHER Trixie nor her companion could conquer their excitement sufficiently to attempt to rest, and they sat down at the foot of their bed to talk over in whispers the events of the evening. Not that these surprised them, for they long had felt that Lady Camilla was not to be trusted, and that it was her unconquerable love of admiration which had brought them into their present dilemma.

The question now perplexing them was, how would it end? From her confession, it was but too plain that, instead of indignantly spurning the Marchese's advances, and refusing either to receive his letters or grant more stolen interviews, she had been unable to resist the plea-

sure of listening to his ardent speeches. In fact, she had played and was still playing with a tiger whose ferocity might at any moment find a victim in herself.

And yet her vanity blinded her to her danger, and what little heart she had was given to Sir Charles Ormsby, whose wife she hoped and intended to become. Whether he would be satisfied with a spouse who could never resist attempting to fascinate every eligible man who came under the spell of her *beaux yeux*, she did not trouble herself to imagine; and though rather uneasy at the result of the smiles and sweet words she had bestowed on the impetuous Italian, she never doubted her ability to extricate herself from his clutches if the Baroness would be but reasonable, and leave things to her greater tact.

"I would give all I possess," murmured Trixie, "to know which feeling predominates in Sir Charles Ormsby's heart at this moment—grief or anger."

"Not anger, surely. One who has erred so greatly himself has no right to blame the sharer of his folly if she goes beyond him."

"How unkindly you speak!" was the indignant comment on Bessie's remark. "He loved her long before she became the wife of another; and if she has been careful to keep alive this affection, why blame him for not being as clear-sighted as we, who have never fallen under the influence of her beauty?"

"You are fond of finding excuses for a young man who is by far too ready to find them for himself."

"And you, embittered against him without, as I firmly believe, sufficient cause," retorted Trixie, "view all his actions in a jaundiced light."

"We will not quarrel about one who would only laugh at us for our pains," said Bessie, in a more amicable tone. "It were wiser to think of ourselves. Do you know, dear Trixie, that there is one of the women below who could, I think, be induced to help us if we did but know the way to go to work?"

"What makes you fancy this?"

"The looks she has cast upon me ever since I interfered on her behalf some days since. As I was passing through the hall below with Monna Santa to take my airing, one of the ruffianly fellows struck and would have kicked her for accidentally knocking over a cup of wine he was drinking. I pushed in between, and mustered up my best Italian to reproach him for his brutality."

"Do you, then, think that she could be induced to convey a letter to the authorities at the nearest town?" inquired Trixie, hopefully.

But Bessie threw cold water on this suggestion.

"I fear that the men in office in either of these primitive towns would scarcely have courage to interfere with a nobleman like the Marchese, whose property may lie here, and whose influence must therefore be immense. No; our efforts must be directed to our own countrymen. If we could get a letter posted to the ambassador, he would interfere promptly."

As the friends were sitting devising the best way of getting speech with the woman, and slipping into her hands not only the note they would prevail upon the Baroness to write, but a bribe large enough to insure her compliance, a gentle tap at the door started them into silence. Not till it was repeated did either of them have presence of mind to ask who was there.

"It is I," answered the voice of Sir Charles Ormsby; and Trixie ran to learn why he knocked.

He took hold of her hand, and drew her into the ante-chamber, which, lighted solely by the few gleams that came through the loop-hole, was so gloomy, that involuntarily she shuddered and would have retreated again, but for the reassuring pressure of his fingers.

"Courage," he said. "I will not detain you; but I saw by the rays darting through the key-hole that you had not put out your lamp, and so I ventured to ask your help."

"It shall be freely given if you will tell me in what way I can assist you."

And though Bessie, who had followed her friend, was silent, Sir Charles did not hesitate to proceed.

"I cannot remain here after what has happened, and I blame myself for having been inactive so long. Yesterday, I thought it would be selfish to effect my own escape, and leave a party of defenceless women behind me; now, I see that there is no other way of rescuing you from thralldom and Lady Camilla from being coerced into a marriage that would entail odium upon her."

His voice lost its steadiness for a moment, and there was a pause; but, quickly recovering himself, he went on:

"I have climbed to the loop-hole yonder, and examined it. I think I can squeeze myself through, and, with the aid of a rope, I could then lower myself to the roof of an outbuilding below. From that, it would not be at all difficult to reach mother earth."

"And then?" queried Bessie. "Are you not aware that sentinels are posted all round the tower?"

"Yes; I discovered that on the night after our arrival. But by creeping along the ground, Indian fashion, I feel confident of being able to evade their notice."

"But the risk is so very great," murmured Trixie, apprehensively.

She was heard with impatience and an impatient reply.

"Not half so great as you imagine; and it would be far better to have a bullet through one's head, than to be the prisoner of the Marchese. At all events, I am determined to make an effort for freedom before the moon rises and disperses these favouring shadows."

"But the rope?" Bessie reminded him.

"Ay, it is in procuring that I must crave your assistance. I must have a substitute for the hempen cord that is not to be had."

"The sheets of our beds—the striped coverlet. We have nothing else."

And Bessie, warned by Sir Charles that Lady Camilla was not to be made acquainted with the scheme, stole away on tiptoe to tear the linen into strips, and knot them together. Trixie was following; but the baronet detained her.

"Wish me well ere we part, dear little girl. I have talked as much nonsense as if my heart had not been aching all the while; but, nevertheless, I have been conscious of your tender sympathy, and very grateful for it."

"You will take care of yourself?" was all Trixie's reply; for she was thinking less of what had occurred than the perils Sir Charles must infallibly encounter.

"If you bid me—yes."

"I do bid you. Remember that, bad as our position is, it will be worse—much worse if by any act of rashness you risk being retaken."

"I am too eager to outwit these Italians to be careless in my movements," he assured her.

"If I fail, of course I fail, and must submit to be brought back to my prison. But if all goes well, as I hope and think it will, I shall make my way to the Conte Amalfi's. On him I am sure that we can depend; but, to make all safe, I shall also despatch a mounted messenger to the English ambassador at Rome. So take courage, dear maiden. You shall soon flutter your wings again."

"Are you sure you have properly calculated the height of the tower?" Trixie demanded, her eyes fixed on the loop-hole, her heart throbbing with anxiety and terror. "Oh! Sir Charles"—and unconsciously her fingers twined themselves round his—"must I see you endanger your life for a woman who—forgive me; I must say it—who is not worthy of you?"

"Hush! On this subject, I had rather not hear you. Some day, you may understand my feelings and motives better than you do now; but you may believe me when I tell you that *duty* is the first thought in my mind just now."

"But you will be careful?" she could not resist repeating.

"For whose sake?" and he bent over her till his lips touched her forehead. "For yours, little Beatrice—for yours?"

"For your wife's!" she answered, withdrawing her hands, and gliding to the side of Bessie, who, with her arms full of linen, now came back to the ante-chamber, and warned them that no time was to be lost.

Scarcely a word was exchanged again till the rope they were extemporising was finished, and one end secured to a strong staple Sir Charles had discovered in the wall. Then he rapidly whispered his wishes, satisfied himself that they were understood and would be carried out by the pale girls who stood beside him, and, with a fervent "Heaven bless you both!" prepared to climb to the loop-hole.

But now Trixie's fortitude deserted her; and, with a faint cry, she extended her arms to wrap them round him, and prevent his departure. Bessie, however, who was watching her, interposed, and held her, despite her struggling, till the baronet had contrived to squeeze himself through the narrow opening, and, after one backward glance at those he left behind, commenced his perilous descent. Then both the young girls involuntarily sank on their knees, their strained eyes fixed upon the cord on which depended a life so precious to one, if not to both. But Trixie could not long be inactive; starting up, she, too, climbed to the window, and looked through.

Far below swung the figure of the baronet,

and she saw with sensations impossible to describe, that the rope was not long enough to reach the sloping roof he had hoped to reach. Ere she could ask herself what he would do, his grasp on the cord relaxed, and he dropped the eighteen or twenty feet that intervened, and lay there motionless so long, that the horrified girl descended from the loop-hole, and was flying frantically to the sentinel on the stairs, to entreat him to send some one to Sir Charles's aid.

But again Bessie, less easily alarmed, interfered to prevent the hasty step, and prevailed upon her sobbing friend to be patient till she had herself paid a visit to the window.

"Banish your fears, dear Trixie," she whispered. "He may be hurt, but it is very slightly, for he has risen to his feet, and is preparing to finish the descent. Ay, and now he is sliding down a buttress that hides him from my sight. Pray Heaven no one sees him!"

Ten—twenty minutes, an hour passed away, and not a sound but the steady tramp of the sentinels broke the stillness of the night. The watchers above ventured to draw up the rope, so that no evidence of the manner of Sir Charles's flight would greet the eyes of the curious in the morning; and then, with indescribable anxiety, they awaited the dawn.

It came at last; the sun rose higher and higher, the bandits were heard stirring below; the old woman who lit the fire, with which they boiled their coffee, was heard grumbling her way up the stairs, and Bessie and Trixie ventured at last to exchange a thankful clasp of hands. Sir Charles must have got away undetected; but how long should they be able to keep the secret of his departure from those who would follow on his track, and hunt him down remorselessly, if he were wandering in these woodland wilds, seeking in vain to discover the path that would lead him to the Conte Amalfi's?

Presently the Baroness awoke; and while Trixie arranged pillows and rugs on the pallet in the darkest corner of the ante-chamber, so that they bore a resemblance to a human figure, Bessie informed madame that Sir Charles felt too indisposed to rise.

The old woman, who was still busy about the fireplace, heard the information with utter indifference; what mattered it to her if the reserved English laquay kept his bed for days, so that she was not put to any extra trouble? She retailed the tidings below when she returned to the bandits, and was heard by them with more interest, because she added Trixie's whisper that he was very hot, as if he had a fever. A horror of infectious diseases was on these rough, ignorant men, and, as Sir Charles's fair coadjutors had already anticipated, they were careful to avoid coming in contact with any person who was supposed to be attacked by one.

The dainty, delicate Lady Camilla shared this feeling in common with the people she despised, and made no offer to accompany madame when, after a very hasty toilette, she hurried to the ante-chamber to ascertain the condition of her nephew. It was as great a relief as surprise to be taken into the confidence of her maidens, and learn that the bird had flown in the night; but the astute old lady accepted her part, and acted it well. Perhaps she felt a little covert satisfaction in playing on the terrors Lady Camilla could not conceal, and hinting her belief that Sir Charles was in a dangerous state.

It may have been a remorseful fancy that her own clandestine meeting with his rival had caused his illness, that made the fair widow hesitate to take her customary stroll; but when Monna Santa put a note into her hand, she cast a deprecating glance at the Baroness, and glided away, stepping on tiptoe across the ante-chamber both in going and returning, lest she should disturb the baronet, whom Bessie said was sleeping.

So far, so well; the day had passed away—very slowly, certainly—and not even Camilla suspected the truth; but how much longer would it be possible to keep up this deception? The question was asked still more anxiously, and the faces of the captives became graver and graver when another day elapsed and no signs of the approach of friends greeted their eyes or ears. What if Sir Charles had failed in his object, and fallen into the hands of the Marchese or his unscrupulous servitors?

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Shrew my heart, you never spoke what did become you less than this!"

WHEN the evening began to close in, Lady Camilla, who, though not sharing the anxieties of her companions, had been thoughtful and ill at ease, began to look half-fearfully at the door, as if she dreaded Monna Santa's approach.

"This illness of Sir Charles is most unfor-

unate!" she cried, abruptly. "It deranges all my plans."

"I was not aware that you had formed any," answered Madame Caspares, in her driest manner.

