

PER REG. 2004.637
Monthly, Price 30 cents.

CANADIAN EDITION.

Yearly, 3 dollars 50 cents.

JULY,

1874.

THE
YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL
AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

PIC
AP
H
V
J
L



129. JULY, 1874.

Sold by all Booksellers in the Dominion of Canada. Price of Single Monthly Part, including all the Supplements, 30 cents. Yearly Subscription, including the Extra Christmas Part, \$3.50.

Business Agent for the Proprietors—R. C. GURNEY, 60 East 79th Street, New York. P. O. Box 35

W. F. THOMAS & CO.'S

Domestic Hand Shuttle Machines, will sew thick cloth or muslin (*Lock-Stitch*) strongly recommended **£4 4 0**
Do. on Stand, complete, to work by hand or foot **6 0 0**
Catalogues and Samples of Work post free.

PRIZE MEDALS:
Paris . . . 1855
London . . . 1862
Paris . . . 1867

DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINES

EASY TERMS OF PURCHASE
By payment of **£1** down, and the balance by monthly instalments of **20s.** each.
No extra charge is made in the form of deposit, premium, or interest.
SEWING MACHINES
FOR ALL MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.

1 & 2, Cheapside; and Oxford Circus, London.

PAPER COLLARS, WRISTS AND FRONTS,



FOR LADIES, GENTLEMEN, AND YOUTHS, OF THE BEST MAKE.

Samples and Illustrated List sent for Six Stamps.

INDIGESTION.

SEE NAME ON LABEL.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MORSON'S

PREPARATIONS OF PEPSINE,

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.

T. MORSON AND SON, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, RUSSELL SQUARE.

INDIGESTION.

FOR LADIES ONLY.

Cash's



Frilling

IS THE MOST DURABLE AND SATISFACTORY TRIMMING FOR LADIES', CHILDRENS' AND INFANTS' WARDROBES.
None are genuine without the Name of J. & J. CASH. Sold by Drapers everywhere.

PATENT TAPER BUSK CORSETS.



THE Taper Busk is unlike and superior to all others; it avoids injurious pressure at the chest, yields every movement of the wearer, affords the greatest possible support, and cannot be broken. The Corsets are made upon models by eminent Italian artists; the fashions by the first modistes in Paris. No lady's dress can be made to fit with equal style and elegance on any other Corset.

W. THOMAS & BROS., Cheapside, London
AND SOLD BY ALL RESPECTABLE DRAPERS.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL IMPROVES, STRENGTHENS, and BEAUTIFIES the HUMAN HAIR, 3s. 6d., 7s., and 10s. 6d. family bottles, equal to four small.
ROWLANDS' KALYDOR IMPROVES and BEAUTIFIES the COMPLEXION, and is invaluable to Ladies in the Heat of Crowded Rooms, 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.
ROWLANDS' ODONTO is the only real Dentifrice for WHITENING and PRESERVING the TEETH and GUMS, 2s. 6d. per box.

Ask any Chemist or Perfumer for Rowlands' Articles.

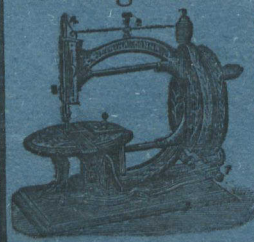
ALEXANDER'S KNITTING COTTON.

The quality is superior. Full weight, correctly numbered, and very moderate in price. Sold by all retail drapers and haberdashers.

HOW TO READ THE FACE post free 1 1/2d.

London: E. HARRISON, Merton House, Salisbury Square, Fleet St.

Sewing Machines unequalled, for all Ges.



The "ALBERTA" Silent Lock Machine, 6 gs. metal bronzed sigs.

The "EXCELSIOR" Sewing Machine, 6s.

HAND MACHINES in great variety 35s.

The "PRIMA DONNA" Sewing Machine, 4 gs.

The best yet produced. Wanted in home.

WHIGHT & MANN, 143, HOLBORN B E.C.

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.—The excruciating pain of Rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS. They require no restraint or confinement during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking the part. Sold by all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1 1/2d. and 2s. 6d. per box, or obtained of the Chemist.

812509

THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE



ROSE FOUND SOLACE IN LISTENING TO THE SUGGESTIONS OF THE SMART LITTLE MODISTR.

FOR LIFE—FOR LOVE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TRISSIE'S BRIDAL," "WILFUL WINNIE," "AGAINST HIS WILL," "A TWISTED LINK," "MR. ERRINGTON'S WARDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEREIN CAPTAIN ALVERSTONE WINDS THE CHAIN CLOSER ABOUT HIS STRUGGLING CAPTIVE.

KATHARINE sat for some minutes after she had uttered the fatal assent, listening as if in a

dream to Captain Alverstone's triumphant speeches. She heard him speak, but without taking in the sense of his words; she could think only of what she had done—of the compact into which she had been forced, and suddenly her anger blazed forth against the heartless man who had taken such cruel advantage of her position.

"Why are you dragging me into this marriage?" she demanded, with such passionate force as to startle him. "Why, I ask, are you compelling me to wed your son?"

"Surely you already know why. Is it not to avoid litigation and unpleasantness?—to spare Mr. Hargreaves?"

"No, no!" she answered, vehemently. "If I did think so at first, I am now convinced to the contrary. There is no pity for my poor father in your cold heart. You do not hesitate to bend me to your will without a shadow of remorse for my sufferings; how, then, can you pity his?"

"You are not justified in questioning my conduct in such a tone as this," Captain Alver-

stone angrily retorted. "I consider that I have acted with great—with extraordinary forbearance."

"Only for some motive of your own, sir—only for some motive of your own!"

"Yes," he assented. "I spare Mr. Hargreaves for the sake of Auld Lang Syne, and because my son loves his daughter."

"Loves me!" she scornfully repeated. "We have met twice."

"And you owe him your life!" she was reminded.

"But I cannot be grateful to him for it! Your treatment of me has cancelled the debt. I had rather have died by the brutal hands of the wretches who held me prisoner than live to stand at the altar and perjure myself!"

"Claude is your equal in birth!" the Captain exclaimed. "Not one amongst the fops and fools who flutter around you possesses his fine person nor his excellent abilities. Be thankful that I permit my son to marry a young lady whose father has such a stake depending upon my consent to the marriage."

"Thankful!" she echoed, with a meaning look, which, however, did not disturb him in the least.

"Yes, Miss Hargreaves. If I were vindictive, I should punish you for what you have just said; if I were remorseless, I should push matters to extremities instead of giving you an opening for escape."

"Escape!" she repeated, her eye brightening. "Ah, give me this *really!* Let me carry my father away to some quiet French town, where no one knows us, and then take all. Pay yourself, and let us be free, no matter how heavy the price our liberty costs us!"

"And your father's good name? Are you willing to let me blast that?"

Katharine moaned, and hid her face. No, she could not forfeit honour; she could not take any step that would bring disgrace on the gray hairs of her now helpless parent.

"I am at your mercy, sir, and you know it! But were you a good man, you would be all the more pitiful to me for that very reason. You would hold your hand, and give me the time, which was all I demanded!"

"Time for what? To trick me, evade me, gather up the spoil, and fly with it?" and Katharine turned from her questioner in the silence of despair. While he thought that her father was capable of such knavery, what was the use of appealing to his better feelings, even if he had any, which she doubted?

When Captain Alverstone saw that her passion had spent itself, he began to lash himself into a fury, and retort upon her.

"You are using me very badly, Miss Hargreaves," he complained. "For years I permit your father the use of my wealth, and never demand from him any account of it; and when, for my son's sake, I do return to England, and resolve to enter into society, instead of being welcomed by the only surviving relatives of Claude's mother, I am denied access to them till I liberally insist upon being admitted. Then I am told that Mr. Hargreaves is too ill to see me, and his daughter—facitly, perhaps—admits that he is afraid to do so, and treats me not to urge my claims too hastily. In compassion for both, I propose a plan by which our warring interests will be united, and, instead of being heard with gratitude, I am insulted—positively insulted!"

Finding that Katharine was still mute, he proceeded, yet more angrily:

"A few minutes ago you led me to believe that you accepted my proposals. Now you draw back, and behave to me in the rudest manner; but I will not be trifled with nor treated with such scenes as you have just enacted. From this day forward there must be absolute peace or war betwixt us. Either you fulfil your promise to become my daughter-in-law, or I quit this house, to enter it no more till I come as its master!"

He crossed the room, and stood for a few minutes looking into the conservatory, and teasing the birds that fluttered about the glass door, waiting in vain for their young mistress to caress them. When he came back Katharine had raised her drooping head, and was apathetically watching him.

"Well, young lady, which is it to be?" he asked, in a voice that he uselessly endeavoured to render soft and conciliating.

"Peace!" she said, closing her eyes, that she might not see his triumphant glance.

"I congratulate you on having regained your senses," he coarsely remarked. "I suppose that you would rather see Claude and arrange the time and place for the ceremony with him than with me?"

"Would you have me wed while my father

lies in such a precarious condition that the very tidings of my marriage might kill him?" Katharine indignantly demanded. "Have some respect for appearances, sir, if you have none for my feelings."

"Don't be uneasy on my account," he said, with a wave of his hand. "I will answer to the world for all I do. But no one can blame you, under the peculiar circumstances in which you are placed, for accepting the protection a kinsman's name offers you. Mr. Hargreaves is totally unable to attend to his business, and therefore your cousin and husband will do so for him—assisted and advised, of course, by me."

"No!" said Katharine, firmly; "to this plan I will never consent. There shall be no interference with Mr. Sondes. He is papa's representative, and shall remain so!"

"Ah! well, we need not discuss this now," the Captain answered, more good-humouredly than she anticipated. She forgot that it was not worth his while to argue with her, for when once she was Claude Alverstone's wife, what would her opposition to his plans signify? The reins would then be in his own hands, and, let him do what he would, she must submit. "Such things as these are after considerations," he told her, in a careless, off-hand manner. "We will confine ourselves for the present to the marriage. This must take place at once. Do you hear, Miss Hargreaves?—at once!"

"Of course I am at your orders, sir," she answered, bitterly. "I understand what part I am expected to play—that of a submissive slave."

He did not choose to take any notice of this retort, but asked if she had got rid of Mrs. Quentin.

"She leaves here to-day," was the curt reply.

"Then you had better invite my daughter Rose to take her place. You can fetch her tomorrow evening, and Claude shall be at home to receive you."

"I will not go to that hateful house of yours—I will not stoop to make advances to your son!" she exclaimed, angrily.

"Is this your submission?" he demanded, in tones as excited as her own. "However, I am quite willing to acknowledge that Camden Town is not precisely the locality in which the rich Miss Hargreaves should have interviews with her bridegroom-elect, and so I will remove my family this very day to a West-end hotel. I will send you my new address in the morning, and Rose shall be ready for you by five o'clock, at which hour you will call for her."

"I do not know Miss Alverstone," objected Katharine, who already regarded the innocent Rose as a spy who would report her every action to the Captain. "And in the present state of my father's health, it is very inconvenient to have visitors staying in the house."

But these objections were pooh-pooed. "Rose will not prove half so troublesome to you as the chattering, prying woman you call Mrs. Quentin. Besides, she is not like an ordinary guest. In a few days she will be your sister; and as soon as you are married, we shall all take up our abode with you."

Katharine recoiled in dismay. Must she endure the presence of this man always?—see his odious face before her at table?—live in daily communion with him?—and have the home she had loved so dearly desecrated by this hateful intruder upon her privacy? Whatever else she permitted him to impose upon her, she would resist this. It was, therefore, with stormy looks, and her little hands clenched, that she bade him remember Mr. Hargreaves had not been consulted.

"Until papa consents to such an arrangement, it cannot, shall not, be carried out."

"This house is not your father's, Miss Hargreaves," she was coolly reminded.

"Then I will take papa out of it," she answered, without a moment's hesitation. "Now our right is disputed, neither he nor I shall care to reside here another day."

Captain Alverstone gave her an evil look. He had been accustomed to receive from his woman-kind such implicit obedience to his will, that Katharine's haughty and rebellious speeches exasperated him greatly.

"You can do as you please about removing your father," he told her; "but remember that you will have to reside here with your husband."

Again Katharine felt that he was her master, and she made a great effort to restrain her wrath; but it was still audible in her tones when she sullenly demanded:

"How am I to account for your coming here so suddenly?"

"To whom? Your servants? You are not responsible to them for what guests you invite. Your friends? Bah! Nothing is more simple. I am a relative just arrived in England. What

is there odd in the fact that I take up my abode with my kinsman and his daughter? Nothing. You appear to be fond of starting difficulties."

"They do not avail me much," she sighed.

"They do not," Captain Alverstone answered; "and you would do well to remember that it would be better policy to be more conciliating. If you end in disgusting me with my son's bride, others may suffer through your folly."

Katharine gasped for breath. "Ah! you are holding a threat over me! You are hinting that if I displease you, my offences will be visited on the head of my father."

He did not deny it; and the loving daughter, aroused to frenzy by this glimpse into his treacherous nature, grasped his arm.

"You shall never do that—never! If I sacrifice myself, it shall not be uselessly. You shall swear to me that, if I marry your son, you will never do or say anything to distress my father, and you shall keep your oath, or I will run all risks, and leave you to do your worst."

"It is you who are threatening now," he said, angrily.

"Yes, sir; and you shall find me firm of will and remorseless as yourself. Take care, Captain Alverstone! You have goaded me almost to madness. I am beginning to think that the worst the world can say of us could not be harder to bear than your tyranny."

Her face was ghastly pale; there was an unearthly glare in her blue eyes, and the vehemence with which she spoke made the Captain feel that she was not exaggerating when she said that he had gone too far; it was, therefore, in tones more calculated to soothe her than he made answer:

"I am not the dishonourable wretch you appear to consider me, Miss Hargreaves. I am quite willing to promise that as long as I am fairly treated, and you make Claude a good, loyal wife, your father shall receive every consideration and kindness from me. Will that satisfy you?"

"No; not unless you swear it, and swear by all you hold most sacred, or by the memory of Lilla Hargreaves, your son's mother."

Her mention of the young wife so deeply loved, so early lost, agitated Captain Alverstone; and when he had—with unusual emotion—given the pledge Katharine demanded, he averted his face, till he had tranquillised himself.

"I shall now leave you," he said. "Do not forget that I shall expect you at the hotel tomorrow afternoon. Both Claude and his sister shall be there to receive you."

Katharine, more dead than alive, crawled back to her father's room, thankful that he was too sleepy to notice her swollen eyes and pale cheeks; and Captain Alverstone returned to Camden Town to astonish his wife and daughter with the tidings that they were to change their quarters that same night.

When Claude came home from his friend the bookseller, he found Rose, crimson with excitement, filling trunks, and flying hither and thither in obedience to the imperative commands of her father, for the vehicle was at the door in which they were to be driven to the hotel Captain Alverstone had selected; and in another quarter of an hour they had bidden adieu to the impassive Mrs. Jones—who neither seemed glad nor sorry at their departure—and had caught their last glimpse of her as she stood at her door, gazing after the receding vehicle.

Into Rose's hand, however, she had slipped a piece of paper, which contained these words:

"When you feel the need of a friend—and you may do so sooner than you think—recollect that you have one in the old woman of — Street."

Captain Alverstone was astir soon after dawn on the morning, and his daughter was informed at the breakfast-table that a *modiste* would wait upon her in an hour or two, and that she was to select from the articles that would be brought to her everything that she would be likely to require for a modest but elegant wardrobe.

"You are about to pay a visit to your cousin, Miss Hargreaves," her father told her, pompously. "She will call for you at five o'clock, and I have promised that you will be ready to accompany her."

"Miss Hargreaves, the wealthy banker's daughter!" repeated Rose, starting from her seat, excitedly. "No—no, papa; I cannot live under the same roof with her! It would be more than I could bear. I should go mad with jealous rage, and kill her!"

The astonished looks of Claude, the loudly expressed wonder and indignation of her father, recalled Rose to herself, and she sank back in her chair, trying hard to regain her self-possession. Captain Alverstone loudly demanded

what she meant, and Claude, in gentler tones, inquired who had prejudiced her against Miss Hargreaves; but Rose would not make any other answer than that she did not know why she had spoken so strangely, except that she felt she would rather stay quietly with her mother.

"I'm glad some one considers me," whimpered Mrs. Alverstone. "I should like to know how I am to manage all these tiresome children, if Rose goes away from me?"

"I shall take the boys to school to-morrow," said her husband. "I suppose you can muster up sense enough to keep Flossy out of mischief."

"I will not leave you, mamma," said Rose, flinging her arms around her mother's neck. "I do not wish to leave you."

"You will do as you are bid," said her father, sternly. "I have agreed to the arrangement, so you had better take care to be ready when Miss Hargreaves arrives; and, Claude, I must have a little chat with you before this young lady arrives. There are great things in store for you, lad; so you may prepare yourself for a pleasant surprise."

"Will you plainly tell me what you mean, sir?" the young man demanded. "I do not think any surprise would be pleasant to me that is connected with Miss Hargreaves."

"Do you say this, because she railed at you when last you saw her? Poo! You will find her humble enough to-day. I have paved the way for you, and brought your pretty Katharine into such subjection, that she will not require much more taming. My foot is on her neck, and she knows it."

Claude looked at his father sharply and inquiringly; but he did not speak; and, with a nod and a laugh, the Captain quitted the room, saying, as he went:

"I shall be at leisure by-and-by, and then I will tell you what I have done, and what terms you are to propose."

And so the hours glided on, each one bringing Katharine nearer and nearer to the fate she had vainly struggled to avoid.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEREIN CLAUDE MAINTAINS HIS RIGHT TO JUDGE FOR HIMSELF.

MUCH as Rose Alverstone disliked the idea of being the guest of the woman whom she could not help regarding as her successful rival, she was not insensible to the pleasure of being well dressed for the first time in her young life; and as she felt that it was no use to appeal against her father's decision, she found solace in listening to the suggestions of the smart little *modiste* whom he sent to her. Having told herself that she must obey, all her good-humour returned, and when she was led to the glass to see the effect of the costumes tried upon her, she could not help smiling and blushing at her own beauty. But the smile was followed by a sigh; and a hard and bitter look settled down upon the glowing face at which she gazed. Better to be born hideously ugly, and owe such love as fell to one's share to the good qualities one possessed, than to be treated as a toy, and then flung aside as soon as the transient passion inspired by a fine figure and pretty features died out! and again Rose's heart swelled with revengeful feelings. The Captain's imperious commands were enforced by such liberality that they were obeyed to the letter; and though Mrs. Alverstone did nothing but sit helplessly looking on, contented with marvelling and admiring, every article requisite for Rose's toilette was ready and packed in handsome trunks by the time the carriage, with Katharine Hargreaves seated in it, rolled to the door. Then the young girl who was to be her guest shut herself in her own room with Flossy; and, oppressed by a disquietude, the cause of which she could not obscurely divine, she folded her little sister in her arms, and wept and sobbed till the child was so frightened, that, for her sake, Rose was forced to tranquillise herself.

Meanwhile, Katharine, so pale and proud that no one could suspect the tempest of angry humiliation raging within her, listened with compressed lips to the civilities of the Captain, who hastened out to receive her and give her his arm to the suite of apartments he was occupying.

"I will not alight," she said, shortly. "If Miss Alverstone is ready, let her come to me at once; if not, I will drive a little further and call again for her."

"But I do not choose for my daughter's introduction to you to take place in the street," he answered, in tones as curt and decided as her own. "Besides, you have to see Claude, your future husband: do you forget that?"

Katharine shuddered, but she was in the toils, and, murmuring to herself, "It is for my father!—it is to save his life and honour!" she alighted, and permitted herself to be led to the room where Mrs. Alverstone, crimson with alarm lest she should forget the instructions her husband had been drilling into her obtuse brain, tried to receive the young lady with proper cordiality. But when in one and the same breath she begged Katharine to be seated, and declared—drawing her handkerchief over her brow—that it was so "dreadful hot, she was a-most melted," the Captain silenced her with such a frown that she did not venture to open her lips again.

"Where is Claude?" he demanded, as he rang a peal on the bell. "Why is he not here to welcome his cousin?"

No one appeared to know what had become of him; and the Captain, who had been so busy that he had contrived for the last hour or two to forget his son, was growing purple with wrath, when one of the hotel-waiters put into his hand a note in Claude's handwriting.

It contained a respectful but firm refusal to take any part in the matrimonial scheme at which his father had hinted; and ended by saying that to prove he was in earnest, he intended to absent himself till Miss Hargreaves' visit had been paid.

It was no easy task to keep back the furious execrations that thronged to Captain Alverstone's lips when he found himself thus thwarted. He glanced at Katharine, who, in the haughty and half-defiant attitude a captive queen would naturally assume in the presence of a conqueror whom she despised as much as she feared, sat with her eyes fixed on the window; only by the nervous shiver that passed over her every time a foot drew near the door testifying how much she dreaded the appearance of the *futur* who had been chosen for her.

It would never do to let her know that the wayward boy who had been smitten with her loveliness, had yet the spirit to refuse to wed her, now she had boldly told him that she gave him nothing in return but scorn; and so the exasperated Captain smoothed his brow.

"A most unfortunate circumstance, my dear Miss Hargreaves!" he exclaimed. "Claude has been called away by the sudden illness of a friend; but he begs me to make his apologies, and to ask you to fix an hour to-morrow when he and I may have the pleasure of waiting upon you."

It was a respite, and Katharine drew a long breath and felt unutterably grateful for it. Her repugnance to encounter Claude in his new character was far greater than it could have proved had he been an utter stranger. Her first impressions had been all in his favour, and this fact only made her resentment more violent at finding that he was—or so she believed—as unscrupulous as his father. But the Captain was speaking again, and she knew she must listen, and consent to whatever he proposed.

"Will you say eleven in the forenoon? Thank you; and now give me a kind message for your disappointed lover."

"Mr. Claude Alverstone is no lover of mine," she retorted, with a disdainful gesture. "Pray, sir, let us give things their right names while we are alone, however we may think it expedient to deceive the world. Call your son the bridegroom that you thrust upon me, if you will; but do not speak as if he had any particle of real affection for me."

"You are not doing Claude justice—" he began angrily telling her, but she would not hear him.

"Oblige me by changing the subject. I am to receive you and your son at eleven to-morrow. You desire it, and I must obey; it is a business arrangement, and any attempt at sentiment is ridiculous! Is the young lady ready with whose society you propose to favour me?"

Rose entered the room as she asked the question, and glided to her father's side. He may be pardoned for the exultation he betrayed as he presented her to Miss Hargreaves, for even Katharine, prejudiced though she was, could not but acknowledge that this wild flower was very beautiful.

The young girls looked steadily into each other's eyes; but friendship betwixt them was impossible while one was harbouring distrust and the other jealousy. However, the Captain would not appear cognisant of the coldness with which they met, but talked for them till they were seated side by side in Mr. Hargreaves' carriage.

"I shall see you to-morrow, my child," he said to Rose. "In the meantime, be happy with your cousin, who, to oblige me, will do her best to make you feel at home with her. You must not be too gay and lose your colour," he added,

as he drew back to let the footman put up the steps. "Adieu, my pet."

"Captain Alverstone seems to have forgotten to tell you that you are going to a house, the head of which is seriously, if not dangerously ill," Katharine observed, as they drove away.

"Are you speaking of your father?" asked Rose; and though her tone was not as sympathetic as it would have been if she had known the history of the last few weeks, it sufficed to stir Katharine's long-repressed emotions, and her mobile mouth began to relax and quiver. She had had no one to pity her—no one to sustain her sinking spirits by a kind word or look; for she dared not hint to anyone about her what a load of anxiety and dread was burdening her heart, lest a suspicion of the cause should ooze out.

"Yes," she faltered. "My father is very ill; so ill, that I am beginning to lose hope."

"And you are unhappy about him?" Rose drew a little closer to her sorrowful companion as she spoke. She was struck with astonishment to find that the fairy queen whom the Duke of St. Helen's worshipped, the glorious maiden of Claude's dreams, was not more exempt from the cares of mortality than herself.

"Yes; did you not know it? or has Captain Alverstone taught you to think with him, that papa's illness is not as serious as I represent it?"

"I know nothing," Rose truthfully replied. "I have often wished of late that papa would place a little more confidence in his children. It seems so strange to be obliged to say that I did not know you and I are related, until last night."

"The relationship is so slight, it is scarcely worth mentioning," said Katharine, coldly.

"And yet you recognise it, and in spite of the troubles you have just spoken of, you think of and invite me to your house. It is very kind of you," cried Rose, warmly, feeling more and more ashamed of the *coquette* with which she had greeted her new acquaintance.

Katharine's colour rose.

"My dear child, you are giving me thanks which I have done nothing to deserve. It is by your father's wish, not mine, that you are to be my guest."

"And I am not a welcome one! No, I can see that I am not. Then I will go back! Will you ask your servants to turn the horses' heads? If not, I will get out and walk!"

But Katharine, rather amused at the fiery spirit her words had evoked, laid her hand on Rose's arm. She was fast learning to comprehend how utterly father and daughter were unlike, and to feel some little interest in the young girl whose pride was equal to her own.

"My dear, I must take you back, if you insist upon it; but consider first in what a dilemma you will place me as well as yourself. Captain Alverstone will in all probability conclude that I have said something very rude to you, and I have grave reasons for not wishing to offend him."

"He knew that I did not like to pay this visit," murmured the still dissatisfied Rose, who could not reconcile herself to the idea of being forced upon a person who had tacitly acknowledged that she did not wish to have her.

"Then we are equal. You were not more willing to come to me—a stranger—than I was to have a young, lively visitor at a time when I should find it a task to entertain her," said Katharine, in a more conciliatory manner, for she began to feel sorry for the frank, quick-tempered young creature who was placed in such an awkward position by her father's manoeuvres. "Let us agree to think no more of our annoyances," she added. "If you can overlook my being a very indifferent hostess, too much engaged just now with my father, and too anxious about him; to have much time for aught else, I will do what I can to reconcile you to spending a few days or weeks with me."

Rose considered awhile, and then remembering that she would scarcely have courage to dare the displeasure she would incur by returning, she rather ungraciously accepted this proposal.

"I suppose I ought to thank you," she said, wavering between her vexation and a consciousness that she was barely civil; but Katharine had thrown herself back in the carriage and was too deep in thought to hear her; so Rose occupied herself during the rest of the drive in gazing at the delicately fair lineaments of the queenly girl who had stolen the hearts both of the Duke of St. Helen's and her brother Claude. Meanwhile, Captain Alverstone was nursing

his ire till it could burst on the head of his son, who, however, heard him with a composure that testified how little he intended to be influenced by it.

"I am neither mad nor ungrateful, as you persist in calling me," Claude said, as soon as he could get a hearing. "I only exercise a right which even you, sir, cannot deny me—the right of holding aloof when an attempt is made to draw me into an act of presumption and folly."

"Take care what you are saying!" exclaimed the Captain, threateningly. "You are so self-conceited, that you are blind to the consequences of your absurd behaviour: I have been moving heaven and earth to secure you a good position, and you reward me by the most obstinate and capricious conduct."

"Obstinate, I may be; but why call me capricious?" Claude remonstrated. "I told you some time since that I had no desire to become the husband of Miss Hargreaves."

"Psha! your lips said one thing, and your looks another. I saw that you were over head and ears in love with her; and I put myself out of my way—relinquishing my own claims for your sake—to win her for you: yet when I bring the lady here that you may proceed with your wooing, you insult both of us by rushing away, no one knows where!"

"I would not insult Miss Hargreaves for all the world!" cried Claude, impetuously.

"Yet you acted in such a manner, that, but for my presence of mind, she would have been highly offended. As it is, I made such a plausible excuse for your absence, that the field is still open. She consents to grant you an interview in the morning, which is more than you deserve."

"And more than I wish," Claude boldly replied. "Let us have an understanding, father. I have no desire to pry into your affairs, nor take any share in them. As you already know, I would sooner work for my bread than be thus dependent upon you: and while we were at Camden Town, I did my best to fit myself for a clerkship."

"Absurd!" the Captain ejaculated. "The son of Ernest Alverstone is reserved for better things than stooping at a desk all the day long! There is a bright future before you, my boy, and you may fling aside care. There is a splendid mansion ready for you to step into as its master, and a handsome house in the country to which you can retire when you are tired of the amusements of the town. You may keep half a dozen hunters or racers if you feel inclined; and there will be no one to say this or that is an extravagance, for with a large fortune a man may do as he pleases, and yours will be princely. You did not dream of such things when you toiled at the farm in Otago, nor would I awaken your longings for them till I knew I could put you in possession of all a young man can crave. I can do so now, and all I ask in return is a home beneath your roof."

"And Miss Hargreaves?" asked Claude, his eyes glittering, his face flushing; for his father's speech had not been heard unmoved.

"Will be your wife; she consents to it. Could you wish for one fairer or better fitted, both by education and natural gifts, to do honour to your choice?"

"And why does Miss Hargreaves show herself so willing to accept the hand of one whom she scarcely knows and has not hesitated to aver that she despises?" the young man demanded, his strong common sense regaining the mastery.

"Pooh! the hasty words of a passionate girl, whose temper needs subduing. It will be your fault if she makes such pettish speeches again."

"But what has so changed her? or, rather, what has induced her to agree to be mine so suddenly?"

The Captain fenced with the question; but Claude persisted in having an answer; and he was obliged to acknowledge that he had pecuniary claims on Mr. Hargreaves, which he had consented to waive if their children were united.

"And Miss Hargreaves sacrifices herself for the sake of her father? Has he urged her to do this, or have you?" his son inquired, agitatedly.

"It will be no sacrifice to become the wife of such a warm-hearted, good-looking fellow as you are, lad. Have patience with her, and in a little while she will be the first to acknowledge this."

"And you think, sir, that I would lead a woman to the altar who goes there rebelling against her fate, and solely from a sense of duty to her father? I will not do it! If Miss Hargreaves gave me but a spark of love, I would do my utmost to win her heart; as it is, I refuse

—I positively refuse to take advantage of her filial affection!"

"Don't provoke me, boy—don't provoke me!" his father menacingly exclaimed. "I will not have my efforts in your behalf rendered useless by your high-flown notions of honour. Recollect that you are, as you just now admitted, utterly dependent upon me; and that if I chose to fling you off— But no, I will not stoop to threaten. You will think this over, and see the folly as well as unkindness of refusing to finish what I have begun. Go to bed, Claude. You are my good, obedient son, and am I not doing my best to reward you? This pretty Katharine will soon learn to love you as well as—as you love her; and, harkye, boy, you have rivals: one of them is no other than the insolent peer who insulted our little Rose with his pretended admiration. He makes pretensions to Miss Hargreaves' hand—ay, and thinks he has only to ask and have. Will there be no gratification in wresting from him the prize of which he makes so sure? Will you let him pluck your hands from his throat and hold you off with a smile at his own superiority, as he did before? Will you let him jeer at your tameness in resigning the lady, that he may have her or leave her, as he feels inclined?"

Claude involuntarily clenched his hands, and hissed between his teeth a passionate—

"Don't, father—don't! Would you make me at heart a murderer?"

But Captain Alverstone only smiled, and patted him on the shoulder.

"There is a fuller, deeper revenge in your power than shedding patrician blood. Go to bed, my boy, and remember that at eleven to-morrow your bride-elect will be waiting for you."

Claude took one stride towards the door, then came back, looking very pale and determined.

"No, sir. I'll not go away leaving you to imagine that anything you have said will induce me to change my mind. I will not marry Miss Hargreaves. Ignorant though you keep me of much that I ought to know, I cannot but be certain that there has been a powerful stress put upon her inclinations to induce her to consent to such a marriage as this would be; and, on her account as much as my own, I plainly tell you that nothing shall induce me to move a step further in the matter."

The Captain stormed, then cajoled, then grew furious again; but all to no purpose. Claude was not to be moved from his resolution, till his father changed his tactics, and asked if he knew what was to be the result to Katharine herself of his stubborn refusal.

"Her ruin and her father's—ruin and disgrace," he added. "It is to avoid inflicting either on an old and suffering man that I agreed to the compromise to which you are objecting."

"I do not understand you, sir. Why not be candid with me, and let me be able to judge for myself whether this is a justifiable proceeding?"

At first the Captain angrily refused to do any such thing, declaring that Claude was taking too much upon himself, and making demands when he ought to render implicit obedience; but finding that the young man steadily insisted in his right to be enlightened, he told him, with as much brevity as he could, of the awkward position in which his return to England had placed Mr. Hargreaves.

"If I cannot have my money at once, no one can blame me for demanding the most ample security for its repayment," he went on. "The marriage I have arraigned would give me this, and therefore I say that it shall take place. By heavens, Claude! if you raise any more objections, I shall be aggravated into doing my worst: turning my back upon my most ungrateful son, and leaving Mr. Hargreaves to the mercies of the lawyers, to whom I shall apply."

The young man stood silent for several minutes, pondering over what he had heard, and might have done so still longer if his impatient father had not broken in upon his musing with a sharp "Well, are you convinced at last?"

"No, sir, I cannot say that I am," was the frank response. "There surely must be some middle course that might be adopted. It seems so monstrous for Miss Hargreaves to be hurried into matrimony, that I cannot reconcile myself to it."

"You testify wonderful consideration for this haughty girl. Have you none for me? But I need not ask: you are bent on having your way. Take it, then, and I will take mine. Ay, and Miss Katharine Hargreaves shall be taught to repent the insolent speeches that have made you turn restive on my hands, and drive me into

the very course which, for everyone's sake, I was willing to avoid."

Captain Alverstone lit his candle, and was leaving the room, when Claude's voice detained him.

"Stay, father. Give me time to think over what I have heard to-night."

"Not I. You have had such advantages offered you as no young man of spirit ever refused before, and with no condition annexed but that you should save Katharine Hargreaves from the consequences of her father's rash meddling with another man's money. I have borne with too much from you. If you must think, let it be of what you are to do for a living."

"That will not trouble me much; but Miss Hargreaves' difficulties cannot be so easily forgotten. If I were sure that she wished this, or could feel the smallest hope that she has reconciled herself to the prospect of our union— And then Claude paused, and averted his head, that his watchful father might not see the joy and hope that gleamed in his eyes at the mere thought of such exquisite felicity. "Father, I must and will see her before I decide."

"I thought you had done so, and that I had resolved to leave the Hargreaves to their fate."

Claude did not answer; but his eyes eagerly questioned his father's face. Captain Alverstone was very reluctant to consent to anything that would involve a delay; yet if his too honourable son would come to no other terms, what was to be done?

"I have already told you that your cousin expects us to-morrow, and if asked to name an early day for your marriage, she will do so. I shall keep my appointment. You can accompany me if you choose, and I will see that you obtain as long an interview with her as you like to demand; but if you eventually quit the house without ratifying the agreement I have entered into on your behalf, do not come near me again, nor profess any further interest in the girl whom you yourself leave to poverty and disgrace."

So saying, he turned away; but Claude sat, with his head on his hands, till the light of morning began to peep through the shutters. There were two pictures tormenting and keeping him in doubt: one of Katharine, bound indeed to him for life, but loathing the tie; the other, of her beautiful face beaming upon him as it had done during that happy half-hour ere she discovered his parentage. Should he ever see her smile upon him so kindly again? How would she look if he went to her prepared to carry out his father's wishes against her will? Dare he hope that such a reluctant bride would ever learn to regard him kindly? He was still debating this all-important question when the morning broke, and he went to his own room to lie down for an hour or two, lest his hollow eyes should betray the wakeful night he had been passing.

[To be continued.]

"For Life—For Love" commenced in No. 520 and Part CXXVII.

STRONG NATURES.—The grandest and strongest natures are ever the calmest. A fiery restlessness is the symbol of frailties not yet outgrown. The repose of power is its richest phase and its clearest testimony.

THE English Gipsies are quite without religion, being almost the only people in the world who have no notion of immortality, and are not governed in the least degree by any thought of future reward or punishment. But if they have no religion, they have a curious devotion to their dead which has more influence on their lives than the religion of the most sincere believer usually has. When a friend dies, the survivor always gives up something of which he has been fond, in memory of the dead. If it be a boon-companion, the friend who had drunk with him will taste no more liquor thereafter. Sometimes cigars are given up—sometimes some kind of food which the deceased loved. Often a bereaved Gipsy will give up cards; or if he has danced often with some little brown sweetheart he will never dance again after she is gone. Said a Gipsy to Mr. Leland—who has spent much time among them: "When Gipsy men or women die, their friends do not like to call anyone else by their names, and often they change them, if any in the family are called so; for 'twould make any man grieve to hear the names of the dead that were dear to him." The one oath that will bind a Gipsy is the oath he swears by his dead. He may swear you as many Christian oaths as you please: he will break them before you are round the next corner. But let him swear by the dead, and nothing can shake his fidelity.



IN CAME POLLY GRAYLING.

SO RICH AND YET SO POOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PEARL BEYOND PRICE."

CHAPTER VII.

A STAB.

It was such a beautiful evening, that Mr. Tom Johnson, after going about a hundred yards in the direction of home, took it into his head to strike off to the right, down one of the forest-paths, so as to have a bit of a ramble before going back.

He knew his way well enough—that this path led straight through the wood, and would bring him out by the old lane, along which he could get to the back of the village, and so on to the Parsonage.

The night was so soft and calm, there was such a sweet scent of the spring flowers—for along by his side, almost ready to be crushed by his feet, the violets grew in profusion—and the young man's chest expanded as he strode along, exhilarated by the soft air, and luxuriating in the hopes which every day grew stronger within his breast.