"How unkindly you speak!" exclaimed the widow, with an angry pout. "You might be sure that I am moving heaven and earth to effect our deliverance. The Marchese has almost promised to let us depart; but we cannot go and leave Sir Charles—can we? while on the other hand, if I made a fuss about a man-servant, as they suppose him to be, suspicion would be aroused directly."

"I daresay it would; therefore we had better patiently await the issue of events."

"No, no!" cried Camilla, vehemently. "I am so tired of this place, that at all hazards I must contrive to get away from it. Do you think Sir Charles could be carried on a litter? or—would it be more prudent to leave him behind, paying the women liberally to nurse him till he is well enough to rejoin us?"

"Cela depends. Would you be content to leave him in the hands of the servants of this Marchese?" asked madame, significantly.

"Content? no. But I am so hemmed in with difficulties, that I know not what else to propose; and, if his disease is a fever, as you appear to think, it will be dangerous to one's own health to remain so near him. Dear, unselfish fellow! I know he would not like me to run any risks, especially as I can do no good by remaining."

"My dear Lady Camilla," answered the Baroness, with extreme politeness, "your arguments, like yourself, are admirable, and I should be the last person in the world to advise you to stay where infection is rife, and you run a chance of spoiling the beautiful face, which is your most valuable possession."

"But pray advise me," said Lady Camilla, caressingly. "You know how entirely I rely on you."

"I beg that you will not do so any longer. I accepted the office of guardian *pro tem.* to your ladyship with reluctance; I relinquish it with relief. Make your own terms with our jailer, and do not let any pangs of conscience on our account influence you."

"But, my dearest Madame Caspares," was the soft reply, "it is for you—for all my friends, that I am more concerned than for myself."

"You are extremely generous," answered the Baroness, incredulously; "but you waste your kindness on us. I will be no party to any attempts to make terms with the insolent noble whose fellows brought me hither. If he chooses to open my prison-doors, I will walk out; but it will be with the avowed intention of carrying my complaint of this shameful treatment to those who will be both able and willing to punish him for it."

"We are in his power; it will never, never do to brave him in this manner!" the widow sighed.

"Then I will stay where I am until my friends come to my assistance," madame answered, composedly.

"And Sir Charles, who is hourly in danger—whose life would not be safe for a moment if the Marchese knew that he was here—do you forget him?" and Lady Camilla wrung her hands in genuine terror.

"Why does the Marchese nourish this vindictive hatred of one who never injured him?" the Baroness demanded.

"How can I tell?" responded Camilla, evasively. "He knows that we are friends of long standing; he has one of those jealous temperaments that are so difficult to manage; and who can account for the vagaries of a passionate, suspicious man?"

"When did you acquire this intimate acquaintance with the workings of his mind? In the lifetime of your husband, or since?" asked madame; but the widow had recovered her spirits, and heard the taunt with dignified composure.

"It does not take one long to discover that a man is hot-headed and inconsiderate, and I believe that my fears for my friends have made me watch him more closely than I might have done if I had only myself to think of."

"Thanks for your explanation," answered madame, coolly. "I believe that this is the actual sense of what you tell me—the Marchese seeks my nephew's life because he imagines him to be a pretender to your hand. It may simplify matters between you and that gentleman if you tell him that Sir Charles Ormsby is already married."

Both Bessie and Trixie, who were seated at a little distance endeavouring to appear occupied with some work, started when they heard the Baroness say this, and bent curious looks upon

her; but Lady Camilla only smiled. The information was so extraordinary and so unlikely that she did not give it a moment's credence.

"It may be as well to mention it incidentally, but I always steer clear, if possible, of actual untruths; they lead sometimes to such awkward situations. I hate having to explain away anything I have said. But here comes Monna Santa, and I half promised to give his lordship my decision to-night."

"Does he intend to keep you a prisoner until you consent to be his wife?"

"He does not consider me his prisoner, but his guest, whom he detained because he believed that I was on the point of leaving for my native country. We must not judge these ardent, romantic Italians by our sober, sensible Englishmen."

"True," said the Baroness; "and so, as your escort is waiting to lead you to this romantic, ardent gentleman, pray do not let me detain you."

"But I may arrange for our departure if I find means to evade an absolute promise to be his," whispered Camilla, coaxingly. "Once out of his power, you will see how firm I can be in dismissing him, and how entirely I shall submit myself for the future to your guidance."

"Arrange what you please for yourself," answered the inflexible Baroness. "Lie, deceive, deliberately trick this man as much as you think proper; he deserves it for giving his foolish heart to the wife of another, or putting any faith in the woman who secretly encouraged him while bound with the holiest of vows. But do not bring my name into the affair; make no promises, and ask no concessions for me. If I were positive that I shall never quit this tower alive, I would neither demand my liberty from one who unjustly withholds it, nor suffer your lips to forswear themselves in my name."

"And Charles?" her ladyship reminded her, with a glance of mingled spite and anger.

"Would say that I have decided rightly. But, that you may not make his danger an excuse for what you decide on doing, look here!" and rising from her seat, the Baroness led the way to the ante-chamber.

But Lady Camilla had not courage to approach the pallet where she supposed Sir Charles to be.

"What would you show me?" she murmured, clinging to the door-post for support. "Is he dead? Merciful heavens!"

"Not dead, but gone away," answered madame, in English, while Monna Santa, who shared the terrors of the rest, edged towards the stairs, and, holding a piece of camphor to her nose, sharply requested the lady to make haste. "He effected his escape so long since that pursuit would be a folly."

"Why was I not told this sooner?" asked the widow, revolving the astounding news in her mind.

"Because, my dear Lady Camilla, we ceased to trust you from the moment we learned that you had your secrets which we were not permitted to share. You are detaining the Marchese."

But Lady Camilla, though she took a step or two towards the door, returned again.

"Sir Charles has gone, of course, in search of assistance. If he had done this sooner, as I urged him to do—"

"Urged it, yet left him in ignorance of the true nature of this imprisonment; left him to believe that he would be leaving four helpless women in the hands of veritable banditti, who at the first alarm would revenge themselves on their captives."

"It is useless arguing," cried the widow, peevishly. "You are determined not to see that I have been actuated by the best of motives; but if you persist in misunderstanding me, madame, you must not blame me if I take you at your word and make terms with the Marchese for myself only."

"You will be saved that additional disgrace," she was quietly told, "for our deliverers have arrived;" and Madame de Caspares' colour rose and her eyes began to sparkle with joy. "Hark! I can hear them below; there is a struggle, but it will soon be over; these pseudo brigands are too prudent or too cowardly to resist the law. I am afraid, my dear young friend, that your interview with the Marchese will have to be postponed, as his most illustrious excellency is sure to sneak off till the storm has blown over."

[To be continued.]

"Badly Matched" commenced in No. 557 and Part CXXXVI.

GOOD FOR HOGS.—Dr. Johnson was one day dining at the house of a lady, when she asked him if he did not think her pudding good. "Yes," growled the great moralist; "it is very good for hogs."—"Shall I help you to another plateful, then?" asked the polite hostess.



No. 1.—BONNET.



No. 2.—HAT.



No. 3.
CAP FOR
YOUNG
LADY.



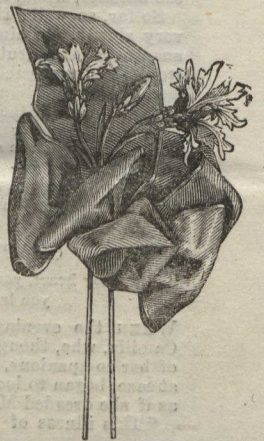
No. 6.—HOME OR WALKING DRESS.



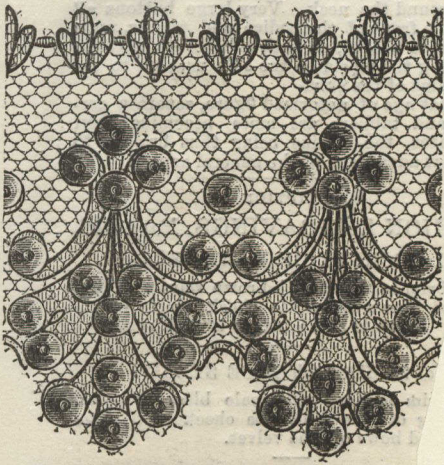
No. 4.—CRAVAT-BOW



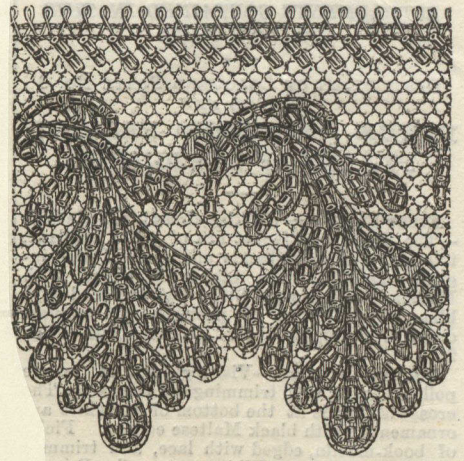
No. 5.—HAIR-BOW.



No. 7.—HAIR-BOW.



No. 1.—BLACK LACE ORNAMENTED WITH SPANGLES.



No. 2.—BLACK LACE ORNAMENTED WITH JET.

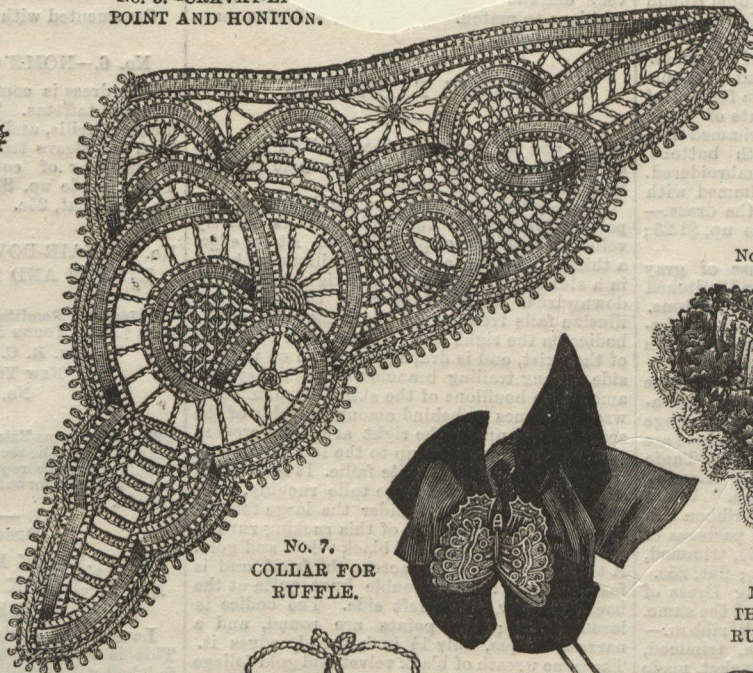


No. 3.—CRAVAT TRIMMED WITH LACE.

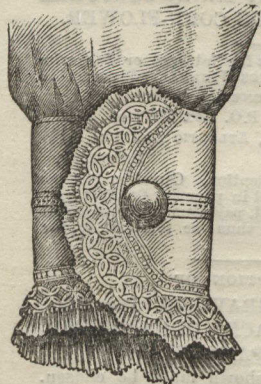
No. 5.—CRAVAT-E. POINT AND HONITON.



No. 6.—RUFFLE WITH LACE COLLAR AND CRAVAT-ENDS.