He had just passed one cross cut when the thought struck him that he might go gently down it for two or three hundred yards, and it would bring him back in sight of the keeper's cottage, where the candle would by this time be lit, so that perhaps he might be able to see Polly for a few moments, and if he could—well, he would go home a happier man.

"I can't help it," he said to himself, "and I don't want to help it. I love the very ground she walks on, for a sweeter girl never lived. I think, too, that she's beginning to like me a little, and if I can win her to being my wife, why, bless her, she'll make a man of me; and I shall be that grateful to the little lass, that the whole love of my poor life will hardly pay. 'Tain't much of a look-out for her—a cottage and a bit of a garden, and my wages; but it's all I can do, and thousands—ay, thousands have been very happy on that same. Money's right enough, of course, but it isn't

everything, oh! no, and for my part, I—Hullo!"

Tom Johnson stopped short, and stood in the gloom gazing down the path to where there was a little opening in the wood caused by the felling of a few trees. He was now about three hundred yards from the keeper's cottage, and the stoppage had been caused by the sight of a couple of figures standing with their backs to him in the comparatively light spot in front.

The figures were those of a man and a woman, and across the latter's light dress plainly to be seen was a dark mark, while her figure was sufficiently out of the perpendicular to show that she was leaning lovingly up against her companion's side.

"Just like 'em," said Tom Johnson, laughing silently to himself. "Well, isn't it spring-time, when all the birds mate, and everyone's heart seems to whisper just a little bit to you about its being the time to think about some one else? Now, I wonder who them two are," he said, after a pause. "I don't want to disturb 'em, but I shall if I go by. Well, I suppose I must, for now I've got so far, I don't think I shall go the long round to-night. But who in the world can it be, out here, of all places in the world? Can't be Smithers and his lass, nor Harry Davies and Jenny Donne. Well, it caps me. Anyhow, I shall soon see. But it's strange, too, for there ain't nobody lives anywhere near—Oh! Heaven!"

That was no loud, blasphemous outburst, but the deep, groaning utterance of one who had been stricken suddenly by a revelation.

So keen was the shock, that the young man reeled and clutched at the trunk of a sapling, close at hand, to which he clung, the little tree quivering in answer to his nerves, as he stood glaring straight before him, through the dim twilight of that forest path; the sweat standing in drops upon his forehead, where the hair clung dankly to his temples, and his face was drawn and furrowed like that of a man thirty years his senior.

"Oh, Heaven! do not let it be that," he

moaned—"anything but that! Oh! Polly—my darling—"

He made a clutch at his throat, for the dim wood seemed to reel before his eyes, and he sank upon his knees in the damp moss by the path-side.

The weakness lasted but for a moment, though, and he leapt to his feet, exclaiming, fiercely:

"It's a lie! I won't believe it! It can't be she!"

For a moment he seemed about to hurry along the path, but he checked himself, and stole forward slowly, keeping close to one side, so that his steps were perfectly inaudible. Then he stepped in amongst the trees, and, unseen, unheard, he passed softly amongst the hazel stumps, till he came within half a dozen yards of the couple he watched, and then stood, with one hand parting the branches laden with green leaves, the other pressed upon his side to stay the heavy throbbings of his heart.

It could not have been a minute that the young man stood watching there, and drinking in every word that was spoken; but it seemed an age to him, ere, half blind, he turned and reeled away, his hands stretched out before him, as if to save himself from falling.

It seemed to him even now that no sound must meet the ears of those whom he had watched, for he kept up his cautious movements until he had placed a couple of hundred yards between them, before, with a moan that seemed hardly human, he dashed on blindly through the wood, heedless that the thin branches of the underwood flogged his face, and that gnarled roots tried to trip him up; his sole thought was to get away—far away, anywhere that he could forget that which he had seen and which stung him with an agony that seemed more than he could endure.

It was impossible that such a career could last, and before the poor fellow had run for a minute, his foot caught in a branch, beaten down across the path, and he fell heavily, dashing his head against a tree-trunk, to roll over, insensible, for the moment, to the anguish that had scathed his poor, unlettered brain.

CHAPTER VIII.

ENTANGLED.

It is too often the case that in the utter selfishness of his desire to afford himself satisfaction, man inflicts intense agony upon his fellows as well as upon the dumb creation; but no such thoughts crossed the mind of Lawrence Clayton as he idly strolled through the wood in the direction of the keeper's cottage.

His cigar was one of the best that money could buy; his dark velvet tunic and knickerbockers, the most expensive a London tailor could supply; he had just been freed from a debt that had been a nuisance to him for weeks past, and altogether his feelings tended rather towards enjoyment than anything else.

Certainly he had had some hot words with his father, who had, he thought, been almost unjustifiable in certain of his expressions; but there, that was nothing new: he had often had to suffer that, and hard words broke no bones. The old man had paid those scoundrelly sheriff's officers, and he, Lawrence Clayton, was free again—for the present.

And little Gwalia, too: only to fancy that the quiet, soft, secretive puss had had a couple of hundred sovs. saved up, ready to pay his debt for him, and would have done it, too!

"Good little thing! She sha'n't lose by it," he said, half aloud, as he stood still and listened.

The soft calmness of the eve had not touched him, neither had he noticed the sweet fragrance of the flowerets, which now, refreshed with the dew, scented the whole glade. A wood to Lawrence Clayton was a covert for pheasants, nothing more, and he had stopped short because a cock-bird had run across his path, and disappeared in the thick underwood, making a clucking noise, such as might have been made by a barn-door fowl in imminent danger of strangulation.

"Ought to be twice as many," he muttered; "and there shall be, too, or I'll know the reason why!"

Then he went on, smoking carelessly, till within easy distance of the keeper's cottage.

"I wonder whether that confounded old scoundrel has got home yet," he said, half aloud; and then he referred to his watch. "Not yet, I should say; and if he has, he has no business to be. Anyhow, here goes."

Putting his hand to his mouth, he made the signal that he had often made before from the same place, and then leaning against a tree, he smoked and waited.

His waiting was not for long, though, for before even he had time to grow impatient there was the sound of light footsteps, and a dress brushing the twigs, and the next moment, cigar in one hand, Lawrence Clayton caught Polly in his arms.

"Mr. Clayton, don't—do adone now! How dare you?" exclaimed the little maiden, struggling to free herself, and then standing, pouting, and smoothing her perfectly smooth hair.

"You've no business to touch me like that." "And why not, you cruel little woodland fairy?" he exclaimed, catching her hand to hold it tightly in his. "Why, what have I done since last time I was here, that you turn so cold and spiteful to me?"

"Oh! I don't know what you have done, only that, if you keep on smoking that nasty cigar, uncle will smell it, and come to see."

"Is the old chap at home?" said Lawrence, laughing, throwing the cigar away, and catching Polly's other hand to pat the two together, as one might those of a child.

"The old chap?" said Polly, slowly repeating his words. "If you mean dear uncle, he is not at home, sir—leastwise, he wasn't at home when I came away. And please, Mr. Clayton, let my hand alone; you hurt it with that ring."

"Did he hurt its pretty little hand?" said Lawrence, stroking it tenderly, and then lifting it up to kiss—a familiarity that Polly resented by snatching it away, and wiping it upon her apron; but only to allow him to take it again the next moment, and hold it in his. "There, poor little hand!" he continued. "Next time I go up to town, I'll buy a little gold ring to fit this little finger, if its little mistress will let me put it on."

"What sort of a ring, Mr. Clayton?" said Polly, sharply.

"What sort of a ring? Why, a gold one, with little blue turquoises in it to make a forget-me-not, so that dear little Polly Grayling may not forget me."

"Oh!" said Polly, coldly, as if this were not quite the kind of ring she would have chosen.

"Why, what a dear, quaint cross little thing you are, Polly!" said Lawrence, leading her

further into the wood; but when he tried to pass one arm round her waist, it was wrested, with an impatient twist, hurriedly away.

"I'm sure you can say what you want to say to me, Mr. Clayton, without putting your arm there," said Polly.

"Now, don't be cruel," said Lawrence. "Last time I was here, we were so happy, and now you call me Mister, and are as cold as a little snowball. Why, what does it all mean?"

"It means," said Polly, passionately, and with her little bosom heaving, "that it's quite time you left off coming to see a poor girl like me."

"What has your being poor to do with my loving you with all my heart, Polly?" he whispered, and this time he caught her in his arms, and kissed her.

"Don't, Mr. Clayton!" she exclaimed; and she shook herself free once more. "If you do that again, indeed I'll go home, and never answer when you call another night. And I don't think I ever shall come again; for it's all pretence on your part, I'm sure, and you only want to make me miserable, and then leave me, same as you have others."

"My little darling," he whispered, "I never loved anybody before as I love you now."

"Not Miss Gwalia?" said Polly, sharply.

"Miss Gwalia!" said Clayton, contemptuously—"a girl who always seems to me like a sister. Haven't we always been together from childhood?"

Polly was silent now, and did not seem to perceive that an arm was once more passed round her waist.

"Uncle's always talking about you and Miss Gwalia," she said, at length.

"Your uncle's—"

"What?" said Polly.

"Old enough to know better," said Lawrence.

"Now, look here, Polly: if I did not love you very dearly, should I come as I do to see you night after night? You can't think what I do for your sake."

"No," said Polly, not quite so sharply. "But I'm afraid I'm a very wicked girl to come and see you as I do."

"Wicked!" said Clayton. "Nonsense, my darling. How can it be wicked?"

Wicked or no, the little maiden let him draw her closer to him; and by degrees her head nestled down shily upon his shoulder.

"What makes you think it's wicked to love me?"

"I don't love you," said Polly, sharply—"leastwise," she added, "I don't think I do much. But, Lawrence," she said, softly, "let me tell dear uncle; it will make him so happy."

"What?" exclaimed Lawrence.

"It will make him so happy to think that you care for me, and want to make me a lady; and that some day I shall be mistress of the Manor. Oh! it will be so nice," she exclaimed, excitedly. "And I can make uncle so comfortable, and poor mother— Oh! Lawrence, let me tell them—do, please!"

"By George!" exclaimed Lawrence, "I didn't think it was so late. Why, we've been talking best part of an hour. One kiss—little one. There! I must go."

He hurried away the next moment, after seeing Polly's light dress disappear in a curve of the path, and then slackened his pace to light a fresh cigar, which he puffed lazily as he strolled on more leisurely through the wood, with the stars peering brightly down between the boughs.

"Poor little Polly!" he said, half aloud, and with a half-laugh. "She's a piquante little thing, though. It's almost wonderful that these clod-hopping people should have such pretty children as they do sometimes. By George! No dinner: how hungry I'm getting! Heigho! This is a rum thing, this life!"

He went on with his hands in his pockets for a dozen yards or so.

"Poor little lassie! Let me tell uncle; it will make him so happy? Ha, ha! I wonder what the old chap would say?"

And with a hearty laugh at the folly of poor people, Lawrence Clayton strode on through the dim arcades of that wood, little thinking that at the next turn one watched for him, whose brain seemed for the moment burning with a heat that was next to that of insanity.

CHAPTER IX.

SORE HEARTS.

JOHN WADDS was right: he had hardly finished his pipe the first, when in came little Polly Grayling, looking, as the old man said, "as innocent as a robin." It was no bad simile, for

there was especially that night a good deal of the robin's ruddiness in the little maiden's cheeks, and this, added to her soft plumpness, and large, full eyes, made the keeper's comparison sufficiently near to make him feel self-satisfied, and sit and chuckle softly as he watched her every motion.

"There! for goodness' sake, child, do learn to keep in the house!" exclaimed the old lady, waking up from a nap on Polly's entry. "Here are all these things, wait—wait—wait—for no one knows how long to be put away."

"Not so very long, mother—not so very long," said Wadds, softly.

"Ah! you always side with her against her mother, John," said Mrs. Grayling, in a whining voice. "You'd spoil her entirely if you had your way."

"Not I, mother—not I," said John Wadds, crossing to his sister's side and patting her head gently. "How's the back, old girl?—how's the back?"

"Well, John," said Mrs. Grayling, soothed by the attention, while Polly darted a grateful look at her uncle for acting as medium—"well, John, I do think it's been a bit better—only a very, very little bit—but a bit better to-day. I'm in hopes the spring weather will make amends for all this long, cold winter. Yes, it is just a little bit better."

"Thankful for small mercies, eh, mother?" he said, half sitting on the arm of her chair, and smoking and holding his pipe with one hand as he coaxed and patted the old lady with the other.

"Yes, John—very thankful; and if that girl would only be—"

"There, never mind her," said Wadds. "She's only a lamb yet, and lambs are playful, eh, mother? and innocent, too, eh?"

"Yes, John," said Mrs. Grayling, leaning back. "It seems to do one so much good to be talked to a bit like this."

"To be sure it do," said John. "Why, we shall have you up again and toddling about the garden soon as the weather has regularly set in fine. I shall want you, too, to see after some of my broods."

"Yes, John, and I will, too," said the poor old invalid, speaking softly, and with the acid edge regularly taken off her conversation by the old fellow's genial ways. "It's only my back, you know; and if I could only get that strong—"

"Why, you'd be a better woman than ever, eh?"

"Well, not quite, John," said the old lady, smiling.

"Ready to book a new husband, eh?"

"No—no, John. How you do talk!"

"And leave your poor old brother to keep house for himself, eh?"

"Don't talk nonsense, John," said Mrs. Grayling, drowsily; while Polly stopped her busy fingers as she cleared away the tea-things to give her uncle quite a reproachful look.

Directly after, he went softly back to his chair, and sat looking at the fire and smoking; for, according to her custom, Mrs. Grayling had gone off fast asleep, with the onshions in the big chair comfortably arranged behind her weak back.

A minute after, Polly was at her uncle's side in the dim room, lit only by the flickering rays from the fire, upon which burned a few old elm roofs, the fruits of last autumn's grubbing up of a fallen tree.

The old man was very quiet and thoughtful, and was taken by surprise when a couple of little plump arms went round his head, which was hugged to a little soft breast, and a kiss planted just in the centre of the broad bald patch high up towards the crown.

"What, my little birdie!" he said, drawing her down upon his knee for her to nestle close up to him as he patted and stroked her hair; "and so, if mother was to run away and get married, I shouldn't be left all alone, eh?"

"Why, haven't I promised you hundreds of times that I'd never go away from you?" said Polly, pouting.

"To be sure you have, pet; but then all the lassies promise that, and then run away with the first lad that asks them."

"It's very silly of them, then," said Polly, demurely.

"I don't know, Polly: it's all the way of natur', you know. The herons up by the marsh lake has all got houses and families up in the high pines; and so has the rooks; then King Charley—you know him, with the white ring round his neck—you know: that very long-tailed fezzan?—he's took a wife, and they have set up house over by Hazel-clump. And I don't know what to say to 'em," said the old keeper, very seriously, as he rubbed his ear with his

pipe-stem; "that there wife of his used to be about the wildest 'en fezzan as a pullet I ever see. I think the wisest thing I can do will be to let 'em have a nuss in the house—one o' them hens Tom Johnson came up and offered me to-night."

"Has Tom Johnson been up here to-night, uncle?" said Polly.

"Has Tom Johnson been up here to-night, my pretty? Yes," said the old fellow, chuckling, and giving his niece a squeeze. "Tom Johnson has been up here to-night. Cur'us, isn't it? I can't understand what can bring the young fellow up so often, and how it is, you never see him. It's about one o' the comic'est things I ever did see. Here, let's have a fresh pipe o' 'bacco."

The pipe was filled from the leaden box lying in Polly's lap, for the little maiden did not quit her seat. Then the pipe-bowl was held for a moment against a glowing ember, and the smoking went on, and the wreaths curled up over both their heads.

"And so you never mean to run away from me, Polly?"

"Never—never—never, uncle. I couldn't be so ungrateful."

The words were said very slowly and solemnly, and the old man gave a sigh that was almost a gulp, as he drew her closer to him.

"But when some fine, handsome cock-robin comes and says to my little bird, 'It's time for us to build a nest,' what will my little bird say then?"

"Your little bird would say," said the girl, softly, "that she loves her uncle very—very—very dearly, for he has always been to her as a father; and that her poor mother is so sadly that she can never be left for long together; and that Polly could never love the man who would want to take her away from them. No, uncle dear; when that time comes, it must be for him to take us all to a very big and beautiful nest, where there'll be plenty of room for us all; and we can always be together, and as happy as the day is long."

"And what does he say to that?"

Polly started up, and looked keenly in her uncle's face, which shone in the light of a flame from the fire, while her own was in deep shade.

"What does he say?" she repeated.

"To be sure, my pretty; what does he say? Tell your uncle all about it."

There was silence in the room; but the old man could feel that the girl's breast was heaving, and that her breath came thickly.

"He has been talking about the nest, eh, Polly?" said the old man, softly. "There is some one, isn't there?"

There was another pause, only broken by the old lady's hard breathing as she settled down into rather a comfortable position, and then Polly whispered, very gently:

"Yes!"

The old man sat chuckling softly for a few moments before speaking.

"Of course there is," he said, softly. "I knew it well enough, and I don't mind a bit—because why? My little lass is a good, sensible little woman, as will make a good, sensible, little, honest man's wife, and, please Heaven, I'll live to nurse her bairns, and be a grandfather to 'em, same as I've been a father to her. There—there, my pet—don't take on," he said, caressing the little hand as the face was buried in his breast, and a sob or two shook the plump little frame. "It's quite right, bless you—quite right; and there's my dear bairn, Miss Gwalia, just the same. She loves that fellow, the young master—worships blindly the very ground he walks on, and can't see his faults. It's a bad job, too; for if anything's sad, it is to see a girl throw herself away upon a scoundrel who don't deserve her. Don't get up, my pet; sit still."

Polly sat still; but she was not nestling so closely as before.

"I'm getting an old man now, and I never was no skollard; but somehow or another, I've got to put that and that together. I'll back myself to read the signs o' the weather and things as has to do with the wood agen any man in the county; and, one way and another, I've got to read men, too, above a bit. For instance, I could clap Tom Johnson on the shoulder—there, sit still, little one!—I say, I could clap Tom Johnson on the shoulder, and say to anyone, 'Look here: this is as true a lad as ever stepped!' While, as for Muster Lawrence Clayton, he's killing the dear old master as fast as ever he can, and going to break Miss Gwalia's heart before many months are over!"

"Do you think there is anything between them, uncle?" said Polly, hoarsely.

"Think, my darling? I don't think at all:

I know there is. I've seen him with his arm round her waist, and her head on his shoulder, in the woods, and him talking love nonsense to her. Not, my pretty one, as I say love is nonsense; but it's nonsense when a man pretends a thing he don't feel."

Polly was sitting very still, with the colour gone out of her cheeks—even out of her lips; but this somewhat revived her.

"Don't he even care for her, then?" she said, in the same husky voice.

"Not a bit, my dear—not a bit; he don't care for nothing in this world but his own self, and all the time he's been leading her on for months past, till she worships him, and what I say is, may Heaven forgive him for so black a sin!"

The hope that had been brightening in poor Polly's heart seemed to fade away into blackness once more, and she sat there cold and rigid, shuddering, too, at times as she listened to her uncle's words.

"He might be wrong, though," hope whispered once or twice; but the shadow came darker than ever again, for was not her uncle a keen, thoughtful man of much experience? and, after all, what was this glamour that had been cast over her? It was nothing new to hear harsh things spoken of Lawrence Clayton; he had from a boy been tyrannical and oppressive to John Wadda, and many and bitter were the words to which he had in consequence given utterance. And during the last month all that had seemed to fade away from her as if it had never had existence.

"Uncle don't like him," she said to herself, as hope flickered up once more, even as did the flame that sprang up round a blackened bit of wood in the expiring fire.

"Ah! poor Miss Gwalia!" said John Wadda, after a pause. "I'm sorry for her, poor little lassie! What has she ever done that she should be tied down to such a fate, and yet, bless her, she is running blindly into it without a soul to hold her back. Why," he exclaimed, excitedly, "if that fellow were to come after a child of mine, Heaven help me! I believe I could up with my gun, and put a charge of number nine shot into him with as good a heart as I could into a polecat coming after a clutch of young fezzans!"

Polly leaped from his knee, and stood shivering before him.

"Ah! you may well start, my lassie; here it's I don't know what o'clock, and we've 'most let the fire out. There, open your door, and I'll carry your mother's chair right in."

His arms were strong, and the task was soon done—Polly following him, all cold and trembling,

"Good-night, little lassie," he said, kissing her, and whispering as he did so: "I thought I was right, eh? you sly puss!"

But no warm flush came to Polly's cheek as she silently helped her sleepy mother to her invalid couch, and then in the dim room sank down upon her knees by her own bed, to pray, and weep, and sob for the soreness of her little heart: just such sighs and tears as were those of Gwalia Wynn, now awaking, it seemed to her, for the first time in her life to what was real trouble.

And both those hearts, troubled for the same cause, could yet offer up a prayer for that cause, one that could have been no more fervent had they known that he was lying cold and helpless in the wood, with the trampled moss around, and broken twigs, telling tales of the encounter that had taken place.

[To be continued.]

"So Rich and Yet So Poor" commenced in No. 520 and Part CXXVIII.

THE following anecdote of Count d'Orsay is given in the "Autobiography, Memoir, and Letters of Henry Fothergill Chorley," recently published:—"I have heard the Count tell how, when he was in England for the first time (very young, very handsome, and not abashed), he was placed at some dinner-party next to the late Lady Holland. That singular woman, who adroitly succeeded in ruling and retaining a distinguished circle longer than either fascination or tyranny might singly have accomplished, chanced that day to be in one of her imperious humours. She dropped her napkin—the Count picked it up gallantly; then her fan, then her fork, then her spoon, then her glass—and as often her neighbour stooped and restored the lost article. At last, however, the patience of the youth gave way, and, on her dropping her napkin again, he turned and called one of the footmen behind him. 'Put my *covert* on the floor,' said he; 'I will finish my dinner there. It will be so much more convenient to my Lady Holland.'

GRAINS OF GOLD.

It is only necessary to grow old to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself.—*Goethe*.

It is well that men should have to exert themselves to secure the necessaries of life. In this necessity of exertion we find the source of nearly all human advancement, of individuals and of nations.

GREAT men leave two different impressions of themselves on their contemporaries—the one the result of their public career, the other of their private life.

If all men were to bring their misfortunes together in one place, most would be glad to take his own home again, rather than take a portion out of the common stock.

A MAN habitually finding fault, habitually on the alert to detect folly or vice, without ever bestowing a thought on whatsoever things are true and lovely and of good report, is, as nobody would choose to deny, morally halt and maimed. One half of his faculties, and that the most powerful half, is paralysed and useless. He is like land which produces nothing but thistles and brambles.

ONLY A WOMAN'S HEART.

'Tis even so! long years have roll'd
Above us since we met,
And I believed you when you said
You never could forget.

I thought, alas! that other hearts
Could be as true as mine—
I thought that o'er my happy path
The sun would always shine.

I never dreamed a cloud could rise
Across my radiant sky;
I longed to live and love for you,
And then—for you to die.

But no! the shadows swiftly came,
Dark'ning the light above,
And then I found your heart was false,
And you had ceas'd to love.

Farewell—farewell! I blame you not,
For that your play'd-out part
You only wreck'd a woman's life,
And broke a woman's heart!

C. S.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

WHAT man carries everything before him?—The waiter.

SOME authors say that one of the uses of adversity is to bring us out. That's true—particularly at the knees and elbows.

ADVICE TO AN AMATEUR VIOLINIST.—Rather than play indifferently, wait till you can play—differently.—*Punch*.

ONE who wishes the world to know what he knows about farming, says that the best way to raise strawberries is with a spoon.

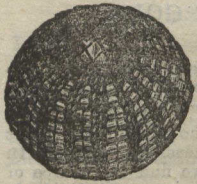
"MY dear," said a husband to his wife, on observing red-striped stockings on his heir, "why have you made barber's poles of our child's legs?"—"Because he is a little shaver," was the neat reply.

AGE OF TEA PLANT.—It is an admitted fact in Japan and China that the older the tree the better the tea. The shrubs which supply the nobles of Japan with the favourite beverage are said to be, in many instances, 500 years old.

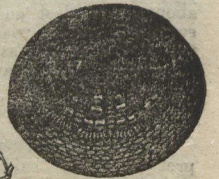
THE famous wit and beauty, Lady Wortley Montague, made the most sarcastic observation ever published about her own sex. "It goes far," she said, "to reconcile me to being a woman when I reflect that I am thus in no danger of ever marrying one."

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.—Think twice before making choice of a school in which the inducement is held out, "Diet unlimited." A sound education should be imparted without cramming.—*Fun*.

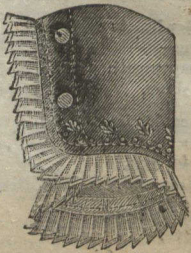
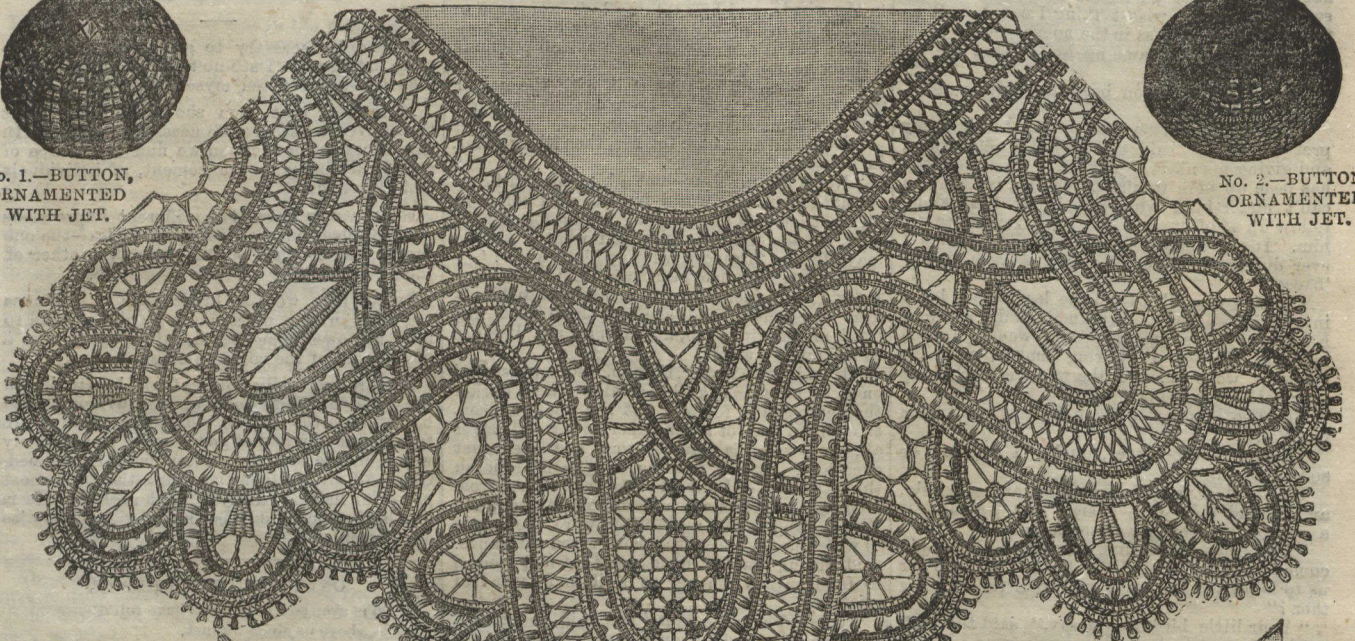
QUILP and his wife had a bit of contention the other day. "I own that you have more brilliancy than I," said the woman, "but I have the best judgment."—"Yes," said Quilp, "your choice in marriage shows that." Quilp was informed that he was a brute.



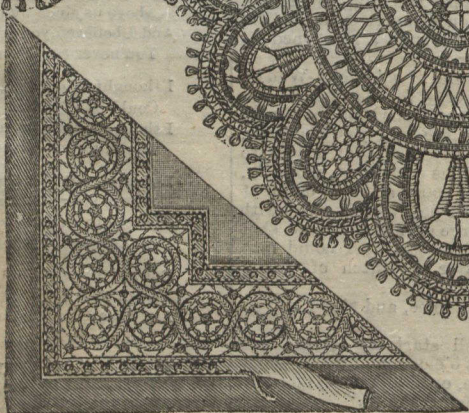
No. 1.—BUTTON, ORNAMENTED WITH JET.



No. 2.—BUTTON, ORNAMENTED WITH JET.

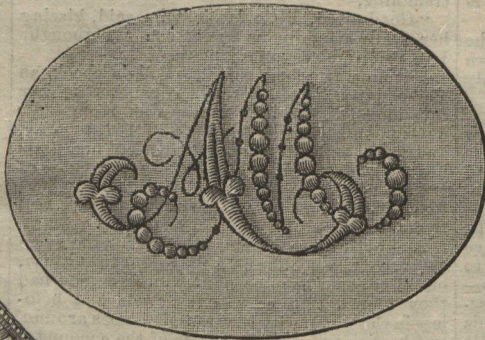
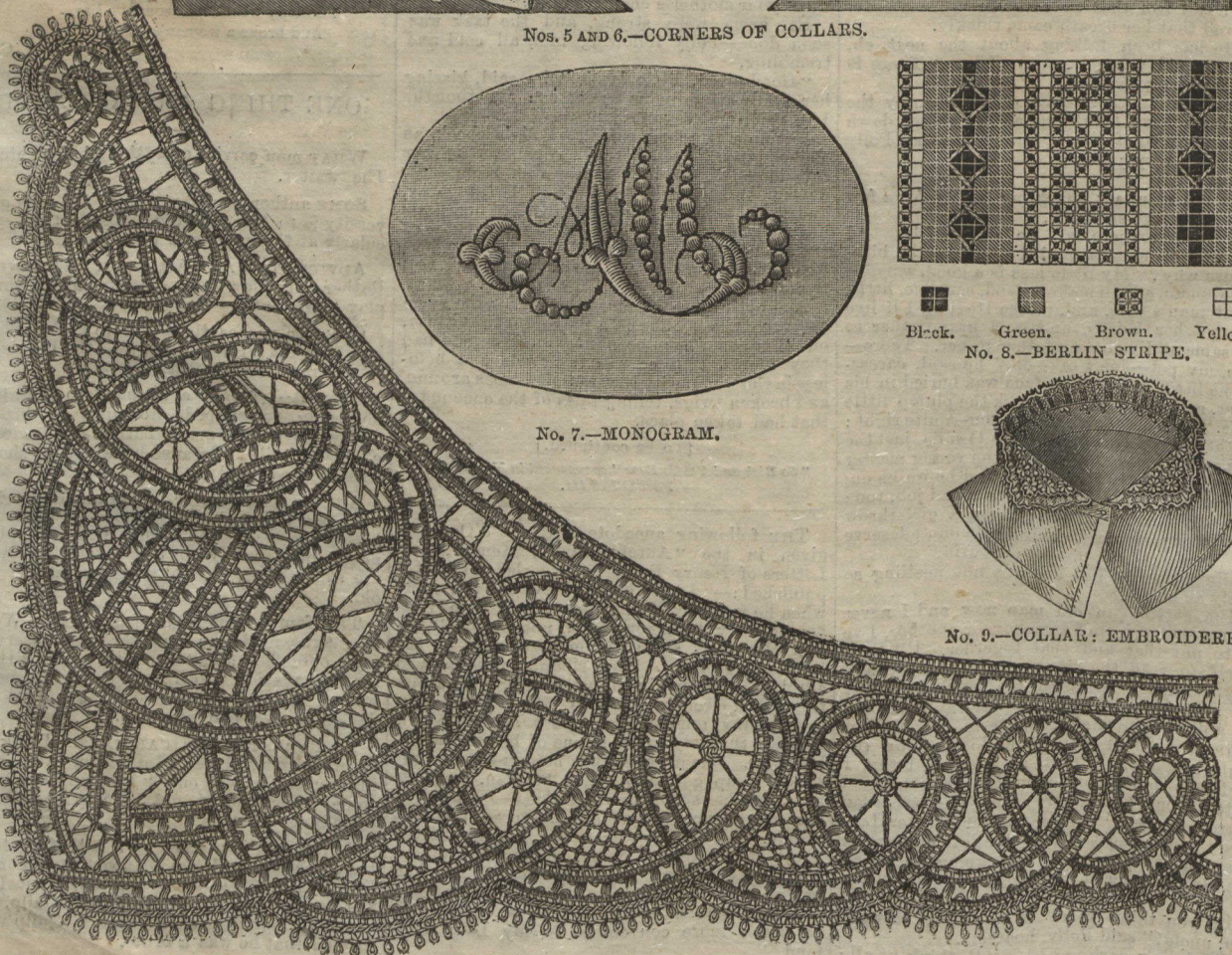
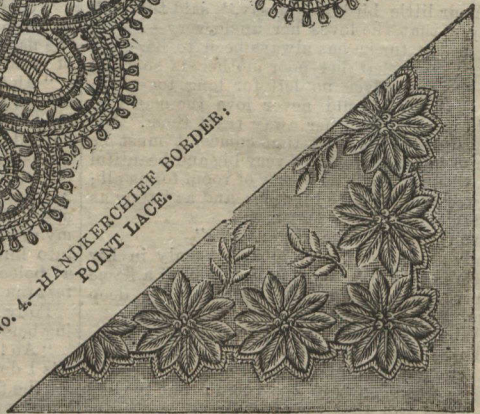


No. 3.—FASHION-ABLE CUFF.

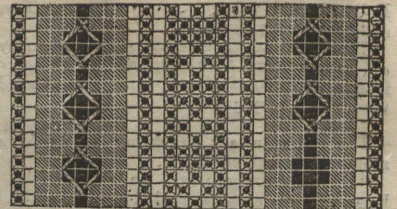


Nos. 5 and 6.—CORNERS OF COLLARS.

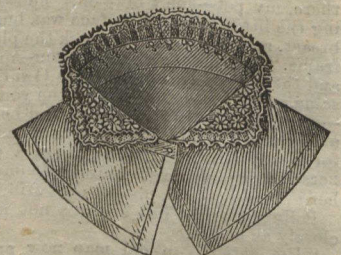
No. 4.—HANDKERCHIEF BORDER: POINT LACE.



No. 7.—MONOGRAM.



Black. Green. Brown. Yellow.
No. 8.—BERLIN STRIPE.

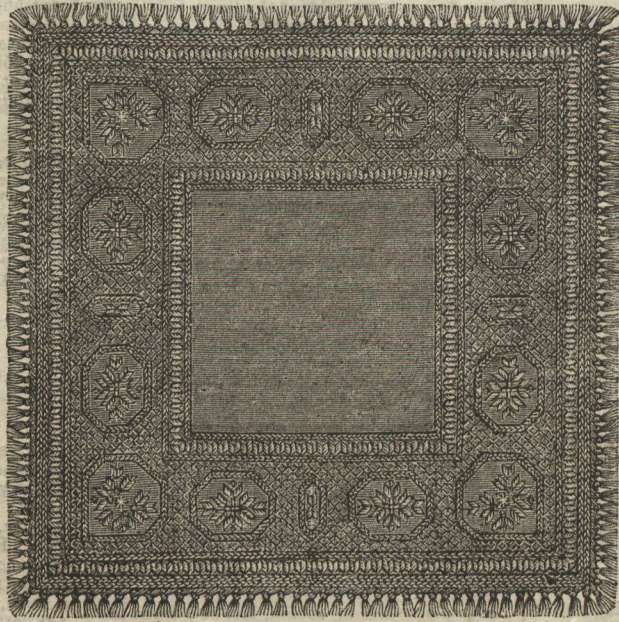


No. 9.—COLLAR: EMBROIDERED.

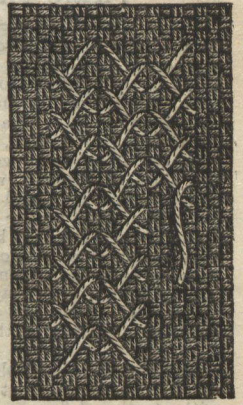
No. 10.—COLLAR: POINT LACE.



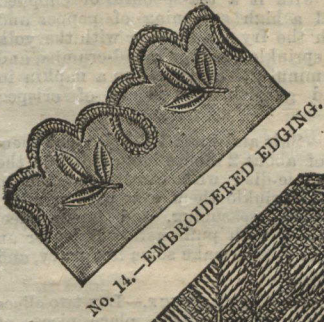
No. 11.—BORDER OF ANTIMACASSAR.



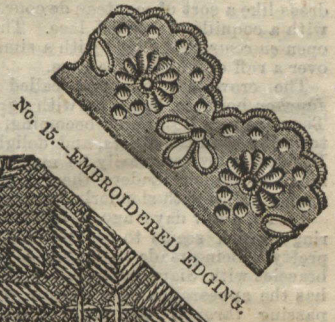
No. 12.—ANTIMACASSAR: JAVA CANVAS.