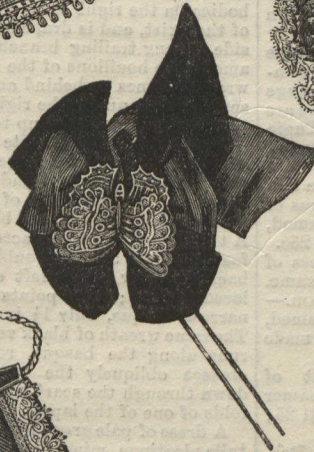
No. 7. COLLAR FOR RUFFLE.



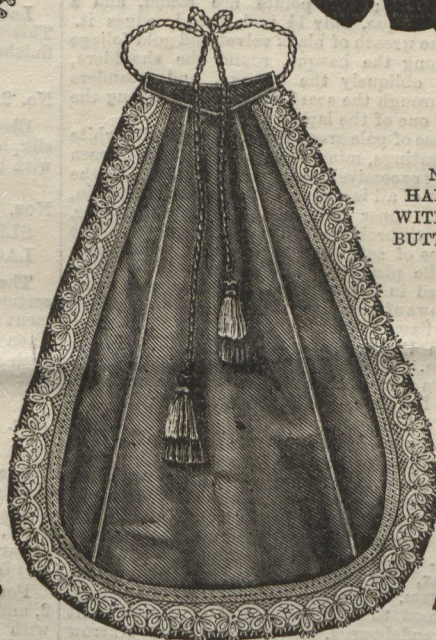
No. 4.—UNDER-SLEEVE TRIMMED WITH LACE.



No. 8. THROAT-RUFFLE.



No. 9. HAIR-BOW WITH LACE BUTTERFLY.



Nos. 10, 11, AND 12.—APRONS FOR LADIES.

SUPPLEMENTS CONTAINED IN THIS
MONTH'S PART.

DESCRIPTION OF COLOURED PLATE No. 8
OF THE NEW

EXTRA ENLARGED FASHION
PLATES OF 15 FIGURES.

FIRST FIGURE.—Walking-dress for Little Girl.—The dress and jacket are of white brilliant, trimmed with cross-bands and sash of blue in-grain cambric. The tablier is edged with Madeira embroidery. Straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbon.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, \$1. Jacket, trimmed, 50c. Flat, 25c.

SECOND FIGURE.—Visiting-dress of mauve poil de chevre, with trimmings of the same. The crosswise bands at the bottom of the skirt are ornamented with black Maltese edging. Fichu of book-muslin, edged with lace, and trimmed with mauve plume. White gauze veil.—Price of pattern of complete dress, trimmed, \$1.60.

THIRD FIGURE.—Walking-dress of tussor with trimmings of the same, and of black lace. Hat of écarle-coloured turquoise, with trimmings of black lace and mauve ribbon.—Price of pattern of Polonoise, trimmed, \$1.25; flat, 40c.

FOURTH FIGURE.—Visiting-dress of pink taffetas, with trimmings of the same. White tulle bonnet, trimmed with pink ribbon, plumes and flowers.—Price of pattern of jacket, made up, 60c.; flat, 25c.

FIFTH FIGURE.—Walking-dress of blue Iris poplin. The skirt is plain. The Polonoise is trimmed with blue buttons and black passementerie. Straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbon and plume.—Price of pattern of Polonoise, trimmed, \$1.25; flat, 40c.

SIXTH FIGURE.—Visiting-dress of havannah-coloured faille. The skirt is trimmed with rouleaux of the same. The robings are formed of black faille, with a binding and points of black velvet. The points are bound and trimmed with black faille, and ornamented with buttons. Polonoise of black faille, richly embroidered. Bonnet of black-and-white chip, trimmed with feathers and faille of the colour of the dress.—Price of pattern of Polonoise, made up, \$1.25; flat, 40c.

SEVENTH FIGURE.—Visiting-dress of gray taffetas. The trimmings are frills and stitched rouleaux of the same. Passementerie buttons. Straw hat, lined with blue faille; blue trimmings, bandeau of pink roses.—Price of pattern of Polonoise, trimmed, \$1.50; flat, 40c.

EIGHTH FIGURE.—Visiting-dress of blue faille. The back of skirt is trimmed with organ-pipe flounces; the front with kilt pleatings and bouillons. The robings and cross-bands are trimmed with bindings and rouleaux. Tunic and jacket of black-and-white foulard, trimmed with black cord, buttons, and lace. White crinoline bonnet, trimmed with blue ribbon and bouquet of field-flowers.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, \$2. Tunic, trimmed, \$1; flat, 35c. Jacket, trimmed, 70c.; flat, 25c.

NINTH FIGURE.—Fête or Visiting Dress of pink poil de chevre, with trimmings of the same. Leghorn bonnet, trimmed with pink ribbon.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, \$2. Tunic, made up, \$1; flat, 40c. Jacket, made up, 70c.; flat, 25c.

TENTH FIGURE.—Riding-dress.—Habit of gray melton. Beaver hat, and white gossamer veil.—Price of pattern of habit, made up, \$1.25; flat, 60c.

ELEVENTH FIGURE.—Dress for Little Boy.—Jacket and knickerbockers of brown cloth, trimmed with velvet and buttons. White waistcoat. Sailor's hat.—Price of patterns of complete suit, made up, \$1; flat, 30c.

TWELFTH FIGURE.—Visiting-dress of mauve taffetas of two shades. Polonoise of striped black-and-white taffetas, trimmed with white lace, and revers of the two shades of mauve. Leghorn hat, trimmed with mauve ribbon, plume, and bouquet.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, \$2. Polonoise, trimmed, \$1; flat, 40c.

THIRTEENTH FIGURE.—Walking-dress of blue Irish poplin. Vest of white silk; revers of the same ornament the jacket. Chemisette of tucked muslin. Hat of mixed straw, trimmed with pink rose, blue-and-white plume and wing.—Price of pattern of jacket, made up, 60c.; flat, 25c.

FOURTEENTH FIGURE.—Walking-dress for Little Girl.—Petticoat of richly-embroidered muslin. Princess robe of pink cashmere. Straw bonnet, trimmed with white Marguerites and pink plume.—Price of pattern of Princess robe, made up, 70c.; flat, 30c.

round the neck. Very large buttons all the front of the bodice and tablier, upon square behind, on both sides of a deep fold, along the lapels on the side nearest to the arms of the skirt. hat age of unformed figure, separate corsets and tabliers are more becoming than dresses, the outline being thus broken, to great advantage of the general aspect.

DESCRIPTION OF

FANCY-WORK ENGRAVINGS. Page 248.

1.—BONNET OF WHITE STRAW.

Brim is bound with brown velvet. Trimmed with brown-and-white check scarf; brown Aigrette and bandeau of pink roses.

2.—HAT OF RICE STRAW.

Brim is lined with pale blue turquoise. Trimmed with blue-and-white check scarf, blue bows of blue velvet.

No. 3.—LADY'S CAP.

Cap is of figured lace, with edge of the net. This is a frill of fine pleated lisse. Trimmed with narcissus and forget-me-nots; bows of Grenat ribbon.

4.—CRAVAT-BOW OF PALE BLUE RIBBON.

The embroidered ends are dotted with jet beads. A small jet spray ornaments the centre of bow. Black lace and bugles finish the ends.

No. 5.—HAIR-BOW OF BLACK VELVET. Ornamented with lace and violets.

No. 6.—HOME OR WALKING DRESS.

The dress is composed of brown and fawn-coloured taffetas. The bindings and edgings of flounces, frills, and tunic, are of the fawn colour. Sash and sleeve trimmings of the same.—Price of patterns of complete dress, trimmed, \$2. Tunic, made up, 80c.; flat, 30c. Jacket, made up, 70c.; flat, 25c.

No. 7.—HAIR-BOW OF MAIZE-COLOURED RIBBON AND BLUE CORN-FLOWER.

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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 249.

No. 1.—BLACK LACE, ORNAMENTED WITH SPANGLES.

Lace of the design shown must be chosen. This is ornamented with black spangles, and finished with small jet beads.

No. 2.—LACE, ORNAMENTED WITH JET.

Black net or blond may be darned with floss silk, according to design. It is next ornamented with beads, and edged with pearl.

Nos. 3 AND 4.—CRAVAT AND UNDER-SLEEVE OF MUSLIN, TRIMMED WITH LACE.

The foundation of the cravat is of muslin. Insertion and lace, made with Honiton braid, ornament the ends. The sleeve is of muslin, with linen cuff, trimmed to correspond with cravat with Honiton lace. This is edged with a frill of pleated muslin.

Nos. 5, 6, AND 7.—RUFFLE, WITH LACE COLLAR AND CRAVAT-ENDS.

The finished ruffle is shown in No. 6; No. 5 shows the cravat-end in the full size; and No. 7, the collar. The ruffle is composed of a ribbon band, edged with a pleated muslin frill. The collar, which turns down, is shown in the full size in No. 7.

For directions for working lace, see Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of our Point Lace Supplements, given with No. 517 and the April Part; No. 523 and

PARIS FASHIONS.

WILL you copy some of the loveliest toilettes seen at the last fêtes? Here are some descriptions I gathered for you:—

A lovely ball-dress for a young lady is of the palest pink shade. The faille skirt is entirely veiled by bouillons of pink illusion. At the edge, a thick, broad ruche; above, bouillons gathered in a slanting manner from the right to the left downwards. An ample scarf of the same pink illusion falls from under the back point of the bodice on the right side, crosses over the front of the skirt, and is draped low down on the left side. Long trailing branches of pink May run among the bouillons of the skirt. One of these wreaths comes up behind among the folds of the scarf, passes under the right arm, and crosses the front of the bodice up to the left shoulder.

Another dress is of white faille. It is trimmed at the bottom with a large tulle ruching, both ends of which are lost under the large fold of the skirt. In the centre of this ruching runs a wreath of foliage made of black velvet and gold. A tulle scarf is draped across the front, and is fastened into a large double knot quite at the back, and low on the left side. The bodice is laced behind; the points are round, and a narrow basque, only 1½ inch broad, edges it. The same wreath of black velvet and gold foliage runs along the basque, round the shoulders, crosses obliquely the corsage, and meanders down through the scarf-knot, ending among the folds of one of the lapels.

A dress of pale green satin, covered with white tulle pleatings, mingled with bows of dark green velvet, is excessively elegant and stylish. But the loveliest of all is a dress of the palest blue satin, with an upper lace dress 10 inches shorter, entirely embroidered with white bugles. The 10 inches of satin seen below were veiled by a deep tulle pleating. The cuirasse bodice, embroidered in the same style, has for only ornament bows of pale blue velvet upon the shoulders, with a diamond star in the centre. The same stars in the hair, and blue velvet bow in the Catogan.

I have seen a charming model for walking-dresses for girls of that awkward age, fourteen to fifteen:—

The material is beige woollen stuff. The skirt, falling to the ankle, is trimmed with a pleated flounce, crossed at the top with five faille rouleaux of the same shade. The tunic, forming a pointed tablier in front, falls behind into two square lapels, tucked up into loops at the top. It is trimmed all round with five faille rouleaux, supplemented with brandebourgs at the bottom. The jacket-bodice, with long basques, is trimmed to correspond, and closes in front with brandebourgs. Sleeves to match. Narrow

the May Part; also with No. 526 and the June Part for 1874.

All materials for lace are supplied from the London Publishing Office of this Journal on receipt of stamps or P.O. for the amount. All Post-office orders should be made payable at Ludgate Circus.

In the United States and Canada, materials for the lace designs may be had from Mrs. Gurney, New York P.O. Box 3527, or No. 939, Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn. Prices upon application. The Point Lace Instruction Supplements may be had from Mrs. Gurney, for 10c.

MATERIALS REQUIRED FOR A PAIR OF CRAYAT-ENDS: $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of Honiton braid; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of plain braid; 1 yard of pearl edge; one reel of cotton, No. 60; one ball of Mecklenburgh thread, No. 250.—Price of materials and postage, 11d.; tracing on transparent linen, 6d.; materials, tracing, and work begun, 2s. 5d.

MATERIALS FOR COLLAR: 2 yards of point braid; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of pearl edge; one reel of cotton, No. 60; one ball of thread, No. 250.—Price of materials and postage, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; tracing on transparent linen, 6d.; materials, tracing, and work begun, 2s. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

No. 8.—THROAT-RUFFLE.

The foundation is of muslin, on each side of which is a row of lace, separated by a ruche of pinked silk. The front is ornamented with a bow of ribbon.

No. 9.—HAIR-BOW.

The bow is of velvet; the butterfly is of point lace.

Nos. 10, 11, and 12.—APRONS FOR LADIES.

The aprons are all of black silk. The two upper rows of trimming of No. 10 are of black lace. The edge is of fringe; two scalloped rouleaux and one rouleau put on in an ornamental form finishes the apron. No. 11 is trimmed with a row of lace, headed with a stitched band, and finished with a girle. No. 12 is ornamented with rouleaux of satin. It is edged at the bottom with fringe, and finished at the top with scallops of velvet, bound with satin, and edged with jet beads. The pocket is trimmed to correspond, and is ornamented with tassels.—Price of pattern of each apron, trimmed, 50c.; flat, 12c.

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, Gooch Street, W., London, to supply them with their superfine fleecy in four-thread, viz.:—Black and white, 4s. 8d. per lb. Common colours, 5s. 2d. per lb. Ingrain Azuline and Humboldt, 5s. 8d. per lb. Gas-green, 8s. 6d. per lb. Two, three, and twelve thread, 2d. per lb extra.

ACQUAINTANCES.

LADIES, let the names on your acquaintance list be many. Friends are too familiar. To them you confide your troubles, and so make them grow. You tell them your private affairs, which, ten to one, they tell again, being so sorry for you. You ask advice and get it, and follow it and suffer in consequence. Now, an acquaintance is quite a different thing. Acquaintances stay in the parlour, and never dream of entering your private room. You go to them with dress and hair all right, and talk weather and gossip with great satisfaction to both. It is well to talk of the weather and the fashions, and the last new novel, and all that—now and then. You forget your personal grievances—of which everyone has plenty—for a while. When Mrs. A. has been "sitting up for Alfred until one o'clock the night before," it is better that her acquaintance, Mrs. B., should call than her friend Fanny. She would tell Fanny that Alfred's conduct was dreadful, and that she should go home to ma if he went on. But Mrs. B. asks, "How is Mr. A.?" and Mrs. A. says, "Very well, thank you;" and Mrs. B. says, "I do hope we shall see you at our house together some evening soon." And Mrs. A. says, "We shall take a great deal of pleasure in coming." And then comes the thought, how dreadful it would be to be talked about by acquaintances! And so acquaintances are good for you. They are not led into the midst of family arrangements. They are not treated to wash-day luncheons. They do not see shabby morning gowns and crimping-pins. They are a fine sedative for all sorts of agonies. In their company we try to look our best, behave our nicest, put our best foot foremost, and exhibit the best, and not the worst, qualities of our relatives.

THE HOME.

COOKERY.

VEAL CUTLETS, AN EXCELLENT WAY TO DRESS.—Remove every bit of skin, sinew, or vein from the veal, and chop it very finely, with salt, pepper, and a very little parsley. The mince should now be made into the shape of cutlets, and if you have the proper bones the effect will be so much the better. The cutlets must now be egged and bread-crumbed twice, fried in boiling butter, and served with sorrel, spinach, green peas, asparagus, or tomatoes. For the egg and bread-crumbing process, the Germans much prefer pounded biscuit to bread-crumbs. It is certainly preferable for this dish, as it "binds" the cutlets better.

AMMONIA CAKE.—1 lb flour, 1 lb currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb butter, 6 oz sugar, half a pint of cream, a piece of ammonia, rather larger than a filbert, and three eggs, leaving out one white. The cake should not be cut for a fortnight, and it will keep fresh for any length of time.

TO BOIL A LEG OF LAMB.—Wash and trim the leg nicely, have ready water that has boiled and been skimmed—soft water is the best; put in the leg, when the water is nearly or quite boiling hot, and remove the scum as fast as it rises; when it has boiled five minutes, throw in the pot sufficient salt to give the water a saline taste, and boil the water briskly until the scum is all removed, then simmer until tender; the water should be kept to nearly boiling heat, and the pot tightly covered all the time. If the amount of water decreases, fill the pot with hot water from the tea-kettle; serve with nice drawn butter, flavoured with celery, parsley, lemon-juice, or mint if preferred.

DAUBE GLACE.—Take a round of beef from two to three inches thick; make holes in it; stuff them with small strips of the fat of fresh pork that has previously been rolled in pulverised sage, black pepper, salt, and a little finely-minced garlic. Boil two calf's or neat's feet until they jelly, set them aside until they are thoroughly cold, then skim off all the fat, and pick out all the bones; put half the jelly in an oven, then place in the beef and cover it with the remainder of the jelly; throw in a few cloves; cut a piece of very thick brown paper, spread its edge with a paste of flour and water, and paste it down tightly over the oven, so that no steam will escape; cook for about four hours. Take it off the fire, put it in a deep dish, pour over it all the melted jelly that remains in the oven, and set it aside in a cold place; do not disturb until it is firmly jellied over. This will keep for many days in a cold place, and is an excellent dish.

TO ETHEL.

No, dearest—no; it may not—shall not be;
Your budding life must not be bound to mine;
Nor round a fast-decaying, withering tree
May your young life its verdant tendrils twine.

An old man's love, 'tis true, can ne'er grow cold;
No fickleness or change his heart can know;
For by the feeble pulse of age controll'd,
It lives, like winter flowers, beneath the snow.

Hidden within its once sonorous boards,
The mighty soul of music may remain,
But, stripped of all its sympathetic chords,
We seek to make its harmonies in vain.

Oh, yes! I love you dearly, and with more
Than youthful fervour—with a heart above
The selfishness of passion which can pour
Its wealth upon the altar of its love.

Those lives of matchless beauty which enshrine
A heart so warm and candid, yet so pure—
So bright, and yet so thoughtful—all combine
My wavering soul from duty to allure.

To contemplate your loveliness, and dwell,
If only for one golden hour, near
Its heavenly halo, would repay too well
The toil of many a long and weary year.

But no, dear Ethel—no; it may not be;
Age shall not desecrate that lovely shrine;
Never around a fading, withering tree
May your young love its budding beauties twine.

How many sickly ones wish they were healthy; how many beggar-men wish they were wealthy; how many ugly ones wish they were pretty; how many stupid ones wish they were witty; how many bachelors wish they were married; how many Benedicts wish they had tarried! Single or double, life's full of trouble; riches are stubble, pleasure's a bubble!

WONDERFUL CAVES.

On my way to Vienna, I stopped for one day at Adlesburg, fifty or sixty miles from Trieste, in order to visit the celebrated stalactite caverns in that immediate vicinity. The remarkable features of those caverns, are the vast extent of the chambers, and the wonderful variety and beauty of the stalactites suspended from the roof, and of the stalagmites which grow upward from the floor. Many of them are of the most fantastic forms possible to imagine. Most of them are pearly white and clear as crystals. Others are of all colours that can be formed by oxide of iron and Parian marble.

The mountain under which these grottoes are found is partly composed of limestone, with traces of iron; and, as the water impregnated with these substances percolates through the rocks and drips down to the caverns, the iron imparts most beautiful hues to the pure whiteness of the lime. In some places the incrustations assume the form of curtains and drapery, which by placing a light behind them, show most exquisite folds and colours. At other places the formations take the form of waterfalls, and in others bear fanciful resemblances to human skulls, and faces and heads of various animals. Some of them take a cone shape, and resemble evergreen trees, and others the twining and interlacing of the ascending and descending branches of the banyan tree. Hundreds of white columns reach from the floor to the roof; twenty, thirty, or fifty feet in height, and seem as if placed there by human hands for the support of the latter. Some of the pillars are of enormous dimensions, one being twelve feet in diameter, and about forty in height, and, when the lights were held before it, sparkled as if encrusted with diamonds. In places the vaulted roof reflected glittering spangles looking like stars in the dark. In some chambers, hundreds of stalactites, depending from the ceiling like great icicles, have corresponding ones growing up towards them from the floor; and several which had, seemingly, just touched their delicate white or purple tips together. In most instances, however, the junction had not yet been formed; but was growing gradually downward, and the other upward to meet it, and in the course of time they will surely meet and then proceed to form a pillar.

HOST AND GUEST.

In all grades of society, the host is too often the generous simpleton who squanders his money in entertaining his supposed friends, and the guest is the man who fattens at his expense and laughs at him for his trouble. I am sure it would puzzle my readers to remember many parties they have attended at which some invidious remarks were not made about the host or hostess. If the host and hostess are all right—that is, if he owes no man a copper and is as pure as Elijah, and she is dead-in-life enough to escape censure, the management of the entertainment is at fault. Somebody is present who should not have been invited; others who are not invited whose absence is regretted. If nothing else, the viands are at fault. The guest forgets that to him the people whose bread he eats should be sacred, and does not always realize that he is under obligations for hospitality, which he is often either disinclined or unable to return. I speak in the masculine gender, because men are frequently more censorious and always more sarcastic than women. Yet women do their share in that direction. I remember an instance where two sisters, while enjoying a friend's hospitality, had occasion to repair to the dressing-room in the course of the evening. There, while adjusting the nameless but indispensable accessories of dress, believing themselves alone, the conversation turned upon the family whose hospitality they were abusing. Those only who have not heard or indulged in the interchange of such gushing confidences need be told the pungent personalities, mortifying reminiscences and disagreeable facts, together with idle gossip and false reports, raked up. Meanwhile, the ladies were not alone. Two little visitors in the family were hovering around the doorway, and, attracted by the subject of conversation, settled down, stiller than mice, on a sofa within ear-shot. As a natural consequence, the sisters were deliberately cut by the lady so ill-naturedly "talked over" the first time she met them in public; and thus they lost a valuable friend, to their mortification, as her position in society was superior to her own. Is it not possible that other society friendships have been terminated for similar reasons? Not taking into consideration the fitness of things, it is a matter of policy for the guest to outwardly respect his host, and he who will not do so should be placed under a social ban.

OUR SECOND-FLOOR LODGER.

WHEN John and I first began house-keeping, we were doubtful whether to live in apartments, or to take a house, and let them. We finally decided upon the latter; for, as John remarked, lodging-house keepers were such pilferers, that one never knew when one's expenses ended: like a lawyer's bill, there were so many items.

We began to fancy we had chosen ill, however, when the little embossed card hung for three weeks in the little sitting-room window without getting one application, save from an old lady in the neighbourhood, who, I am certain, came only out of curiosity.

But, at the end of that period, an elderly gentleman, in delicate health, called to look at them, with his niece, and decided to rent three rooms at once.

I was very glad; for they appeared to be quiet people; and, meeting John with a hearty kiss that evening, I told him we were in luck at last.

"I am pleased to hear it, my girl," answered John. "Only, take my advice: don't be on too friendly terms with them than need be. Keep to your place. All persons have their little fads and peculiarities; and when these become antagonistic, one house cannot hold both parties. The warmest friendship with lodgers generally turns to bitterest dislike. Mrs. Jones, presuming upon Mrs. Brown's good-nature, borrows her electro tea-pot. She makes a dent in the lid, and thus strikes the first nail into the coffin of their friendship."