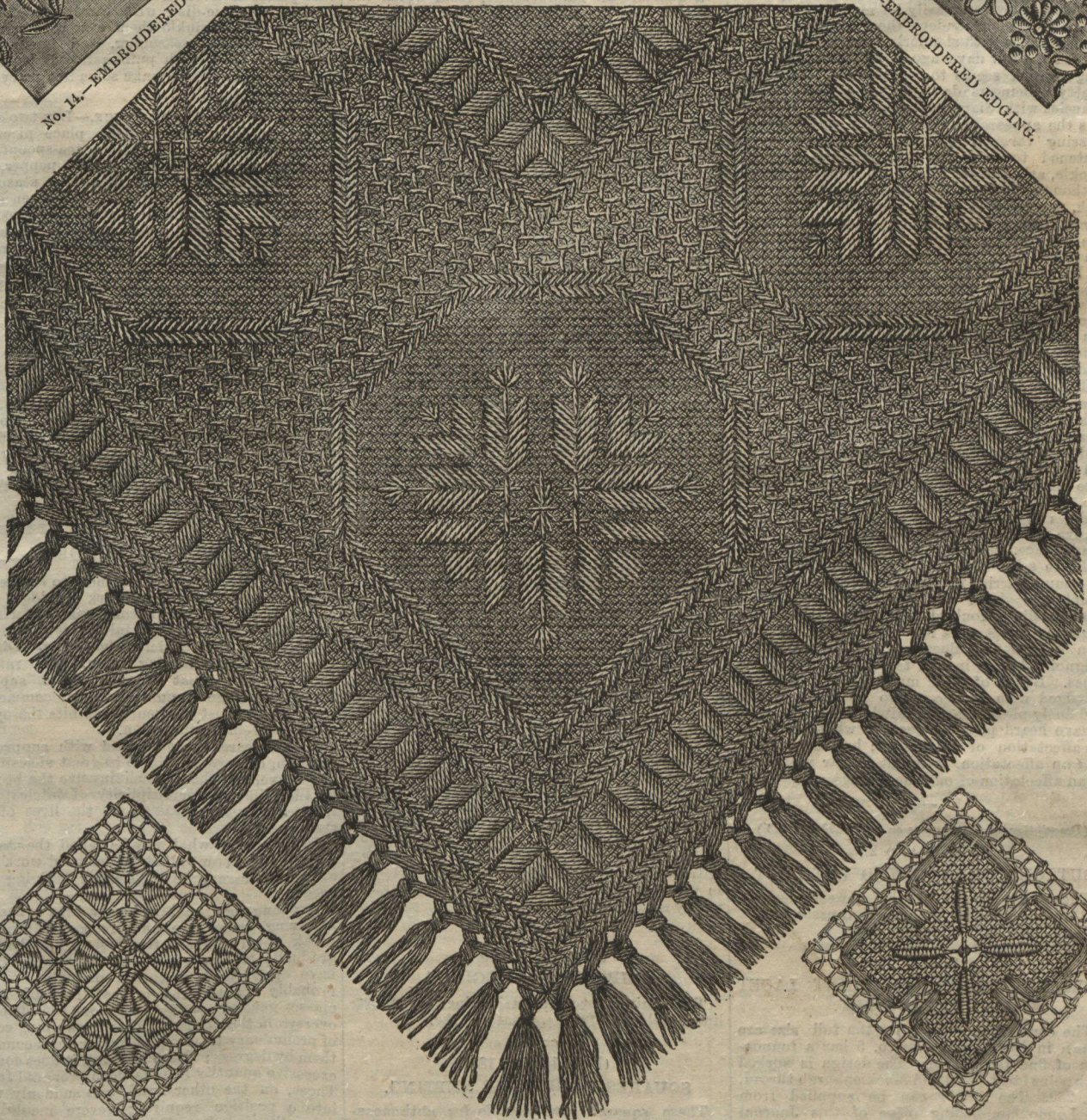
No. 13.—HERRING-BONE STITCH ON ANTIMACASSAR.



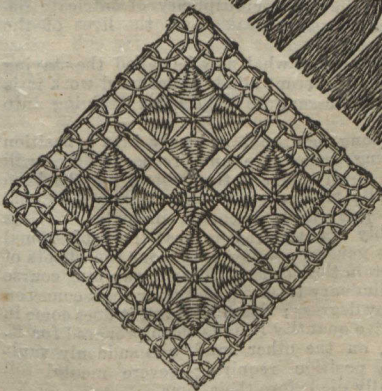
No. 14.—EMBROIDERED EDGING.



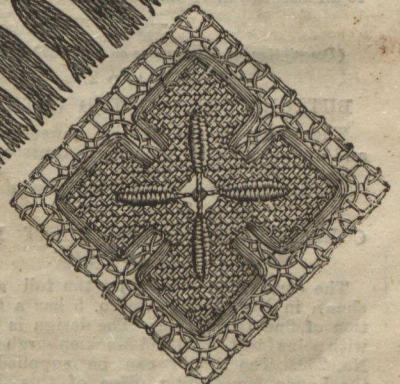
No. 15.—EMBROIDERED EDGING.



No. 17.—SECTION OF ANTIMACASSAR ON JAVA CANVAS.



No. 16.—SQUARE: GIMPURE NETTING.



No. 18.—SQUARE: GIMPURE NETTING.

PARIS FASHIONS.

ONE of the loveliest toilettes I have admired this season is certainly this one, made of very pale gray and feuille de rose foulard:—The demitrain skirt is gray, trimmed behind with a very deep flounce, deeply pleated, and headed with a coquillé of gray foulard, lined with pink, which pink lining shows in every fold. The front of the skirt is trimmed with five very narrow flounces, three pink, and two gray, put on almost flat. The pink tablier is edged with a gray frilling, and is fastened behind by a broad scarf, pink on one side, gray on the other, and disposed so as to show them both alternately. The bodice is pink, with gray sleeves trimmed with pink revers. Over this dress is worn a scarf of gray crêpe de Chine, with thick fringe six inches deep.

Another dress is of black foulard and grenadine. The foulard skirt is trimmed all round with a gathered flounce, overlapped by another, which is pleated and about ten inches deep. The tunic, of grenadine striped with satin, is so ample and long that, after being looped up on both sides, forming thus in front a rounded tablier, it falls behind almost to the edge of the dress like a sort of manteau de cour. It is edged with a coquillé of beaded lace. The bodice is open *en cœur*, and edged with a similar coquillé over a ruff of white crêpe lisse.

The crownless bonnets, called diadem or *fanchon* bonnets, have met with a great success. They are very light and becoming, much less towering than the others, and delightfully cool. Besides, they can easily be made by amateur modistes, which renders them highly popular among ladies with slenderly-furnished purses.

I saw, a few days ago, a new model of earrings, which seems to me more strange than pretty. Being made to match a black velvet bracelet with diamond buckle and pendant, it has the appearance of a narrow velvet ribbon passing through the ear, both ends being fastened together by a miniature diamond buckle, and finished off by a pendant to match. Although the *bijou* be in itself very pretty and rich, yet the idea of the velvet ribbon passing through the ear is rather repulsive. Just fancy the hole which should be needed, and with what hodkin your delicate lobes would have to be perforated! It is true that it is only simulated; but yet the idea will arise. How it would inspire the shy young man, who, not knowing how to get up a conversation with his partner at a ball, asked her abruptly whether she had felt much pain when she had had her ears pierced!

There are lovely sleeveless jackets, made of Spanish beaded lace, to be worn over black silk dresses, which render very elegant a handsome *fille* Princess dress, made quite simple, and without trimming.

I have already described, I think, the beaded lace sleeves and beaded lace tabliers, which are, on the contrary, worn with sleeveless bodices of plain silk. I have seen a dress of mauve silk, with tablier and sleeves of white beaded lace, which was excessively stylish.

These sorts of toilettes are worn in France by young married ladies. They are not thought simple enough for the unmarried ones. These wear muslin or foulard, with trimmings of the same materials, or a few ribbon bows. Imitation Valenciennes does very well for a morning peignoir; but is in bad taste for an evening dress. Bands of clear muslin, simply hemmed or edged with a narrow slip of Brussels net, and finely pleated, are infinitely more *distingué*. I have heard people object to what they call an affectation of simplicity; but, even if it was an affectation, is it not by far preferable to an affectation of misplaced elegance?

(Description of Engravings on pages 392 and 393.)

(Nos. 1 AND 2.)

BUTTONS, ORNAMENTED WITH JET.

These buttons are of the newest designs, and are intended for Polonaises, dresses, &c.

(Nos. 3, 5, 6, AND 9.)

COLLARS AND CUFFS: POINT LACET AND EMBROIDERY.

The corners of collars in the full size are shown in Nos. 5 and 6. No. 5 has a foundation of fine Irish linen. The design is worked with point lacet braid and Mecklenburgh thread, No. 250. The thread can be supplied from the London publishing office of this Journal at 3d. per ball, and the braid at 3d. per skein.

After the braid and point lacet stitches are finished, a narrow fold of the linen is laid over the braid at the edge, and stitched on on both sides with a knot-stitch in the centre.

No. 6 gives a design for embroidery, which is worked in satin and button-hole stitch, with knots for the centre of the flowers. The satin stitch should be well run under to raise it. These collars and cuffs may be either edged with muslin, hemmed cambric, or Valenciennes lace, as shown in Nos. 3 and 9.

(No. 4.)

HANDKERCHIEF-BORDER: POINT LACE.

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. 323 and the May Part; also with No. 526 and the June Part.

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, 60, East 79th Street, New York, P.O. Box 3527. Prices upon application. The Point Lace Supplements may be also had from Mrs. Gurney, for 10c.

MATERIALS REQUIRED FOR HANDKERCHIEF-BORDER: 15 yards of braid; 4 yards of pearl edge; one reel of cotton, No. 80; three balls of thread, No. 250.—Price of materials and postage, 3s. 4d.; tracing of rather more than a quarter of handkerchief, from which the whole can be worked, 1s. 6d.; materials, tracing, and work begun, 5s. 10d.

(No. 7.)

MONOGRAM FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, &c.

The monogram is worked entirely in satin and veining stitches. The embroidery is best worked with cotton *à la croix*. The size must be regulated by the quality of the material.

(No. 8.)

BERLIN STRIPE.

This stripe is suitable for slippers, mats, bags, cushions, &c. The loose stitches crossing the black are worked in maize purse-silk.

(No. 10.)

COLLAR: POINT LACE.

For directions for working, and where to obtain materials &c., see description No. 4.

MATERIALS REQUIRED FOR COLLAR: 6 yards of braid; 1½ yard of pearl edge; one reel of Barber's cotton, No. 80; one ball of thread, No. 250.—Price of materials and postage, 1s. 5d.; tracing on transparent linen of half the collar, 1s.; materials, tracing, and work begun, 3s. 5d.

(Nos. 11 TO 13, AND 17.)

ANTIMACASSAR ON JAVA CANVAS.

The antimacassar complete is shown in reduced size in No. 12; a portion of it, nearly approaching the full size, in No. 17; the border in the full size in No. 11; and the herring-bone stitch in the full size in No. 13. This stitch, as will be seen in No. 17, forms the filling in between the larger patterns. Java canvas can be obtained at Mr. Bedford's, in white, éoru, and other colours. The fringe of the antimacassar is formed by pulling out threads of the canvas, and knotting them; purse-silk of various shades or colours, or of one colour only, may be used. It is best to select colours according to the drapery of the room for which the antimacassar is intended. Blue or scarlet silk upon white or éoru canvas will make very pretty antimacassars. Andalusian wool may be used in place of the silk; it is cheaper; but not nearly so effective.

(Nos. 14 AND 15.)

EMBROIDERY EDGINGS.

The edgings form nice trimmings for under-linen, children's frocks, pinafores, &c.

(Nos. 16 AND 18.)

SQUARES IN GUIPURE NETTING.

These squares are suitable for antimacassars, &c., and can be repeated for curtains.

Guipure netting, mixed with satin ribbon, still continues to be most fashionable work. For directions for working guipure netting, see our Guipure Netting Supplements, given with Nos. 254 and 255. These Supplements are kept in print, and can be obtained at the office of our Journal on receipt of three stamps.

The Proprietors of THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL beg respectfully to inform their numerous Subscribers that they have made arrangements with Messrs. Bedford & Co., of 186, Regent Street, W., and 46, Goodge Street, W., London, to supply them with their best Scotch Fingering:—Black, white, and mixed drabs, 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.

LAMB'S FRY.—Boil the fry for a quarter of an hour in three pints of water; take it out, and dry it in a cloth; grate some bread down finely; mix with it a tea-spoonful of chopped parsley, and a high seasoning of pepper and salt. Brush the fry lightly over with the yolk of an egg; sprinkle over the bread-crumbs, and fry for five minutes. Serve hot on a napkin in a dish, and garnish with plenty of crisped parsley.

EEL PIE.—Skin and wash 1 lb eels; cut them into pieces of about 2 inches long, and line the bottom of a pie-dish with forcemeat. Put in the eels, and sprinkle them over with parsley, shalots, nutmeg, seasoning, and lemon-juice, and cover them with puff-paste. Bake for an hour or rather more; make some hot gravy, and pour into the pie.

SALMON AND CAPER-SAUCE.—Lay two slices of salmon in a baking-dish; place pieces of butter over it, and add half a tea-spoonful of chopped parsley, one shalot, salt, pepper, and grated nutmeg to taste; rub a little seasoning into the fish; baste it frequently; when done, take it out, and drain for a minute or two; lay it in a dish; pour caper-sauces over it, and serve. Salmon dressed in this way with tomato-sauce is very delicious.

WALNUT KETCHUP.—Procure some walnuts when they are very young, about the beginning or middle of July; slightly bruise them, and put them in a jar, with a handful of salt and a quart of vinegar to every hundred walnuts; let them stand eight days, stirring them every day; then drain the liquor from them, and boil it, with ½ oz mace, ¼ oz nutmeg, ¼ oz cloves, ¼ oz ginger, ¼ oz whole black pepper, a small piece of horse-radish, twenty shalots, ¼ lb anchovies, and a pint of port wine, for half an hour. It may be strained or not; if required, a little more vinegar or wine may be added. When bottled, seal the corks.

THE EFFECTS OF WORRY.

THAT the effects of worry are more to be dreaded than those of simple hard work is evident from noting the classes of persons who suffer most from the effects of mental overstrain. The case-book of the physician shows that it is the speculator, the betting man, the railway manager, the great merchant, the superintendent of large manufacturing or commercial works, who most frequently exhibits the symptoms of cerebral exhaustion.

Mental cares accompanied with suppressed emotion, occupations liable to great vicissitudes of fortune, and those which involve the bearing on the mind of a multiplicity of intricate details, eventually break down the lives of the strongest.

In estimating what may be called the staying powers of different minds under hard work it is always necessary to take early training into account.

A young man, cast suddenly into a position involving great care and responsibility, will break down under duties which, had he been gradually habituated to the position, he would have performed without difficulty. It is probably for this reason that the professional classes generally suffer less from the effects of overstrain than others. They have a long course of preliminary training, and their work comes on them by degrees; therefore when it does come in excessive quantity it finds them prepared for it. Those, on the other hand, who suddenly vault into a position requiring severe mental toil generally die before their time.

TEMPLEMORE'S HERITAGE.

CHAPTER XI.

LADY SOPHIA came straight from her carriage to her husband's room. She looked fearfully around it as she entered, as if she expected to see some ghastly evidences of the wicked deed which had been perpetrated there. But there are a great many deeds quite as bad, or worse, than the severing asunder of two young hearts, which are done every day, without leaving a single ripple on the surface of the smooth stream of life.

Mr. Hartopp sat back in his chair, looking, if anything, rather more comfortable than usual, and very much interested in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in his hand.

Lady Sophia stood by the table, fidgeting with her gloves, her rings, her fan, waiting for her husband to speak, afraid to put the question that hung, trembling, on her lips.

Presently, Mr. Hartopp laid down the paper and turned to her.

"Well, my dear," said he, with unusual benignity, "was Patti in good voice to-night? and was the house full?"

"Yes," she answered, absently; "and how have you been?"

"Wonderfully well," he answered, cheerfully. "I amused myself by showing him the pictures in the octagon-room."

That was all, then! He had not spoken to him on that—that subject! And all her dread had been wasted. She breathed a sigh of relief.

Mr. Hartopp responded to it with a cynical smile—the smile she knew and feared.

"I am so glad," she could not help saying, notwithstanding, "that you said nothing to him."

"But I did."

"You did?" she echoed.

"Certainly. I arranged that little matter of which we were speaking this morning quite satisfactorily. It was a very good opportunity, you know—too good to be lost."

"And he?" she faltered.

"Oh! he," retorted her husband, testily—"he understood it, of course, and we parted, mutually satisfied. You women are such fools! Of course, you have been picturing a scene to yourself—a sort of theatrical exhibition: despair, and all the rest of it—perhaps pistols for two. Nothing of the sort, I assure you. Templemore is a sensible fellow. He entered into my views when I expounded them, and we shook hands and parted, as I told you."

"And he has given her up?" in a tone compounded of relief and disappointment, from Lady Sophia.

"He has done nothing of the kind. We never arrived at that point. It was no part of my policy to give him the opportunity of doing so. Prevention, my dear madam, is better than cure. But you are tired, and so am I. If you will be good enough to touch the bell, Barnes shall wheel me off. I hope you won't be so foolish as to let this little affair interfere with your night's rest. I assure you, it will be quite a waste of sentiment to do so."

And with this assurance, Lady Sophia was forced to be contented.

A week later, coming in with her daughters one afternoon from the Park, she found Mr. Templemore's card, with "P.P.C." in the corner, lying on the hall-table.

The footman said that Mr. Templemore had mentioned he was going abroad, probably for some time.

Lady Sophia felt so guilty, that she dared not look towards Lillian, who crept away and upstairs to her room, with a deadly chill at her heart, and a feeling as if the hot June sun had suddenly set in the bleak horizon of wintry clouds. She sat down just as she was, in her tulle bonnet, and, folding her gloved hands tightly together, tried to understand it.

The very last thought in her mind was the truth. She was hurt and wounded that Hilary should go away for so long with only the distant and formal farewell compliment which the most casual acquaintance might have paid. His departure might, indeed, have been forced and necessary; but did he feel the separation so little as to think no explanation worth while? She went through an agony of maidenly shame as the tormenting thought forced itself upon her that, after all, he might be only as other men of whom she had heard: that he might only have trifled with her to win some evidence of her attachment—and she was only too conscious that he had won it!—and then had gone away, satisfied with his triumph, to escape from

an inconvenient position. It was only for a moment—a horrible moment of self-torment—that she doubted him.

"Oh! no, no!" she assured herself, as she covered her blushing face with both her hands. "He is true: he is incapable of such treachery. Something may have changed him; but I know—I am sure he did care for me once. I have not given an unsought love, and he—he could not be unworthy!"

She wondered next, with a woman's perception, if the possibility of Lord Newtown's obtrusive attentions had vexed and displeased him. It had certainly been very unfortunate that all through that last evening she had been, somehow, thrown so completely on her titled lover, to the entire exclusion of Hilary. But surely he must have known—he must have seen—how disagreeable that enforced position had been to her—that she had only endured it with an effort of courtesy even difficult to command. He ought to have understood her better, she said to herself, with a little mournful blame of her absent lover.

At this point in her musings, the dressing-bell rang, and her maid tapped at the door. Lillian dismissed her. She was in no mood to bear Delphina's prying French eyes, and commenced her toilet alone.

"At least," she persuaded herself, in the course of it, "he will never carry his misunderstanding so far as to go away without calling again. Perhaps he will write—yes, I am sure he will write. He owes mamma that attention after all her real liking for him, and the terms on which he has been in the house; and then, if he must go—and perhaps he need not, after all—mamma will ask him to dinner again, and—and it will all come right."

She looked so bright under the influence of this argument, that when she came down to dinner, Lady Sophia and Nora, who had already held an anxious consultation respecting her and the new aspect of affairs, were considerably relieved, and began to hope that, after all, she did not care so much about it.

The brightness faded, though, as day after day passed by, and no word or sign came from Hilary. Even Charlie Dundas's constant visits were unaccountably suspended. There was dead silence on every hand; and although Lillian faithfully and bravely repeated to herself, "It will all come right: I can trust him," still her face wore a perplexed and pained look, and her heart—poor child!—waxed heavier and heavier every day.

Lady Sophia watched her with transparent anxiety, from which Lillian shrank; and Nora, who loved her sister dearly—although she was fully persuaded that her marriage with Hilary would be "most inadvisable"—dreaded lest "things might have gone too far," and blamed herself, with sufficient bitterness, for her folly in conniving at the affair in its first stages.

It was just a week after Hilary's "P.P.C." card—innocent bit of pasteboard!—had dropped like a cannon-ball in the midst of the circle at Hyde Park Square, that Charlie Dundas at last made his appearance at Lady Sophia's kettle-drum.

He looked ill at ease, grave, and pre-occupied, which appearance subjected him to a pretty sharp ordeal of cross-questioning and banter from Nora.

"What in the world has been the matter?" said she. "We began to think you had lost so much at Ascot that you had gone into hiding; and I gave up my twelve pairs of white gloves—two buttons, you remember—and felt it rather hard, considering how honourably I paid all my debts last year."

"The gloves are all right," answered Charlie. "Here they are. I ordered them next day."

"And you don't look particularly bankrupt or shabby either," continued Nora, surveying Charlie's new neck-tie and the little bouquet—for which, by-the-way, he had just paid half a crown—at his button-hole.

"Not at all," he retorted, laughing in spite of himself. "I made quite a good thing of it: won a couple of ponies of Lord Newtown—who was savage enough at my luck—besides a dozen and a half of gloves and a bull-terrier. Went in for this—touching his button-hole—"on the strength of it."

"Then, what is the matter with you?" persisted Nora. "You look as gloomy as a thunder-cloud—at least, you did when you first came: you're rather brighter now—not much."

"Am I not?" questioned Charlie. "I thought I was jolly, under the circumstances."

"Oh! you laughed just now with your teeth; but it was only because I made you. What are the circumstances?"

"Oh! not much to a young lady like you," Charlie yielded, looking cautiously round the

room, and seeing Lily safely bestowed in an opposite corner with Lady Waterwood, and in full conversation with that amiable dowager; "but Templemore is off, and we have been a good deal together of late; and it isn't easy to find another fellow like him; and it's sentimental, isn't it? And you may laugh if you like, but I'm hipped without him."

Charlie laughed himself, uneasily. The fact was, his conscience was troubling him a good deal. He found that he had led poor Hilary to a sore defeat and fall. He recognised, now that it was too late, that such a gambling game of chances as he had been playing with the best interests of others was a very dangerous one, especially when those others were made of such stuff as Hilary.

When his friend wrung his hand at parting, and said to him, "Well, good-bye, old fellow: wish me good luck, for without it we are not very likely to meet again"—when, moreover, Hilary—generally so frank and straightforward—maintained a gloomy and resolute silence on the subject of his journey, and turned back, after his farewell, to say: "If there is any news going, drop me a line to 'Poste-restante, Bordeaux,' and—And, I say, if you should be up at Hyde Park Square, ask if they got my card, and say—No," after a pause; "hang it! don't say anything about me;" and, with a very white face, he hurried away; when, I say, all this had happened, Charlie had perfectly understood how the case lay.

He was not at all sure of Nora's sympathy, and he was a good deal afraid of her ridicule where his better feelings were enlisted; and he was conscious he lay open to her attack, so that he had no intention of communicating to her any of the uneasiness which troubled him. She looked grave enough presently, though, to beguile some of it from him.

"I wanted to ask you," said she, dropping her voice to a confidential murmur, "what had become of Mr. Templemore. He went away so abruptly without saying good-bye, and only leaving a card."

Charlie looked keenly at her.

"Does she know anything, I wonder?" thought he; "or is this real ignorance?"

"All I know," answered Charlie, "is that Templemore has thrown up his appointment and gone abroad for an indefinite time. Somebody said he had been ordered a sea-voyage for his health—to India or Australia."

"But you said he gave you his address at Bordeaux," said Nora, fancying she had detected a discrepancy in her cousin's statements.

"Exactly," replied Charlie, simply; "that is what puzzles me."

Nora glanced keenly at him; but his countenance remained immovable.

"When did he go?" asked she.

"This morning," replied Charlie.

"Only this morning?" exclaimed Nora, for once off her guard. "Then he might have called again."

"He is a very good fellow," pronounced Charlie, with emphasis.

"He will be away some time, you say?" said Nora, lightly, turning away. "Well, if you hear any news of him, you may tell me."

"You do him too much honour," said Charlie, his friendship roused to an irrepressible flash of sarcasm.

Thereupon Nora turned upon him one of her brilliant, disarming glances; but in vain. This was one of the points on which Charlie was perfectly firm and unimpeachable: his loyalty and devotion to friendship. He was indignant at Nora's light tone, which sounded to him unfeeling. He guessed that his friend had not been well treated, perhaps by her means, and he walked away to where Lillian sat.

There was an unconscious wistfulness in her eyes as she lifted them to his, and a troubled, anxious look in her face, which touched him.

"It's not her fault, at all events," he thought.

"I think I'll tell her he was by way of leaving a message for her. No; on second thoughts, I had better leave it alone. I have done mischief enough already. Poor, dear girl! It's best to let her get over it as she can. But it's all a confounded shame!"

So he sat himself down in the seat Lady Waterwood graciously indicated to him with her fan.

"Naughty man!" said she; "you were not at my ball last night."

"No, I was not, Lady Waterwood. Dreadfully sorry; but the most distracting headache came on just as I was starting, and I was obliged to turn in at eleven o'clock. Horribly tantalising to feel it was all going on without me! Wouldn't have missed your ball for all the world if I could have helped it—the best of the season, you know. But what can a man do

with a headache that makes a sledge-hammer of itself on his two temples?"

"You had been dining out," said Lady Waterwood, accusingly, tapping his arm with solemnity.

"Well, yes, I had, in a very mild way: a chop and a pint of sherry—a brief summary of the meal unknown to you, I presume, Lady Waterwood—with a friend who was leaving England."

"Ah! you young men are not to be depended on," said Lady Waterwood, incredulously.

But Charlie had caught the faint tremor of Lillian's dress at the mention of his friend, and he answered, rather at random, as it seemed to the elder lady:

"He was rather low, poor fellow! Lost a relation or connection, I believe, and obliged to go abroad to look after his affairs. Let me get you another cup of tea, Lady Waterwood, and you," to Lily, whose spoon was rattling audibly against her tea-cup, in spite of her efforts to steady it, and to the dismay of Charlie, who knew the dowager's lynx-eyed vigilance.

"I am a fool," said he to himself, as he set the cups down on the tray; "and I have told a lie, in my weak, wicked good-nature, to cheer Lillian up. I positively couldn't help it. Poor little dear! She looked so miserable. And now I had better go home and to the deuce, for I am of no sort of use in the world, and only put my foot into everything!"

Perhaps the sudden discovery that Nora was lavishing her most irresistible fascinations upon the widowed and sexagenarian Duke of Townley—who had but lately come into his dukedom and into the distinction of being "the best match of the season"—supplemented the whisperings of his conscience to bring about this desperate state of mind. He turned a deaf ear to Lady Waterwood's—

"Come here, Mr. Dundas, and tell me about this friend of yours. Is it that good-looking young fellow with whom you are always to be seen? And has somebody died and left him a fortune?"

And he stalked off to the Park, to call himself a good many more ugly names, and to deplore the unsatisfactory muddle into which "everything," as he expressed it, had fallen.

CHAPTER XII.

THE night which followed his interview with Mr. Hartopp was spent by Hilary in wrestling with the great disappointment threatening to blight his whole life. The darkness of despair was around and about him; but he was feeling and groping about in it for some hold of hope with that instinct of self-preservation which is so sure to follow on the first benumbing influence of a great shock. He was too young to give up life and life's worth at the first blow. And, by-and-by, a gleam of hope came to him. Faint and uncertain it was at first—a mere Will-o'-the-wisp, until, as he hailed it with eager, straining eyes, it brightened into a great promise, and the young man's sanguine temperament sprang to meet it, and hailed it already as a beacon of salvation.

Mr. Hartopp demanded for his daughter wealth and position. It came back to Hilary, with a sudden reassertion of its old power, his father's death-bed assurance, that, by right, wealth and position were his. Oh! it was worth his whole life—that life which was worthless to him without it—to discover the proof of this assurance! Almost forgotten as the old story, which had so fastened upon his boyish imagination, had been in the surging interests and real work of advancing life, it revived itself, in the troubled solitude of that night, and stood out in clear, unhesitating characters. His eager faith—the faith which had been so firmly planted years before—leaped over all the doubts and difficulties in the way, and accepted the romance of his childhood with the settled conviction of a man.

He forgot that the calmer judgment of the wise old General had pronounced against him; he forgot that the long years which had passed ranged themselves against him. The strong young hopes which had just been so violently repressed and trodden down, rose with a more resistless strength from their durance, and swept all before them—almost, it seemed to him, in the exultation of his mind, as if this new motive had been specially placed before him, to force him to carry out his dead father's wishes, and to seek out and restore his family birthright—as if the spirit of his father, whom he remembered with the fondest veneration, still hovered about him, and could not rest until this, its latest earthly desire, had been accomplished.

He recalled those words, faint but clear; he

remembered that death-scene in the humble lodging at Bordeaux, as if it had been enacted only yesterday, and he was sure now, as he had been sure then, that the delirium of fever had no part in them. Those delusions which haunt dying men had nothing to do with those calm, unwavering assertions. Hilary knew now, as he had known at the time, and never faltered in believing, that his father had told, in those dying words, the secret of his life, which, for reasons doubtless good and true, he had withheld until then. By the light of his manhood's reason he saw how his father had trusted to his own powers and strength to compensate to his wife and child for all of which that well-kept secret deprived them; how he had believed, through long years of failure and disappointment, that the strength of his brain should yet bestow upon them all this, and more; and how he had willed that to him, and him alone, they should owe it, until, sinking, dying, under the hopeless burden—a sacrifice to his own baffled hopes—he had at the last moment striven—too late!—to restore to them that for which he could no longer hope to substitute the fruit of his own toil. That which had taken such hold upon Hilary's boyish mind was a verity, not a delusion. It had faded amongst the active and present interests of his later life; but it revived now stronger than ever, brought to the surface by the stirring of those inner depths of his nature—a living, powerful faith, urging him to action, and promising him a rapturous reward. A man's strength and experience, a man's vigour and acuteness, would succeed where the boy's feeble efforts had failed; and Hilary believed in the triumph of the Right, as young and noble natures, in the fire and ardour of their first youth, do believe in the present victory of Truth and Justice, forgetting that, though the victory is sure in the end, it may be delayed beyond the life which is so long to them, so short to the yet nobler faith which reaches beyond the grave—the slight veil of separation which is all that intervenes between what we call life and what is life.

So the young man made his plans, and waited for the early dawn with nervous impatience. Every hour of delay seemed to him intolerable. He astonished his chief at the Foreign Office by relinquishing his post there at a day's notice, and he startled General Wendham into dire anticipations of all sorts of evil by his sudden appearance at Girdlestone and his announcement of his resignation.

"My dear boy, what scrape are you in? It may not be past redeeming. I know Lord Coleham well—my interest—"

"Thank you," confessed Hilary; "but there is no scrape: it is my own affair. I have resigned in order to— In fact, I cannot rest, sir, until I have thoroughly sifted and searched out the subject of my father's dying injunctions."

The General stared at him. He had almost forgotten that old story which had been so troublesome to him at the time.

"I cannot settle down to any profession or plan of life," Hilary went on, "until I have made a thorough and complete search for those papers of which my father spoke on his death-bed. Surely you have not forgotten, sir?"

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the General. "Are you mad to relinquish all your prospects for that chimera—that old, childish delusion? My good fellow, what has come to you?"

"I was afraid I should not have your sympathy, sir," Hilary answered, moodily.

And certainly he had not. The General tried every argument, entreaty, command, to dissuade his adopted son from thus, as he expressed it, "cutting his own throat;" but in vain. And, to his intense astonishment, Hilary, who had once seemed to set so little value on the distinctions of the world, appeared now to have imbibed an almost insane desire to possess wealth and station, and to be devoured by a restless ambition as new as it was disappointing to his guardian.

The General thought it all over, and came to the right conclusion.

"Hilary," said he, the night before the young man's departure from Girdlestone to take up the desperate journey which drove the General beyond all patience—"Hilary, there is some lady in the case."

Hilary coloured high, and the General muttered to himself:

"I'm right! There never was any mischief afoot in this world, but a woman was at the bottom of it!"

Then the old man remembered Dora, the mother of the wilful young man before him, and his heart softened and his voice dropped to a tone of sympathy, which moved the young fellow against his will.

"My dear boy," said he, gently, "is it beyond my help?"

"Yes, sir," answered Hilary, gratefully. "I must fight it out alone. Thank you, sir, for this and for everything. Wish me God-speed," he added, wistfully, as he rose to say good-night.

And the General wrung his hand, and said, "Heaven bless you!" and added to himself:

"Poor fellow! he shall take it out in a year or two of this mad search; it may be the best thing for him: the wound will hardly be very deep—a mere scratch, which the air of the South will heal. And when he comes back, I'll make it all right with Coleham, and it will only be a year or so of lost time, after all."

And in the morning he pressed a cheque into his ward's hands, and bade him a farewell which heaped coals of fire on the young man's head.

"Grand old fellow he is!" he exclaimed; "and I am an ungrateful beggar to knock down all his cherished projects, and ride rough-shod over his ambitions to take my own way. However, he'll see it will all come right in the end."

But in spite of this confident assertion, Hilary's spirits sank as he neared London, and the doubts and difficulties of his position seemed to meet and oppress him, now that he was fairly started on the road which might—the possibility weighed him down—lead him still further away from Lillian. What would she think of his sudden, unexplained departure? The torture of being within reach of her—of breathing the same air—without the possibility of meeting or speaking to her, almost maddened him.

He did not confide, even to his chosen friend, Charlie Dundas, the reason of his departure. He knew perfectly well that his enterprise would be judged foolish, perhaps mad, by Charlie, as by everyone else.

He was too honourable as well as too proud to keep himself thus, by circuitous means, in Lillian's remembrance: he determined to throw himself, with unhesitating faith, on her fidelity; and not even the vision of Lord Newtown—the chosen candidate of Mr. Hartopp—with all his paramount gifts and graces of fortune, could shake Hilary's noble trust in the woman he loved.

That woman was wetting her pillow with her tears, whilst Hilary, sending back tender, fervent aspirations, was speeding, in the early morning, towards that well-remembered Southern seaport, which he fondly imagined held the link which was to unite them again.

[To be continued.]

"Templamore's Heritage" commenced in No. 523 and Part CXXVII.

WOMAN'S ATTRACTIVENESS.

PERSONAL attractions most girls possess—at any rate, in a sufficient degree to render them attractive to somebody; for although there are standards and models of beauty, yet these do not prevail with all persons. There is something wonderful in the difference of aspect which the same face wears to different beholders. Probably the philosophical explanation of this is, that what is hidden to all others becomes immediately and instinctively apparent to the eye of Love.

How can a moderately good-looking girl increase her attractions? By culture. She must cultivate her mind. An ignorant and illiterate woman, even if she attract the attention, cannot retain the interest of an intelligent man. She must do this by reading, by study, by reflection, and by familiar conversation with the best and most highly educated persons with whom she comes in contact.

But the heart must be cultivated as well as the head.

"Of all things," exclaimed a most elegant and refined gentleman, after nearly a lifetime's familiarity with the best society—"of all things give me a softness and gentleness in a woman." A harsh voice, a coarse laugh—trifles like these—have suddenly spoiled many a favourable first impression.

The cultivation of the heart must be real, and not feigned. A woman who studies to appear, rather than to be, good and generous, seldom succeeds in deceiving the opposite sex in these respects. She who in truth seeks earnestly to promote the happiness of those around her, is very apt soon to obtain admirers among men. Above all other requisites in a woman is conscientiousness. Without this one touchstone of character, no matter what her charms and acquirements, she cannot expect to command the lasting regard of any man whose love is worth having.

STELLA REDRUTH.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BANDULIA MONACO.

It was the Welsh lawyer, Mr. Ovington, who stood on the second landing of that house in the Via Panetta, where dwelt Eustace Grayling, sleek, and smooth, and portly as of yore, his one eye gleaming friendly gleams upon the disinherited nephew of Lady Redruth.

"Good-morning, Mr. Grayling," quoth the lawyer, as blandly as if he had that moment stepped from the terrace-steps into the breakfast-room at Redruth, and had surprised the petted nephew of her ladyship over his morning coffee—"good-morning," and the lawyer raised his hat.

"How did you find me out?" asked the artist, bluntly.

"How? Oh! in the most natural way in the world—by means of the Consul and the directory, and so on."

The lawyer spoke with a cheerful smile upon his lip, and a kindly gleam in his single eye.

Eustace distrusted, despised Ovington. He hardly knew why or wherefore; but so it was, and he hesitated a moment before asking him to enter his rooms.

"Walk in," said he, at length, a little coldly; and the lawyer walked in. "Have you breakfasted, Mr. Ovington?"

"No, sir; I am very hungry also—ha, ha, ha!—very hungry indeed, and very anxious for something to eat."

"My landlady brings in my coffee at eight," said Eustace, "and I will order a chop and an omelet."

"Thank you."

The lawyer seated himself upon the little sofa of faded amber-velvet, took off his hat, and placed it on the polished floor.

Eustace darted a strange look of suspicion upon the man of business. He hesitated to leave him alone in his rooms; a certain instinct impelled him to turn the key in the lock of his studio, and to place that key in his pocket.

"We men of the brush never like to have our unfinished sketches and works looked at; so excuse my locking up the studio while I go to order the breakfast."

The lawyer broke into a harsh laugh.

"Very right—very business-like, if a little bit inhospitable and uncivil," said he. "Well, sir, I will not break through lock and key, and insist upon seeing the immortal works of the inspired genius. Ha, ha, ha!"

Eustace smiled a little bitterly.