I stopped John's mouth with muffin—a failing of his; but promised to do as he recommended.

That, however, was not so easy. Mr. Fortescue's niece—Miss Kathleen Milbrooke—was such a quiet, sweet, amiable girl, and seemed so alone, that I was irresistibly drawn to her; and, when we met, always had a little conversation, which, I felt sure, gave her considerable pleasure.

Indeed, her life was terribly monotonous. No one visited them; and Mr. Fortescue, a confirmed invalid, and a hard, austere man, was irritable from disposition as well as delicate health, and, I fear, led his poor niece so wearying an existence, that, I imagine, when she could get away for a chat with me, she found it a wonderful relief.

Well, they had been with us nearly a fortnight, when, late one evening, a gentleman called to see the room we had to let on the second-floor back, and which he had heard of at the stationer's. He was very good-looking, tall, with a pale face, and heavy dark beard and moustache.

It's very foolish, I know; but I have always been mistrustful of dark beards and moustaches. Dear John's face is as smooth as an egg. But the stranger spoke openly and fairly enough, gave me references to his last land, lady, and to the firm where he was employed; while, to clench the matter, he put down the first two weeks' rent in advance, as he wished to come in that night.

I felt I ought not to have let him; but I was yet nervous in the part of landlady, and hadn't the courage to refuse. And when, in about an hour, he returned, carrying his own portmanteau, and I, having lighted him to his room, came back to my own, I could not help speculating a little tremulously upon what John, who had been detained in the city, would think.

John thought I had done a very foolish thing, and so terrified me out of my wits by saying our second-floor lodger was no doubt a burglar, who, when we were in bed, would break open all the cupboards and drawers with the skeleton keys and 'Jemmy' (yes, that was what John called it), which he had concealed in his portmanteau, that I couldn't get a wink of sleep through the night.

I found everything secure, however, the next morning, and our second-floor lodger quietly waiting for his breakfast. He took it at half-past seven, leaving home at eight, and seldom returning until nearly the same hour in the evening, when he rarely went out again, doing this so regularly, that John began to leave off jesting and terrifying me about 'my burglar,' and, once happening to meet him on the door-step, he asked Mr. Airlie in to have a cigar and a glass of ale.

Our lodger accepted the invitation, and sat and talked for over an hour, during which I saw John was trying to learn something about him; but ineffectually.

"My dear," I said, smiling, when we were alone, "I suspect you know now as much about our burglar as I do."

"Near about the same, Meg," he answered. "He's as close as the two shells of a walnut. But I know this—"

"That he is exceedingly good-looking," I broke in.

"Good-looking! Bah! That is all you women think of."

"Exactly; or, perhaps, I shouldn't have married you, John."

That made him laugh; and, getting up, he gave me a kiss for my compliment.

"No," he went on, resuming his seat. "What I meant to say was, that he has something upon his mind. Though he can't be more than twenty-seven, at the most, he hasn't a bit of spirit, and talks with all the air of a pre-occupied man, who is ever brooding over some trouble. Perhaps," said John, extending his slippers to the fire, "he has robbed, or is about to rob, his employers."

"John," I cried, "you horrid monster! How can you say such dreadful things? It's only out of spite, because 'my burglar' has turned out the very pattern of lodgers."

I stopped, checked by a gentle tap at the door. It was Miss Kathleen Milbrooke. Her uncle was asleep, and she had made an excuse to come down for a chat, I know, poor child; so, as she was a favourite of John's, I asked her in.

When she again went upstairs, after a pause, John said:

"I say, Meg, supposing Mr. Airlie and that young girl should fall in love?"

"Nonsense, John! Mr. Fortescue would never hear of it."

"Why not?"

"Because I am certain, from what I have caught here and there, that he is much richer than he lets be seen. So it is scarcely likely he would permit his niece, who is his heiress, to marry a man who has probably robbed his employers."

"You have me there, Meg; so we had better have supper."

What subject is more prolific of ideas to a woman than marriage? John had put a thought into my head which, though as small as a pin's head at first, soon grew to large dimensions. Whenever I saw Mr. Airlie, I thought of Miss Milbrooke; and, whenever I saw her, I thought of him, until, in my mind, at least, they were united. And I began to hope what John had 'supposed' might be possible; for, the more I saw of the two, the more I liked them. They appeared both in need of happiness, I reflected. One might bring it to the other.

But how could it ever be brought about? Love at first sight is possible. But love at no sight at all is assuredly not; and, owing to his early departure, and late return, Mr. Airlie and Miss Milbrooke never met even upon the stairs.

"Ask them both down to tea," suggested John, as we sat in our cosy parlour, I at work, and he doing some writing.

"Mr. Fortescue would not let her come," I said.

"Ask Airlie alone, then, and make an excuse to get her down afterwards. At any rate, it will be a relief to him, seated moping up in that little room every evening, with not a friend with whom to exchange a word."

"That might do," I pondered, pressing the tip of my needle thoughtfully to my lip; then gave such a start, that I pricked myself, as I exclaimed: "Good gracious! John, what is that?"

"How can I tell, Meg?" he answered, rising quickly. "It's Mr. Fortescue's voice."

"He is quarrelling!" I exclaimed, in alarm, as I hurried after John to the door.

The words which had made me start were, "You unmitigated scoundrel!"

Opening the door, John was about to hasten out; but, abruptly drawing back, motioned me to silence. Then, mute as mice, we listened. Remember, we were lodging-house keepers.

The speakers stood on the landing above, and were Mr. Fortescue and Mr. Airlie.

"You unmitigated scoundrel! You mean, pitiful hound!" burst from the old man's passionate lips. "You have tracked me, have you? You are playing spy upon me."

"As Heaven is my witness," replied the clear, firm tones of Mr. Airlie, "I never dreamed you were under this roof; or, as I stand here, I would never have placed foot in it."

"You expect me to believe that?"

"You must, seeing I could gain nothing by such proximity to you."

"Nothing!—nothing! You sneaking hound! Do you think I am blind?" cried the old man; and we heard the stick with which he walked strike sharply on the floor. "Not gain Kathleen, I suppose? How do I know you would not persuade her to wed you on the sly, and thus rob me of my money? How do I know that you

have not done so? You are both capable of the trick."

"Beware, sir!" ejaculated our lodger, his voice all of a quiver. "Call me what you please—all terms are alike to me, coming from such a father's lips—but, by Heaven! you shall not malign that pure, noble girl, who has sacrificed herself to you. When you drove me—your son—from your doors, I offered to share my home with her, knowing the miserable life to which I left her. But she sacrificed love to gratitude; and, because you had brought her up, poor orphan! from her cradle, bowed her gentle head to your cruel will, and remained under your tyrannical rule. You have used hard words to me, sir, and hard words to her, whose memory is dearer to me than life; and I have managed to keep my hands off you. But, take care! There are bounds to every man's forbearance. Do not speak ill of Kathleen."

"Dare you threaten me?" shrieked the old man. "True son of a shameless mother."

"Oh! Heaven, have a care!" and the sound of Mr. Airlie's voice showed the stupendous self-control he was exerting. "You drove my mother from your roof, as you drove me."

"Your mother left it of her own accord; she ran away, the—"

The word he uttered shall not be written. It was followed by a loud, fierce cry, and a sound which told Mr. Airlie had flown at the speaker. There was the noise of a struggle, the gasping cries of the old man, blended with his niece's screams for assistance.

"Help—help!" she shrieked. "Oh! Richard—Richard, let go. Reflect! he is your father; he is old—he is ill; you will kill him!"

We had rushed upstairs, but before we reached the landing, those pleading words of his cousin had calmed the just ire of the man, and his passion was again subdued.

We found Mr. Fortescue leaning against the drawing-room door, panting for breath, and half supported by Kathleen Milbrooke, whose tearful eyes were turned with compassion upon Mr. Airlie, who stood apart, his arms folded, his head drooped upon his chest.

"Would you kill me?" gasped the old man, as we arrived.

"No," was the answer, "I would have you live that Heaven may soften your heart by a slower approach of death, so that you may, on your knees, beg my dead mother's forgiveness for the ill you have done her in word and deed. She may pardon you: as yet I cannot."

At this, Mr. Fortescue's fury once more broke forth; but his niece making John an imploring sign, they managed to bear him back into the room, swearing terribly against his son, and vowing he would disinherit his niece if she ever exchanged a word with him again.

She did, however; for when the old man lay exhausted and insensible from his fury, she left us in charge, and slipped out to her cousin. When she returned, tears were in her eyes, and I caught these words through the closing door:

"My own darling, you are too good for me to blame, though I am the sufferer. Know I will ever love and watch over you until my death."

I expected after this that Mr. Airlie would leave, and he did that night. He told me his father was very rich, but almost a madman from a selfish, jealous temper; that he had so cruelly treated his wife, that she had been compelled to leave him, when he had cast the most shameful accusations upon her, even after her death, which accusations, repeated to his son, had driven him away also.

His father, Mr. Airlie added, possessed a large estate in Devonshire, and why he lived in apartments he did not know, unless it was from a mad idea of hiding Miss Milbrooke's whereabouts from him, her cousin, as he was aware of the strong affection subsisting between them.

We were sorry to lose Mr. Airlie, and I couldn't help promising him that he should be well informed of all that took place respecting Kathleen. This, however, I was not able long to do; for the next morning Mr. Fortescue gave me notice of his intention to leave directly he could rise from the bed upon which his unnatural passion had thrown him.

But that night the climax came.

It was about two in the morning, when I was awakened by a terrible smell of fire.

Arousing John, we went into the passage, to find it full of smoke.

"Merciful Heaven!" I cried, "the house is on fire!"

It was so. We thought of our lodgers, and strove to ascend to them, but were driven back by volumes of dark smoke rushing down, through which the red glare of flame was visible.

The fire was in Mr. Fortescue's rooms.
"Oh, poor Miss Kathleen!" I shrieked.
"Help! help!"

I threw the street-door open, and filled the place with my cries for assistance.

I was soon joined in the appeal by Mr. Fortescue and his niece from the upper window. They had evidently tried the stairs, and found it impossible to descend.

John had just run off to the engine-station, when, from the opposite direction, I perceived a man coming towards me.

I recognised him at once.
"Oh! Mr. Airlie, thank Heaven it is you!" I ejaculated.

"Good Heaven! what is the matter?" he asked.

I began to tell him, but the form of Kathleen Milbrooke at the window related it quicker than words.

In a second her cousin had darted into the burning house.

I followed, but already he had vanished up the stairs.

One, two minutes, and, blackened, burnt, he was back with Kathleen Milbrooke.

"Oh, dear Richard!" she cried. "My uncle!"

"Do not fear; I will save him if possible, darling," he answered, again disappearing amid the smoke.

Three, four, five minutes it seemed now before he descended, with the old man wrapped in the coverlet, and clinging wildly round his son's neck.

We bore him into the open air, for he seemed half suffocated and paralysed with terror. Mr. Airlie rested him on the pavement, supporting him on his knee; but Mr. Fortescue would not unclasp his arms from him.

His eyes were closed.

The crowd gathered. I bade them keep back.

The fire-engine rattled up, but I could not leave that group.

Abruptly Mr. Fortescue looked up, and his eyes rested upon the blackened features of Mr. Airlie.

He started violently, then exclaimed:
"Richard! Was it you, then, who saved me?"

"I was so fortunate," he answered, quietly.
"You are in no danger now, sir."

There was a pause. The old man never removed his gaze.

Then I saw a great change come over his features.

"Richard," he said, in a low voice, "can you forgive?"

"Yes, father; but, rather, ask it of her," and he pointed upward.