"You are sarcastic, Mr. Ovington; but be my gift genius or misapplied mediocre talent, they are still my works, precious to my egotism, if you will, and, therefore, not to be despised and trampled on in my sight, nor criticised when half complete; so I will not apologise again for locking up my treasures;" and he went out.

When he returned, his landlady accompanied him, carrying coffee, omelet, and chops.

The breakfast was set on the table. Mr. Ovington seated himself without ceremony, and began to eat with relish. Eustace, who had starved himself the day before, did the same.

When the meal was over, Mr. Ovington rose to his feet, and strolled to the window; it commanded only a view of a dingy courtyard, with an ancient gateway, and the roofs and gables of a certain large building.

"What building is that?" asked the lawyer.

"The Convent of St. Ives," replied Eustace.

"What a picturesque roof! And now, surely, Mr. Eustace, you will allow me to see your paintings?"

Eustace could not refuse this. He unlocked the door of the studio, and the two entered the room. Eustace Grayling spoke humbly of his own powers; he thought of himself also humbly, and yet he felt that it was given to him, under certain conditions, to do great things. He knew that he must work, and strive, and endure, and struggle, and be patient, before the wreath of the victor should encircle his brows, the goal of the winner he reached, the prize gained. He understood that some men like Philip Rollings win a name almost by the lifting of a finger. Certainly, by the vigorous handling of brush or pen without toil, and without weariness, names thus won were ephemeral, he believed, and he that would fain range himself among the immortals must toil and strive, unless gifted with genius in such mighty measure as is not doled out to man once in a century. Everything upon his easels and against his walls told of thought, and study, and toil; touches there were, flashes, as it seemed, of the fire of genius,

which spoke high promise to those who could interpret them.

Ovington had a correct eye, was something of a judge of colour, had a sprinkling of fine taste and connoisseurship about him.

"What a marvellous head of St. Elgiva!" he said. "Is not that the name? Wherever did you see a pair of black eyes like those? Out in these Roman streets, I suppose? And what is the sweet saint doing? Is it a real episode in the lady's life, or a conception of the artist's warm fancy?"

Grayling looked annoyed.

"Oh! it was a fancy of mine," he said, hastily. "Let us look at other things."

"Nay; this head interests me."

The lawyer stood resolutely before the easel, and folded his arms. The painting represented a quiet corner of an old-fashioned street on a mellow autumn morning. The golden light streamed down between the tower of an ancient church and the side of a vine-clothed house; the church-door was open, and there was seen a dim vista of pillared nave. At the door stood a young girl, wearing the rich stiff garb of the middle ages; her eyes were dark, but her hair was golden, her bodice and skirt were exquisite bits of drapery, green and purple, with a warm light rippling over them. A blind beggar-woman knelt at the door of the church; but whether she was praying the young damsel for alms, or Heaven for pardon, it was hard to say; only the dark eyes of St. Elgiva rested on her pityingly.

"What a face!" repeated Ovington. "And what does the picture mean?"

"Simply the hesitation of a young girl as to whether or no she shall renounce the world. She looks into the church, and feels she would like to dwell under the shadow of its holy peace. She views the blind beggar, and she understands that she must become as humble and almost as devoid of earthly pleasures as that poor soul, if she truly and patiently bears the cross of suffering. It is hesitation; for there is a glimpse in the distance of the fine dwelling-house of the maiden's father."

"It's a vague description," quoth Ovington, holding his head aside, and his one eye glistened spitefully. "But yonder's a fine face. Had you a model for that, now?"

"No."

Eustace spoke the word shortly and sharply. "A very fine face," repeated Mr. Ovington.

He turned about, and presently came to a standstill before a second picture. The subject was painful; but the working up was wonderful, and full of power.

An old man lay dying upon a comfortless bed in a dreary little room. The sloping ceiling showed it to be one of those small apartments on the topmost flats of the tall Parisian houses, let out chiefly to workmen, struggling students, and out-at-elbow foreigners. A low truckle bedstead, a single chair, with a broken back, the small wash-basin placed on a little table of common wood; the opposite roofs and windows of other tall houses plainly pointed out the quarter of the siren city where the room was situated. The sky was heavy with threatening rain. As for the face of the dying, it was awful in its eagerness, fear, and cunning. A thin, ghastly countenance; the eyes distended, a half-smile on the lips, the skeleton hands extended over the wretched coverlet, on which was piled wealth that might have paid a king's ransom. The old man was in the act of counting his money from the deep box on his right. He had already taken out some hundreds of gold coins and several rolls of bank-notes; the gold stood here and there in little piles; but for the most part had fallen down, owing to the restless movements of the sick man, and the dingy counterpane was almost covered with the glittering mass. The pangs of death seemed to have overtaken the miser before his task was half complete. He has no strength to toss the wealth uncounted again into the chest, and meanwhile he hears footsteps approaching, and his door is ajar. At the door, seen by those who are contemplating the picture, but not by the miser, stands a sister of mercy, come to offer spiritual consolation to the sick. Her form is slender, but dignified, her sombre garments hang about her gracefully, her head is covered with the hood; not a particle of the rich dark hair is seen; the face, eager as that of the miser, but eager with the eagerness of compassion, will in another moment confront the dying man.

"Why," cried Mr. Ovington, "here you have the same face again. The nun and St. Elgiva are one and the same; and here, my young friend, you are guilty of a great blunder. I forget what word you artists and men of letters apply to such, but St. Elgiva is supposed to

have been a Saxon saint, who lived some time in the tenth century, and here we have the modern miserable room in a Paris lodging-house; the notes, the gold coins, the bedstead, the broken jug and basin, are all things of to-day; so that if you are painting a series to represent the career of St. Elgiva, you will find you have done something a little absurd."

And now Mr. Ovington stuck his eye-glass into his one eye, thrust his hands into his pockets, turned round, and smiled a scornful smile upon the artist.

"I am not painting the career of St. Elgiva; simply I am using the same face for different characters. The nun at the door represents a Parisian nun of to-day."

"Ah! I see—I comprehend: a face which haunts you."

The lawyer stared again at the picture, and, as he stared, he scowled.

"Why, where have you seen the original of this nun?" he asked, suddenly.

Instantly Eustace became eager, off his guard, flushed, anxious, unbusiness-like.

"Where?" he echoed. "I wish I could tell you where I am likely to see her again, such a splendid model as she must be; but I have only caught glimpses of her in the street, and in churches, and at windows. Do you know this lady to speak to, Mr. Ovington? Is she English, or French, or Spanish? She has a little foreign accent, I think."

"You have spoken to her, then?" said the lawyer.

"Once. I offered to carry her basket home from market. She answered me; refused my aid."

The lawyer drummed on a little table that stood near him, and looked hard at Eustace Grayling.

"She is Spanish," he said, at length.

"Ha!"

"Yes; I have reason to—to—in short, believe that the lady you so much admire is one with whom I am slightly—very slightly—acquainted."

"I admire her simply as a model," said Eustace, a little haughtily.

"I do not think, if it prove to be the lady with whom I am acquainted, that she would condescend to sit or stand costumed as a model. She is very proud."

"And she is Spanish?"

"Yes," replied the lawyer; "Spanish Castilian—the maid of Castile. Ha, ha, ha!"

The lawyer sang:—

"They say that you rovers from Erin's green isle
Every hour a new passion can feel;
And that soon in the light of a lovelier smile,
You'll forget the poor maid of Castile."

Is it a case of heartache—a desperate case?
Ha, ha, ha!"

There was positively something awful in the laughter of this Welsh lawyer. Eustace wondered while he watched him. Malignity, mockery, were in his one large, gleaming eye.

"It is no case," replied Eustace. "I am not in love with a lady whom I do not know. I only covet her for a model."

"But one would say she had stood for you as St. Elgiva, and as the nun; the likeness is so striking."

"The likeness to the Spanish lady?"

"Yes; there is no doubt they are one and the same person. But, if she has not stood for you, what a marvellous memory you must have!"

"And who is this lady?" asked Eustace, abruptly.

"She is Spanish."

"And what is she?"

"An artist. She copies from the old masters in the Vatican. She appears amiable; but she is a demon."

"In temper?"

"Oh! I speak more seriously. A terrible woman."

"In what way?"

"Leagued with bandits. A *murderess!*" Eustace covered his eyes with his hands.

"Impossible!"

"I tell you it is so. I have made many visits to Rome; I have friends here. I know that woman's real name: Bandulia Monaco."

"What an odd name!"

"A Spanish name," said the lawyer. "Her father was a noted bandit. Her brothers, her husband, still infest the neighbourhood of Rome."

Eustace felt disenchanted.

"Her husband?"

"Yes. She is a devoted wife; she is a clever artist. She copies from the old masters, sells her work for a good price, and sends all she earns to a good-for-nothing scamp of a husband."

"You said she was a murderess?"
 "She entices young men to follow her to the wildest parts of the campagna, then her set pounces upon them, robs them, cuts their throats to prevent their telling tales. You hear of such things every day."

This was true. The whole campagna was infested with robber-bands; danger and death lurked at every street-corner of Rome when once night fell. The police regulations were almost useless. There was no valid reason why the story of the dark-eyed lady should not be true.

Eustace pondered over it.
 "You have not told me, Mr. Ovington," he said at length, "where you made the acquaintance of this lady?"

"Here, in Rome," said the lawyer, coolly, fixing his one eye, which now glittered, on the face of the young artist. "I have bought one of her copies, and paid for it."

"I would give ten pounds to her to stand costumed as a model," cried Eustace. "You say she is too proud; and yet she is a thief and a murderess?"

"She regards all mankind as the lawful prey of herself and her band. But she is proud."

"How well she speaks English!"
 "Ah! she is a woman of accomplishments. She has been educated at Florence; she had masters. Her father, though a bandit, is of noble descent. He squandered away his fortune."

"And her husband?"
 The lawyer's eye glittered again.
 "Is the handsomest scamp in Europe. She adores him—frantically adores him."

Mr. Ovington broke again into his disagreeable laugh.

"All other men are as reptiles in her sight," said the Welsh lawyer.

Eustace walked up and down his studio with long strides.

"Hang all the women!" said he, testily.

The lawyer laughed again.

"I freely echo that sentiment; it does you honour. Meanwhile, how far away has your artistic fancy carried you in inducing you to paint this woman as a saint and a nun? Let us have a look round. I daresay you have her again somewhere, haven't you? Perhaps as an angel with white wings."

"No," said Eustace, sulkily, "I haven't. I don't paint angels, Mr. Ovington."

"Meanwhile, I think I have said enough about the fair Bandulia to prevent your making her acquaintance. Let me add a word of friendly warning. Her husband is frantically jealous. If he caught you watching his wife about, he would think no more of running a knife into your heart than he would of swallowing a cup of coffee."

"I shall not give him the trouble," said the young man, coldly.

"That's wise. And now, my young friend, I am willing to do you a kindness. I know how hard times are with young artists, pot-boilers, and all that sort of thing; and though I can't buy a picture, I'll buy any old family relic you may wish to sell. A Russian noble, a patron of mine, wishes to make a collection of old family miniatures of the aristocracy of England and Wales. He would give two hundred pounds for one."

"There is that portrait of my aunt," cried Eustace. "Two hundred pounds; what a price! But I don't like to sell it, much as I want money."

"The sentiment does you honour," said the lawyer.

"Unfortunately, sentiment won't buy the dinner, or pay the rent."

Eustace sighed; he wanted money sorely.

"I can't sell that portrait," said he. "I'll make a copy of it in ivory, take it out of the solid gold case, and put my copy into it; then I will take one hundred for my work and the gold case."

The lawyer turned away, and looked intently at the painting of the dying miser.

"Her ladyship," said he, "died in somewhat similar circumstances to this old man, clutching her wealth and power to the last."

"Poor, dear auntie!" said Eustace.

"Well, sir, your copy won't sell, I tell you frankly. Make a copy for yourself, if you like; but it is only the original that will be paid for."

"Then I won't sell it," said Eustace.

"Very well."

The lawyer took up his hat.
 "Everyone knows his own affairs best. Still, two hundred pounds would help you to pursue your art studies with a mind free from sordid cares for some time."

"That is true," said Eustace; and he looked towards the door of his room.

"It is not as if your aunt had done you justice," said the lawyer. "She made a very harsh will."

"That is true," repeated Eustace, looking still towards the door.

"And if you don't make money soon, debts, drains, and difficulties will cause you to make ducks and drakes of your pictures."

"That is true," said Eustace.

This time he walked into his room, went to his little chest of drawers, opened one drawer, and took out the gold-framed miniature of old Lady Redruth from its wrappings of cotton-wool. He heard a step. The one-eyed lawyer had entered the chamber, and now stood looking over the young man's shoulder at the likeness of his late patroness.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE PORTRAIT.

"Very like her—very like her indeed," said Mr. Ovington.

"Poor old auntie! No; I can't sell her. I loved her so once."

There was a sound like a sob in the deep, soft voice of the young man; there was the glitter of a tear in his eye.

"What sentimental folly!" said the lawyer.

"Well, perhaps it is, and I so poor!"

Eustace thought of his unpaid rent, his unsold pictures.

"Let me take it," said Mr. Ovington—"let me show the picture to my Russian patron, and tell him you can't sell it, but you'll make a copy. Shall I?"

"Well," said Eustace, "you may," and the portrait changed hands.

As Mr. Ovington put the picture into his waistcoat-pocket, his face grew white with suppressed excitement of some sort. Eustace, accustomed to watch the faces of men, saw the expression, and was at once filled with a desire to repossess himself of the portrait.

"Ovington is going to show it about to tell everybody what a heartless scamp I am."

This was the suspicion that thrilled through Eustace like a stinging dart shot from the bow of an enemy.

"I have altered my mind," said he, suddenly.

"I will not let the portrait go out of my sight. Return it to me, Mr. Ovington."

The lawyer chuckled.

"My young friend, pardon a little *mise*. Do you remember how, on the morning following your aunt's death, I demanded that portrait, knowing quite well what her intentions were respecting it—that it should be given to Sir Halberd Redruth? When she was in her death-agony, she forced it upon you, not knowing what she did. You were mean enough to take advantage of her weakness. Now I will tell you a secret. Sir Halberd, Lady Redruth, and several of their friends are now in Rome. I shall go at once to the baronet, and present him with what is in truth his property."

To paint the rage, the surprise of Eustace is impossible. At once, and without stopping to consider, he sprang upon the Welsh lawyer, and struggled with him for the recapture of the portrait. The struggle was fierce—nay, savage, on both sides.

Ovington was a very powerful, strongly-built man. He was a little encumbered with flesh, perhaps, and his years were not few; still, his heart and soul were engaged in the strife. His hatred to Grayling, his rage at his own simplicity in having told his intentions before getting the portrait safely out of the way, all made him furious.

At last he knelt upon the chest of Eustace, and he actually brandished a pen-knife in his hand. Eustace held him by the throat. The lawyer could scarcely speak.

"An eye for an eye!" hissed the lawyer.

He was blind, mad, drunk, with wrath, and fury, and hate.

There came the sound of scampering feet. Another moment, and little brown, old, withered Madame Caffi, the landlady of the artist, stood in the room, wringing her hands, and chattering in her voluble Italian.

"Murder here in my house—mine, that always was so respectable? *Corpo di Baccho!* Blessed saints! What is the world coming to? Signor Grayling, the nicest young gentleman, a little slow in paying his rent, certainly, but sure—sure as the autumn, and the grapes, and the winter apples. What was all this fighting for?"

"He has robbed me," said Eustace.

"He has robbed me!" cried Ovington. "Call in the police. Let them settle it."

Away scampered the little old woman to the window. She screamed, "Police!" and all the Via Panetta was in an uproar.

Meanwhile, Eustace, by a supreme effort, had torn the portrait out of the pocket of Ovington. At that moment, there came into the room the divinity of the church and the market, the original of the nun and the saint—she whom Mr. Ovington had called the wife of a bandit—Bandulia Monaco.

Eustace, engaged in deadly struggle with the lawyer, saw, as in a dream, the slight, tall girl, with dark eyes, dressed on this morning in a white muslin, fashionably made, a sash of scarlet round her waist, a small white hat on her head, approach him and his adversary. The portrait was in his hand. Bandulia darted one quick look at him, and snatched the prize from his grasp before he knew where he was. Another moment, and she was gone.

Then in came a crowd and two policemen; and Eustace swooned, either through excitement, or from the fearful clutching of Ovington at his throat.

When he recovered, the room was cleared of all, save Ovington, Madame Caffi, and two policemen. The rage of the former was not quelled. He could not speak Italian; but he jabbered in bad French, which one of the officials understood. He said that long ago in England the artist had stolen a portrait, framed in gold; that he had come to Italy to induce him to restore it to its rightful owner; that, instead, he had sprung upon him, and half murdered him; and he insisted that the room of Eustace should be searched for the missing property.

Eustace stared in amazement; then Bandulia the Beautiful, had not been seen by the one-eyed lawyer, as he knelt on the chest of his foe. Truly, her step had been light as that of a bird, and just as quickly had she flown away.

Every drawer and box of Eustace was searched, every pocket in his clothes; but the portrait was not found; and the officials entreated both gentlemen to shake hands, and forget all over a glass of wine. Both sturdily refused; and at last Mr. Ovington went away, uttering threats, which terrified old Madame Caffi, although she understood not the language in which they were uttered.

As for Eustace, his mind was in a whirl; his admiration for the mysterious Bandulia—artist, thief, enchantress—was, strange to say, his strongest feeling. He knew where she lodged, and he resolved to go to her dwelling.

Surely now, when he went to seek his own property, which she had taken from his hands, she could not refuse to converse with him. He told himself that he sought this dark-eyed lady only with an artist's passionate admiration for whatever was beautiful, and striking, and powerful, with no lover's longing to sit in her presence, and listen to the music of her voice. If this Bandulia were really the wife of a bandit, the unscrupulous associate of thieves, still she was possessed of a most striking countenance, and, without doubt, the rarest gifts of the intellect were hers. She would make a wonderful character-model; there was surely much of histrionic faculty in this young Spanish lady, more even than was possessed by blue-eyed Lizzie Anstruther of the bygone days. He sighed when he remembered Lizzie, and he told himself that it was given to man to love one, and to admire a hundred times, and still a feverish, wild longing possessed him to seek the presence of Bandulia.

He had been so ill, that little Madame Caffi had called in the very nearest doctor, and this gentleman came and felt the patient's pulse, and prescribed quiet, strengthening diet, complete rest from work, etc. Outside, in the studio, madame told the Doctor of the violent struggle between her lodger and another Englishman, and the Doctor—a man with an enormous quantity of hair on his head and face, and a limp in his gait—shrugged his shoulders, and held up his hands.

"It is mysterious," said madame. "Both claim the portrait; neither can find it. It was set in gold, and the police have searched; they have even unrolled the stockings of monsieur, which were so neatly folded in his drawer, to find the picture, if possible. But, no, no, no; it was gone."

"He must be a clever fellow," said the Doctor. "But the grasp of the other upon his throat would have throttled him in a few more minutes."

The Doctor went away; and that evening, after awakening from a refreshing sleep, Eustace arose, dressed himself with a more scrupulous care than was his wont, and set out in the direction of the queer old house where dwelt the Spanish lady.

[To be continued.]

"Stella Redruth" commenced in No. 514 and Part CXXV.

NOW OPEN,

At the Office,

MERTON HOUSE,
SALISBURY SQUARE,
FLEET ST., LONDON,

A SHOW-ROOM

For the supply of THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL

MADE-UP & FULLY-TRIMMED
PATTERNS

OF ALL THE LATEST

NOVELTIES and FASHIONS

FROM PARIS EVERY MONTH.

PASTIMES.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two countries lying side by side,
A mountain range does them divide,

- (1) I feel disdain, contempt so great,
I cannot even stoop to hate.
- (2) Upon this blood-stained battle plain,
There lay the wounded and the slain.
Our Duke the allied armies led;
At length the Frenchmen turned and fled.
- (3) A Jewish maid of beauty rare,
And virtue, too, beyond compare;
Though called a tyrant's court to grace,
She ne'er forgot her father's race.
- (4) A foolish bird, one fatal day,
Assumed another's plumage gay,
At least, so fable writers say.
- (5) See from the crater yawning wide,
The lava streams on every side.
- (6) Three cheers for the sailors brave and true,
Three cheers for the gallant jackets blue;
They fear not foe, nor wind nor storm,
While they've their duty to perform.

BURIED TOWNS.

1.
Pick up that apple by the tree.
2.
George and James have been asleep some time.
3.
We are going to the tower, but Carl is left behind.
4.
If you will open that chest, Ernest will give you an apple.

DECAPTION.

My first's a very useful thing;
In every room 'tis seen;
Behold, and to your view you'll bring
The lady's pride, I ween.
Behold, again, and then you'll see
What Heaven to us did give;
It keeps us off from sickness free:
Without it we can't live.

J. H. F.

SOLUTIONS OF PASTIMES IN No. 527.

CHARADE.—Sparrow.
BURIED TOWNS.—1. Ayr. 2. Glasgow. 3. Elgin.
ENIGMA.—Jors.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND
SUBSCRIBERS GENERALLY.

As our Correspondence has greatly increased with the increased popularity of our Journal, and as further space cannot be spared in the Journal for replies thereto, we purpose from this date to answer questions of immediate importance by post within a few days of their receipt. A stamped, addressed envelope must be forwarded for the reply, and in no case shall we answer in envelopes addressed to be left at a post-office. Our subscribers must not expect us to reply by post to questions that are not of urgent importance. In future we shall not insert requests for the words of songs or poems unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope, with the nom de plume of the sender and the name of the song, &c., required, written inside the envelope.

PRIM ROSE.—(1) Certainly not; unless he has an old friend or a relation. (2) "Mizpah" means "Watch-tower." On articles of jewellery, it is considered to mean "I will watch over thee." (3) Black velvet is not worn in deep mourning.

MEG.—(1) Evangeline signifies "A bearer of good news," Eleanor, "Fertile," Daisy, "Innocence; Emmeline, "A healthy colour; (2) The scent used in the common hair-oil is sometimes injurious to the hair. It is better to use good pomade; either make it yourself, or buy some of the best. (3) The following is a very good Curling Fluid:—Melt a piece of white wax about the size of a nutmeg in 1 oz olive oil. Scent with a few drops of otto of roses.

VICTORIA CROSS.—(1) It is impossible for you to alter your complexion. The best thing we can recommend to give you a healthy colour, is to take plenty of exercise in the open air. (2) It is not considered right for a lady to dance with a gentleman more than two or three times in the course of an evening. If you do so, you must be well known to your partner. (3) We have never before seen or heard the name you mention, so cannot give you its signification. (4) The pieces which generally take most, are good arrangements of operatic melodies, not too difficult or too long, also simple melodies nicely played.

HERBERT'S DARLING.—(1) See answer No. 3 to "Meg." (2) We do not recommend you to use bleaching powder. You do not know what injury it might do to your skin. (3) Lemon or pale gray gloves would go with almost any coloured dress. (4) We will insert your fourth question in Queries. Please send a stamped addressed envelope for us to send the words of the song when we receive them.

CARNATION.—(1) Very often young ladies grow a great deal after they are turned seventeen. (2) Vinegar taken as who is not going to be the minister may read lessons in a church with the consent of the minister. (4) *Proxime Accessit* is said in reference to two candidates for an examination who have passed—one first, the second *proxime accessit* signifying very near. *Accessit* is in plural form; means "remember."

ALINE.—You can most likely get your feathers made up as a screen at Mr. Ward's, Naturalist, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square.

MAX.—(1) The gentleman should always precede the lady in ascending the staircase. (2) You should put your knife and fork together, and leave them on your plate. (3) We do not understand your question. (4) *Adieu* signifying "is pronounced *ad-see-tye-men*;" "funeral," *ju-ne-ral*;" "milk," *milsh*;" "fault," *foht*; with the o short.

MISS T. (Peckham).—We do not keep thread like your pattern. We could not answer by post, as there was no address sent. You will most likely get it at Mr. Bedford's, 46, Goudge Street, W.

ANNA.—(1) Tea is not injurious to the complexion. (2) Vinegar, taken in large quantities, destroys the coat of the stomach. Ill health is the result, and, consequently, it would be likely to make you pale.

J. M. K.—Lime-juice can be obtained at any chemist's.

ORAH.—Certainly not; gold is not worn at all in mourning. Black ornaments in deep mourning, and silver in half-mourning. White only should not be worn with a dress so heavily trimmed with ermine, unless of white hemmed muslin.

ADA H.—Rum and castor-oil is an excellent thing to promote the growth of the hair. The hair certainly grows faster when down than it does when done up.

CHARISSA.—We can send the book you inquire about from the office of this Journal, on the receipt of two stamps.

LITTLE MOTHER.—(1) We are sorry we have not the recipe you ask for. (2) You will get the patterns you require, and directions for working, at Mr. Bedford's, whose address you will find in this Journal. (3) There are some very pretty patterns for braiding in our Supplement for June, 1878.

WILD KITTY.—(1) You certainly cannot consider yourself engaged until he has formally proposed to you. If he really cares for you, he will without doubt propose before very long. (2) The white specks you speak of, grow up with the nails. There is nothing known to remove them.

E. M. C.

Mrs. T. M.—The following has been sent by a subscriber: Miss T. having seen in the columns of the *Y. L. J.* that there is no cure for asthma, has pleasure in informing Mrs. T. M. that she has lately heard of a specific for that distressing disease, viz., "*Datura Tatula*," cultivated and prepared by Savory and Moors, 143, New Bond Street, London. It is prepared in different forms, for smoking cigars for gentlemen, cigarettes for ladies, and for use in the form of a pipe, smoking in pipes. Miss T. has seen the latter preparation used by an old man-servant, and the effects were truly wonderful. He had not been able to lie down for weeks, and he found great relief after smoking one pipe; he is now able to work. Miss T. thinks the cigarettes are about 3s. per box.

GERTUDE HOWARD.—(1) You will certainly have to give the drawing if the gentleman insists upon it. If you told him you would rather not give it him, and that when you promised to do so, you had not meant what you said, he would probably instantly withdraw his claim to it. (2) It is certainly dishonest on the part of the cow-keeper to mix water with the milk, previous to supplying it to the milk-seller. We believe the Adulteration Act does not now permit persons to sell adulterated milk, or if they do so, they are liable to a penalty. It would be very much better for the milk-seller to sell genuine milk at a penny per quart additional cost, or even more, if needful, and to leave it to the purchaser to put as much water to it as he considered necessary.

A NEVER-FAILING SUBSCRIBER.—(1) You had better consult a doctor; we cannot give advice in such a case, as diseases of the kind should never be trifled with, or they may become chronic. (2) Nervousness is often caused by insufficient out-door exercise. Try cold bathing and a daily long walk. The following might be found beneficial:—3 of camphor, 3 of juniper, 3 of peppermint-water, 3 drachms of spirit of ammonia, 3 drachms of syrup of saffron, well mixed. Three table-spoonfuls to be taken when required. (3) The collar, if well worked, would be worth about 5s. 6d. We thank you for the recipe.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.—If you are a good English schooler, you might go as an English teacher in a German school. You should advertise in a German paper. You can get your advertisement inserted in a German paper by sending it to the Foreign Newspaper, and Universal Advertising Office, 25, Brydges Street, Covent Garden. It will be inserted at your request in the best newspaper for that kind of advertisement. We have no idea what premium you would have to pay if you went as a pupil-teacher. We do not think it would be very high. (2) The passage to Bremen, by steamer from Liverpool, is in the first class, and £1 second class. (3) The climate is very much the same as that of England; perhaps not quite so variable.

T. AND G.—We cannot recommend you anything better than Rimmel's Lotion (No. 2 curative). Persons subject to freckles, should be very careful to wash their faces thoroughly previous to going out into the open air.

THE DUCHESS E.—(1) Not pretty; but moderately good-looking. (2) Many ladies of twenty-one have the same experience as yourself. (3) We have discontinued answering questions of this kind.

MILNIE GREY.—By constant application, and two or three hours of careful practice daily, you might be able in two or three years to play tolerably, but you could never be a proficient pianist.

H. B. B.—If you look in the *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, or *Standard*, you will see, daily, numbers of advertisements of the kind.

FANNY.—We cannot, from your letter, make out whether the affection you speak of arises from indigestion or some disease of the skin. We should not advise you to adopt any remedies advised by unskilful persons, but go at once to a doctor, and he will tell you what it arises from, and no doubt will suggest a remedy.

GILLIAN.—(1) The *Echo* was first published December 8th, 1838. (2) The discussion you mention arose in 1833. (3) We have never heard of the remark you quote, neither have we been able to ascertain by whom it was made.

CAVALIER.—We have not seen the picture about which you ask, but from the meaning of the word the subject must be—Napoleon as a god surrounded by the spirits of all the great warriors and statesmen of his time.

A. E. F.—All contributions of Pastimes received have been acknowledged in No. 512, page 145; No. 514, page 175; No. 517, page 223; and No. 523, page 318.

VERITA.—(1) Prince Albert was first cousin to our Queen; he was nephew to her mother, the Duchess of Kent. (2) Neither of her children are married to a first cousin.

SHADRACH.—The song called "Only" is by Arthur Sullivan.

S. S. H.—We are much obliged for the Pastimes. We cannot account for your initials not having been affixed to those previously inserted. Are you sure you wrote them?

CANARY BIRD.—You will obtain all information respecting foreign newspapers by application to the Foreign Newspaper and Universal Advertising Office, 26, Brydges Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

R. ROWBOTHAM.—(1) It depends entirely upon the social position of the persons married. Fees are given to the clergyman, organist, and pew-opener. (2) The absurd idea of fashion in the colour of hair has happily gone out. The most becoming colour to the complexion is the colour which the hair is naturally. (3) Bessie is the pet name for Elizabeth, and Elizabeth means "A worshipper of God."

MISS T. is thanked for her communication.

A ROOS GRIL.—(1) If you meet persons with whom you are acquainted half a dozen times a year, you should recognize them each time. (2) We do not know anything of the gentleman you enquire about. (3) Phonographic shorthand is rather difficult to learn; it requires a great deal of practice and practice. We thank you for the interest you take in our Journal.

A COQUETTE.—(1) There is nothing we know of which will remove it. (2) Cold water is the best for most persons to wash their faces with, but in some instances, where the skin is tender and irritable, warm water soothes it. (3) The "Holy Grail" was the last long poem written by Tennyson; we learn, however, that another is in preparation, and is likely to appear in the autumn. Report says the subject is early British history. We do not vouch for the truth of the statement.

JOHN CROCKER.—(1) In No. 483, page 89, there is a pattern of a knitted hood, which, worked in cotton, would make an elegant pattern for curtains. (2) Your spelling is certainly excellent. (3) We should recommend you to practise frequently; get Smith's or Darnell's graduated copy-books, which any stationer will obtain for you.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—(1) Pink is quite becoming to a lady with the hair and complexion you describe. (2) The hair is worn very high at the back; it is taken quite up out of the neck and plaited or twisted in coils on the top of the head. (3) Black crepe is generally considered very becoming. (4) A lady of the age you mention would certainly be considered a young bride. (5) White is the most suitable. White muslin (if the wedding takes place in the summer), prettily made, would look very nice.

W. B. (Hawthorn).—If you send a stamped envelope, we will do our best to answer your question with reference to lace collars.

QUERIES.

AN IRISH GIRL would feel grateful to any reader who would send her the words of the song commencing—

"And doth not a meeting like this—"

It is one of Moore's Irish Melodies. Also where she can get the following songs, "Maryland, my Maryland," and "Won't You Tell Me Why, Robin?" the names of the publishers, and the price.

ANNE will feel very grateful to any reader for the first twenty verses of a very old poem, entitled, "Sir Walter's Return From the Far Holy Land."

MIGNONETTE would feel greatly obliged if any reader would let her have the words of the song called the "Unhappy Bride;" in the second verse she implores her former lover not to blame her, but her father, who has sold her for gold to save his life; also the words of "Little Blinks."

EVELYN would be glad to know in what poem the following lines occur:—

"I know not—I ask not
If guilt's in thy heart;
I but know that I love thee,
Whatever thou art."

CONTRIBUTIONS.

J. H. F., C. J. K. G., D. F. G. BROWN, S. J. O., J. O. E., are thanked for contributions of Pastimes.

CARNATION, H. S., JANIE K., MIGNONETTE, A FELLOW-SUBSCRIBER, NORA, ANNE, LITTLE ALICE, are thanked for answers to Queries.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor desires to call to the attention of intending contributors the following rules respecting the transmission of MSS.

- 1.—Original contributions only are acceptable.
- 2.—Stories of more than 400 printed lines in length cannot be accepted.
- 3.—Contributions must be written on one side of the paper only.
- 4.—Each contribution must bear on the first page the sender's name and address.
- 5.—Every letter of inquiry or otherwise respecting contributions, must contain the full title of such contribution.
- 6.—In no case can the Editor undertake the task of passing an opinion upon the merits or defects of poems or stories submitted to him; nor can he specify the reasons which may influence him in rejecting any contribution.
- 7.—Private letters cannot be sent respecting MSS. Each MS. will be attended to in regular order, and the result notified in this page of the Journal.
- 8.—As MSS. are sent voluntarily, the Editor will not hold himself responsible for their safe return; but when a stamped, addressed wrapper accompanies the contribution, care will be taken to have such contributions daily posted in the event of their rejection.
- 9.—When a stamped, addressed wrapper is not sent, MSS. will remain for six months at the notification in the *Y. L. J.*, where they will be upon application, either personally or by letter, returned to the sender in a stamped, addressed wrapper. All MSS. at the expiration of six months after no notice is destroyed.
- 10.—Contributors who think fit to ignore any of the rules must not complain if they are not attended to.

London; E. HARRISON, Salisbury Square, Fleet

Alexander Waltz.

COMPOSED FOR THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL BY J. DAVIS.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The time signature is 4/4. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The music begins with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes in the treble, accompanied by chords in the bass.

The second system of musical notation includes two staves. It features a first ending marked "1st time." and a second ending marked "2nd time." The notation continues with eighth and sixteenth notes in the treble and chords in the bass.

The third system of musical notation shows a more complex melodic line in the treble staff, with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The bass staff continues with chords. The key signature remains two sharps.

The fourth system of musical notation begins with a section marked "Sua." (Soprano) in the treble staff. It includes a first ending marked "1st." and a section marked "D.C." (Da Capo) and "TRIO." with a forte "ff" dynamic marking. The bass staff continues with chords.

The fifth system of musical notation features a series of chords in the bass staff and a melodic line in the treble staff. The notation is primarily chordal in nature.

The sixth system of musical notation includes two staves. It features a first ending marked "1st time." and a second ending marked "2nd time." The piece concludes with a "D.C." (Da Capo) instruction and a double bar line. The key signature remains two sharps.

EDWARD HARRISON, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street.—Weekly Pass Numbers and Monthly Parts.

THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE



BASKET IN HAND, GWALIA ENTERED THE ROOM.

SO RICH AND YET SO POOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PEARL BEYOND PRICE."

CHAPTER X.

MAN TO MAN.

As if being lured into peril by his evil genius, Lawrence Clayton strode jauntily on through the wood, careless and laughing to himself. It

No. 529.—Vol. XI.

was dark now and lonely, but it was his father's property—would some day be his—so what was there to fear? There might be visits from poachers, but not at this time of year, nor yet at such an hour. It was strange, then, that all at once the young man should feel a shiver of dread, and stop short, undecided as to his further progress.

"Pish!" he ejaculated. "What a coward I am!"

And he went straight on, but only at the end of a minute to start again, and shrink back shivering, as a strange cry was uttered almost at his elbow, and something white and ghostly-looking swept by and on down the path.

"I'd have sent a good charge of shot after you, madam, if I had had a gun!" he muttered, as the owl passed from sight. "I'm precious nervous to-night, and—what the deuce!"

This was a real cause for alarm. As he passed round a curve of the path, a hand was roughly clapped upon his arm, and a voice, hoarse and harsh beyond recognition, exclaimed:

"Here, stop! I've something to say to you!"

Lawrence Clayton glanced over his shoulder as if seeking for a way of retreat; but the hold upon his arm tightened, and of necessity he stood firm, gazing at the dimly-seen figure before him, the obscurity beneath the trees being thick enough to prevent recognition.

"What do you want? You've made some mistake," said Lawrence at last, hoarsely, for his heart beat fast, and he could not tell how this encounter might end.

"No; I've made no mistake," said the other, bitterly. "I know you well enough, Mr. Lawrence Clayton."

"Then, who are you?" exclaimed Lawrence, gathering courage from the other's supineness. "What, Johnson! How dare you, you scoundrel! What do you mean by stopping me in this way? Your master shall—"

"My master's not here, young man," exclaimed Johnson, in tones made strange by suppressed rage; "but yours is. Now, then, it's my turn," he cried, gripping the arm he held as in a vice. "What do you mean by following that poor girl about—you, who call yourself a gentleman! Tell me this: are you going to marry her, or break her heart with your lying promises and deceit?"

"Let go my arm," cried Lawrence, trembling with fear and anger, and turning ashy pale.

"When you've answered my questions, perhaps I will," said Johnson. "I want to know, first, whether her uncle knows of your coming."

"Let go my arm!"

"No, of course he don't," said Johnson, hoarsely; "and you dare not say he does; but he soon shall know."

"You'll tell him, of course," sneered Lawrence, savagely.

"No," roared the young man, "I won't—not for her sake; but I'll put a stop to your coming, and that, too, for her sake, since you mean her no good."

"How dare you speak to me in this way, you dog! Do you forget that I am a gentleman?"

"I know your father to be a gentleman," said Johnson, doggedly; "but that does not make you one."

"You impudent scoundrel!" cried Lawrence, "I'll make you smart for this."

And he struggled hard to free his arm.

"Hold still!" hissed Johnson, and he tightened his grasp so that Lawrence uttered an exclamation drawn from him by the pain. "Look here, young man; you do things in a sly, cunning, deceitful fashion, and call yourself a gentleman. I do things in a straightforward, open way, and only call myself a poor man, little better than a labourer. So I tell you this; I came upon you two a quarter of an hour ago in the wood there; and I tell you this, that you shall not go away from here till you've promised me on your knees before Heaven that you'll never go near that poor lass again."

"You mad fool!" exclaimed Lawrence, struggling once more.

"Keep quiet, or I'll do you a mischief!" exclaimed Johnson, forcing Lawrence back against a tree, and holding him there. "Mad fool! Yes, that's about right; but who has made me mad? I'll tell you—you have, by coming between me and her, and just for your sport. What would Miss Gwalia say to you, do you think, if she knew it all?"

"You insolent scoundrel!" cried Lawrence, once more struggling to free himself. "How dare you mention her name?"

"Mention her name!" cried Johnson. "Why, I could drag you to her now, and tell her all that I have seen, only I wouldn't hurt the poor girl so for the world, certainly not out of revenge. Insolent, am I? Yes, I suppose you call it so. But look here, young man: there's a great gap between us poor folk and you gentry; and we poor people respect it; we look across to you as a different kind to us; and we like your smooth ways and your learning, and see plainly enough that you are our superiors; but when one of you does a cowardly, mean thing—when he commits some foul crime—tries, as it were, to leap across the gap to where we stand, lowering himself, as he thinks, for the time to our level, he only falls into the pit between us, and lies there in the mire. We look down on him instead of his looking down to us; and I tell you, you've done this mean, cruel, dirty crime, and been found out in time. Come among us you sha'n't: creep back to your own people

you may—if you can; but to put it in plain, downright English, Lawrence Clayton, you don't go from here till you've gone down on your knees and sworn that you'll never seek to follow that poor girl again."

Lawrence made another vigorous effort to free himself; but rage had made his captor strong for the time as a giant, and he only increased his pain.

"It's all over with her for me," said Johnson, bitterly; "but I won't stand by and see her harmed if I can help it, so, now you hear what I say, down on your knees; there the moss is clean, and won't hurt your fine clothes. You may think yourself well off to get away so easy."

The young man spoke as if the passion which had agitated him had passed away now that he had his rival before him; but a word fired him again.

"You're a mad, insolent fool!" cried Lawrence, "and I'll do no such thing!"

"Yes, I am mad!" exclaimed Johnson, more fiercely; "but, I told you, it's you who made me so. Mind you don't suffer for my madness, for I'm ready now to put a stop to your coming at any cost."

There was a fierce struggle for a moment or two; by a savage wrench Lawrence Clayton nearly freed himself, and he sprang at his aggressor's throat, the two men heaving and swaying about in the narrow path; but in less time than it takes to write, the muscles of the sturdy labourer prevailed, and the gentleman was swung round, forced on to his knees, and Johnson held his wrists tightly gripped.

"Now," he said, panting, "before you go from here you'll say what I tell you."

"I'll say nothing of the kind!" hissed Lawrence, who, driven now to bay, was as void of fear as his aggressor.

In a moment Johnson's hands had changed from the young man's wrists to his throat, and he shivered and shrank from the fierce face brought close to his, as he felt the hot breath panting upon his cheek.

"Will you swear it?" was uttered, in low, deep tones.

"Yes!" was the response.

Johnson loosened his hold, and drew himself up.

"Then look here, Mr. Lawrence Clayton," he began.

"No!" roared Lawrence, springing at him, as he saw him off his guard, and bearing him back headlong to the ground; and then, springing over the prostrate body, he dashed through the dark alleys of the wood.

"A scoundrelly cad!" he panted, a minute after, as he ran on; "but he shall smart for this!"

He paused for a moment to wipe the perspiration from his forehead, and then a cold, damp dew spread over his face, a feeling of being quite unnerred took possession of him, and he gazed this way and that, as if not knowing where to fly, for so far from being free of his adversary, he was not only in hot pursuit, but close at hand.

Lawrence had known every turn in the wood from a child, and, dashing on for about a hundred yards, he turned sharply down a narrow alley, one which led away from the direction he might have been supposed to take—namely, the Manor, trusting to get out of the wood on the further side, and then meaning to make his way home by the road.

But Johnson was not to be baffled. Suspecting some ruse, he paused for a moment to listen where the paths crossed. The swishing noise of the parted boughs betrayed the fleeing man, and, regardless of blinding blows from freshly-released elastic saplings and tearing thorn, he gained upon Lawrence at every stride till, in a narrow dell, the latter turned, panting, to face his pursuer, who closed with him.

There was a short, fierce struggle. Lawrence Clayton was lifted from his feet and swung round, and then, with a heavy thud, he was hurled against a tree, to fall senseless, apparently dead, with Johnson standing over him.

One instant mad with rage and hate, the next shivering with dread, Johnson stood gazing upon his work, and wishing it undone.

He bent down over the young man, placed his face near his lips to catch his breath, thrust a hand into his breast to feel if his heart beat, and then, with a cry of horror, he leaped up, looked fearfully around to see that he was not observed, and turned and fled.

CHAPTER XI.

EARLY IN THE MORNING.

THE cold spring morning had only given the first faint tokens of dawning when John Wadds unfastened the cottage-door to bring a stool into the opening, and sit down to lace up his heavy

boots and button his gaiters, while the old pointer came and sat sedately by his side, uttering at intervals a low whine of pleasure to see his master again.

"Poor old lass! and he said I were to shoot you, did he?" said Wadds, stopping to caress the old dog, which softly thrust its intelligent head into his lap to nuzzle close up to him, and wink and blink with satisfaction. "Ah!" continued John, tightening the great leather lace, "that's the way of the world: grow old, and no more use, and then you may be shot. Just as well, p'r'aps, as be kicked about, or go to the workas, and be separated from all who know you. There, that's done," he said, giving one boot a stamp. "Poor old lass," he continued, patting the pointer's head before stooping to lace the second boot, more by touch than sight, for it was very dark. "Gyp!" he said at last to the black retriever, which was frantic with joy at his master's coming—"Gyp, my boy! you may just as well be quiet; you'll be tired enough before the day's out. Quiet, dog, will you! I don't want my face washed with your tongue, nor wiped with your great ears. Now lie down!"

The dog obeyed, and lay couchant, with its red tongue curled up at the end, and quivering, as its owner panted with excitement, and wanting to start, for there was no end of fun to come off—traps to examine, rats to find, and perhaps a few snacks for his own particular eating—when that second boot was laced.

"No, old lass, I couldn't shoot you," said Wadds to the pointer; "we've been friends for too many years. But there'll be an awful row when Master Larrance comes and finds you here. I tell you what I'll do, my lass: I'll get Miss Gwalia to take a fancy to you, and then we shall be all right, eh? Now, then, take care of the house till they get up, and I'm off."

The last button was looped in the gaiters, the shot-belt was buckled on, and the gun shouldered, and, welcomed by a joyful bark from Gyp, John Wadds set off down the path that had been the scene of the last night's meeting, while the old pointer crunched before the cottage-door, and laid its muzzle upon its paws.

The dew lay heavy upon the leaves and grass, and the keeper's eyes were wandering from side to side.

Just as he came to the opening where Polly had stood last, his glance fell upon something that was not a hyacinth nor yet a violet, though it was blue; and, on stooping to pick it up, a sly twinkle was in the keeper's eye as he recognised a little bow that belonged of right to Polly's hair.

"Bless her!" he said, half aloud, "How I will tease her about this!" and he tucked the scrap of silk into one of his many pockets.

"Hallo, Gyp! what is it, lass?"

The dog, which had been hunting and snuffing about amongst the hazel stubbs, dropped something at his feet.

"Cigar!" said Wadds, stooping to pick it up—"half smoked, and a good one. Not wet much neither. That there must have been thrown away last night by some one. Tom Johnson don't smoke cigars like that."

He tossed the fragment away, and strode on. It struck him once that it was odd; but the fact passed from his mind the next moment as he stepped quietly on to go his rounds before breakfast. For there were mole-traps to examine; steel-traps, too, set for vermin of a fiercer kind, of every one of which Gyp knew the position, and ran to it straight, stopping by it quietly if empty till his master came, but barking joyfully if some small animal had fallen to the keeper's skill.

The traps had been pretty successful in the past night, for a polecat and a couple of stoats were taken, besides moles, all of which were transferred to the keeper's pocket, ready for impalement on the barn-door.

Then the sun rose, to send roseate shafts through the mist that veiled the wood, lighting up the dim recesses, and flooding the glades with gorgeous orange light, till leaf and tree-trunk shone as if of purest gold, where every spray, leaf, and thread woven by busy spider glistened with Nature's jewels.

"Well," said John Wadds, stopping to lower his gun and rest his arms upon the muzzle, "folks call this here a very wicked world, and talk about getting out of it and longing for rest; but it strikes me that if we'd only leave it alone, and not spoil it with our nasty ways, it's a very beautiful world, and one with which we didn't ought to find fault."

Then he went busily on from trap to trap, while the burst of melody from every side made the woodlands ring.

"Tchare — tchare — tchare!" shrieked a

startled jay; and the keeper's gun went to his shoulder as he caught a good sight of the bird, but he dropped it again directly.

"No," he said; "I won't shoot you, though there's no fear of Miss Gwalia knowing to-day; but—eh? I must have you," he said, softly, as a great hawk came sailing over an opening in the wood. "No young fezzans for your breakfast this morning, my lad."

The hawk came sailing on, and the keeper's gun was raised, while Gyp crouched softly behind, watching his every movement with apparently the deepest interest.

Then the bird came within reach. There was a quick flash of flame from the fatal tube—a sharp report. The bird shot up a few yards in the air, and then fell swiftly through the bushes, careering to the right to recover itself, though, ere it touched the ground, and go skimming for awhile down one of the narrow paths, with Gyp in hot pursuit.

"Ah!" said the keeper, pausing to reload; "you won't go far, my fine fellow; and that's saved no end of our young birds."

Finished reloading, he stepped off here to an opening, where a hen had a little family of pheasants darting in and out of the coop, Dame Partlet being in an intense state of excitement about the hawk.

However, a handful of barley and some soft food for her young pacified the dame, and the keeper went on, following the dog, which at last reappeared, bearing the dead hawk, whose sharp talons were fixed in the dog's long ear.

"Good dog!" then said Wadds, patting the animal, which whined and seemed uneasy, gave two or three short, sharp barks, and ran back along the path.

"What is it, then?" said Wadds, who read the dog's actions more easily than he could a book. "What is it, my boy? Go on, then—fetch 'em out!"

Away went the dog barking, to come back at the end of a few moments whining and excited, but only to dart off again.

"What's he found?" said Wadds, glancing guiltily round. "I'll bet a pound it's a fox, and I'll—No, it won't do. They destroy no end of young game; but it would be high treason to touch one. Here, come away, and don't lead your master into temptation. D'yer hear, Gyp?"

But the dog did not return; he only dashed more furiously away down the path; and calls proving ineffectual, the keeper stepped briskly on, to turn a corner and find the moss trampled and the underwood a bit broken, as if a struggle had taken place.

"Hullo!" said Wadds. "What's here? A fight, or a beast got in? No, it's no beast, by the foot-prints. Some one's been a-lying down here, too; and, here, Gyp! Where are you, boy?"

Another sharp bark away in the wood led him to follow a track evidently made by some one who had gone blindly blundering through the underwood; and fifty yards or so further, he came upon the dog, barking furiously over the prostrate body of a man.

"Let's have a look at—Why, it's the young master!" exclaimed Wadds, stooping over the figure lying prone upon its face, just as he had evidently staggered through the brushwood, tripped, and fallen. The clothes were soaked with the night dew; and as he turned the body over, Lawrence uttered a low groan, and disclosed a face pale as ashes, save where it was discoloured with bruises, and a bramble had torn a red line right across the cheek and brow.

"Why, my lad, what's this?" said the keeper. "Who set upon you?"

Lawrence muttered a few incoherent words, and, unclosing his eyes, gazed strangely in the keeper's face.

"Poor lad! he don't know what I say. Here, Gyp," he said, and the dog barked as his master rapidly discharged both barrels of his gun, and, taking out a great handkerchief, bound it round and round the stock. "There, my lad, it's heavy; but you must get that home."

Then, without further heed to the dog, which immediately took the gun in his teeth, and contrived to wriggle himself under it, John Wadds carefully lifted the young man in his nervous arms, threw him over his shoulder, and in spite of the heavy weight, strode through the brushwood with great firm strides, a low groan or two from Lawrence being followed by a lapse into insensibility.

CHAPTER XII.

JOHN WADDS MAKES A DISCOVERY.

"WHEN I was a girl your age, Polly, I didn't want no calling of a morning, but was up in good time, and had the breakfast ready for those who wanted it."

This from Mrs. Grayling, who was lying in bed with the open door of her room, which was on the same floor as the keeping-room, enabling her to see Polly bustling and busy, although her face was pale.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Grayling; "girls used to be girls in those days."

"Now, mother dear, do be quiet," cried Polly, pettishly; for the little maiden looked worn and upset. "You shall have a cup of tea as soon as possible."

"Oh! I don't want a cup of tea," said Mrs. Grayling, querulously; though that was what really was wanted to soften down or melt—so to speak—the little acid crystals which formed in her poor invalid disposition during the night. "I don't want any tea. I was thinking of your poor uncle."

"Oh! mother, don't be so tiresome," cried Polly.

"I don't see that its tiresome to wish to see the house tidy by a decent hour in the morning," said Mrs. Grayling.

"Why, the house is tidy, mother, and the kettle boiling," cried Polly; "and I'm just going to put out the breakfast-things, and it hasn't struck six yet."

"No," said Mrs. Grayling; "it hasn't struck six; but suppose your uncle had come back, and there's not a bit of black lead put upon that stove!"

Ten minutes after, Mrs. Grayling was being soothed with a cup of tea; and at half-past six she was sitting in her accustomed place by the bright fire, knitting away at a pair of gray worsted stockings; while Polly was hard at work up to her elbows in flour, making the bread in a big pan, religiously keeping her back to her mother the while, on account of a stray tear or two that would keep rising, and one of which dropped like a little pearl right into the white flour, and was lost.

It may sound homely, but in the cottage that bright morning, it was a very pretty sight to see little Polly making the bread: first of all fetching the great brown pan, almost as big as herself, then emptying in so much flour from a white bag, making a hole in that white hillock, and pouring in the frothy yeast from an old brown jug; then putting in so much salt, and adding water, before attacking the whole hotly with two little dimply fists and their accompanying white arms, whose sleeves were pinned far above the elbow. Punch, turn, pat; it was wonderful how she kneaded that mass of flour and water into dough, patting it at last into a great, soft, white pudding at the bottom of the pan, the whole well floured to keep it from being sticky; and then the great pan stood by the fire for the dough to rise, neatly covered with a white cloth; while Polly washed her hands, drew down the sleeves over her white arms—rather a pity, by-the-way—and then stood panting and somewhat flushed, waiting for her uncle's return.

"I hope that yest won't be so bitter this time, Polly," said Mrs. Grayling. "Oh! here's your uncle! Is the bacon on the table?"

"Yes, mother," was the reply, somewhat dreamily made; and then Polly grew animated, for there was a rustling, panting sound, and, in a great state of excitement, Gyp came in, half carrying, half dragging the keeper's gun, which the dog laid on the floor, and then stood over it, barking a series of sharp, excited barks.

"Surely nothing's the matter!" exclaimed Mrs. Grayling, trembling. "Oh! Polly, my child, see, quick—has the gun been fired off?"

Polly looked at the locks, and then hastily drew out the ramrod, and tested each barrel in turn, ending, as she replaced the rod, by gazing blankly at her mother.

"Then he's met with some accident! Oh, Polly! and I've been so fretful and cross with him! I shall never forgive myself!"

"Here's a handkerchief round the gun," said Polly, eagerly, "and two knots in one corner: that must mean something."

"Oh! my child, run—run, and see! Take Gyp, and he will lead you right. I never felt this affliction before as I do now, when it holds me back from helping."

Without another word, Polly ran to the door, Gyp bounding before her with delighted barks as he understood her movements; but she had hardly crossed the threshold, when she shrank back with a faint cry, and covered her face with her hands; but she had presence of mind enough to say, hastily:

"Somebody's hurt, but 'tain't uncle."

"Thank Heaven!" said the invalid, in a fervent undertone; and Polly recovered herself on the instant to look out once more and see John Wadds striding manfully along under his heavy burden, which he bore into the cottage and through the room to his own bed, where he laid it carefully down.

"Now, lass, quick!" he said. "Warm water and a sponge and towel; drop of brandy, too. The young master's got a bit hurt. Come, lass, look alive! What ails you?"

For no sooner had Polly caught sight of the features of him her uncle bore, than she turned white even to her lips, reeled up against the wall, and nearly fell; but it was past in a minute, and she was bustling about, answering to all the keeper's wants, as, with the rough surgical skill of one who had been in many a poaching affray and helped the doctor after, he did what was necessary to the cuts and bruises Lawrence Clayton had received, ending by leaving him lying in a sort of half-delirious stupor, muttering softly as he lay with his closed eyes.

"Now I'll go for the doctor," said Wadds, hastily swallowing a cup of tea. "That's just what he did to Sam Beany when he was knocked about in Woolley's Copse. What?"

"Do you think he'll die?" said Polly, for the second time, in a choking tone of voice.

"No, I don't," said Wadds, looking at her curiously as he bit huge semicircles out of a piece of thick bread-and-butter thrust into his hand by Mrs. Grayling. "Head's too thick, ever so much; but I should like to know what it all means."

"Insolent—dog—dare you!" came, in a muttered, broken way from the keeper's bed.

"But has he met with an accident?" said Polly, anxiously.

"Yes, if you like to call it so," said the keeper; "only, he's been cruelly beaten by some one."

"Poachers?" whispered Polly.

"Not our kind of poachers, I think," said John Wadds, slowly and thoughtfully.

"Oh! pray tell me what you mean!" cried Polly.

"You seem mighty interested," said Wadds, with his mouth full; and he looked at the girl intently.

"Oh! only it seems so dreadful!" stammered Polly.

"Yes," said John, wiping his streaming forehead, and panting yet with his exertion; "he has been pretty well knocked about; and it'll be a lesson to him."

"A lesson? Oh! pray tell me what it is, uncle!"

"Well," said John Wadds, "he's been poaching himself, I should say, and got thrashed for it by the keeper in our upper wood last night; and there he lay till Gyp found him this morning—very kind, too, of Gyp, after being kicked in the ribs by him six months ago, and having one of 'em broken."

Polly stood staring and silent, unable to trust herself to speak; but Mrs. Grayling's curiosity was excited, and she said, pettishly, being out of temper on account of her fright:

"Why don't you say what you mean, man?"

"What do I mean?" said John, turning at the door. "Why, that he's been at his old games, poaching on somebody else's preserves, and been caught by the keeper; playing wolf about somebody's sheep-fold, and trying to steal a lamb, but been caught by the shepherd. There, deluding some poor man's daughter, if you will have it, and been caught and thrashed by her father, or sweetheart, or uncle, just as I'd have thrashed him if it had fallen to me."

As the keeper spoke, he looked very hard at Polly, who trembled and turned away her eyes, for there was a deal of meaning in the keeper's gaze. He was a man accustomed to judge by analogy, and to be led by a slight clue into a broad road. A spent cap lying in the woodland path had before now, by its make and the shop where it could be bought, led him to discover the poachers who had been in the wood, even as a ragged wad or scrap of half-burned paper had brought him to the same result. And now upon entering the cottage, the finding of that cigar-end had recurred to his mind with the result that upon starting off at a trot for the doctor—in spite of the conversation, only a few minutes' delay having elapsed—he took the cut through the wood, sent in the dog, and recovered the cigar-end, which he carefully wrapped in paper as he ran and placed in one of his many pockets, ready for the use he proposed.

And as he ran he made his plans. First, he would get the doctor down to the cottage before going up to the Manor; for, to begin with, he could do no good there, as nobody would be up, and, of course, medical assistance was the first thing necessary. After that, he would let Mr. Clayton know, and frighten poor Miss Gwalia most to death.

It did not take him long to reach the village and the doctor's house, which was opposite to the vicarage. Here he learned that, after being

up all night, the doctor had only been an hour in bed.

"Tell him I must speak to him," said Wadds, with the result that he was ushered to the landing, and told his business through the half-open door.

"With you in a quarter of an hour. Wait," was the laconic response; and John Wadds stepped softly to bed, calculated his time, and stepped out, to be met, before he had gone many yards, by Tom Johnson, who looked pale as ashes on seeing the keeper.

There was a peculiar look passed between the two men, John Wadds fixing his eyes searchingly upon Johnson, who seemed to flinch from the contact.

"I sha'n't say anything, Johnson," said the keeper, slowly, "for I'm all in a muzzy state at present; but I'm beginning to think it all out."

Johnson opened his lips to speak; but no words came. The keeper did not notice it, however, for his eyes were fixed upon the young man's scratched and torn hand, from the knuckle of one finger of which the skin was knocked away.

"Just you stop here," said Wadds; "and if Mr. Westleigh comes out, I'm gone to the Manor, and will be back in a few minutes. Do you hear?"

The young man nodded, and John Wadds turned to go; but he seemed to read that which was in the young man's mind, for he stepped back the moment after, and said, in an undertone:

"He isn't dead!"

Hurrying to the Manor, he made his way to the kitchen-door, and entered.

"Master down?"

"No, nor won't be this two hours."

"Master Larrance?"

"Lor, no," said the girl. "He didn't come home last night. Went away in a tiff because he and master had some words."

"Miss Gwalia?"

"Went out for a morning walk about a minute before you came in."

"Well," said John, "I just want to go into Master Larrance's study a minute."

"Well, go on," said the girl, pertly. "You don't want me to show you the way, I suppose?"

For it was no unusual request, Wadds often going there to fetch and clean guns and replace them; so, a minute after, the keeper stepped on tiptoe over the marble floor of the hall, went into the study, and the first thing which caught his eye was a cedar cigar-box on a cabinet. Opening it, he took out a cigar, and hastily compared it with the piece he held; then another and another, to find all of the same thick, heavy make and glistening leaf.

One by one the cigars fell back into the box, and the old man's brow contracted as he saw more clearly into that which was before all mist.

"And I've taken him under the same roof!" he said, with a groan.

He stamped one foot upon the floor as he drew in his breath with the sudden, spasmodic catch of one in pain; then, hurrying out, he was back by the Doctor's house just as he came out; but no Tom Johnson was to be seen.

"Badly hurt, do you think?" said the Doctor, hastily, as they strode along.

"Can't say, sir," said Wadds. "One ugly cut on the side of the brow, and he's quite light-headed. Must have lain there for hours."

"Humph!" ejaculated the doctor; and then he was silent until they had completed their walk through the bright wood, where all looked so calm and peaceful, that it seemed hard to imagine so painful a scene as that which awaited them in the keeper's cottage.

Here all was as Wadds had left it, save that Polly had been watching by the injured man's side, wincing as she caught, now and then, his muttered words, mingled with which again and again was the name of Gwalia.

"You could not have done better," said the Doctor, approvingly, when he returned from his inspection. "Been better without the brandy; but there, you did your best. He will be down for some time, that's certain. Ribs broken—think himself lucky it wasn't his skull. But who could have done it?"

"Impossible to say, sir," said Wadds, staring hard at Polly, who was drinking in eagerly every word that was said.

Then the Doctor took his leave, promising a speedy return, and undertaking to break the news at the Manor.

A minute after, there was a whimper from the old pointer; a light step was heard; there was a tap on the door-post; and, basket in hand, her soft hair confined by the strings of her hat, Gwalia entered the room.

"I have brought you some wine, Mrs.—"

She stopped short, gazing in alarm at the panic-stricken faces before her.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked, her soft, gray eyes wandering from one to the other.

Then, as Wadds made a clumsy effort to get between her and the door leading to his bedroom, there came a low groan from the stricken man. Gwalia saw all at a glance, and made towards the bed; but only to be confronted by Polly, angry, and at bay.

CHAPTER XIII.

BEARING THE NEWS.

It was nature that prompted that movement on the part of Polly Grayling, and art—that is, education—which controlled it, and made her turn trembling away; but, short as had been the space of time, it had been long enough for Gwalia to read that in the girl's eyes which sent a fresh pang to her heart; while John Wadds obtained fresh corroboration of his suspicions, and Mrs. Grayling grew angry at the rudeness of her child.

"Don't you know better, Polly?" she cried. "Hasn't Miss Gwalia a right to go where she pleases in our house? The idea of your trying to stop her!"

Gwalia said nothing, only moved to the bedside, to lay a cool, soft hand on Lawrence's burning forehead. He was, however, unconscious of the gentle touch, and of the soothing of his pillow; but not so Polly, who was half beside herself with rage, and only contained her tears till she had run into her own room, and locked the door.

"Queer times coming, I'm afraid—queer times coming," muttered Wadds, shaking his head; and then, turning to Gwalia, he said: "I'm going up to the house now, miss, to let master know of the mishap."

"But tell me, Wadds, how it happened," exclaimed Gwalia, in a hurried whisper, as she laid her hand upon his arm.

"Nobody can tell you that, miss, but Master Larrance himself. I found him in the wood this morning, lying where he must have been a-lying for hours, and I brought him here."

"But would it be poachers?" said Gwalia. "Not at this time o' year, miss," said Wadds. "Was he robbed?"

"No, miss; theer's his watch and money on the chimney-piece, and his rings—all three—is on his fingers."

"Then it must have been either from enmity or mistake," exclaimed Gwalia, pitifully—"from mistake, for he could have no enemies. Look here, Wadds: tell Mr. Clayton as gently as you can. I would go with you, but I cannot leave his side."

"Yes, miss, I'll break it gently," said Wadds; and, setting off, he reached the Manor, and was shown into the breakfast-room just as Mr. Clayton had come down, was opening his letters, and wondering at the absence of Gwalia from the board.

"Well, Wadds," said Mr. Clayton, "what's the very particular business that brings you here?"

"Master Larrance half killed in the woods last night."

"Lawrence—half killed!" gasped his father, clasping the arms of his chair, and leaning forward to gaze in the old keeper's face.

"Been up to some of his games, and got knocked about awful," said Wadds, coolly.

"Where is he?" said Mr. Clayton, trying hard to compose himself, but trembling visibly. "He is not dead, Wadds? Speak out, man, and let me know the worst."

"No, sir, nor likely to be," said the keeper, bluntly, "or else I shouldn't have spoke so plain. The Doctor's seen to him, and he's now lying at my place, where I took him this morning."

Mr. Clayton generally walked toilsomely by means of a stick; this morning he knocked the cane down as he rose to ring the bell, and stood erect as he gave his orders.

"Let the carriage be sent on as quickly as possible down to the Copse gate; put in plenty of pillows and blankets; let the gardeners both come, and ask Mr. Vertley to allow Johnson to come as well."

"Excuse me, sir," said Wadds, "but wouldn't the spring van be better? You could make quite a bed on the floor."

"Quite right, Wadds—yes," said Mr. Clayton. "Let them send the van."

Directly after, he was walking, firm and erect, by the side of the keeper, whom he questioned again about the accident, but elicited nothing; for, as John Wadds said, he could only tell of what he had seen, and not of his suspicions.

A few words were said, on reaching the keeper's cottage, about the advisability of letting the patient stay until after the Doctor's second visit; but on this point Mr. Clayton was inexorable.

"He could bear being carried here roughly," the father said; "surely he can bear being carefully moved to where he will have home comforts and watching."

It was all that Gwalia could do to keep her eyes from wandering towards those of the keeper's niece, which she felt intuitively were watching her intently; and it was so, for this was a turn Polly had not expected matters to take. It was a triumph, she told herself, to her rival, for she had made up her mind that during the long hours when she would have to tend and watch over Lawrence, he would, in gratitude, turn to her to the exclusion of Gwalia, whose memory would grow fainter day by day; for there was some engagement between them, she was sure, and now—how she hated the meek pale-faced girl! He was to be taken away, and she, who had been cheated and deluded by him, treated as a plaything, would be forgotten altogether.

Her musings were cut short by the arrival of the light van, in which quite a bed had been made, and in the strong arms of the gardener and the vicar's bailiff, who performed his part with quiet curiosity, Lawrence Clayton was easily borne, Polly, in spite of her determination to behave with Spartan fortitude, and have no more to do with anybody, having the satisfaction of being beforehand with Gwalia in running forward and arranging the pillows for the sick man's head.

This she did with a sort of defiant stealth, looking angrily the while at Gwalia; but no sooner had the procession moved off, with the wheels of the van brushing the bushes on either hand, and often sinking into the ruts, and the greatest care being needed to preserve the injured man from rude shocks, than Polly ran into her own room again, and, regardless of Mrs. Grayling's calls, kept herself shut in for quite a couple of hours, a cold, dead feeling of despair having taken possession of her heart, as all the future seemed black and cheerless to the little maiden.

"I'll never even look at him again!" said Polly; "and I'd never forgive him, only that he is so bad!"

Then her spirit seemed to have been roused, and, after bathing her eyes, she went out, and busied herself over her morning work till John Wadds returned, with the news that the young master had borne the moving well, and all the time John Wadds looked as if a great load had been taken off his mind.

"For it would have been ten times worse to have had him here," said Wadds to himself, as he stood and gazed at his homely cot; "like nursing the sick wolf in the same fold as the lamb, and now—thank Heaven!"

"Polly!" cried his sister just then, making him start. "Oh! John, do, pray, stop her: there! she's off again! It's quite shameful the way she neglects me."

John Wadds looked up to see Polly disappearing down the forest path.

"Let the lass be," he said, in a quiet, serious way, which made Mrs. Grayling look up at him curiously. "Don't say anything to her for a few days, and she'll come round."

[To be continued.]

"So Rich and Yet So Poor" commenced in No. 526 and Part CXXVIII.

BUTTERMILK.—An eminent French chemist, M. Robbing, in a memoir recently presented to the French Academy, announces his belief that the period of human existence may be greatly prolonged, and enters into an argument to show that his belief is based upon sound reasoning. His argument is, that the mineral matter which constitutes an ingredient in most of our food, after the combustion, is in our system to incrust and stiffen the different parts of the body, tending to render imperfect many of the vital processes. He compares human beings to furnaces which are always kindled, and says:—"Life exists only in combustion, but the combustion which occurs in our bodies, like that which takes place in our chimneys, leaves a detritus which is fatal to life. To remove this, he would administer lactic acid with ordinary food. This acid is known to possess the power of removing or destroying the incrustations which form on the arteries, cartilages, and valves of the heart. As buttermilk abounds in this acid, and is, moreover, an agreeable kind of food, its habitual use, it is urged, will free the system from these causes of death between the seventy-fifth and the hundredth year."



"YOU ARE NOT LOOKING WELL, MY DEAR MISS HARGREAVES," THE DUKE SAID.

FOR LIFE—FOR LOVE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TRISSIE'S BRIDAL," "WILFUL WINNIE," "AGAINST HIS WILL," "A TWISTED LINK," "MR. BERRINGTON'S WARDS," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

KATHARINE SEES, OR FANCIES SHE SEES, AN OPENING FOR ESCAPE.

SCARCELY a word was spoken by father or son as they walked to Mr. Hargreaves' house. Captain Alverstone longed to question Claude, and glean some knowledge of his intentions; but he received no encouragement to do so, and was afraid to press the young man any further, lest he should arouse still more the indomitable spirit he knew not how to curb. He was terribly mortified to find Claude testifying so many scruples where he had none, and the only course he could adopt appeared to be standing passively by and letting the young couple decide for themselves. But he was so afraid that Katharine's avowed reluctance should prove more powerful than her desire to save her father, that he provided himself with a note, which he sent up by her maid as soon as he entered the house, warning her that Claude was too proud to wed her if she testified any repugnance to the match, and therefore that, for Mr. Hargreaves' sake, she must be careful.

Katharine crushed the paper in her hand, and longed to defy the writer; but she dared not. Her father's health was in a more precarious condition than ever; he was restless and irritable, and the perfect tranquillity the doctors enjoined was a difficult task to preserve. The sound of a strange step—the echo of a voice he did not recognise, threw him into a state of nervous excitement that even his daughter's soothing attentions would not always subdue. She was afraid to surmise what the consequences would be if Captain Alverstone forced his way into his presence; and, after a violent struggle with her feelings, she went downstairs, prepared to submit herself to her tyrant's will.

Rose had flown to meet her relatives as soon as they arrived. In spite of the grudge she

privately cherished against the unconscious Queenie, she had not been insensible to her kindness, nor could she help enjoying the luxuries with which she found herself surrounded. She was eager to show Claude a cabinet of foreign productions, amongst which she had recognised some dried flowers and shells that reminded her of their New Zealand home, and the animated girl was trying to arouse his interest in them, while her father, with a self-satisfied air, strolled about the room, planning alterations that were to be effected as soon as he took the reins into his own hands, when Katharine joined them.

"My child, you look pale this morning!" he exclaimed, paternally, as he advanced to meet her. "They tell me your father has slept badly; your responsibilities are getting too heavy for you. It is time that amongst us we relieved you of some of them."

She made no reply, but, walking past him, seated herself in her favourite chair. With her hands folded in her lap, and her white eyelids veiling the blue orbs, that were dark with passionate despair, she sat as rigid, as motionless as if chiselled out of marble, awaiting his pleasure.

He could have cursed her in his rage for the passiveness that balked him more than any louder opposition to his will; but he feigned not to perceive it, and, with a noisy assumption of ease and cheerfulness, beckoned to his son.

"Claude, my dear boy, your cousin is aware that you wish to have some conversation with her. Rose, you may as well do the honours of the conservatory you have been describing so rapturously."

His daughter looked surprised and curious, but obeyed, and the next moment the room contained only the silent, statue-like lady and the agitated youth, who stood gazing down upon her, half afraid to address her lest she should wither him with her scorn.

"Miss Hargreaves," he said at last, "you do not speak, and yet you once told me that I should be a welcome visitor to your father's house."

"Did I? Then I must have been speaking to the person to whom I thought I was under an

obligation for saving my life; I valued it then more than I do now."

The deep sadness of her accents touched her hearer.

"Heaven forbid that I should add to the sorrow you are evidently suffering! You have only to bid me leave you, and I will never intrude upon you again."

Still Katharine did not vouchsafe him a look, or her reply might have been less cutting.

"I believe I know precisely how much and how little your promise conveys. These hands of mine are fettered, and I dare not answer you as I would."

"On my honour, Miss Hargreaves, I will do precisely as you wish! If you would but trust me—if you would but regard me as a friend—"

But she stopped him with a quick movement of her hand.

"Impossible! You are the son of Captain Alverstone; I am the daughter of the unfortunate man he suspects."

"Impossible, do you say? and yet my father tells me that—"

He hesitated, and coloured. Now that he stood in her presence, how could he repeat the Captain's assurances that she would readily agree to be his?

"Why do you pause?" asked Katharine, though a faint tinge of rose-colour began to tint her cheeks. "What I have been obliged to hear from Captain Alverstone's lips, I can surely bear to have repeated by yours. It is too late for any pretence of sparing my feelings to be acceptable."

"If you, then, permit me to speak freely, let me hope you will be equally frank in return. Miss Hargreaves, my father has given me hopes that you will consent to be my wife. Is he justified in doing so?"

He saw her set her pearly teeth on her lip and lock her hands together. Although she fancied she had nerved herself to go through this ordeal, it was some time before she could command herself to reply.

"Justified, did you say? No—a thousand times no! There can be neither right nor justice in Captain Alverstone's conduct in

forcing upon me a marriage with his son. But it is true that I have agreed to do his will on the condition that he spares my poor father. Now, sir, you know all;" and, rising from her chair, she stood before Claude, trembling with excitement, yet resolved at all risks to enter her protest against the treatment to which she was subjected. "You know what promise has been extorted from me, and that if you enforce it, I must keep my word. But let us understand each other: if I become your wife it will be solely to save my father from trouble and annoyance. I shall go to the altar with you because Captain Alverstone gives me no other alternative; but I will only be your wife in name. To avoid scandal I may appear with you in public, and before your servants I will try to render you some show of obedience; but I shall never, never forget—nor let you do so—that I am dragged into a marriage that degrades me in my own eyes! If it were not for poor papa I would sooner die than be your wife, Mr. Alverstone!"

Her look, her passionate tones were as galling to his pride as the words she uttered, and Claude began to take a sterner and colder attitude.

"I can well believe you, Miss Hargreaves; but ere you make any more of these resolutions, hear me! I have no desire to lead to the altar a lady who so carefully impresses upon me her opinion of my unworthiness. When I do wed, I should certainly prefer to be married for myself. To live day after day with one who, for no fault of my own, contemns me, and who heaps upon me reproaches I have done nothing to deserve, is a vision I am in no hurry to realise."

"You are polite, sir," said Katharine, haughtily.

"I am sincere, madam. Did you expect me to thank you for the proffer of a hand given so unwillingly? Or are you certain that I shall accept a wife on such terms at all?"

"What, sir! Are you even more cruel than your father?" she ejaculated. "Do you refuse to wed me, so that papa's ruin may be effected at once?"

"Certainly not. Why should I seek to do Mr. Hargreaves any injury?"

"Then you talk in this strain to humiliate me; to make me feel that you condescend greatly when you marry one who is so helplessly at your mercy."