"I do—I have, when in yonder awful room. Mary, pardon!" he murmured, lifting his eyes. Afterwards he added, anxiously: "My will—my will! it is there—*burnt!* Thank Heaven for that!"

He made an effort to turn towards the burning house, and in the effort fell back on his son's shoulder, dead.

* * * * *

I have no more to say. The will being burnt, of course Richard Fortescue, *alias* Airlie, succeeded to his father's property, and also married his cousin, Miss Milbrooke.

They now reside in Devonshire, and when we pay a visit there—which we do frequently—we always are sure of a hearty welcome from the family of OUR SECOND-FLOOR LODGER.

E. W. P.

A WIFE'S POWER.—The power of a wife, for good or evil, is irresistible. Without one, home must be for ever unknown. A good wife is to a man wisdom, strength, and courage; a bad one is confusion, weakness, and despair. No condition is hopeless to a man where the wife possesses firmness, decision, and economy. There is no outward propriety which can counteract indolence, extravagance, and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action, but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind; and especially if he is an intelligent man, with a whole head, he needs his moral force in the conflict of life. To recover his composure, home must be a place of peace and comfort. There his soul renews its strength, and goes forth with fresh vigour to encounter the labour and troubles of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, sullenness, jealousy, and gloom, or assailed with complaints and censure, hope vanishes, and he sinks into despair. Such is the case with too many who, it might seem, have no conflicts of trials of life; for such is the wife's power.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

SILENCE is the fittest reply to folly.

EVERY fancy you consult, consult your purse also.

ONE beautiful trait in a woman's character is her invariable readiness to smooth her husband's temperament, even if she has to do it with an aching heart.

BEWARE of him that is slow to anger: anger, when it is long in coming, is the stronger when it comes, and the longer kept. Abused patience turns to fury.

HONEST and courageous people have very little to say about either their courage or their honesty. The sun has no need to boast of its brightness, nor the moon of her effulgence.

A NEAT, clean, fresh, sweet, cheerful, well-arranged house exerts a moral influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceful and considerate of each other's feelings and happiness.

THE most momentous question a woman is ever called upon to decide is whether the faults of the man she loves will drag her down, or whether she is competent to be his earthly redeemer.

BEWARE of a too sanguine dependence upon future expectations; the most promising hopes are sometimes dashed in pieces by the intervention of some unforeseen and unexpected accident.

BE frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted that you mean to do what is right.

A GOOD book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know justly how to appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge of both from the beauty of the covering.

MY NELLIE.

WITH a halo of golden hair
She is crowned right royally,
And her beautiful brow is white,
As foam on a stormy sea;
Like violets gemmed with dew
Are her tender, soul-lit eyes,
Cloudless, and deeply blue
As the sunny summer skies;
And they beam like fair twin stars
Through a rifted cloud, when night
Has donned her sable robes,
And veiled the moon from sight.

Her lips are like coral wet
By the kiss of the rippling waves,
And her tiny teeth like pearls
That gleam in the ocean caves;
Her cheeks have the faint, sweet flush
Of rosebuds ere they blow;
And her dainty, dimpled chin
Is fairer than drifted snow.
Soft is her voice and clear
As the murmur of silvery streams,
Tender, and low, and sweet
As the music heard in dreams.

Like lilies are her hands,
And in fancy, even now,
I feel the soft, pink palms,
Like rose-leaves, touch my brow;
And there comes to me a sound,
Of all sweet sounds most sweet,
The footfall, light and low,
Of her glancing, fairy feet.
My darling, my heart is filled
With joy unfelt, unknown,
Till blest by thy love, my pearl—
My beautiful one, my own!

C. J. M. C.

SYDNEY SMITH'S penmanship was wretched. His wife once asked him to interpret a passage which she in vain tried to spell out, and he answered "that he must decline ever reading his own handwriting four-and-twenty hours after he had written it." His friend Jeffrey's writing was not much better. "My dear Jeffrey," wrote Smith on one occasion, "we are much obliged by your letter, but should be still more so were it legible. I have tried to read it from left to right, and Mrs. Smith from right to left, and we neither of us can decipher a single word."

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

A SINGULAR SIGHT.—To see a garden walk.

WHEN is an actor's eye like a lucifer match?
—When it lights upon a box.—*Fun.*

A YOUNG lady makes Shakspeare say, "An eye like Ma's to threaten and command."

A MAN may be properly said to have been drinking like a fish when he finds that he has taken enough to make his head swim.

A SPANISH woman's mantilla is held sacred by the laws of Spain, and cannot be sold for debt.

MANY Parisian fashion-furnishers, not content with selling old fashions to foreign and provincial buyers, occasionally make fashions expressly for them—fashions never intended for a Parisian to wear.

A PROMISING PUPIL.—"How does your brother get on in New York, Parker?"—"Very well, indeed, ma'am, thank you. He's only been there three months, and he's already beginning to speak the language beautiful!"—*Punch.*

"HALLOA, there, how do you sell your wood?"—"By the cord."—"How long has it been out?"—"Four feet."—"I mean how long has it been since you cut it?"—"No longer than it is now."

AN American coroner, rather renowned for his business smartness, seized an Egyptian mummy that was brought into town, summoned a jury, held an inquest on the mummy, brought in a verdict of "Death from causes unknown," and charged the county with the usual fee, with compound interest from the time of Moses.

In Spain, when a baptized infant dies, a feast is spread, and all the neighbours assemble to congratulate the parents. "We rejoice with you that you have a child in glory," is the common expression on these occasions, which are festivals rather than funerals, where the music even is glad, and only the mother weeps.

A GOOD OPENING.—Errand-boy (to policeman): "Please, sir, I've got to leave this 'ere letter. Missus told me I was to take the third to the left and the fourth to the right, and when I come to the high road, any fool could tell me where it is."—*Judy.*

"How fortunate I am in meeting a rain-beau in this storm!" said a young lady who was caught in a shower the other day to her beau of promise, whom she met, with an umbrella. "And I," said he, gallantly, "am as much rejoiced as the poor Laplander when he has caught a rein-deer."

"MARRIAGE," says Selden, "is a desperate thing. The frogs in Æsop were extremely wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again." They were quite right. They let well alone. And it would have been better for a considerable company of men and women if they had had the discretion to follow such a good example."

"As no one," says Mrs. Steele, "is abused save to a willing listener, the friend who tells you she has heard you calumniated must be ranked with the calumniators." She is even worse than they are; for if it had not been for her you might never have known the unpleasant things they said of you. This, at any rate, is one of those numerous circumstances in which ignorance is really bliss.

AN irritable tragedian was playing Macbeth, and rushed off to kill Duncan, when there was no blood for the Thane to steep his hands in. "The blood! the blood!" exclaimed he to the agitated property-man, who had forgotten it. The actor, however, not to disappoint the audience, clenched his fist, and, striking the property-man a violent blow upon the nose, coolly washed his hands in the stream that burst from it, and re-entered with the usual words, "I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?"

A GENIUS is the author of a new invention to do away with servants around tables. It consists of a movable railway, acting within a circle inside the plates that are to be served. It will suffice for an oblong table as well as for a round one, and is operated by the person who sits at the head, or, in other words, the one who does the carving. This individual is enabled, by means of his or her feet under the table, after the manner of working the treadle of a sewing machine, to send a plate forward at express speed to the spot of destination.

ZOE'S TRUST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SIR ROGER'S WARD," "KATRINE,"
"A WINNING HAZARD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE document produced by Annie was a brief but passionately-worded letter, signed in the name she ascribed to the usurper of the wealth and position thus questioned; and a dark, sudden contraction of the brow proved the emotion it excited.

But the newly-arrived stranger seized eagerly a pen within reach, and dashed off a few lines in a markedly distinct character.

"It can soon be identified," he said, proudly, as he threw down the pen; "but it is simply a useless degradation to submit to such ordeals, Sir Philip, since it is to you I would chiefly look as the arbiter of this miserable contest. I can explain the whole mystery in a few brief sentences. My poor father had become entangled early in life with an attractive but worthless woman, whose son this unscrupulous impostor, I believe, will prove to be. And my journey to India and an unforeseen disaster on the route gave scope for carrying out a deep-laid plot. I was seized, while partly insensible from the stunning effect of a shipwreck and blow from a boat which had put off to save us, and carried into the interior of the country, where I remained in a half-stupified state of prostration for I know not how long a period. And it was owing partially to the actual and partly to simulated debility that the vigilance of my captors was lulled; and at length I was permitted to remain but scantily watched. And with returning strength came hope and energy, and, half dead, half alive, I made my way to the coast and got a passage to work my way to England. It was then that this lady saved my life. During a terrible relapse I suffered, and while remaining at Malta, she learnt by degrees my story and my name. It was, indeed, the guidance of an over-ruling Providence," he went on, reverently, "and Heaven will bring the truth to light."

There had been a dead silence in the group during the brief narrative.

The pseudo Algernon had more than once given an impatient gesture, as if to interrupt the story, but a stern, warning look from Sir Philip, and a scarcely audible "Silence!" from Hubert Courtenay, arrested the attempt.

And Zoe's eyes and ears drank in the familiar characteristics of her lover, and wondered that she could have been deceived even for a moment in the identity of her pure, noble Algernon and that base pretender.

"It is a scandalous conspiracy, a base slander," thundered the baffled suitor of Theresa. "There must be far more proof than this wild tattle ere I even condescend to rebut the slander."

"Oh! you shall be abundantly satisfied," said Annie, scornfully. "Reginald, I have never seen—never been within long miles of the mother of the heir to Sydney Court. There can be no collusion—no motive for her preferring one son to the pretender for that relationship. Let her say what she believes—let her decide whether one peculiarity that I know full well belonged to him whom she had borne to her husband in lawful marriage."

She gave a quick glance at Hubert Courtenay as she spoke, and in another moment Mrs. Sydney came slowly into the room.

Not a word, not a sound was heard as she advanced; her sad, liquid eyes were fixed on the two young men who stood in defiance of each other's claims. The look wandered from one to the other in questioning penetration.

Then, with a glad, sharp cry, she cast herself on the returned exile, and clasped his neck with almost convulsive eagerness.

"My son—my son, how could I doubt? yet it was a skilful or fiendish imposture that might well have deceived even a mother, even though I marvelled at the change in my Algernon—my worshipped boy."

"One moment, Mrs. Sydney," said Annie, calmly. "I would ask you—without one hint as to the object of the question—whether your son had a blood-red scar in almost the form of a dagger, on his arm, close to the shoulder? Remember," she added, turning to the spectators of the scene, "I do not even hint which of these pretenders is branded with such a mark. I only ask as to its existence."

Mrs. Sydney scarcely waited for the end of the sentence.

"Never," she replied. "My boy was free as snow from any mark or blemish from the hour of his birth, unless it had been stamped there in the late miserable years."

"Then it will be found on this gentleman,"

returned Annie, calmly. "Mr. Lennox will not, I think, venture to bare his arm, lest the mark were too plainly visible."

"Reginald—Reginald," she said, turning to the pretender, "be wise; if other considerations cannot move you, let the certainty of ruin and detection move you to repentance and confession. Your wife—your child should lead you to a nobler path."

"Theresa Marchmont, or rather, Mrs. Reginald Lennox," she continued, "are you willing to receive this erring suitor once again as your lawful husband?"

Theresa shrank back with a sharp cry.

"No—no—no! Papa—papa, protect me; I cannot—I will not. He himself denied any tie. Send him away. Keep me—keep me, or I shall die!" she cried, in agony.

"Merciful Heaven, what is all this wretched mystery?" groaned Sir Philip.

"It is tolerably clear to me now," said Hubert, coolly. "This clever impostor, I presume, acted on the belief that your younger daughter was her aunt's heiress, and overreached himself by his cupidity. And Zoe—angel that she is—bore the disgrace and the hardship consequent on the crime. Is it not so, Zoe dearest?"

She did not speak, but sprang into her father's outstretched arms. At least, she was restored to her place there.

"And pray what is to be my reward if I consent to forfeit my right over this amiable and loving wife of mine?" asked Reginald, sarcastically.

"I can answer that question," said Algernon, firmly. "The unhappy lady whose weakness, perhaps, occasioned the danger of her ward, has left an annuity to be divided between her niece and yourself so long as you do not molest her in any manner whatever. And for your child, that is to be brought up by its maternal relations, and inherit the money thus bequeathed after its parents' death. The rest of her available wealth is bequeathed to her other niece, though a large sum is still in the grasp of her worthless husband."

"Well, that may be some consolation," said the baffled Reginald, with a forced laugh. "I daresay I can get on alone exceedingly well, and must even leave this attractive company without abstracting one of its charming members to bear me company."

"No, no, no, my boy—my only son!" gasped a voice, and Madame Fanchon, whose presence had been hitherto unnoticed in the shelter of some thick window-drapery where she stood concealed, sprang to Reginald's side. "Woman," she added, fiercely, addressing Mrs. Sydney with a passionate fury that changed her whole aspect, "on you be the curse and on your hated son for all the misery I have borne and the odium cast on my boy, for whom I have endured and planned and plotted. And may the sins of the father be visited on the son with far heavier vengeance than any that has yet been poured out on him or you! Come, Reginald, my son, there are others as fair, homes as splendid, and climes far brighter than in Britain, and to them we will depart."

And passing her hand through her son's arm, the pseudo governess drew him from the room, where nothing remained but mortification and shame to greet their stay.

"Zoe," said Algernon, when the door closed behind them, "may I now ask for what I so long coveted in secret—your peerless, noble self? Sir Philip, you know all. You can trust me with your treasure. You can look on and expect from me the duty and service of a son. Will you give her to me?"

Sir Philip sighed, though he strove to hide his shame and regret.

"My dear boy, I am grieved—honestly grieved for the pain it will give you, but it is impossible. Zoe is already pledged to Mr. Courtenay, and I cannot rescind my consent."

"Zoe, is it so? Can it be?" cried Algernon, in a voice of anguish. "But, no, you are true: I will not think aught of you but as the purest and the best. It is some plot, some self-sacrifice, in which you have again been doomed to suffer for the sins of others."

The girl hid her face for a moment; then her eyes sought Hubert Courtenay's fixed on her with a strange mingling of feeling in their expression.

"Zoe," he said, "are you prepared to cast me off—to forget your vows—now that all is explained, and your father placed in safety by this young man's means? Speak, for I would fain hear the truth from your own lips."

It was a moment of severe struggle for the much-tried girl.

Love and happiness were in the cup. The

peace of him she valued more than life might be destroyed by her next words.

Yet they must be spoken, and the answer came firm and clear.

"No, I will keep my pledge—I will be true and faithful to my duty, as Heaven gives me help," she replied, raising her lovely eyes with a saint-like resignation in their dark depths.

Hubert took her hand.

It did not quiver in his, and her face was calm if sad, as if no further struggle should appear on its surface.

He paused a moment.

Perhaps a mighty struggle was going on in his breast, in which it was a hard fight to come off victor.

Then he suddenly beckoned Algernon to his side.

"Mr. Sydney," he said, hoarsely, "I can't be a villain where such an angel is concerned. She has suffered too deeply. Heaven forbid I should sentence her to a lifelong misery!" and, placing her hand in Algernon's, he rushed from the room.

He was a truer hero than many who wear the conqueror's wreath.

Hubert Courtenay went abroad for a time, and Theresa spent unloved and unloving years with her father, on whom she vented the soured disappointments of her ill-regulated nature.

But, happily for himself, her boy was permitted to gratify his own inclinations by spending most of his time at Sydney Court; and thus in after years the child who had been in infancy her charge was still trained and disciplined by the sweet aunt who had at such a cost fulfilled her trust.

[THE END.]

"Zoe's Trust" commenced in No. 557 and Part CXXXVI.

PASTIMES.

CHARADE.

The ball-room's thronged with gallants gay,
And gentle ladies fair;
They pass the time right merrily,
Their minds all free from care.
The lover whispers low, sweet words,
As in the dance they first,
The maiden shyly glances up,
Her heart in joy immersed,

And now the mazy dance is o'er,
The lover and the maid,
With faces flushed, the garden seek,
To wander in the shade;
There, 'neath Queen Luna's silver beams,
They whisper words of love,
And music sweet my second sighs,
Amid the trees above.

We now must change the pleasant scene:
Each dancer gay has gone,
And in the sky, dark, gloomy clouds,
Are gathering one by one.
Hark! what is that—that fearful noise,
That sounds from earth to sky?
Lo! 'tis my whole, with fearful speed,
That rushes madly by.

CONUNDRUM.

I close life, I put an end to time, I open eternity: what am I?

BURIED IRISH RIVERS.

1. Do not disturb Anne when she is busy. E. M'C.
2. I was told not to take the little boy near the river. E. M'C.
3. I watched them hoist a flag, and rejoiced to see the Union Jack. E. M'C.
4. To say "No" requires sometimes a good deal of resolution. E. M'C.
5. Angelina works while Edwin reads to her. E. M'C.
6. I saw him, from the cliff, eye his dangerous position. E. M'C.

SOLUTIONS OF PASTIMES IN No. 570.

BURIED PROVERBS.—1. All is not gold that glitters. 2. All's well that ends well. 3. Fine feathers make fine birds. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—*Socrates, Xantippe*, thus: *SpreE, OrioP, CaP, Reil, AraraT, Troos, Edna, SpliuxX.*

ANAGRAMS: PAINTERS' NAMES.—1. Thomas Lawrence. 2. Nicholas Poussin. 3. Andrea del Sarto. 4. Bernardino Luini. 5. Guido Reni. 6. Michael Angelo. 7. Salvator Rosa. 8. Murillo. 9. Tintoretto. 10. Correggio. 11. Claude. 12. Balestra. 13. Bassano. 14. Bogdano. 15. Bordone. 16. Canaletto. 17. Chiari. 18. Districh. 19. Tior. 20. Gemari. 21. Palma. 22. Owen. 23. Post. 24. West.

HIDDEN CELEBRITIES.—1. Handel. 2. Flotow. 3. Verdi. HIDDEN FLOWERS.—1. Rose. 2. Clover. 3. Hop. 4. Daisy. 5. Pink. 6. Violet.

BURIED TOWNS.—1. Bandon. 2. Waterford.

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Do. Flat Pattern	25	Waterproof Cloak, with Cape forming Sleeves, made up	60	Polonaise, made up, for Girls from 10 to 14 Years	50	Tight-fitting Outdoor Jacket, made up	50	Cloak, made up	35
Skirt for Walking-costume, made up and trimmed	\$1.00	Do. Flat Pattern	30	Do. Flat Pattern	25	Do. Flat Pattern	25	Do. Flat Pattern	50
Do. do. untrimmed	35	The Cheltenham Waterproof Suit, made up	60	Costume, made up, for Girls from 3 to 10 Years	75	Do. Flat Pattern	15	Monthly Gown, made up	80
Do. Flat Pattern	25	Do. Flat Pattern	60	Do. Flat Pattern	30	Do. Flat Pattern	30	Do. Flat Pattern	25
Skirt for Walking-costume, made up and untrimmed	35	The Ulster Waterproof, made up	60	Frock or Polonaise, made up, for Girls from 3 to 10 Years	60	Do. Flat Pattern	30	Night-gown, made up	15
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Do. untrimmed	40	Do. Flat Pattern	50	Do. Flat Pattern	30	Do. Flat Pattern	15	Flannel Petticoat, made up	25
Do. Flat Pattern	25	Riding-trowsers, made up	25	Do. Flat Pattern	30	Do. Flat Pattern	35	Do. Flat Pattern	13
Train Tunic, trimmed	\$1.50	Do. Flat Pattern	60	Dressing-gown, made up	50	Do. Flat Pattern	16	Pinafore, made up	16
Do. do. untrimmed	49	Do. Flat Pattern	30	Do. Flat Pattern	30	Do. Flat Pattern	16	Do. Flat Pattern	12
Princess Robe, made up	50	Dressing-jacket, made up	25	Do. Flat Pattern	30	Do. Flat Pattern	16	Shirt, made up	8
Do. Flat Pattern	25	Do. Flat Pattern	15	Do. Flat Pattern	15	Do. Flat Pattern	30	Do. Flat Pattern	25
Evening-dress Bodice and Sleeve, made up and trimmed	80	Night-dress, made up and trimmed	60	Do. Flat Pattern	15	Do. Flat Pattern	16	Hood, made up	25
Do. Flat Pattern	25	Do. Flat Pattern	25	Night-dress, plain pattern, made up	15	Do. Flat Pattern	16	Quilted Shoe, made up	8
Evening-dress Bodice, with Basque, made up and trimmed	80	Do. Flat Pattern	25	Do. Flat Pattern	25	Do. Flat Pattern	16	Flitch	16
Do. Flat Pattern	25	Chemise, made up	25	Do. Flat Pattern	25	Do. Flat Pattern	30	Bib	8
Swiss Bodice, made up and trimmed	60	Do. Flat Pattern	15	Do. Flat Pattern	25	Do. Flat Pattern	16	Layette complete	\$2.80
Do. Flat Pattern	25	Drawers, made up	15	Petticoat Bodice, high or low, made up	25	Do. Flat Pattern	16		
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Do. Flat Pattern	25	Knickerbocker Drawers, made up	25	Do. Flat Pattern	15	Do. Flat Pattern	16		
High-dress Bodice, with Basque, made up	70	Do. Flat Pattern	15	Do. Flat Pattern	15	Do. Flat Pattern	16		
Do. Flat Pattern	25	Chemise and Drawers in one, made up	35	Petticoat, made up and trimmed	60	Do. Flat Pattern	16		
Indoor Jacket, made up	50	Do. Flat Pattern	25	Do. Flat Pattern	25	Do. Flat Pattern	16		
Do. Flat Pattern	25	Petticoat, made up and trimmed	60	Do. Flat Pattern	25	Do. Flat Pattern	16		
Indoor Jacket, forming waistcoat	50	Do. Flat Pattern	25	Flannel Petticoat, made up	15	Do. Flat Pattern	16		
Do. Flat Pattern	25	Do. Flat Pattern	15	Do. Flat Pattern	15	Do. Flat Pattern	16		
Sleeveless Spanish Jacket, made up	40	Crinoline, made up	35	Do. Flat Pattern	35	Do. Flat Pattern	16		
Do. Flat Pattern	25	Do. Flat Pattern	25	Dress Improver, made up	25	Do. Flat Pattern	16		
Chemise Russe, made up	35	Do. Flat Pattern	25	Camisole, made up	25	Do. Flat Pattern	16		
Do. Flat Pattern	25	Do. Flat Pattern	15	Do. Flat Pattern	15	Do. Flat Pattern	16		
Dress-sleeve, made up and trimmed	50	Night-cap, made up	15	Do. Flat Pattern	15	Do. Flat Pattern	16		
Basque or Sash, made up	25	Bathing Costume, made up	50	Do. Flat Pattern	15	Do. Flat Pattern	16		
Polonaise for Walking-dress, made up and trimmed	\$1.00	Do. Flat Pattern	30	Do. Flat Pattern	15	Do. Flat Pattern	16		
Do. do. untrimmed	60								
Do. Flat Pattern	30								
Polonaise for Evening-dress, with Low, Square, or Heart-shaped Bodice, made up and trimmed	\$1.00								
Do. Flat Pattern	40								
Princess Polonaise, made up	60								
Do. Flat Pattern	30								
Louis XV. Polonaise, made up	60								
Do. Flat Pattern	30								
Russian Blouse, made up	60								
Do. Flat Pattern	30								
Morning-robe, made up	50								
Do. Flat Pattern	30								
Tight-fitting Outdoor Jacket, made up and trimmed	\$1.00								
Do. do. untrimmed	40								
Do. Flat Pattern	25								
Half-fitting Outdoor Jacket, made up	40								
Do. Flat Pattern	25								
Double-breasted Outdoor Jacket, made up	40								
Do. Flat Pattern	25								
Loose Outdoor Jacket, made up	35								
Do. Flat Pattern	25								
The Dolman Mantle, made up	40								
Do. Flat Pattern	25								
Mantilla, with Cape, made up	40								
Do. Flat Pattern	25								
Opera-cloak, made up and trimmed	80								
Do. Flat Pattern	25								