"You are mistaken, Miss Hargreaves. I never knew till last night why this marriage is in contemplation."

"But you are not generous enough to use your influence with your father to set it aside," she hastened to tell him, with an incredulous air.

"There need be no talk of generosity," said Claude. "You do not spare me, so why should I hesitate to remind you that I should have as much to lose in such a match as you would?"

She looked haughtily surprised, but he repeated his words, adding:

"You forget that I should be risking the happiness of my future life for a gentleman I have never seen, and a young lady who treats me with contumely."

"And yet you are here!"

"Yes, madam, I am here to say—if it be absolutely necessary—Katharine Hargreaves, only consent to become mine, and all that I can do to reconcile you to the fate you dread, I will do. Or if you will let me be your friend, and point out how I can extricate you from your difficulties, I am ready to make the effort and ask no reward but that you try to put a kinder interpretation on my actions."

"If you are in earnest," cried Katharine, breathlessly, "go at once to your father. Tell him, as you have told me, that you are averse to this marriage, and insist that he gives up the idea."

"I have no influence with him."

"But you are old enough for your determination to have some weight. He must yield, if you insist. If you are really as much my friend as you profess to be, make a bold stand against an act that may entail misery upon both of us."

In her eagerness she had drawn nearer to Claude, and was trying to look into his averted eyes.

"See, he is there!" she exclaimed, pointing to the conservatory. "Ah! sir, go to him—plead with him to set me free, and be patient till papa is better, and I shall be grateful indeed!"

But he did not move.

"You forget, Miss Hargreaves, what I told you a minute ago. I have no influence with my father."

She turned from him impatiently.

"You say this to rid yourself of my importunities. He must give way if you are firm."

"Yes; and he is aware that I object to comply with his wishes; but must I tell you what he said?"

She nodded assent.

"He declared that if I persisted in my refusal to ask your hand, he would make you rue an obstinacy for which he considered that you would be answerable."

"He is heartless and a villain!" cried Katharine, passionately.

"He is my father," Claude reminded her. "Instead of dwelling upon what he threatens to do, tell me if you cannot suggest a way out of your present dilemma. Have you no friend who would protect you, and interpose on your behalf?"

"Not one," she answered with a sob. "There are plenty of people who have made me offers of service; but I cannot reveal to them the peril that menaces my father. Ah! why did you not leave me in the hands of those brutal men? It would have been but a pang, and I should have been at rest."

"And your father?"

She pressed her hands to her aching heart.

"True. I am mad and selfish to forget how much he needs me. I must consider him, and save him if I can. What were you saying about friends? Alas! I have none to whom I can apply in such an affair as this."

"But there may be some one——" Then Claude broke off, and with disordered looks paced across the room twice before he could finish the sentence. "There may be one, Miss Hargreaves, who loves you well enough to stand in the gap for your sake. I know that nothing less than a very large sum of money will satisfy my father; but the man who prizes you for yourself will surely arrange that it shall be forthcoming, and shield you from any further annoyance."

"And where is this rich and generous gentleman to be found?" she asked, incredulously.

Claude looked at her, but did not speak, and it flashed upon her that he must have heard of the addresses of the Duke of St. Helen's.

Katharine blushed to her temples, but she shook her head doubtfully. She had been flattered by the attentions of the handsome, insouciant nobleman, and had been sometimes coy, sometimes kind enough to fascinate him, and give the gossips some reason to assert that his grace would eventually lead her to the altar. But she doubted whether his love was deep and ardent enough to bring him to her aid now, even if she could summon courage enough to make him acquainted with her awkward position.

Claude saw her perplexity, and also that his father was beginning to draw near the glass door leading from the conservatory.

"You must have time to think—to summon this gentleman to your assistance," he whispered, hastily. "You shall have it, if you will but be silent, and contradict nothing that I shall assert."

Captain Alverstone was in the room before more could be said, and Claude took a step to meet him.

"Father, I have come to an understanding with Miss Hargreaves, and I have promised that she shall not be required to name a day for our union until I see her again."

The Captain glanced crossly and suspiciously from one to the other, but his son's hand rested on the arm of Katharine's chair, and her face had lost the hard, defiant look that always provoked him.

"How absurd! What occasion can there be for these delays?" he demanded.

"Perhaps none; but Miss Hargreaves' wishes must be considered a little. Do you hear, father?—I insist that you grant her this respite!"

"Insist!" he began, angrily; but recollecting that the game was in his own hands, and that Claude had proved it by conceding this much, he gave way. "Ah, well, ladies are proverbially whimsical; so our pretty Katharine must have her way, I suppose; but you may as well warn her that it will be for the last time. She must be your wife before the week is out, or I shall seek an interview with Mr. Hargreaves, and get him to use his authority."

His meaning glance made the young lady quail and mutter "Dastard!" between her teeth; but Rose had now joined them, and after a few common-places, and a very decided "You will see us again on the third day from this!" Captain Alverstone took his leave, Claude accompanying him.

Rose flew to a window to wave another farewell to her brother, and then came and seated herself at a writing-table to read and answer an

affectionate but almost illegible scrawl sent to her by the mother from whom she was parted for the first time since her infancy. Katharine still reclined where they had left her, trying to think—to rouse herself to some of her old energy, now that a chance of escape had been given her. But she lacked the faith in the Duke's devotion that would have made her brave. She could not resolve to summon him to her side; she was growing so weary—so crushed beneath the weight of constant anxiety, that she had no strength left for resistance. Had the Captain returned at that moment, and commanded her to wed his son within the hour, she would not have felt able to refuse.

If she thought connectedly at all, it was when Claude's image rose to the surface. Self-denying and kind as he had proved himself, he had also mortified her unconquered pride, for had he not testified the greatest repugnance to the idea of making her his wife?

"If I were old and ugly, or silly and selfish, like Lollie Quentin, he could not have shown me more plainly that he will have none of me. No one cares for me but papa, and so, if I lose him, I lose all!"

She had just come to this sorrowful conclusion, when a servant opened the door and announced a visitor, the sound of whose name extorted a sharp, startled cry from Rose Alverstone. But Katharine sprang to her feet and clasped her hands joyfully. A kind Providence must have wafted him hither, for it was the Duke of St. Helen's himself.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DUKE IS PAINFULLY REMINDED OF THE OLD ADAGE "TIS WELL TO BE OFF WITH THE OLD LOVE BEFORE YOU ARE ON WITH THE NEW."

WHEN Katharine heard the Duke announced, she glanced round for her young guest; but Rose had disappeared, and she could greet him without any of the uncomfortable sensations produced by the presence of a third person. Never, perhaps, had she looked more interesting than when, with a soft, rosy flush coming and going on the cheek, that had grown thinner since they last met, she stepped forward and put her hand into Lancelot St. Helen's. The hauteur and imperiousness that in one so youthful and petite, had been wont to amuse rather than impress him, had disappeared, to be replaced by a pensive, appealing manner, much more flattering to his *amour propre*; and his own voice took a gentler, tenderer tone in consequence, as he addressed her.

"I cannot tell you how much I regret to hear of Mr. Hargreaves' indisposition, especially as it deprives society of one of its brightest ornaments."

"Your grace's is a flattering speech, but I fear there is not much truth in it. I cannot believe that I have been missed."

"Indeed you have; go where I will I hear your name coupled with expressions of sorrow that you are confined to the house, and for such a sad cause. But let me hope that as I have gained admission at last, Mr. Hargreaves is recovering."

"Papa is still very weak and ill!" Katharine told him with a sigh. "But you say *at last!* I have found your card on my table once, and only once!"

"On which occasion I was so peremptorily refused admittance, that I have not ventured to repeat the attempt until to-day; but now fortune has favoured me, I shall ask leave to come again more frequently. It is so hard to be shut out of the sunshine, that I shall pray you not to condemn me to banishment any more."

Katharine smiled and blushed, and tried to feel satisfied with the end of the Duke's speech, though the commencement had chilled her. If his love had been sincere, would he have allowed weeks to elapse before making a second attempt to see her?

"It is dull work visiting here now," she told him. "Papa is too ill to receive anyone, and I bring from the sick-room such saddened looks and depressed spirits, that I am not fit to be seen."

"An excellent reason why your friends should be constant in their attentions."

"My friends—yes," said Katharine, with some constraint; "but they are few and far between."

"May I not number myself amongst them? or has not *la belle Reine* forgiven my last offence? Let me see, what was it? Robbing her bouquet of a flower, to wear in token that I had sworn fealty to her: am I not right?"

But the sportive tone he was taking jarred on her excited nerves.

"I cannot remember. In the presence of great danger to a person one loves, we cease to dwell upon the frivolous nothings said and done in gayer moments."

"I stand reproved," the Duke replied, more soberly; "but I thought it would be better to recur to the past than let your thoughts dwell on present troubles. You are not looking well, my dear Miss Hargreaves. Now the flush has left your face, I see that you are pale and thin: are you not overtaxing your strength by such close attendance on your father?"

"He does not like me to leave him; but it is not that. I have had a great deal to contend with, and with no one at hand to give me the advice and support I needed."

"I am sorry to hear this; I have always thought of you as surrounded with affectionate relatives and friends."

"Useless acquaintances, you mean," she replied, rather bitterly. "Of those I have but too many."

"Then do not reckon me in the list," he exclaimed, with greater earnestness than he had hitherto employed; "for if it is in my power to serve you, dearest Miss Hargreaves, I must beg that you will not hesitate to say so."

Katharine was silent. Although on his first arrival she had resolved to tell him all, she lacked the courage to begin without more encouragement. She must first know that the love at which he hinted was deep and strong enough to induce him to brave contumely and trouble for her sake.

He drew his chair a little nearer, and, taking her hand, entreated her to confide in him. But, unfortunately, he had not the slightest idea of the magnitude of her difficulties, and therefore his words, though kind, were not emphatic enough to satisfy her.

"Why not tell me what has harassed you?" he demanded. "You do not know what a man of business I can be upon occasion; and I am an idle fellow, to whom a troublesome or difficult affair would be a regular boon. I will run half over London if you bid me, overlook clerks, scold lawyers, rid you of troublesome servants—in fact, do anything that will earn me a 'thank you' from my Queen's rosy lips!"

"It is pleasant to hear you say this; but I have no claim upon your grace. How, then, can I ask you to devote yourself to my service? or to take upon your shoulders the perplexities that assail me?"

"No claim! Are you not in my eyes one of the fairest, brightest, and best of women? No claim! Oh, Miss Hargreaves, you jest! Have I not always been one of the most devoted of your admirers?"

"If you really mean what you say—if you feel for me more than common friendship—" But Katharine grew very pale, and could say no more. She might lead him on till he made a decided avowal of his affection, and asked her to be his wife; but how could she consent?—how say to him, "In marrying me, you must take upon yourself the difficult task of extricating my father from the power of Captain Alverstone," and also tell him how that power was obtained?

"Do not pause, dear Katharine," the Duke exclaimed, as he raised the hand he held to his lips. "It is, indeed, no common friendship with which you have inspired me; and, although we have had no other opportunities of knowing each other but those which a crowded ball-room or concert affords—"

He stopped like one suddenly stricken into stone, with his distended eyes fixed on the figure that had glided from the conservatory to stand behind Katharine's chair. It was Rose Alverstone; not ill-dressed, blushing, and awkward, as he had hitherto seen her, but dazzling in the beauty that was heightened by a morning-dress of white and pink; her dark, curly tresses raised into a coronet above her brow, and then falling to her waist in all its natural luxuriance. Beside this glowing brunette Katharine—who had dressed carelessly and in haste, and whose complexion had lost its freshness—looked haggard and faded; and the contrast was rendered greater by her drooping attitude, as Rose stood by her fauteuil with one shapely hand full of flowers, and a mocking smile playing around her well-formed mouth.

"Do not let me interrupt your grace," she said, coolly. "You were speaking of balls. Were you about to tell my cousin the history of that charming one at Lady —'s? The one, I mean, at which you and I acted a little drama of our own? Delightful, was it not?"

The astonished Katharine raised herself to look from the speaker to the Duke, who had

dropped her trembling fingers, and drawn back mute and embarrassed.

"What does this mean?" she demanded. "Do you, Miss Alverstone, know the Duke of St. Helen's?"

"I have that honour," said Rose, with a slight emphasis on her last word that made him redder, and knit his brows. "Have I not just told you that I waltzed with him not long since under circumstances that it may amuse you to hear me describe. How is your grace's amiable friend, Mrs. Quentin? Does she wear her sapphire bracelet? Have you made any more bets with her *à propos* of love-tokens?"

"I was not aware that you and Miss Hargreaves are related," was all he could think of to say.

"No? And yet we are cousins. Pray go on with what you were saying. It was something—was it not?—about the opportunities a ball or concert room affords one of—what?—getting up flirtations?"

"I am afraid I am staying too long for Miss Hargreaves," and the Duke started up, eager to escape, for he knew not what revelations the merciless Rose might be meditating.

"But your grace has not answered any of my questions, and Katharine and I are in no such great haste to compare notes." She looked him steadily in the face as she spoke, and secretly ground her white teeth in scorn of the confusion he evinced. "After all, there is great nonsense talked in ball-rooms, and it is only the very credulous who ever recall what their partners tell them, except to laugh at the foolish speeches gentlemen make, and fancy that simple women believe. Katharine dear, I have been robbing your myrtle. Let me put one of these sprays in your waist-ribbon. It is an emblem of constancy, isn't it?"

"I am not versed in the language of flowers," coldly answered Queenie, whose heart was aching with the consciousness that her last hope had failed her. She knew not what mystery was hidden under Rose's satirical remarks; but the effect they had on the Duke convinced her that his devotion to her own image had not been strong enough to keep him from whispering sweet nothings in other ears. There was no chance of escape left to her now; she must bend to Captain Alverstone's will, and marry his son. Ay—and then Katharine's dimmed eyes sparkled with angry light, and she raised herself with all her former dignity of demeanour—ay, and it might be better to marry one who had acted a fair and manly part, neither professing affection nor seeking to conceal from her that his repugnance to the match was as great as her own—than to become the wife of a peer so false and fickle as Lancelot Duke of St. Helen's was proving himself to be.

"You are not versed in the floral language?" Rose repeated; "neither am I. Perhaps his grace can tell us what sentiment this lovely exotic expresses?"

"A revengeful spirit," answered the Duke, who was beginning to recover himself; "so throw it away, Miss Alverstone. Revenge is a very ugly passion for a young lady to cherish."

"So it is. I wonder who attached such a meaning to a blossom so charming? Here is another that is not unlike a little field-flower I have seen in New Zealand, and it is called 'two faces under a hood.' It is common enough, perhaps; but would your grace like to have it for your button-hole?"

She smiled at him so archly that, though he was provoked, he was not proof against her winning looks.

"I will take anything you choose to allot to me, Miss Alverstone; but if you do give me the flower you despise, pray accompany it with one that breathes of a gentler feeling."

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; and there's rue for you," quoted Rose, as she examined her bouquet. "Nay, I cannot spare my namesakes, nor my white lilies; they are too pure, too sweet, to be bartered away; but there is a bud in the conservatory just opening that I cannot reach. If your grace will give me the assistance of your longer arm—"

He eagerly followed her; for Katharine was forgotten as soon as the spell of her brighter, more animated loveliness was upon him.

[To be continued.]

"For Life—For Love" commenced in No. 530 and Part CXXVII.

A RECENT writer says that the Japanese make no distinctions between moral and mental science, and very little between ethics and etiquette. To them, education is morals. A cultured man is, in their view, of necessity a moral man. They say it is not polite to lie, to cheat, to be angry, etc.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

LOVE is an egotism of two. The first sigh of love is the last of wisdom.—*Antoine Bret.*

BETTER give to two unworthy persons, than to deny one really in need.

THE more and the greater are life's difficulties, the more honourable it is to carry off the victory. Man may be disappointed in his greatest hopes in life without, on that account, becoming unhappy.

OLD LOVE.

NEVER to hear thy voice again—
Thy voice, which thrills thro' every vein,
In tones of sorrow or of mirth,
The sweetest sound to me on earth.

Never again thy step to hear,
Which falls like music on mine ear.
Ah! e'en before thy face I see
Thy step brings happiness to me.

Never again in eyes of blue,
To watch the love light's varying hue;
To meet thy earnest gaze and feel
Sweet trust in thee thro' woe or weal.

Never to feel that mystic thrill
At touch of hands; but ever still,
Go where we may, whate'er our lot,
Each loved one's face is ne'er forgot.

Ah, never! tho' the world be fair.
New joys—new love may be our share,
But still our thoughts in mem'ry stray—
Old love can never pass away.

FAY.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

WHAT is the opposite to "love in a cottage?"—War in A. "shantee."

MARRIAGE is described by a French cynic as a tiresome book with a very fine preface.

"Do not sing that song again," is the sarcastic title of a new song.

A NEW DEFINITION.—A veil is a lady's protection from the too earnest gaze of the sun of heaven and the sons of men.

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD.—This well-known aphorism leads us to the inference that when a man observes, "You might have knocked me with a feather," he means—the goose-quill.—*Fun.*

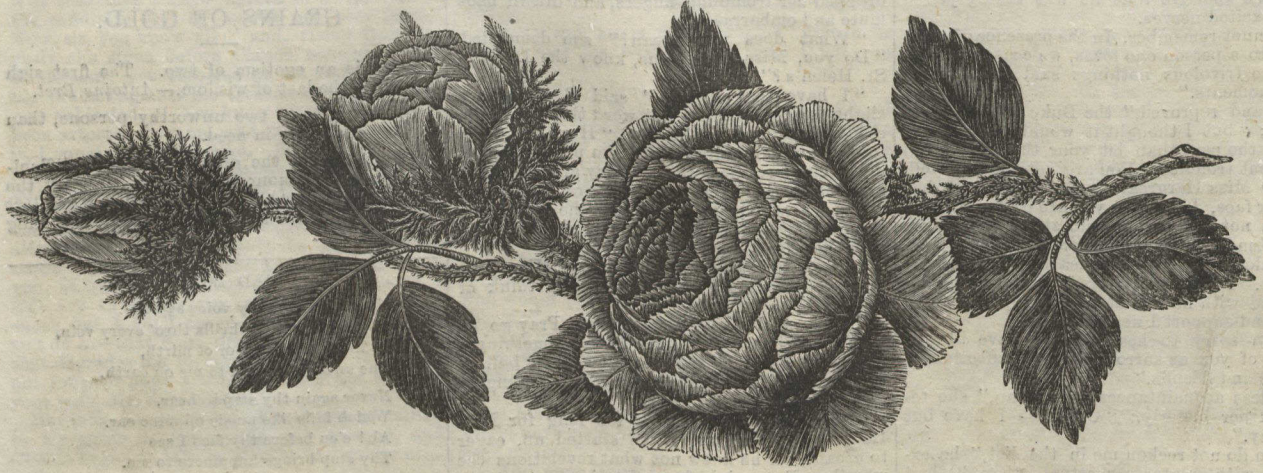
"MAMMA," asked a little girl of her mother, as she passed a dentist's window, in which she saw some sets of false teeth, "what are these for?"—"Those are for people who haven't any teeth, my dear."—"Couldn't you buy some for baby, mamma?" asked the little one.

A WELL-KNOWN author was about to read a new piece in the green-room of a West-end theatre, when, before commencing, a young and charming actress, who is always remarkable for the elegance of her toilettes, smiling, said: "My dear Mr. —, is the part you have written for me well within my power?"—"Perfectly," replied the author. "You have to change your dress seven times!"

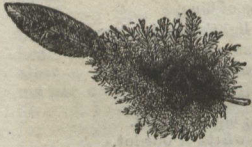
"THAT'S the sort of umbrella that people appropriate—or, in other words, hook," said Snigger to a companion the other morning, showing a very handsome silk parachute.—"Yes," quietly said his companion, "I thought so when I saw you have it."

POORLY BOUND.—A celebrated Scotch divine had just risen up in the pulpit to lead the congregation in prayer when a gentleman in the front of the gallery took out his handkerchief to wipe the dust from his brow, forgetting that a pack of cards was wrapped up in it. The whole pack was scattered over the floor of the gallery. The minister could not resist a sarcasm, solemn as the act was in which he was about to engage. "Oh, man, man! surely your psalm-book has been ill bound."

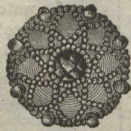
JAMES THE FIRST of England and Sixth of Scotland was, as everyone knows, not remarkable for vigour and steadiness. Having heard of a famous preacher who was very witty in his sermons, and peculiarly so in his choice of texts, he ordered this clergyman to preach before him. With all suitable gravity, the learned divine gave out his text in the following words: "James first and sixth, in the latter part of the verse, 'He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed.'"



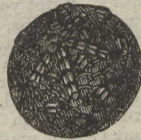
No. 1.—FEATHER ROSE.



No. 2.



No. 3.



No. 5.



No. 7.—ROSEBUD: EMBROIDERY.



No. 4.



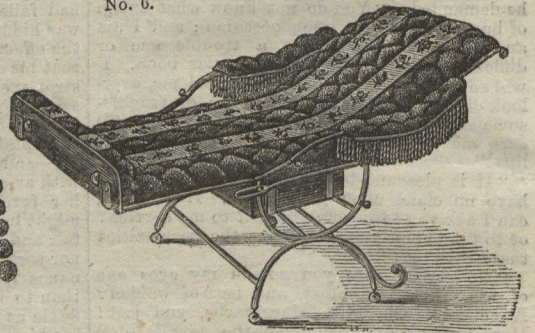
No. 6.



No. 8.—EASY CHAIR.



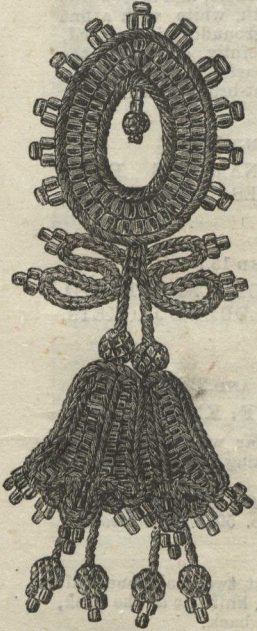
No. 10.—TOBACCO-BAG.



No. 9.—CHAIR ARRANGED AS COUCH.



No. 11.—STRIPE FOR EASY CHAIR.



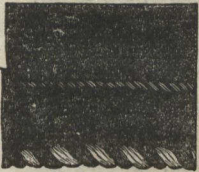
No. 12.—ORNAMENT: PASSEMENTERIE AND JET.



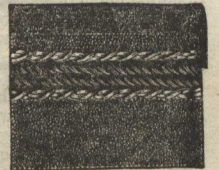
No. 17.—BIBLE OR PRAYER-BOOK COVER: EMBROIDERY.



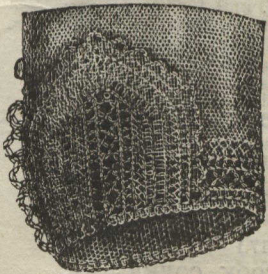
No. 13.—ORNAMENT: PASSEMENTERIE.



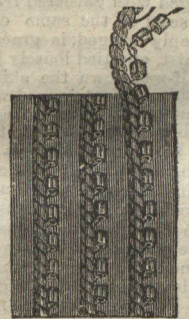
No. 14.—ROULEAU WITH CORD.



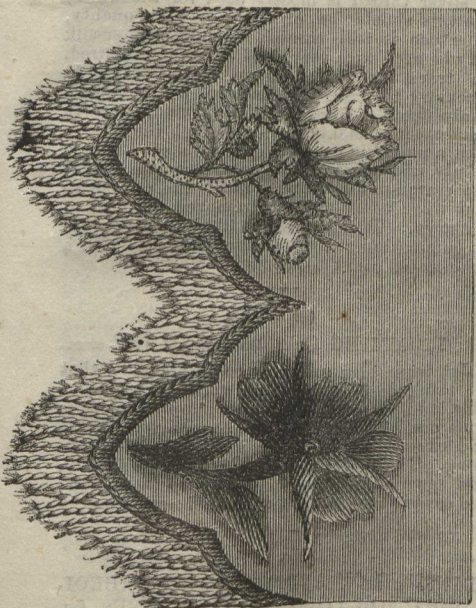
No. 15.—ROULEAU WITH CORD AND BRAID.



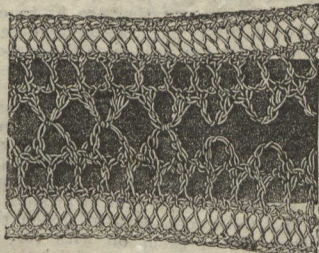
No. 16.—CUFF.



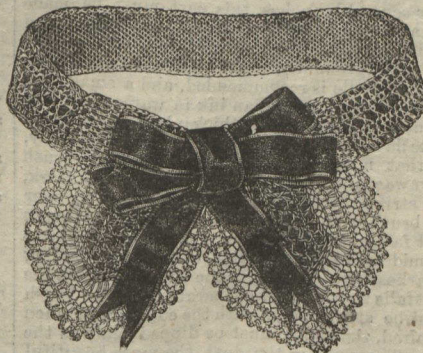
No. 18.—TRIMMING: CORD AND JET.



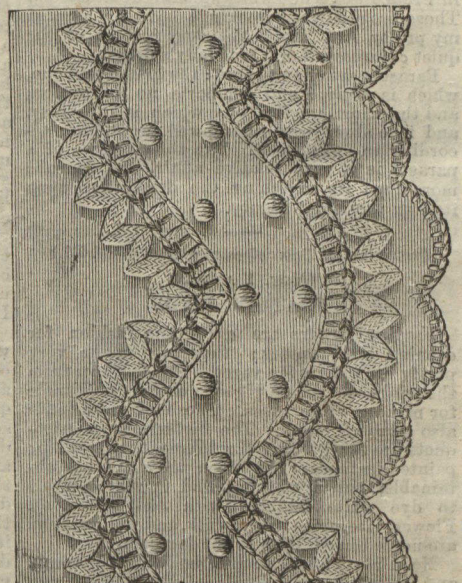
No. 19.—TRIMMING: EMBROIDERY AND APPLIQUE.



No. 20.—INSERTION, KNITTING.



No. 21.—COLLAR: KNITTING.



No. 22.—TRIMMING FOR PETTICOATS, &c.

PARIS FASHIONS.

DRESSES of gray or écoru linen are sold in great numbers with ready-made trimmings, consisting of embroidered bands. These are worked in camaïeu—white, black, or the same shade, and look extremely nice. Gray is generally preferred to écoru this year.

I have seen a very pretty dress of this sort made thus:—One single skirt trimmed *en tablier* with the embroidered bands laid quite flat. Behind they form gathered flounces overlapping each other up to the waist, seven in number. The bodice, open *en cœur*, with round basques, and sleeves open from the wrist to the elbow, is prettily trimmed with the same bands of embroidery. The dress I saw was of gray batiste, embroidered with black, but white embroidery would look extremely pretty also for a younger person.

Batiste is an extremely nice material for little girls' frocks. It does not crumple, and can be ironed out quite fresh a number of times without looking flabby.

Until this moment the spotted dark percales, imitation of foulard, do not seem to have survived last summer's *furceur*.

Foulard and the Chinese and Japanese silks are very much worn. Tussore is extremely pretty, trimmed with black velvet. Black grenadine, either plain, striped or spotted, is extremely fashionable, for black is still the *habillée* colour, however unreasonable it may seem in hot weather. For the evening it is all right; but going into the sun with a black dress on, is a positive aggravation of evils, besides the inconvenience of showing off dust in a marvellous way. I have seen lovely demi-toilettes made of broad-stripe, white-and-blue, white-and-pink, white-and-green, white-and-mauve, very clear organdi. For half-mourning there are white-and-black, or white-and-gray stripes.

A nice costume of white-and-green foulard is made in the following manner:—The rastery skirt is made of striped foulard. It is trimmed with a flounce cut on the cross, and headed with a bouillonné heading, framed in by a rouleauté of green foulard. The tunic and bodice are of white foulard with green spots. They are edged with gathered frillings of green foulard. A scarf of the same colour of *crêpe de Chine* deeply fringed, is gracefully draped about the waist, and tied loosely behind, the ends falling half-way down the skirt. A bonnet of white paille de riz, trimmed with green ribbon, and a cluster of roses noisette, with brown-shaded foliage, completes the toilette.

We have in Paris a shop—Old England—in which English goods are exclusively sold. Its windows are now quite ablaze with striped stockings of the most dazzling colours, and we Frenchwomen passing there, ask ourselves the question, "Who wears such hose in England?" I remember having seen in the British Isles ladies of the highest rank wearing such, so I suppose they are not considered as unlady-like over the sea. But this is not the case here, and I would advise all ladies preparing for an excursion to France, to leave all such bright-coloured things behind. *Une femme de bon ton* in France wears fine white stockings *exclusively*. Those broad-striped stockings have a "look at my pretty feet" look, the very reverse of the quiet *chiaroscuro* of a true lady's dress.

Parasols are of two types: the long-eaned one, which is *négligé*, and comports no decoration, and the short-handled one, which is full-dress, and is embroidered, furbelowed, laced, etc., according to one's taste. But the elegance of a parasol is a very relative affair, and depends more upon its matching the dress, than upon its own particular beauty.

(Description of Engravings on pages 408 and 409.)

(Nos. 1 AND 2.)

FEATHER ROSE.

Feather flowers are quite the fashion for evening head-dresses; they also make very pretty ornaments for vases. The feathers from the wings of young pigeons are very suitable for making white roses. Those of white fowls also serve very well. The feathers from parquets are far prettier for leaves than dyed or painted feathers; but when they are not obtainable, ladies will not find it very difficult to dye white feathers with Judson's dyes. Flower-wire, green sewing-silk, and white cotton, are needed in addition to the feathers.

No. 1 must be taken as a model for the spray, and for cutting the petals of the flowers and the leaves. The moss may be either natural moss, such as many florists use for artificial flowers, or it may be cut from fine feathers, and

dyed. If dyed, the feathers, after being taken out of the dye, must be shaken till quite dry.

No. 2 shows the mode of cutting the feathers for the outer part of the buds. For the centre of the flowers and buds to form a firm foundation, a few small feathers must be closely tied together, then the petals, graduated in size, may be gummed round them, occasionally binding them with white cotton. Moss, it will be seen by reference to design, covers the stalks of the rose.

(Nos. 3 TO 6.)

FASHIONABLE BUTTONS.

(No. 7.)

ROSEBUD IN EMBROIDERY.

This will serve for dotting about various articles, such as corners of collars, cuffs, &c. It is worked entirely in satin-stitch.

(Nos. 8, 9, AND 11.)

CHAIR TO FORM COUCH.

The chair is shown in No. 8; the couch arranged in No. 9. It is of iron, with a good padding of hair and wool. This is covered with velvet and worked stripes on a foundation of reps. A portion of the stripe is shown in the full size in No. 11. It is worked with coarse purse-silk in three shades or colours, according to taste. The principal part of the work is in chain-stitch. Reps of the quality shown in the design should be chosen for the foundation of the stripes, as it is exactly suited to the pattern. In place of chain-stitch, machine embroidery will serve for the outline of the design.

(No. 10.)

TOBACCO-BAG: NATURAL PAINTING.

Velvet, silk, jean, kid, or wash-leather, will serve for the foundation of the bag, and small, delicate sprays of fern must be selected to ornament it.

The bag, shown in No. 10, is much smaller than would really be used, and is merely given as an indication for the grouping of the ferns. The little ball-fringe which finishes the bag can be purchased at any trimming shop.

As it is some time since we gave directions for natural painting, we will repeat them, as this is the season for that interesting work.

NATURAL PAINTING.

To press the leaves:—Thick, large leaves should not be chosen. A number of different kinds of leaves have a very beautiful effect. Lay the fresh branches and separate leaves between blotting-paper, or between the leaves of a book, and bend the stalks to suit the arrangement of the foliage, and to give them as much as possible the appearance of life. Repeat the laying out of the branches three or four times at intervals of twenty-four hours, so that they are all re-laid upon dry places, and become sapless. When quite dry, they are fit to commence the work. We must, secondly, describe the arrangement of the foliage on the material to be ornamented. This should be stretched in a frame, and the branches are arranged lightly and gracefully upon it. It will be necessary before the leaves are pressed to cut off some of the branches here and there, that they may not appear too crowded. When the branches are nicely arranged upon the material to be ornamented, take first very fine pins or needles, and stick through the upper part to fasten them lightly; then fasten them on with very fine cotton. Care must be taken not to stick through the leaves; but only through the stuff. When the foliage is so fine that the thread must pass over several branches, this part must be made up afterwards with a camel-hair brush and Indian ink.

For the grounding of the stuff, a flat nail-brush with a handle is recommended, and a small, fine comb. Rub some Indian ink in water until it is about the consistency of thick ink. Dip the brush quite flat into the ink, and shake it out carefully, so that no liquid remains. Hold the brush downwards with the left hand over the work, and strike the teeth of the comb so lightly over the brush with the right hand, that the black dust falls unobserved over the work. Begin in the middle of the foundation, where the grounding is darkest, thence towards the outside. When the dust falls slowly and in separate dots, the brush must be struck again with the comb; and when required, the brush must be dipped again in the ink. The smaller the dust, the more beautiful the effect upon the ground. The spots of black

should be larger here and there, and afterwards it should be dotted with white with a fine paint-brush. When the grounding is finished, take off the branches carefully, and paint the veins, outlines, and all parts that require to be thrown out, with a paint-brush and the ink.

(Nos. 12 AND 13.)

FASHIONABLE ORNAMENTS FOR JACKETS, MANTLES, FRONTS OF DRESSES, &c.

(Nos. 14 AND 15.)

ROULEAUX, WITH CORD AND BRAID, FOR TRIMMING CHILDREN'S JACKETS, &c., &c.

(Nos. 16, 20, AND 21.)

COLLAR AND CUFF: KNITTING.

No. 21 shows the collar with cravat-ends; No. 20 the insertion, forming the band for the throat; No. 16 the cuff.

MATERIALS: White net; coloured velvet; boar's-head cotton, No. 50; steel needles, No. 14 (ball gauge).

Cast on eight stitches.

1st Row: Slip one, knit two, make one, knit two together at the back, knit one at the back, make one, knit two at the back.

2nd Row: Slip one, knit five, make one, knit two together at the back, knit one.

3rd Row: Slip one, knit two, make one, knit two together at the back, knit one at the back, make one, knit one at the back, make one, knit one at the back, knit one.

4th Row: Slip one, knit seven, make one, knit two together at the back, knit one.

5th Row: Slip one, knit two, make one, knit two together at the back, knit one at the back, make one, knit one at the back, make two, knit one at the back, knit two.

6th Row: Slip one, knit ten, knitting the make two as one stitch, make one, knit two together at the back, knit one.

7th Row: Slip one, knit two, make one, knit two together at the back, knit nine.

8th Row: Cast off six, knit four, make one, knit two together at the back, knit one.

Cut out the net sufficiently long to go round the neck, also two straight pieces for the lappets. Join two pieces of lace together for the neck by fastening the scallops together, as shown in design No. 20. The lappets require the outer edge of lace sewn on full at the corners. A velvet bow finishes this collar.

The cuff is made by sewing the edging together as described for the collar.

(No. 17.)

BIBLE OR PRAYER-BOOK COVER: EMBROIDERY.

Velvet or kid is the material generally selected for embroidering covers upon; and gold or silver thread is mostly used for the work; but this should be of the very best quality, otherwise it will tarnish quickly. Purse-silk may be used with very good effect, if preferred. To trace the design upon the velvet, it is necessary to trace the pattern by pinning it firmly upon a hard stuffed ground, and to delineate it by making holes through the pattern with a large pin or needle; these must be made closely and evenly; then take a muslin bag of fine starch-powder, and sprinkle the powder so that when the pattern is removed the outline is shown. This powder is fixed by a mixture of gum-arabic and white lead applied with a fine-pointed camel-hair pencil.

(No. 18.)

TRIMMING OF CORD AND JET.

Jet trimmings are now so fashionable, that we think designs for them will be very acceptable, as they are costly to purchase when made with good beads. No. 18 shows a very simple and expeditious mode of making a jet trimming. The beads are strung upon black silk, and sewn at regular distances to the cord; the cord is then sewn firmly to the material.

(No. 19.)

TRIMMING OF APPLIQUE AND EMBROIDERY FOR POLONAISES, DRESSES, &c.

This design will be very pretty worked upon white, black, or coloured silk. The rosebud

and foliage are formed of white or pink and green silk. The fine stalks are in cording-stitch. All the edges are sewn down with open button-hole stitches in fine green silk. The flower in the next scallop is worked entirely in satin-stitch, the leaves in two shades of green, the flowers two shades of red or blue. The flower is worked with purse-silk. The edge is of button-hole stitch, with purse-silk tied in for fringe. The flower, in satin-stitch, should be well raised, by running under with soft cotton. The whole design would be equally pretty worked entirely in one colour.

(No. 22.)

TRIMMING FOR PETTICOATS, &c.

Waved braid and black-and-white cotton are the materials required. The braid must be tacked upon the material (see design), and it is then fastened down at the points with open button-hole stitch. The open button-hole stitch is worked on one side with black, on the other with white, cotton. The edge is of button-hole stitch worked only in white.

[The materials for the above designs are supplied by J. Bedford and Co., 136, Regent Street, and 43, Goadge Street, Tottenham Court Road.]

THE HOME.

COOKERY.