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Nature of Piles; Classes of Piles; Swelled Veins; Causes of Piles.
Treatment of Piles, with valuable Prescriptions.
Gout and Rheumatism, their Causes and Cure.
Heart-Disease, Spasm of the Heart, Sudden Deaths, their principal Causes.
Treatment of Gout and Rheumatism, with Prescriptions.
Consumption: Anatomy of the Heart and Lungs.
The Prevalence of Consumption.
The Physiology of Life and Death. Is the Blood the Life?
The General Character of Consumption and Tubercular Deposit.
Causes of Consumption; Symptoms of Consumption.
A Word to Parents on the Transmission of Consumption.
Modes of treating Consumption.
The true Treatment of Consumption, or the Renewal of Life.
Diet for the Restoration of Health in General Debility, Emaciation, and Con-
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Important to Parents: how to prevent the seeds of Consumption from Forming,
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ren, showing how to convert a delicate Child into a strong one.
The value of Cold Sponging and Friction of the Skin in the Prevention of
Colds, &c.
Infancy.
The Blanket-Bath, and its Value at the Commencement of Fever.
The true Chest-Protector, or the Prevention of Consumption.
Practical Hints on the Means of Developing the Chest and Lungs.
The Chest-Expander.
False Attitudes in Sitting and Lying.
Improper and Proper Positions in Bed.
What are Nervous Complaints? and some of the Evils of Diseased Nerves, Irriti-
bility and Sleeplessness, with Means of Cure; excessive Tea-Drinking, and
its Effects.
Advice to would-be Suicides.
Nature's Laws; the Dignity of Labour.
The Fall of the Curtain.
APPENDIX: containing Invalid Cookery; Sickness and Vomiting; Diet suitable
for Dyspeptics; Raw Meat in Dyspepsia and Chronic Diarrhœa; useful
Hints on Constipation; important to Proprietors of Schools and Heads of
Families—a safe and certain Cure for Ringworm; Hooping Cough and its
Treatment without internal Medicine; Unsightly Blemishes, Pimples on the
Face, &c.—a Practical Hint on Ventilation. A new Household Remedy for
Sore Throat, simple and thoroughly effectual. Biliousness and Sick Head-
ache. The Cause and Prevention of Fever. How to destroy Typhoid germs
in Milk. A simple means of detecting Sewage in Water.

[FOR SPECIMEN PAGES SEE OVER.]

The influence of nearly all articles ordinarily used in the treatment of Dyspepsia is to sap the energies of the stomach, creating diseases impossible to cure, and laying the foundation of general infirmity, suffering, and premature decay. The insufficiency of these remedies will be easily understood, if we reflect on the immediate causes of Dyspepsia.

When a healthy stomach receives its food, the mucous membrane empties into it a clear tasteless fluid, resembling saliva in appearance, called the *gastric juice*, previously secreted, so as to be in readiness. This fluid is a solvent power, capable of reducing to a milky homogeneous mass, called *chyme*, all those heterogeneous substances taken as food. It sets free or extracts from food the carbon, fibrine, caseine, nitrogen, hydrogen, and other substances in food required to support life. Its solvent power, when the stomach is healthy, is astonishing. But abuse, by bad dietary and the incautious use of *drugs*, weakens this solvent power. This allows the food to lie so long in the stomach, that its heat induces sourness or fermentation. Now, this fermentation is nothing more nor less than incipient decomposition: in other words, the commencement of the rotting process. Fermentation is the beginning of putrefaction. Food cannot ferment in the stomach without engendering corruption. Is it any wonder that Dyspepsia, which consists simply in food rotting in the stomach, should cause its victims to feel so wretchedly. Reader, think of it; food putrefying in the centre of the system, to be sent all through it! Man cannot guard too carefully against all injury to the stomach. Starvation, by withholding nutrition, soon destroys life; so, also, imperfect digestion proportionately impairs it. Dyspepsia is *partial starvation* on the one hand, by withholding the materials of life, and death on the other, by engendering corruption. Hence, whatever Dyspeptics do, they should first endeavour to *restore the flagging energies of their stomach*.

But what is the error of the present treatment? The medicines in use irritate the tender mucous membrane, or lining, and the sensitive abdominal nervous system, and depress the natural action of the stomach. Large doses and strong medicines are then given to stimulate the deficient action. All this merely attacks the symptoms, merely palliates the suffering, leaving the real disease untouched, and failing to cure when cure is attainable.

THE ALIMENTARY MODE OF CURING DYSPEPSIA.

Medical science having been found to be at fault in the cure of inveterate Dyspepsia, the Author has had his mind occupied with this very important subject for many years. He has, through the aid of

FALSE ATTITUDES IN SITTING AND LYING.

'In every scene some moral let us teach,
And if we can, both please and preach.'

UNNATURAL AND NATURAL POSITIONS FOR READING OR STANDING.



False Position.



Natural Position.

The small of the back is made flexible, but the hip-joints are the points from which to stoop either backward or forward. The joints are ball-and-socket joints, like a swivel in some degree. The trunk of the body may bend forward as much as you please, for all useful purposes, and the chest and the whole spine and neck be kept perfectly straight. * * *

IMPROPER AND PROPER POSITIONS IN BED.



Curvatures of the spine also may be caused by too many pillows upon which the head rests, especially with young persons. * * * *

tract of a Letter from the Ven. BLYTHE HURST, Vicar of Collierly, than whom no clergyman better known or more respected in the diocese of Durham, on account of his urbanity and eminence as a scholar: 'I have carefully read over your letter, and, from sad experience, indorse every word of it. For some time previous my stomach retained very little food. I was really starving in the midst of plenty. Your medicine has saved my life. I can now digest my food with ease. I owe you a debt of gratitude I shall never be able to discharge.'

Our townsman, Mr. J. C. Eno, has just published a sixth edition of his Treatise on *The Stomach and its Trials*. By means of illustrations and clearly-expressed description, the author shows the many ills which spring from a weak or disordered stomach, and also indicates the treatment necessary in order to induce recovery. Dyspepsia and indigestion, in whatever form, are so common and so irksome ailments that any one who does what he can to relieve the suffering deserves the gratitude of his kind. Mr. Eno claims that, by a certain system of diet, by which the stomach is assisted to do its work, and not *stimulated*, he has been able to effect wonderful recoveries from diseases incident to a weak digestion. Mr. Eno's brochure is well worth perusal.—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle*.

THE STOMACH AND ITS TRIALS.—This is the title of an interesting and able Treatise from the pen of our much-respected townsman, Mr. J. C. Eno; and, as showing its popularity, we may mention that it has already run through no fewer than six editions. The work is suitably illustrated, and is characterised from beginning to end by much originality of thought and simplicity of language. Mr. Eno knows his subject well, and is in every way entitled to be listened to with respect when he deals, as he does here, with some of the worst physical ailments by which humanity is afflicted. We have no doubt that this work is likely to extend to other parts the deservedly high reputation which Mr. Eno already enjoys "among his own people" and those who know him best throughout the North of England.—*The Newcastle Magazine*.

THE STOMACH.—Under the title of *The Stomach and its Trials*, Mr. J. C. Eno, Newcastle, has just published the sixth edition of a Treatise, the perusal of which, and attention to the hints it contains, would do a world of good to persons suffering from dyspeptic and other disarrangement of the system. Mr. Eno advises every man to be his own doctor, as far as possible, and shows how the general health may be kept good, and life prolonged, by attention to a few simple rules of diet, exercise, cleanliness, &c. The author of this little work warns his readers that the stomach is to be assisted, not stimulated. He indorses the maxim, "Keep up the power of nutrition, and the body will resist and eject disease," and shows how the power is most easily kept up. The work is entitled to a wide circulation.—*The Northern Daily Express*.

Dr. EDWARDS, Dartford, writes: 'Your Treatise contains sound practical common sense—an element which is not always found pervading the pages of medical works. I wish you every possible success in your efforts for medical progress and enlightenment.'

THE STOMACH AND ITS TRIALS.—The popularity of this Treatise may be gathered from the fact that it has already gone through six editions in a very short time. The title scarcely gives an idea of the contents of the book or the variety of subjects treated in it. The stomach is chiefly descanted on, as almost all the ills that flesh is heir to proceed from dyspepsia, but gout and rheumatism, piles, &c., are dealt with at length, particularly consumption. Perhaps the most valuable part of the work is that which refers to regimen, air, diet, exercise, bathing, &c. The author appears to have small faith in medicine, and appears fully to indorse the maxim that "prevention is better than cure." The Treatise is remarkably free of empiricism, and is certainly cheap at a shilling.—*Northern Review*.

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[FROM THE Court Circular.]

The new Bazaar attacks boldly one of our oldest insular prejudices. To say that the Bazaar is amply provided with every variety of goods coming under the expansive and elastic title of "fancy," that it is lovely and attractive, is to say much, certainly, yet no more than the exact truth. But all these advantages would hardly have called for comment but for a more startling innovation. The managers have had the sense to recognize, for the first time, the un-

doubted truth that ladies devoting themselves to a hard day's shopping do require some more substantial refreshment than a Bath bun, &c. Consequently the refreshment department has been entrusted to the skilful hands of Messrs. Hill & Son, of Bishopsgate Street, Pastrycooks to the Queen, who have made every arrangement for ladies and gentlemen. There are dining-rooms, in which ladies, either alone or accom-

panied by gentlemen, can procure with every comfort any refreshment of which they stand in need, from a sandwich or a jelly to a dinner of many courses. It should be added that the prices are most reasonable; and as there are also most comfortable and commodious reading and retiring rooms, we have every reason to anticipate that this sensible enterprise will meet with success.

[FROM THE City Press.]

Public Bazaars have, until lately, been monopolized by the West End. Recently, however, a large and lofty building on the north side of St. Paul's Churchyard has been opened under the title of St. Paul's Bazaar. It is to be presumed that most children who visit the City during their holidays will not fail to look in and admire the large collection of fancy and useful articles here exhibited. Ladies and children

will find this a convenient resting-place when tired, or a welcome shelter in case of inclement weather. The wares for sale are of the usual bazaar character, although there are some rare specimens of home and foreign art. The articles of ornament and use of Japanese manufacture are of exquisite workmanship, and there is a very elegant stand of Grossmith's perfumery. Conjuring tricks and mechanical toys, Swiss carved-

wood ornaments, fancy needlework, sewing machines, jewellery, china and glass, casts in terra-cotta, clocks, fancy cabinet goods, prints, photographs, and Christmas cards to any extent, toys of every description, and even natural flowers are vended here. It is well worthy of a call by the visitor to the City, and the children will be delighted.

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