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES IN WINE.—

Let the fruit be gathered in fine weather, and used as soon as picked. Have ready some perfectly dry glass bottles and some nice soft corks. Pick the stalks from the strawberries, drop them into the bottles, sprinkling them over with pounded sugar, allowing $\frac{1}{2}$ lb sugar to every quart bottle of fruit. When the fruit reaches to the neck of the bottle, fill up with sherry or Madeira. Cork the bottles down with the new corks, and dip them in melted resin.

HODGE-PODGE.—(An excellent way of warming cold mutton.) Mince your mutton (it is better rather underdone) and cut up one or two leeks and two or three onions into slices. Put these into a stewpan with about 2 oz butter, pepper and salt to taste, and half a cup of water; simmer for three-quarters of an hour, keeping it well stirred; boil some peas separately, mix them with the mutton, and serve very hot.

CHICKEN PUFFS.—Mince up together the breast of a chicken, some lean ham, half an anchovy, a little parsley, some shallot, and lemon-peel, and season these with pepper, salt, cayenne, and beaten mace. Let this be on the fire for a few minutes in a little good white sauce. Cut some thinly rolled-out puff paste into squares, putting on each some of the mince; turn the paste over, fry them in boiling lard, and serve them on a serviette. These puffs are very good cold, and they form a convenient supper-dish.

RASPBERRY BRANDY.—Pick fine dry fruit, put into a stone jar, and the jar into a kettle of water or on a hot hearth, till the juice will run; strain, and to every pint add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb sugar; give one boil and skim it. When cold, put equal quantities of juice and brandy; shake well, and bottle. More brandy may be added if preferred.

VARY THE MONOTONY.—Home life is apt to become monotonous, and monotony means humdrum. The ladies of a family hold this matter in their own hands, for men, living an active out-door life, frequently settle down to inactivity during their evenings, unless roused by some pleasant episode into liveliness. It is a wife's privilege to make the home lively, and to give variety and interest to home life. It is surprising how very little invention it requires to do this. All that is wanted is just an excuse for liveliness. A little variety in the amusement of the children, if there be any; a little delicacy at table, or at an unexpected hour in the evening, some little novelty of dress, or the bringing in of an agreeable visitor. When people go travelling they discover how many things they had at home which before they had barely thought of. Just so, when our friends are absent, they show us in their letters so many qualities of observation and sympathy and expression, which had remained undeveloped right under our noses. Somebody has discovered that change of situation has a wonderfully stimulating influence on the mind. We have to accommodate ourselves to new circumstances, and this friction rubs off some of the rust which made us half insensible.

TEMPLEMORE'S HERITAGE.

CHAPTER XIII.

LORD NEWTOWN had quite made up his mind. He plumed himself a good deal on the feat—although he failed to recognise some of its difficulties—and he pleased his mother and sisters very much by the announcement.

"I say," was the form of it, "you women are always bothering my life out about getting married; well, I've made up my mind to do it. Will that please you?"

"My dear boy!" "Oh, Harry! I'm so glad!" and "Who is it? I think I can guess!" were the exclamations and question which broke upon him like a torrent.

"Oh! I'm not going to tell you who it is—not till it's quite settled, at least. But my mind's made up about it."

"Is she pretty, Harry?" asked his youngest sister, Alice.

"I should think so! She'll cut you all out. Catch me marrying an ugly woman! They ought to be smothered when they're born: they're no use in the world, and they're disagreeable to look at," was the answer.

"I'm glad she is pretty," remarked Alice. "I like pretty brides. Is she fair or dark?"

"Fair," replied her brother, graciously, and surveying his own flaxen locks complacently in the glass—"about my complexion."

"I hope, Harry," spoke the Dowager Viscountess, coming up to him and laying her hand on his shoulder, "it is a match of which we can approve?"

"You ought to," elegantly retorted her son. "They're better bred than we are, and that's saying a good deal."

"Quite enough," returned the lady-mother, with dignity.

"And she's a nice girl, too," explained the son—"the nicest girl I know. She isn't stuck-up. She doesn't pretend to be cleverer than a fellow, you know. Doesn't take you up sharp when you say anything, like that sister of hers, Nora—I can't bear that girl!"

"Then I've guessed right, Harry!" exclaimed his eldest sister, Sara, triumphantly. "I know who has got a sister Nora."

"Well, you can hold your tongue for once, then," snapped her brother. "I told you it wasn't settled yet, although it's as good as done. Old Hartopp showed me the Merewilton rent-roll the other day—quite accidentally, of course: I saw through it. He said, at the same time, that he was on his last legs, that he'd never get over that gun-shot wound—denied stupid thing, to be sure!—and he's a sharp fellow; he knew I wasn't hanging about there for nothing. He means it—the old fellow: he is as good as told me so, and there's nobody else in the way—nobody to speak of, at least: I've only got to walk over the course."

"The Hartopps are rich," said Lady Newtown, complacently, "and Lady Sophia was her father's co-heiress. Those two girls of hers will be worth a good deal."

"I don't care about that," cried the young man, magnanimously. "I like the girl, and I can afford to please myself. The tin's all very well, of course; but I'd have taken her without a penny."

And, to do him justice, he would.

"Ah, well!" returned his mother, smiling, as she resumed her embroidery work, "you are a lucky fellow, Harry, to be able to please yourself, and to please us at the same time, and to marry an heiress into the bargain."

The good lady had had her anxieties, which promised now to be happily set at rest. The Newtown estate, encumbered by her jointure, and by the dowries of her four daughters, and called upon to bear the strain of the Viscount's wild oats—which he had sown pretty freely on the turf and elsewhere—could scarcely have borne a portionless bride to be added to its other burdens; and the Dowager had tormented herself a good deal in view of this contingency. She had also tormented herself a good deal on another point. The young Viscount had early developed a taste for the society of his inferiors, and his lady-mother had lived in dread of the daughter-in-law who might be presented to her. She was thankful to be relieved from all these anxious anticipations.

Her son went on his way, considerably elated by the conversation he had just held.

"By Jove! I've pleased all the women at last," he said to himself. "Now, what's the proper way to do the thing? Never did it before in my life, you see, and, 'pon my soul! I believe I feel rather—rather nervous. I asked Mountain of the Lancers at the Club the other day—he's

just got hooked—I asked him how a fellow made an offer—what was the right thing, eh? Just threw off the question in an off-hand way. He said I should go down on my knees—said I'd be hanged if I would: feel deuced stupid at it! He said, too, if the girl had any tin, you should speak to papa first, and to the lady afterwards; if she hadn't any, you might speak to her first and the governor afterwards. Don't know whether he was chaffing or not—he generally is. The best way will be to take it as it comes, only it won't come. Should have had it out at the opera the other night; but Nora bothered me, and those boxes are so confoundedly small—a fellow can't speak without every word being heard."

Taking it as it came, Lord Newtown's luck threw him in Mr. Hartopp's way. Calling at Hyde Park Square, he found that the ladies were "not at home," but the master was. It was not half so difficult as he expected to open out his errand: Mr. Hartopp meeting him, as he graciously did, half-way.

"Delighted!" he expressed himself. "An alliance with your family, my dear lord, will quite meet my views for my daughter; and, to tell the truth, in the present state of my health—falling fast, as I cannot help feeling it to be—I shall not be sorry to see one of my children established. My great anxiety is, naturally, for them. If it had been leaving sons behind me instead of daughters, it would have been different."

Lord Newtown nibbled the end of his stick: he always felt queer when people talked of dying, and that sort of thing. "Didn't know what to say, you know." But he did his best, in an awkward sort of a way, to cheer Mr. Hartopp up; said he didn't think he was as bad as that; shouldn't wonder if he picked up again, and lived longer than a good many of us, after all; and when Mr. Hartopp shook his head mournfully, and repeated his conviction that it was "all up with him," the young nobleman, really touched, blurted out his intention of looking after Lady Sophia, and being a son to her. Whereupon Mr. Hartopp wrung his hand, and professed to be overcome with emotion. After this, the young man was visited by a return of his normal complaint—not knowing what to say, and, finding the position awkward, took his leave, engaging to call again presently, and see if the ladies had returned.

He had got on so far triumphantly, and he was disposed to finish off the matter whilst his blood was up. He didn't feel as if he could settle to anything until it was all straight. So he took a turn in the Park, expecting to see Lady Sophia there, and probably to be asked to return with her. He was sure, he thought, that Lady Sophia knew all about it; she and her husband had talked it over together. It never occurred to him for one moment that her ladyship might not be willing to allow him to supply that deficiency in her family circle to which he had alluded.

But the Merewilton carriage was not to be seen in the long line which drew its slow length along the Drive; and when, after looking for it until he was tired, Lord Newtown returned again to Hyde Park Square, he was told that her ladyship was engaged with Mr. Hartopp, and the young ladies had gone out again with Lady Waterwood—where, the footman didn't know; but he believed they intended to dine with Lady Waterwood.

It was abominably provoking; but although he made his visits for the next few days at all sorts of hours, the Viscount could not succeed in finding the ladies at home or disengaged, and his unmade offer hung heavily on his hands.

Mr. Hartopp had lost no time in laying his lordship's proposal before his wife. Not that he considered her consent necessary to the arrangement, but because he could not well do without her co-operation in bringing it about.

Mr. Hartopp was a schemer. There was a good deal of scope for the exercise of his talent in that line in the circumstances in which he found himself now. He liked to gather all the threads of a complicated manœuvre into his own hands before he took any compromising step.

"This will do very well," he said to Lady Sophia. "I suppose she has got over her absurd fancy for that other young fellow?"

Lady Sophia murmured deprecatingly that she was afraid not—that there had not been time.

"Very well," returned her husband, authoritatively; "then we must make time. Girls don't generally take long to get over these things, particularly when there is such a captivating alternative as a title and £30,000 a-year to fall back upon. You can manage, I suppose,

to keep Lord Newtown from speaking to her for a few days? And, in the meantime, you can enlarge upon the advantages of the match; drop a hint, too, that Templemore has gone off without coming to the point; touch her pride: it's the best cure in the world for an inconvenient fancy. I leave it to you, my lady. I suppose you are, at least, as clever as other mothers of young ladies *à marier*, and they seem to know how to manage these things. It is very important that matters should not be precipitated."

"Surely—surely, Charles," said Lady Sophia at last, coming up close to her husband to say it, "we need not force our daughters in this matter of marriage. We can afford to let them do as they like, even if they should not marry at all. Charles, I should be glad to keep them with me."

Mr. Hartopp smiled—a disagreeable smile, more to himself than at his wife.

"So it would seem," he said.

"Yes," she assented, eagerly; "so it seems, indeed. We, of all people, need not run the fearful risk of unhappy marriages for our children."

"Perhaps not," he returned, in the quiet tone in which he had previously spoken, and apparently intent on admiring the large, white, filbert-shaped nails of his right hand.

"Charles," continued Lady Sophia, laying her hand on his shoulder with something of the caressing grace he had long ago repressed in her—"Charles, Lillian will not accept Lord Newtown."

"Will she not?" he asked, without changing his attitude.

"No," she replied. "Lily is not like other girls: she has no ambition; she has deep, faithful affections. Charles, she loves Mr. Templemore. She has never been the same since he left. She will never think of any other man."

"She will not, certainly," Mr. Hartopp replied, "if you humour this absurd, sickly sentimentality in her. Talk common-sense to her, madam, if you can; manage her as those other mothers of whom I told you manage their daughters—as Lady George Wilmer managed hers when she made three of them countesses in one season. It was said, you know, that that eldest girl of hers danced a whole season with young Mandeville, a penniless ensign in the Guards, and even that she was within an ace of running off with him. But she was Lady Vivian before Christmas. Take a leaf out of Lady George's book, my lady."

Lady Sophia shivered. She had heard more of that history of poor, despairing, reckless young Lady Vivian—forced into a heartless marriage with a middle-aged *roué*—than had, perhaps, reached Mr. Hartopp's ears.

"No," she spoke more decidedly than she had yet done; "I cannot do it, Charles."

"You cannot do what?" he questioned, roughly. "You cannot do your duty as a wife and mother? You cannot save a silly girl from making a fool of herself? Is that what you mean to say?"

"I cannot help to break my daughter's heart," she answered, weeping. "Oh, Charles! let the young people be happy. Call Mr. Templemore back. I believe you know where to find him. Ah! what is Lily's fortune worth if it cannot give her the happiness she is pining for?"

Mr. Hartopp turned round in his chair and confronted her.

"You are talking nonsense," said he. "I have accepted Lord Newtown's proposal for my daughter. If you and she combine to thwart me in the matter, you may both regret it later."

Lady Sophia had always been afraid of her husband: she was terribly afraid now, and she trembled and sickened as she turned away. She had made a valiant stand—for her; but she felt that it was all over now.

More than once in her life she had looked on with wonder and a sort of terror at the triumph of Mr. Hartopp's will: it seemed to have a subtle, invincible power to draw and compel all things into obedience to itself; and she gave up poor Lily's cause as lost when that will rose up and asserted itself against her.

She went back to her room, weeping helplessly, and feeling that a new, bright ray of pure sunshine had been quenched out of her life, as well as out of Lillian's. Only one thing she had strength enough to resolve: that neither by word nor deed would she help forward the catastrophe, as he regarded it—at least, she would hold herself passive, and, so far, guiltless. But it never occurred to her to encourage her child in any disobedience to that sovereign will which had so long governed her own life.

CHAPTER XIV.

LORD NEWTOWN, baffled in all his attempts to obtain a hearing, began to be very much puzzled.

"By Jove!" said he; "I used to think it was the easiest thing in the world to pop the question—that a fellow had only to go and do it. But here am I, with my mind made up a week ago, and the girls chaffing me like anything, and I haven't done it yet! I ain't good at writing, or else I could settle it that way, as Alice says. I wonder where that letter is she was talking about—Sam—Sam Weller's, or some such fellow, in a book somewhere? I might look it up, though, really. There might be something in it that would do, and the Hartopp girls mayn't have read it, and if they have, I suppose all letters are alike when they mean the same thing. Only, that girl Nora is so sharp, and I do write such a deuce of a fist. I'd better leave it alone, I suppose. I'll try again this afternoon: they can't be always out, or at luncheon, or engaged. Old Hartopp doesn't show up either. They say he's awfully seedy."

But neither was that day fated to decide Lord Newtown's destiny. The young ladies were "gone into the country," the man told them—he didn't know where; he would ask her ladyship's maid if his lordship wished. Her ladyship herself was out with Mr. Hartopp.

But his lordship considered that such an inquiry would be compromising, and therefore he declined it.

"It almost looks as if it were done on purpose," he grumbled—"if such a thing was likely, which it isn't. I'm not in luck, that's all. I'll go round the Row, and see if I can pick up the old people."

So far he was successful, and a little more. Mr. Hartopp regretted very much that his increasing indisposition had obliged him to deny himself to all visitors for two or three days past, but said he hoped to be better soon, and able to enjoy the society of his friends. And then Lord Newtown inquired, sheepishly enough, for the young ladies.

"Quite well, thanks," was his expectant father-in-law's reply, studiously unconscious. "They are freshening up their roses in the country—with Lady Waterwood, in fact"—whom Lord Newtown hated like poison—"and would Lord Newtown name an early day for dining in Hyde Park Square—quite *en famille*?"

Mr. Hartopp confessed himself unequal to seeing anyone else.

The young man accepted the flattering invitation for the following Monday, and rode off, well pleased.

"That will do," he decided. "Old Hartopp means me to have my chance, then. I would have run down into the country—jolly place for that sort of thing!—but I'd rather face a dragon than that old Lady Waterwood! She tried to catch me for her Blanche, and she has never forgiven me because I didn't seem to see it. Now, Lady Sophia's different: she's a real lady, she is. She doesn't seem to care whether I marry one of her girls or not; in fact, I rather think she doesn't want me. And I'll be hanged if I don't like her a great deal better for it! Well, I'll wait till Monday, and then I'll have it all out."

So he did. He had it all out to everybody long before the decisive moment arrived. His sisters knew, when he looked into the drawing-room before starting for Hyde Park Square—his button-hole decorated with a more than half-blown yellow rose—that he was touching the crisis of his fate.

"It was written all over him," Jones, the youngest of the army of footmen, irreverently announced in the servants' hall, "from the crown of his head to the heel of his boot," as he mounted the stairs at Mr. Hartopp's house.

His silly, inane face shone with the foretaste of triumph, and his manner to Lily during the meal was provokingly expressive of a secret mutual understanding, intensely gratifying in its nature. Yet he was surprised to find how nervous he grew as the critical moment drew near, in spite of the copious libations of champagne with which he had fortified himself.

"Wish I knew what other fellows said!" he mentally ejaculated, as he found himself standing alone before Lillian, coffee-cup in hand, whilst Nora picked out the airs of a new opera at the grand piano down a long perspective of burl cabinets, marquetry tables, and gilded drawing-room "properties."

Just then Lillian lifted her eyes to his, with an expression which by no means reassured the Viscount.

Gentle Lillian was angry—so angry, that she

wished him to say what he had come to say, and let her give him his answer. She was not in the least sorry for him, as it was in her nature to be for the man she was about to refuse; she was just angry, and nothing else. She resented exceedingly the tone and manner he had displayed throughout the long, interminable dinner. Her delicacy was wounded at the confident demonstration he had not cared to repress even before the servants—that well-trained band of impassive spectators, who (Jones, to wit) she was painfully conscious were not the unobservant automatons they represented. The heart which had given itself to Hilary revolted, was outraged, at the presumptuous taking possession which this man's behaviour had so unwarrantably expressed. And yet the maidenly lips were closed until he himself should open them—the lips only. "Speak," the eyes said—the indignant, steadfast eyes—"speak, and let me answer you, and so avenge myself and—Hilary." And then she blushed, the swift crimson rushing over brow, and cheek, and throat, dyeing the tips of the small, aristocratic ears, and tingling to the ends of the taper fingers; and the Viscount, misreading the signal of "Love's banner," took courage as she lost it, and tumbled out such eloquence as came to his mind.

"Miss Hartopp," said he, "of course, you know how fond I am of you—couldn't help seeing it, you know, and—and all that sort of thing. And I think we two could run in a curicle together very well—don't you, Miss Hartopp? If you'll say yes, you'll make me very happy—pon my word, you will, Miss Hartopp. Do say yes, Lily."

"Lord Newtown," answered Lillian, rising to her feet with a pretty dignity which contrasted oddly enough with her admirer's form of address, "I am very much obliged to you for the honour you have done me, but I must beg to decline your proposal."

"Decline!" echoed the gentleman, staring at her with his mouth wide open in his astonishment. "The deuce!—I mean, Miss Hartopp, you know—you don't understand!"

She tried to pass him, but he stood before her, intercepting her path.

"I've spoken to your gov—I mean, to Mr. Hartopp, and it's all settled, and my mother takes to it wonderfully, and so do the girls; and I'll make any settlements you like, and—No, don't go, Miss Hartopp"—dodging her round a bronze group of Hercules and the Distii. "Let us talk it over."

"It is perfectly impossible, Lord Newtown," was her answer.

"But why?" he cried, trying to seize her hand. "Everybody likes it, and thinks it just the thing, you know; and I—I'm as fond of you as I can be. I never was so fond of any girl before! I'll steady down, you'll see, and make you a good husband—I will, by Jove!"

There was feeling, as well as a good deal of earnestness, in his tone now, and Lily relented a little.

"I am sorry," she said, "but I cannot accept your offer."

"But why not?" he persisted, still defeating her efforts to pass him and escape. "Why not? There isn't anybody else, is there?"

The indignation flashed back into her eyes.

"Let me pass, my lord," she said. "You have no right to ask such a question."

And in his dismay, he dropped back, to let her pass him, and make good her retreat from the room.

Mr. Hartopp had detained Lady Sophia in attendance upon himself—he would not run any risk of her marring the plot—and Nora discreetly played on, with her back to the scene of the evening's drama. But her quick perception noted and comprehended the various stages of the performance. She heard Lillian's retreat; she knew how the discomfited lover stood still to draw his breath after his defeat; and then, presently, she heard him coming towards her, stumbling over two small footstools and a full-grown ottoman on the road; then she rose and came to meet him.

"You are not going so soon?" she said, softly.

And, for the first time, Lord Newtown recognised that "that girl Nora" had fine eyes.

"Barnes has not given us any tea; and what can have become of mamma?" continued Nora, reaching her hand to the bell. "Lord Newtown, I wanted to ask you about that Arab of Blanche Waterwood's. Is it really and truly pure-bred? Blanche vows it is, and is tremendously stuck-up about it. I'm not a judge; but I thought you would be sure to know, and I have been waiting for an opportunity of asking you."

Really, "that Nora" was not such a bad sort

of girl, after all! The Viscount suddenly conceived a bright idea. Supposing he asked her whether there was anybody else in the way: she'd be sure to know, and she seemed good-natured, and might help a fellow. So he blurted out his question, regardless of the descent of Lady Blanche's Arab, and Nora answered him, as sympathetically as possible, "without any nonsense."

"Anybody else?"

She could answer for it that he—Lord Newtown—had as good a chance as any other, which was a very safe assertion.

"Only," she added, "if you will let me give you a hint; you men are so impatient: you don't understand how much may be gained by patience and perseverance. We women don't like to be hurried in these things. If you drive us to a decision, it must be 'No,' can't you see?"

"Then you think, if I leave it alone for a little while, your sister will think about it?" said Lord Newtown, catching eagerly at the ray of hope held out by Nora, and feeling wonderfully grateful to her for it. "I thought girls knew what they meant as well as we do, and that a fellow had only to speak and get his answer," he added, rather ruefully.

Nora laughed, and professed to explain to him something of that complex piece of machinery, woman-nature, and laughed a good deal more to herself at the simple eagerness with which he drank in her precious lessons.

"The poor thing is really very much in love, in his way," said she to herself, "and the great thing for us is to gain time. Mr. Templemore will keep out of the way if he hears Lord Newtown is about—and the rumour will be sure to reach him—and Lily will have time to get over it. She won't marry *this* poor creature, of course; but he will answer the present purpose."

So Nora, anxious to repair past mischief, deliberately walked into more of the same kind, patting and soothing the rejected lover, receiving the confidence of his full heart with a gracious sympathy infinitely comforting to him, and sending him away with the conviction that women were incomprehensible creatures, certainly, with a great deal more in them than he had ever imagined; but, according to the poet (whom, however, Lord Newtown did not quote, although he entered into his spirit)—

"A woman, therefore, to be wooed—
A woman, therefore, to be won."

"You women are always in such a dence of a hurry," said he, in answer to the eager queries of his home womankind, boldly transposing Nora's assertion. "It's not settled yet. You'll hear all in good time when it is."

And only Alice, saucy enough for anything, had the temerity to whisper, well out of hearing of her mother and brother:

"I believe she has refused him, and he won't say so!"

[To be continued.]

"Templemore's Heritage" commenced in No. 523 and Part CXXVII.

ABOUT THUMBS.

MAN would not be what he is without the thumb. This fact has been so impressed upon us from our school-days that we are not likely to forget it.

Without the thumb for a lever we should be unable to hold anything tightly, and most of the inventions of our era would be useless, not to speak of the enormous general power that would be lost.

Let us accept the fact of having thumbs, then, and be thankful and rejoice over our Darwinian friends, the apes.

We did not know, however, till we saw it in print recently, that the thumb represented intelligence and affection. Born idiots frequently come into the world without thumbs. Infants, until they arrive at an age when intellect dawns, constantly keep their fingers folded above their thumbs, but they soon know better, and as the mind develops, recognise the dignity and usefulness of the despised digit.

At the approach of death the thumbs of the dying, as if impelled by some vague fear, seek refuge under the fingers, and when thus found are an almost certain announcement of the end.

So, in leaving this world, it would seem that our hands, in their last desire for movement, assume, with our growing unconsciousness, the same suggestive position in which the hands of the new-born babe, with faculties all dormant, first shape themselves.

STELLA REDRUTH.

CHAPTER XXX.

It was opposite to the Fountain of St. Mark. The moon was shining upon the Roman street, the water sparkled, numbers of persons were loitering round the fountain: art-students, women, children; a few aristocrats, English for the most part, stood in a group conversing in low tones. Near to them was a figure in dark clothing, a young woman, sitting upon the edge of the marble, and looking sideways into the water. It was Bandulia.

Eustace hastened up to her, took off his hat respectfully, then seated himself by her side.

She looked at him with a certain air of well-bred surprise.

"Monsieur, good-night," she said.

But he perfectly understood from her manner that the good-night meant "Adieu, sir," and was not uttered in greeting.

She was walking slowly away, when Eustace came up with her.

"Pardon, madam," he said; "but you will permit me to ask you to return the portrait which you so adroitly carried away this morning. Believe me that I recognise in you a good angel; for, struggling as I was, I could not have secured it, or hidden it, before the police arrived; and then that rascal would have claimed it, and, ten to one, he would have been believed."

The lady's air of well-bred surprise increased.

"Sir, you mistake me for another person."

The coolness of this assertion enraged Eustace, much as he was fascinated by the young lady.

"Madam, it is too absurd," he said, hotly. "I have eyes, and brains, and a faithful memory. You are the lady whom I followed from the Church of St. Gervase; you are the lady who repulsed me with such dignified coldness in the market; you are the lady who, mounting the staircase in the Via Panetta when Madame Caffi had run out to call the police, entered my little suite of apartments, came straight up to me, and took the portrait from my hand."

The young lady shook her head, and she smiled. There was a winning brightness in her smile which captivated the fancy, and dwelt in the thoughts of Eustace for many a long day afterwards.

"It must be a mistake, monsieur," she said, still with that prettiest of foreign accents. "I am not likely to enter the rooms of a stranger. An Englishwoman, perhaps, would so act. It is the nation of courage. Your countrywomen are a race of Amazons."

"I would willingly give you the portrait," said Eustace, hastily, "only that it represents a dear, lost friend. Still, the gold setting shall be yours, if only you will return me the likeness. I will have it taken out of the frame, and I will paint you something prettier in its place: your own lovely face, for instance."

A flash came into the dark eyes, a curl to the proud lip.

"Sir, if you think me one—one of those contemptible beings who like flatteries, oh! how you mistake me! I know that I am not fair or lovely. A brown-faced girl, working hard for my bread—painting, and often not selling what I have painted; and when I sell, gaining small sums. Sir, I live on bread and herbs, and I dwell in a carpetless room, and I sleep on a straw mattress. I fight daily with the world, which is a hard step-mother to me. I know that working, thinking women are not fair or lovely in your eyes. For some reason, you wish to scrape an acquaintance with me. Such an intimacy would be disastrous to me. I decline it."

"And why, in the name of common sense, disastrous?" asked the young man, passionately. "I am not a ruffian, madame. My life is pure and spotless as your own."

He bethought him of Ovington, and hesitated.

"Why is there anything disastrous about me?"

"You are an aristocrat and an Englishman."

"I am as poor as a rat, and as savage as a chained dog. My pride, if ever I had any, is trampled under the heels of prosperous, busy men long, long ago. I am no bloated aristocrat. Listen to me, madame. It is your face as a model that I covet. For this reason, and for no other, I have ventured to follow you, hoping that you would have compassion on my muse—to use the affected jargon of the sentimental school. To-day I was told that you likewise are an artist. Surely a fellow-feeling will induce you to pardon what looked like rudeness and forward impertinence, but was only the eager impetuosity of the art-student striving after excellence."

Eustace could not see the lady's face now. She turned it away, and seemed to struggle

with some inward emotion. Was she laughing at him? He turned cold and hot at the thought.

Presently she looked up at him, grave and calm as a statue of Minerva.

"I did mistake you, sir. Now that I understand your motives, I appreciate them. But why speak of things that never happened? What is this story of a picture set in gold?"

"Nay, madame; you know that I speak truth. Nevertheless, I will not distress you for the present. But, tell me, will you consent to be my model for a certain picture I have in contemplation?"

"What is the subject, monsieur?"

"An heroic one, madame. Your face is one which expresses enthusiasm, heroism, endurance, courage, generous self-devotion."

The young lady bowed her head gracefully.

"You compliment me; but I distinguish the difference between honest compliment and fulsome praise. What is the subject, monsieur?"

"I have not made up my mind."

The young lady laughed a low, musical laugh.

"I might be a poor sempstress, toiling to support my sick husband."

"Or the wife of a bandit, changing clothes with her rascal husband, and purposing to die in his place."

A certain feeling of irritation at the thought that this bright creature was a bandit's wife, or anybody's wife, prompted Eustace to this speech. He watched her; but she did not flinch or look angry. Again she laughed.

"A bandit's wife?" she said. "What a rôle! You do not compliment me now, monsieur. Well, come to my studio, and I will costume for you, and pose, and do everything to make your picture sell. Come at twelve. There is my card;" and she handed him a card, and glided out of his sight with a smile and a nod, half-kind, half-contemptuous.

By the light of the moon, Eustace read what was on the card—

"Mademoiselle Monaco,

"Hotel Florian,"

"Rome."

"It is like an address left at the post office," said he, half-sulkily. "Hotel Florian. Is it a grim, old house, where on each flat dwells a separate family? I will go and ask."

Then he crossed over to where he saw a Roman policeman, in the half-military uniform adopted abroad, leaning lazily over the fountain.

"Where is the 'Hotel Florian?'" he demanded.

The official threw up his hands.

"It is a long way off. It is a ruin. But there is a colony of artists established in some of the rooms for the summer."

"And where is it situated?"

The man entered into long explanations. He must walk or ride to the east gate. It was two miles along a road called Florian's Road. The "Hotel Florian" was a large ruined villa. A company of artists had brought beds, cooking-utensils, and furniture from Rome, and had established themselves in the deserted rooms for the summer, by permission of the authorities.

Eustace turned his steps homeward, grasping the card in his hand; his mind so full of the Spanish lady, that he forgot she had stolen the portrait, that Ovington desired to obtain it, that he had been attacked violently in the street, that a suspicious man had called upon him, and that Sir Halberd Redruth was in Rome.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SUSPECTED CONSPIRACY.

THE Roman season was drawing to a close; and since Sir Halberd was travelling for his health, it seemed odd that he should linger in the Eternal City just as the unhealthy time approached. There were not many foreigners left; but those who remained gave balls, dinners, suppers, to each other, vigorously keeping up the round of amusements and entertainments to the last. Sir Halberd and Lady Redruth occupied a suite of fine rooms in a first-class hotel. They had brought several servants with them, and were travelling as great people. Lady Redruth had been sought at once by all the *élite* of Roman society. Sir Halberd and herself and been to many balls and dinners, and they resolved to give a splendid farewell ball and supper previous to leaving Rome for Switzerland, where they purposed spending the summer. They sent as far as Paris for delicacies and dainties for this supper. They hired gold plate at the goldsmith's; they purchased the rarest wines. The ball was to be held in an immense

room on the ground floor of their hotel. This room was to be decorated with scrolls, evergreens, flowers; a band was hired from Paris. Nothing could, would, or should, exceed the glory and pomp of the entertainment: on this point Lady Redruth was fully determined.

Rumours of the great ball and supper reached even Eustace Grayling in the dingy Via Panetta. He was afraid of seeming too pushing and tiresome in the opinion of the mysterious Mademoiselle or Madame Monaco; so he did not interpret her invitation to call upon her at twelve o'clock, as referring to the following day. Yet he thought of nothing save his new model. He sketched out pictures in which she was to figure; but he kept away from the "Hotel Florian." He was not troubled by a repetition of Ovington's visit. Casually he learnt that the Welsh lawyer was one of the party staying at the baronet's hotel; that, in fact, Sir Halberd was travelling in almost princely state, since his chaplain, the Reverend Raymond Heartwell; his lawyer, Mr. Ovington; and a certain doctor, a German, were all with him.

"And what can he want with a lawyer abroad? A priest and a doctor, both of those are right and reasonable; but the lawyer puzzles me."

The more Eustace thought of it all, the more puzzled he became; so, finding that all these mysteries distracted his attention, he resolved to think no more about them.

What was his astonishment, on returning to his rooms a night or two after his conversation at the fountain, to find that a chariot, most splendid, according to old Madame Caffi's description, had drawn up at his door; that a lady, whose white lace shawl was fastened by a ruby worth, Madame Caffi was certain, two hundred Napoleons, had handed the little perfumed, embossed note to the old landlady, which the same landlady handed now to Eustace!

The young man broke the seal, and read as follows:—

"Lady Redruth entreats the honour of Mr. Grayling's attendance at a ball and reception at the "Hotel de la Lumiere," Via Dianetta, on Thursday."

Eustace had never seen or spoken to either Sir Halberd or Lady Redruth. He had refused to marry their daughter. He had been disinherited in consequence, and now—why, it was preposterous!—her ladyship demands, or rather entreats the honour of his attendance at her great Roman ball.

He flung down the note, and laughed bitterly. "I shall go, nevertheless," said the young man to himself, after a few moments' thought. "An artist should render all petty worldly jealousies subservient to his art. I shall see costumes, faces, characters, draperies, jewels, vases; I shall hear music, and see dancing. I will go to this ball."

And then came the question of fashionable attire. Eustace examined his wardrobe, and found that he had all the occasion required, save gloves; so he went out to purchase these.

In crossing a narrow street, he was tapped lightly but firmly on the shoulder. Turning round, he saw Philip Rollings.

"You ran away from us the other night, my dear friend. Were we too noisy? Did we distress your nerves, or were you ill, or out of temper, or in love?"

"None of those. But you did make a terrible row. I have had some odd adventures since I saw you."

Rollings linked his arm in Eustace Grayling's. "Recount, relate, repeat!" he cried. "I love to hear of adventures."

So Eustace, who did not see that there was any need to hide the events of the last few days, told Rollings of the visit of Bertrande, of the attack made on him in the street, of the apparition of Mr. Ovington in Rome, officiating in the capacity of travelling man of business to Sir Halberd. He told his friend what the lawyer had said of the Spanish lady, and how that same Spanish lady had entered his room while he was struggling with Ovington, and taken the gold-framed portrait out of his hand.

"It is a plot," said Rollings, when Eustace had come to the end of the story. "Don't you see that your dark-eyed divinity, and Ovington, and Bertrande, and this baronet, are all leagued together for some reason to ruin you?"

"But I am ruined," said Eustace, with a bitter yet light laugh. "So far as worldly affairs go, I am disinherited, and Sir Halberd reigns in my stead."

"Nevertheless, they are afraid of you. They want you out of the way. I suppose there is some reason why they wish to possess themselves of that portrait. There is somebody who would be offended at your selling it. They wish

you to sell it, and then you'll be left out of somebody else's will, and the Redruths will rob you again."

Eustace thought for a moment. At last he remembered that old Lady Redruth had one brother, a rich, eccentric Indian Nabob of reported wealth, residing in a glittering villa at Cheltenham. This old man was childless. Eustace had not seen him for years. He had not attended his sister's funeral, giving as his reason his infirm state of health.

Colonel Ricardo was lean and long, yellow and ugly, ill-tempered and stingy. This, at least, was the character he bore among his relatives.

Eustace told Rollings all he had heard about this old gentleman. Rollings clapped his hands together.

"I see it all. These Redruths are poor, in one sense. You have told me Sir Halberd only enjoys the estate for his life: can't cut a twig, or alter a stone of the Manor House?"

"Not one."

"Well, he wishes to inherit the Nabob's wealth; and you being the blood relation of the Nabob, the old yellow gentleman wishes to make you his heir. They will go to him, and show him his sister's portrait, which they will tell him you have sold. They hope he will be so disgusted at your conduct, that he will make his will in their favour."

"Your perceptions are acute," said Eustace. "You have, at any rate, found a reason for their conduct. Then the wonderful Sarah and her dirty papa must have been upon the same business in London, when the one enticed me out of the way while the other searched my boxes?"

"Undoubtedly. How was it she did not find it?" "Because it was at the jeweller's, having a ring, by which it is hung to a chain or against a wall, mended."

"There it is," cried Rollings. "The whole affair is a plain story of man's rascaldom, and woman's deceit. By this time, Sir Halberd has the portrait, and no doubt it is on its way to Cheltenham, with a terrible account of the wild, rakish life you are leading abroad, and of how you make fun of the Nabob, and call him 'golden-yellow' among your boon-companions. I know what stuff these men of the world are made of."

"I think it's likely enough. But this Mademoiselle Monaco is not in league with them."

"She is."

"I don't believe it."

"Then, if not, she's a thief, and has sold your gold setting."

"I am going to see her," said Eustace.

"You are? Go armed, then, my friend, and let me come with you. I tell you this Roman society is as full of plots, conspiracies, murders, and such-like, as the soul of a man who loves not music. This Spanish girl is a hateful adventuress. I hope I shall see her in prison before the week's out."

"I would sooner see you there," cried Eustace, hotly.

Rollings broke into a laugh.

"It sha'n't be my fault, my too confiding friend, if the young lady is not in custody before to-morrow night. You say she has stolen your portrait? I shall proceed to the 'Hotel Florian' with some sturdy, armed police and a search-warrant; and if she does not give up the portrait, woe betide her!"

Eustace trembled with rage.

"You idiotic meddler!" he said, passionately. "I am sorry I spoke a word to you."

The two young men stood now under the shadow of an ancient palace, whose marble steps were broken, whose windows were broken, and which yet stood grandly amid the dirty houses of to-day like a fallen prince among shabby republicans.

Rollings seated himself on the steps, and folded his arms. He fixed his mocking, blue eyes on his friend.

"I have made up my mind," said he; "the fair, or rather brown, Bandulia shall go to prison."

"You have not been robbed, Philip Rollings," said Eustace, looking very wrathfully at his friend, "and you have no right to punish the robber. More than that, I shall flatly deny everything—all knowledge of everything that is connected with this affair."

"And you will turn against your friend for the sake of a good-for-nothing woman?"

"I am convinced Mademoiselle Monaco is worthy, noble, pure-souled, high-minded."

Philip broke into a laugh, drew out his cigar-case, lighted a cigar, and began to smoke complacently.

"I thought you had had one love-dream, once and for all. I thought some blue-eyed damsel, with lots of hair and no brains, a fine bust and no heart, had led you a dance that you did not wish to dance again; and behold you piping to the old tune once more, and

this time it's infinitely worse. In love—ye gods!—in love with the wife of a bandit—a clever, wicked adventuress! Great heavens! why couldn't you bestow your love, if you have so much of it to spare, upon some wholesome, respectable Englishwoman? There are numbers of girls prettier than that Spanish Gipsy jade. What a pity that you did not stop to be introduced to the bride-elect your poor aunt designed for you—Sir Halberd's daughter! You might have found her charming."

"Never," said Eustace. "I am convinced, from the education she had received, that Miss Redruth must have been a frivolous creature."

"And you told me she was a strong-minded, woman's-right individual, who dabbled in paint, politics, and poetry, and that you detested masculine minds in female heads."

"Did I?" said Eustace, flushing a little.

"Well, perhaps I did. Anyhow, I have taken so little interest in Miss Stella, that I quite forget what disagreeable qualities I attributed to her; whether I thought her a creature all false hair and fashion, or inky and intellectual. I have never seen her, and I hope I never shall."

"You may at this ball of her papa's. One of the daughters is married, I know, and I don't think the name was Stella; so you may find the young lady single and beautiful, and waiting to be asked the momentous question."

"I never heard that she was beautiful," said Eustace, laughing. "I was told of her talents, her wit, her noble mind, and warm heart; and, of course, I interpreted it all to mean a humdrum, uninteresting girl, whom it would be to my advantage to marry, since I should become heir to Redruth. Of course I set myself completely against the match."

"More idiot you, not to use the more familiar but forbidden epithet."

"Thank you," said Eustace, beginning to smoke in his turn. "It's so consoling to be called an idiot; it gives one such confidence in oneself."

"No offence, my dear boy. I know you work awfully hard, and have a fine eye for colour, a delicate, dexterous hand, are brimful of sympathy, and ablaze with the fire of imagination; but—"

"Stop," said Eustace, taking the cigar from between his lips. "You are talking trash. Who ever heard of the fire of imagination? You must write sensational stories, since you talk like that. Listen. If I have a rooted antipathy, it's for this Stella Redruth. If I met her in a train, and found her delightful, without knowing who she was, I should dislike her when once I heard her name; so don't hint at the possibility of my meeting her at this ball; if so, she shall vote me the veriest boor before the *fête* is over. And now, Philip, I am going to buy gloves. Come and help me choose."

The two friends bought the gloves; afterwards they dined, and spent the evening together.

Ever since Eustace had made that appointment with the Spanish lady, he had felt an idleness—an incapacity for work. Until he could study her face, he could not paint anything; so the dinner was followed by light conversation, cigars, wine, dominoes; and then the two young men strolled out together.

"I have been idle lately," said Rollings.

"Here in this glorious old city, where the mighty ruins of the dead past lie under our feet—here where are sculptures and paintings, which, to look at, is to feel one's soul dilate with wonder and mysterious awe—here I ought to be at work; and I spend my time loitering at street-corners, and listening to other men's love stories. I dine and chatter, sip wine, and smoke cigars; and the time goes pleasantly. A desire to be 'up and doing' possesses me to-night."

Whenever Rollings was in this mood, he used to shut himself up in his studio, and work hard for days, then come out, walk to the dealer's, and invite him to see what he had done, and then his studio would be visited in a day or two by some rich man making purchases; and nearly always Rollings sold, and sold well. He painted things that were likely to be popular. He delighted in warmth of tone. There was dash and brilliancy about his work; and his subjects were not so far-fetched as those of Grayling. He gave the world no trouble to think; his subjects declared themselves at once brightly and strongly.

"I must work," said Philip Rollings.

There were not wanting those who thus interpreted the young man's words, "I must have money."

The friends parted near the fountain, and Eustace reached the Via Panetta and his lodgings in safety.

[To be continued.]

"Stella Redruth" commenced in No. 514 and Part CXXV.

Do Not Repine.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL BY F. LANCELOTT.

Andante con espress.

The first humble flower that blossoms in spring
 Imparts more of joy than the richest can bring;
 And earth is more beautiful, waking again,
 When wintry barrenness covered the plain.
 For pleasure with fulness will wearisome grow;
 It is but by change we can happiness know;
 If the sun of the summer shone ever so bright,
 Its presence would bring not unmingled delight.
 Then, do not repine—oh! do not repine;
 Troubles faced are half conquered, so do not repine!

The storm-winds that cause the wild waters to leap,
 Preserve in its freshness the fathomless deep;
 And night, that veils over the world from the eye,
 Displays her bright stars that bespangle the sky.
 There are stars in the mind that the darkness reveals,
 There are fountains of hope that prosperity seals;
 Then let us not murmur or grieve when we know
 That out of dark evils rich blessings will flow.
 Oh! do not repine—oh! do not repine,
 Joy and sorrow were twin-born, so do not repine.

THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL, an Illustrated Magazine.—London: Published for the Proprietors, EDWARD HARRISON and EDWARD VINES, by the said EDWARD HARRISON, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street.—Weekly Penny Numbers and Monthly Parts.

THE
YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL
 AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE



"AND SO YOU ARE AMBITIOUS; YOU ASPIRE TO BE A DUCHESS?" SAID KATHARINE, A LITTLE SCORNFULLY.

FOR LIFE—FOR LOVE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TRISSIE'S BRIDAL," "WILFUL WINNIE," "AGAINST HIS WILL," "A TWISTED LINK," "MR. ERRINGTON'S WARDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

"You are angry with me, sweet Rose," exclaimed the Duke of St. Helen's, as soon as they were alone; "and yet it is not you who should blame me."

"Neither do I," she answered, carelessly. "If Queen Titania forgives you, I am satisfied. Is not that a magnificent aloe?"

"I am not using Katharine Hargreaves well—I know it," he went on, remorsefully; "but—"

"Pray, spare me any confession," she interposed. "I am not very experienced in the tactics of Cupid; but I know enough to be able to tell you that such confidences are in very bad taste. I do not think any girl with an

atom of good feeling would be flattered by being told how often she has been forgotten for some one else, or *vice versa*."

"But I may be permitted to assure you, may I not, that no one's image has haunted me so persistently as yours has done ever since we first met?"

"Of course, your Grace the Duke of St. Helen's may say what you like," said Rose, dropping him a demure little courtesy; "only don't—please don't ask me to believe what I

heard until you can tell me something that doesn't sound quite so much like what you were murmuring in Katharine's ears when I interrupted you."

"I have made an idiot of myself this morning," he cried, ruefully; for somehow the nonchalant noble found himself in a dilemma that was extremely humiliating.

"Pray don't abuse yourself," Rose sarcastically entreated. "Why not lay the blame on circumstances, or on my rudeness in breaking in upon a *tête-à-tête*? Yes, the fault was certainly mine. If I had only waited till my cousin returned to her father's room, it would have saved you so much embarrassment. I ought to have been more considerate, I confess it."

"If I had known that you were here—" the writhing, exasperated peer began; but the sentence was finished for him.

"If your Grace had known, why, you would have come prepared to manage matters more dexterously, eh?"

"You have transformed yourself, Miss Alverstone," he exclaimed, trying what retorting upon her would effect. "I can scarcely recognise in the young lady who rates and twits me so sharply, the sweetly-ingenuous, timid little blossom who could scarcely be persuaded to dance with me."

"Perhaps I have looked in the magic mirror since then," said Rose, with more truth than he imagined; "or perhaps, like others, I can play more parts than one."

"Then let your present character be distinguished by gentleness and charity."

"The charity that begins at home?"

"No, no; but be reasonable, and try to comprehend that I may feel great admiration for Miss Hargreaves, and yet cherish still deeper feelings for her tormenting cousin."

As he spoke, he contrived to imprison her fingers in his own, but felt vexed that he had done so when, with a grave look, Rose said:

"May I ask why your Grace is bestowing on me a second edition of that tender clasp of hands I saw you not long since bestow on Katharine?"

"Why taunt me with these things? By Heavens, Rose, if you command me never to see Miss Hargreaves again, I shall obey you."

"An empty promise, for it is not very probable that my cousin will admit you to her presence again," he was reminded.

"I do not suppose that she will; and if I have given her the smallest pain, I shall always regret it; but the loss of her friendship will trouble me less than the fear of being misunderstood by you!"

"No more, sir—no more!" Rose exclaimed, with such disdain in look and voice, that he was stung to the quick. "Protestations uttered in this house to me are an insult to its mistress, and I should be weak indeed if I could be pleased with the admiring glances and honied words that will be at the service of some one else as soon as I am out of sight."

"You seem to have a high opinion of me, Miss Alverstone," he said, angrily.

"Quite the contrary, I assure you," Rose did not hesitate to reply.

"And yet I would give the world to please you," he whispered, so ardently, that she raised her eyebrows, and took a still more sarcastic tone.

"Really! Perhaps you are going to tell me, as you told Queen Titania, 'That it is no common friendship you cherish for me, and that although we have had so few opportunities of knowing each other,' etc., etc."

She mimicked his voice and gesture so cleverly that he could scarcely resist laughing; but the next minute he had folded his arms on his breast, and was recklessly saying:

"Pray go on, Miss Alverstone; convict me out of my own mouth as a fool and a scoundrel. I shall not contradict you; I shall not attempt to defend myself."

"Why not? Because failure would be inevitable?"

He did not answer; he could not tell her that, while conscious that his friends advised him well when they recommended him to wed the banker's heiress, his thoughts dwelt only too often on the New Zealand Rose, whose pretty head, however, he had not dreamed of adorning with a ducal coronet; or acknowledge that he merited her scorn even while he deprecated it.

"You do not speak," said Rose. "You feel that you said enough when you admitted you were not aware that Katharine and I were related, I understood all that the confession implied. Do you know that you are the first English nobleman I have ever spoken to, and that I do not feel at all anxious to enlarge the circle of my acquaintance?"

"Because I have not given you a very elevated notion of the British aristocracy? Pray say what you think: don't spare me. You have the advantage, and, like a true woman, you will not hesitate to avail yourself of it."

"On the contrary, I was just thinking that if I loitered here any longer, I should lose my drive with Mrs. Maudsley. Your Grace can go and finish your interview with Queen Titania; I will not interrupt it again."

"Knowing as I do that as soon as I am gone you will repeat to her the history of the sapphire bracelet? No, thank you; I prefer to avoid Miss Hargreaves' presence till you and I have come to a better understanding."

"I do not know what you mean," she answered, more gently, but keeping her face bent over the flowers, so that he could not perceive its varying expression.

"I mean that I cannot be happy till you have permitted me to exonerate myself. On my honour, Rose, I am not the fickle wretch you believe me! But I cannot tell you all that is in my mind, here," he added, hurriedly. "At present you are very much inclined to despise me."

"Yes," she replied, much too decidedly to have an agreeable sound.

"But you will not refuse me an opportunity of explaining myself? Why do you smile? unkind one that you are!"

"I was wondering whether your Grace's effort to get out of the slough might not result in your slipping in deeper."

"I will risk that," he said, confidently, "if I can but induce you to believe that nothing I have said to Miss Hargreaves is at variance with what I feel for you, I shall be content."

"But I do believe that already. Homage to the queen of your heart is not supposed in fashionable society to interfere with any flirtation you may engage in; only it may be as well to warn your Grace that you may find it dangerous to flirt with Rose Alverstone."

"You are angry. You misconstrue everything I say; but promise to let me see you again—see you at some quiet spot—for instance, Kensington Gardens—and I am sure I should be able to justify myself!"

"Kensington Gardens," mused Rose. "I am going there this morning with Mrs. Maudsley. I could have the carriage and drive there again to-morrow if I wished it."

"And you will wish it," he said, confidently. "Dear Rose—sweet Rose, only give me a patient hearing, and I am positive you will learn to judge me less harshly."

"If I could be sure that it would be right to grant you this meeting—" she said, dubiously, and as if very much inclined to yield.

"It would be kind," was the eager reply; "and I should be more grateful than I can express. Say that you will come, and at what hour I may expect you. Eleven, near the Round Pond? A thousand, thousand thanks! Be yet more generous, and if you speak of me to Miss Hargreaves, let it be as leniently as you can."

But she put behind her the hands he would have clasped.

"I will remember all your Grace has said, and if you do not wish to see Katharine again this morning, pray go, for I can hear the rustle of her dress on the other side of those shrubs. Eleven, I think you said, near the Round Pond. Will you be very impatient if I am not there to my time? You see, I am not my own mistress, and I might be delayed. After all, I think I had better not promise to be there."

But the Duke would not hear of this; and assuring her that he would wait with all due patience, he seized his hat and departed.

Rose was right when she said that she heard Katharine approaching. The latter, hurt and indignant at the neglect with which she was treated, had come to put an end to a conference that had been carried to a length too great for good taste or decorum: she had therefore been an auditor of the last words spoken on either side, and there was displeasure in her looks when she joined her cousin. On Rose, however, it was lost, for she was leaning back in a Gipsy-chair, with her eyes hidden in her handkerchief.

Katharine, with a stately gesture, touched her arm.

"You cannot know what you have been doing. In this country it is not considered maidenly for young girls to make assignations; and if you fulfil the intention I heard you express of meeting the Duke of St. Helen's, you may seriously injure your character."

"And yet you granted him a *tête-à-tête*, Miss Hargreaves!" said Rose, hotly. "You permitted him to hold your hand and whisper in your ear!"

"And I did wrong," was the mournful reply. "But I hoped to find in him a friend who would

show me a way out of a great trouble that menaces me."

"And you still have faith in him? What if I tell you—"

"Stop!" said Katharine. "I have no faith in him. I have been self-deceived; but I will not listen to anything to his disadvantage: let me forget him."

There was a moment's silence; for though the Duke had not found his way to her heart, it cost her a pang to renounce the hope she had been cherishing. As Duchess of St. Helen's she would have been honoured and happy, for the regis of her husband's name would have shielded her father from his enemy.

"Let us speak only of you, Rose. If you meet him—"

"Rest easy, my cousin—I never dreamed of doing so. I have but fooled his Grace to the top of his bent. I told him but now that he engaged in a dangerous enterprise when he attempted to inveigle me into a flirtation. Presently you shall hear him confess that I was in the right."

"Rose, what mean you?"

"Do not question me. My pulses beat and my throat swells whenever I think of him, till I am mad. I think the life I have led in my youth has made half a savage of me," she added, with a bitter laugh, as she saw Katharine recoil from her, surprised and dismayed at such unconventional vehemence. "But I am fast learning to dissimulate, and when my lord duke reproaches me for not fulfilling my promise, I shall feign to regret it, and make another, and so on, till—I have lured him into loving me in right earnest."

"And so you are ambitious; you aspire to be a Duchess?" said Katharine, a little scornfully.

"His? No—no; I only aspire to make him suffer."

The words were few; but they were said in such a menacing manner, that Katharine felt half afraid of the beautiful girl, whose clenched hands were pressed against her bosom, and whose face was blanched with hidden passion; and so she stole quietly away, leaving her amidst the leaves and flowers that exhaled their sweetness for her in vain.

CHAPTER XXI.

FRESH STORMS ARISE, THAT THREATEN TO INVOLVE EVERYONE IN THEIR CONSEQUENCES.

ALTHOUGH Captain Alverstone had consented to grant Katharine the respite Claude demanded in her name, he had no sooner left her presence than he began to doubt whether he had acted wisely in so doing. He questioned his son so closely, that the young man, unpractised in dissimulation, would not conceal from him that he was still resolved not to wed Miss Hargreaves, and that he had relieved her mind by frankly telling her so.

"You play a dangerous game, my lad, when you pit your caprices against my will," the Captain told him, menacingly. "I don't intend to listen to any more pretences, so remember that if you do not prevail upon her to name the day—and that an early one—for your marriage, I shall have no mercy on either of you."

But Claude was not daunted by his threats. "As far as I am concerned, sir, I can only tell you that I had rather be poor with a clear conscience than rich with the knowledge that my wife despised me, and what I should consider worse still, that I had fallen in my own self-respect. As regards Miss Hargreaves, I have reason to think that she will be protected from any of the evil consequences with which you threaten her."

Captain Alverstone was considerably startled by this hint, and he endeavoured to learn more; but on this subject his son refused to say more, and he was obliged to remain unsatisfied, and await with considerable uneasiness the dawning of the day when he could insist on Katharine's consent to the nuptials being immediately celebrated.

The dread of something occurring even now that might mar his plans was heightened by Claude's inscrutable behaviour. He was rarely at home from sunrise to sunset, and firmly though respectfully declined to say how he employed the interval, or whether he went. The Captain thought it possible that he visited his friend the bookseller, but his cautious inquiries convinced him that this was not the case. What, then, was his son meditating? Nothing very agreeable, apparently, for when Claude did come home, it was with sad, thoughtful looks and an evident weight upon his spirits, which increased as the hour drew near for seeing Katharine.

He was half inclined to hold out fresh threats and warnings when his son came into the room where he was standing, gnawing his glove in doubt and ill-humour, and reminded him that it was time they started.

"Are you prepared to act reasonably, Claude?"

"I hope so, sir," was the reply.

"Hope? Ay, but what do you mean by that? Do you intend to obey me?"

"I must see Miss Hargreaves before I answer that question."

"The boy begins to feel his own importance," the Captain muttered, "and takes advantage of my good-nature; but I suppose I must put up with it until after the marriage-day is fixed; then I must bring him to reason. I'll not be thrown over as soon as he has fledged his wings and can do without me; no, no!"

Rose was out when they reached the banker's mansion, driving with Mrs. Maudsley, who was very glad to have some one more companionable than Katharine had shown herself lately; the latter, therefore, was alone when her visitors were ushered into the morning-room. Her first glance, of ill-repressed aversion, was for the Captain, who was gay and smiling as he inquired after her health, and hoped that his poor friend was recovering; her second for Claude, who immediately stepped forward and led her into the conservatory.

"What news, Miss Hargreaves?" and his voice was hoarse and low as he put the question, for he knew that his own happiness depended upon her reply.

Twice Katharine essayed to speak, but in vain, and it was with a desperate effort that she said at last:

"What news? Why, none. Friends—firm, faithful friends—are less plentiful than you imagined. I am at Captain Alverstone's mercy."

Claude turned aside that she might not see the joy that sparkled in his eyes. He had imagined that the Duke, seeing her sad and troubled, would have urged his own suit, and never rested till she pledged herself to be his. He could not be sorry that his grace had proved less generous and devoted than he had anticipated.

"Mr. Alverstone," said Katharine, timidly, "I have been thinking that I will venture to entreat your interference in my behalf once more. If you can prevail with your father to forbear for a few weeks longer, I may then be able to resign everything into his hands, for I am forced to see that papa's recovery is hopeless. When I have closed his eyes—when I have had the poor consolation of knowing that his last moments were untroubled, and that he has been taken away by One who will judge him more mercifully than his fellow-creatures would do, I shall be able to nerve myself to whatever trials may be in store for me."

Claude regarded her sorrowfully.

"You forget, Miss Hargreaves, that you would be left alone in the world."

"What signifies that? Papa will be safe. It seems horrible to look forward to his death as a release from trouble; but it is for his sake—for his sake!"

She was now weeping convulsively, for the strain upon her nerves had been so great, that few traces of the high-spirited, imperious Queenie remained.

Claude led her to the nearest chair, and was bending over her tenderly, when Captain Alverstone, impatient of every delay, thought proper to join them. Katharine's tears were wiped away as soon as she heard his step, and her head proudly raised; for, come what would, this heartless man should not see her grief.

"Well, my children—well?" he began, with an attempt to seem cheerful, which his anxious brow and watchful eyes belied. "Is all settled? Is the ceremony that will unite you and clear away all our dear little cousin's perplexities to come off to-morrow—eh, Claude—eh?"

He was afraid to draw breath till he heard his son say:

"Yes, sir—that is, if Miss Hargreaves will consent to entrust her future to one so unworthy as myself."

His relieved and gratified father could scarcely refrain from noisily expressing his delight at this speech; but Katharine started up, her pale face crimsoning with anger.

"What, sir! is this how you use me? You professed to be on my side, and voluntarily gave me an assurance that you would not press me to fulfil this hateful promise! Does everyone contrive to trick and deceive me?"

"Tush—tush! I'll have none of this!" cried the Captain. "A promise is a promise; I keep mine, Miss Hargreaves, and you must keep yours."

"Do you insist, sir?" demanded Katharine, still addressing herself to Claude. "Will you go to the altar with an unhappy girl, whose vows of love and obedience will be a mockery?"

"I shall do my utmost to stand between you and sorrow," he answered, earnestly; "and when you have learned to recognise this, you may be able to give me a wife's affection."

"When!" she exclaimed, bitterly. "So the temptations held out to you were too great to be resisted! To grasp at once the money you fancy we wilfully withhold has led you to stoop to an act of absolute cruelty! But why do I complain? I might have known that with such a teacher always at your elbow you could not come to any other decision. I will try not to blame you, Mr. Claude Alverstone, but pity your weakness and meanness as much as I do my own inability to save myself from being united to a man I can never respect."

"I think you have said enough, young lady!" cried the Captain, harshly. "You have no right to revile those who treat you and your father with greater consideration than either of you merit. When I leave here it will be to procure a ring and licence. You hear me?"

"Yes," she said, with her blue eyes, full of sorrowful meaning, still fixed on the perturbed face of Claude.

"You will be married at the church in the adjoining square to-morrow at eleven. You have no objection to offer?"

"You ask a question to which I can give but one answer," she bitterly retorted. "Do I not know that it would be of no use to object? What other orders have you for me, sir?"

"Your father's illness will be a sufficient reason for the privacy of the nuptials; but some of your own friends ought to be present. Whom do you propose inviting?"

"I have no choice. You, I have no doubt, will prefer those who are least likely to make troublesome remarks."

"I do not think anyone will venture to comment upon the affair in my hearing!" the Captain told her, significantly. "We will have Mr. Soudes to give you away, and Rose and Mrs. Quentin shall be your bridesmaids. Yes, we will certainly have Mrs. Quentin; she will spread the news for us, and I'll take care to give her such a version of the circumstances that she shall not be a bit the wiser for all her peeping and prying. Before we leave you, Miss Hargreaves, I think I had better see your head servants, and make those arrangements for you which will be absolutely necessary."

"Must I submit to be debased in their sight as well as my own?" she demanded, in passionate accents.

"Yes, if there is any degradation in being married to your own cousin—the son of one who, whatever other faults he may possess, has always been able to call himself an honest man."

"Father, spare her!" cried Claude, indignantly.

"Does she spare me? Am I to stand here and put up with all the taunting speeches a peevish, ungrateful girl can devise? Let her beware! It is not yet too late to retract; but if I am goaded into retaliating, Mr. Hargreaves' illness, whether real or false, will not avail him much."

"Oh, mercy!" gasped Katharine. "I will be silent and patient. Only let him die in peace, the poor old man!"

"Support her, Claude: she is fainting!" his father exclaimed, as her voice suddenly died away; but she put back the arm that was thrown around her, and sat up, ghastly pale, yet striving hard to appear calm.

"On second thoughts, I will depute all the arrangements to Mrs. Maudsley," the Captain said, when he saw that Katharine was capable of listening. "She seems a sensible woman. Where is she? Out with Rose? Humph! then I will ring for luncheon to be served in your dining-room, Miss Hargreaves, and I can amuse myself by testing your cook's skill while I wait for the ladies. Of course you'll join me, Claude, when you have had a little more conversation with your betrothed."

But as soon as he had left the conservatory, Claude quietly advised the young lady to go to her own room.

"It would be useless attempting to conciliate you, Miss Hargreaves, till I can explain to you why I have acted in this manner. Try to trust me!"

But Katharine heard him with impatience.

"Have you not already deceived me? Take care that in wedding me you do not entail upon yourself as much misery as I have been made to suffer by you and your heartless father!"

Claude saw her no more till she came to him on the following morning, dressed in her bridal

robes, and followed by Rose and Mrs. Maudsley, both of whom looked gravely uneasy at these hasty nuptials. However, neither of them had dared to offer any opposition to Captain Alverstone's imperative commands; for if Katharine chose to be mute and permit him to usurp the mastery in the house, what could they say? Even Mrs. Quentin, who had been hastily summoned to assist at the ceremony, was subdued by her consciousness that this strange man could see through her, and was watching her so closely, that she dared not be inquisitive.

Only Mr. Soudes seemed tolerably at his ease, and had lost in some measure the look of care and depression that had sat on his features ever since the banker was taken ill; as he led Katharine to the carriage, he made a feeble effort to congratulate her, adding that Mr. Claude was a fine—a very fine young man.

"And his father—have you nothing to say in praise of his excellent and amiable father?" she asked, so desirously, that he was embarrassed and did not attempt to speak again.

How Katharine had passed the night before her unhallowed nuptials even she could scarcely have told. Sometimes rebelliously protesting against her fate—sometimes in an apathy of despair, or stealing on tip-toe into the chamber of her father to weep and pray beside him. Her maid found her in the morning, dressed as she had been on the previous night, lying on a sofa, so exhausted, that she could scarcely speak. But when Mrs. Quentin made her appearance, and would have overwhelmed her with questions, she roused herself, and endured the ordeal of being attired for the ceremony with extraordinary composure.

She went to her father when her toilet was finished, and his eye rested on her light silk dress and white bonnet with all his old pride in her loveliness.

"You always dress well, my darling; but where are you going? I do not like you to leave me now, Queenie."

"I am only going to church, dearest papa. I would not leave you if I could help it!" she faltered.

"My love, don't cry. I do not like to think I cost you so many tears. Go, dear, and if I do not see you again, why, I will console myself with the thought that Heaven is very merciful, and may reunite my child and I hereafter."

Katharine kissed and caressed him, repeating her assurances that she should not be absent for more than an hour at furthest; and he smiled, and blessed her in happy unconsciousness of the sacrifice she was about to consummate.

He was lying back in his easy-chair when she returned, and, feeling as if only the sight of his dear features could reconcile her to the ring Claude had just put on her finger, ran in to his room. He did not look up at her entrance, and, thinking he had fallen into a doze, she caught up an eider-down quilt to lay over his knees; but as she did so, her hand came in contact with his. One start of incredulous horror—one long, yearning gaze into his white face, and the miserable bride knew that her sacrifice had been made in vain! The honoured, courted, trusted banker was no more, and who should console his bereaved daughter?

CHAPTER XXII.

THE AMBITIOUS CAPTAIN CLIMBS TO THE SUMMIT OF THE HILL, AND—

The blinds were drawn down at every window of Mr. Hargreaves' noble mansion, and Katharine, shut up in her chamber—to which no one but Mrs. Maudsley gained admittance—mourned his loss with deep and lasting regret. In her memory his many virtues would be always enshrined, even though there were moments when a sense of relief stole over her. Come what might, this dear father, at all events, was at rest; no hard, grasping man could torture him with distrustful questions—no cold world could gail him with its doubts and sneers—nor could he be saddened with the knowledge of the hasty marriage his child had made—nor his hours embittered with a suspicion that her happiness had been destroyed by the unselfish act.

While Katharine wept, sometimes for her father, sometimes for her own worse than lonely condition, Captain Alverstone was scarcely able to conceal the satisfaction with which he found himself the actual head of affairs. He had sufficient sense of decorum to put on a grave look when he spoke to the servants of their poor master; but when alone, he did not hesitate to come to the conclusion that Mr. Hargreaves' death had happened opportunely for all parties. He had ascertained that there was a will in the hands of the banker's solicitor, and that gentleman admitted that Katharine would find her

self the principal legatee. Claude, therefore, would be put in immediate possession of the whole property with much less trouble than if any litigation had been attempted, and his father's satisfaction was immense. He could fold his hands, enjoy the advantages his clever scheming had secured, and grasp his share of the good fortunes that there was no one now to dispute with him.

He insisted on taking up his abode in the house, although Claude, who thought such a step not only premature, but unfeeling, offered much opposition to it.

But his father ridiculed his scruples.

"I tell you, boy, you must be a fool not to see that we are merely doing our duty to your little bride in coming here. She needs a maternal friend, and she cannot do better than make one of Mrs. Alverstone; while I shall find plenty of employment in looking after our mutual interests."

"Mrs. Maudsley, who has resided with her pupil for years, is here," said Claude, who shrank from the idea of his coarse though well-meaning stepmother being thrust upon Katharine just now. "She needs no one else."

"Mrs. Maudsley! Bah! a mere hanger-on—a silent, artful woman, who looks at me out of the corners of her eyes in a manner I do not like. We must get rid of her; and Mrs. Alverstone's being here will be a sufficient excuse for dismissing her at once."

"Whether Katharine is or is not willing to part with her? No, sir—no! I cannot let you do this. Mrs. Maudsley must remain for the present, at all events. I do not suppose she will wish to retain her position when she learns the great changes that are at hand for all of us."

"Well, then, let her stay till after the funeral. When that is over, we will all go to the seaside while the house is painted and renovated; our doing so will afford us an excellent opportunity for sending away all the old parasites and hangers-on. By-the-by, you ought to make Katharine show herself for an hour or two in the evening; the prying servants will begin to chatter if they see you so estranged. Do you hear?"

"I do, sir; but we will not discuss this subject just yet; and I tell you frankly that I am determined to leave Katharine in peace until she has overcome the shock of her father's death. I will neither intrude upon her myself, nor permit her to be annoyed or dictated to by anyone else!" and Claude said this so hotly, that his father began to grow angry too, and retort upon him.

"You had better buy a sentry-box, set it up at her door, and take up your own abode in it," he sneered. "Whether you like it or not, I intend to stay here until you have actually settled a comfortable income upon me. I am not going to be kicked out because I have been weak enough to let you have the reins in your own hands."

"Father!" and Claude reddened with indignation. "How can you think that I should be guilty of such conduct? I repeat that it would be wiser as well as kinder to leave everything in abeyance until after Mr. Hargreaves' funeral; but I do not say this from selfish motives. I have never wished to reap any advantage from this marriage, nor expected to do so."

"Bah! you are half a hypocrite, lad, like the rest of us. It sounds well to hear you say this with such a solemn air, after you have secured the good things you affect to despise! Hold your tongue!" he added, impatiently, as his son would have replied. "I'll hear no more. I have something to do of more consequence than prating to a conceited boy. I must go and give the undertaker an audience; we must have plenty of feathers, and so on; we will not begrudge the poor old man a respectable interment."

Claude made no further efforts to interfere with his father's arrangements. He left the hotel himself, but not to join his relatives at the banker's house, of which Captain Alverstone now made himself absolutely the master; giving his orders with the air of an emperor, and so summarily dismissing the first who demurred at obeying, that the rest found it prudent to be quiet until they could learn from Katharine herself what they were to do.

Claude had taken possession once more of his little chamber at the house of the old woman in Camden Town, for her reticence suited his present humour. She asked no questions, and he proffered no information; she might have learned from other quarters that he had wedded the beautiful girl who was spoken of in the daily papers as one of the loveliest and wealthiest heiresses in the united kingdom, and she might be marvelling at the sober manner in

which the bridegroom demeaned himself; but she never intruded her ideas upon him, and let him go to and fro without more communication on either side than a civil good-morning or good-night.

It is true that Claude spent his days at the banker's house, but he avoided his father as much as he possibly could, and invariably refused to make one at the sumptuous dinners to which the rest of the family sat down. He could not endure to see the exultant smile that sat on his father's face at such times—nor to listen, as Rose and Mrs. Alverstone did, to those plans for the future on which the Captain was so fond of descanting; but he sat during the greater part of each day in the library, where Rose and Flossy delighted to join him.

His father urged him to assert himself as the heiress's bridegroom, but to no purpose; he stood quietly by, letting everyone take his own course, save when aught was meditated that might annoy Katharine. Then his eye lighted up, and his interference was so prompt and decided, that even the Captain was forced to submit.

"Aren't you getting very anxious to see poor Katharine?" Rose ventured to ask her brother, on the morning of the day fixed for the mournful ceremony.

"Very," was the emphatic reply.

"Why, then, do you not pay her a visit? I saw her for a few minutes as I came downstairs. She looks paler than ever in her deep mourning, but she was quite calm, and thanked me when I tried to say how much I felt for her. Will she not think it strange that you confine yourself to a formal inquiry sent by a servant instead of expressing your sympathy in person?"

But Claude shook his head. "She has enough to bear just now without being reminded of a tie that galls her. I must bide my time, Rose. I dare not force myself into her presence while she weeps for her father."

And Rose, who by this time had gleaned enough from one and another to know that Katharine had not been a willing bride, was silent, though in her proud, sisterly affection she believed that Queenie could not long remain indifferent to the excellent qualities of her handsome young husband, and longed to tell her so.

There had been many requests proffered by old city acquaintances of Mr. Hargreaves for permission to follow him to his resting-place, and they were readily granted by Captain Alverstone, who loved pomp and show, and took care that all the preparations for the funeral should be made in a style befitting the position in life of the deceased banker. He received the guests himself, introducing the embarrassed Claude in his new character, and so framing his half-uttered sentences, that everyone was led to believe these nuptials had been hurried on at the urgent request of Mr. Hargreaves himself.

"It would have been so sad," he argued, "for the poor child to have been left quite alone—although, as a rule, I do not hold with cousins marrying; but, you know, one could not refuse anything to a dying man—an attachment, too, that commenced in so romantic a manner. I suppose you have heard how my son saved dear Katharine's life? She could not have done a more graceful action than devoting it to him—eh?"

Some of his auditors thought Captain Alverstone a very clever, sensible fellow; and if others were less favourably impressed, they saw no reason to imagine that he was not as fair and well-disposed to the banker's orphan daughter as he appeared. Of Katharine no one saw anything till a glimpse of her was caught at the grave, where she stood supported by Mrs. Maudsley, until the solemn rite was ended, when she returned home as privately as she had arrived.

[To be continued.]

"For Life—For Love" commenced in No. 520 and Part CXXVII.

THE HABIT OF SNEERING.—When we overvalue ourselves, we undervalue our neighbours. Self-conceit is, therefore, the source of that pharisaical weakness called contempt. The man who prides himself on his descent, sneers at the man who relies upon himself and cares not who his great-grandfather. The self-sufficient purist says to the scapegrace, "Go to, wretch—I am holier than thou!" and the millionaire, who regards money not as a means but as an end, looks with scorn upon the plodder who is content with a moderate competence. There are few things in this world so utterly contemptible as contempt. It is the vice of vanity, and is a sensation unknown to true greatness.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

MEN live better in the past, or in the future, than in the present.

TRUTH sometimes tastes like medicine, but that is an evidence that we are ill.

CONSCIENCE is a sleeping giant. We may lull him to deep slumber, but his starts are terrible in the waking hour.

THE FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

I MET a little maid one day,
All in the bright May weather;
She danced, and brushed the dew away
As lightly as a feather.

She had a ballad in her hand
That she had just been reading,
But was too young to understand
That ditty of a distant land,
"The flower of love lies bleeding."

She tripped across the meadow grass,
To where a brook was flowing,
Across the brook like wind did pass—
Wherever flowers were growing,

Like some bewildered child she flew,
Whom fairies were misleading:
"Whose butterfly," I said, "are you?
And what sweet thing do you pursue?"—
"The flower of love lies bleeding!"

"I've found the wild rose in the hedge,
I've found the tiger-lily—
The blue flag by the water's edge—
The dancing daffodily—
King-cups and pansies—every flower
Except the one I'm needing:—
Perhaps it grows in some dark bow,
And opens at a later hour—
This 'flower of love lies bleeding.'"

"I wouldn't look for it," I said,
"For you can do without it;
There's no such flower." She shook her head.
"But I have read about it!"

I talked to her of bee and bird,
But she was all unheeding:
Her tender heart was strangely stirred,
She harped on that unhappy word—
"The flower of love lies bleeding!"

"My child," I sighed and dropped a tear,
"I would no longer mind it;
You'll find it some day, never fear,
For all of us must find it!"

I found it many a year ago,
With one of gentle breeding;
You and the little lad you know
I see why you are weeping so,
Your 'flower of love lies bleeding!'"

R. H. S.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

PIANOFORTES were invented in Dresden in 1727. Frederico, an organ-builder of Saxony, made the first square piano in 1758.

WHY is a prosy preacher like the middle of a wheel?—Because fellows around him are tired.

A TEACHER, who, in a fit of vexation, called her pupils a set of young adders, on being reproved for her language, apologised by saying that she was speaking to those just commencing their arithmetic.

A VETERAN observer says that "Old friends are like old boots. We never realise how perfectly they were fitted to us till they are cast aside, and others, finer and more stylish, perhaps, but cramping and pinching in every corner, are substituted."

THE BANK HOLIDAY.—Papa: "Now, how shall we spend Monday most advantageously? You might take the girls, my love, to the German Bazaar; and I propose that as Charley intends to come out 'a Grecian,' he and I should have an instructive day at the Museum of Economic Geology!"—Punch.

THE LAWYER'S PORTRAIT.—A certain lawyer had his portrait taken in his favourite attitude—standing, with one hand in his pocket. His friends and clients all went to see it, and everybody exclaimed, "Oh! how like! It's the very picture of him." An old farmer only dissented: "Tain't like!" Exclaimed everybody: "Just show us where 'tain't like!"—"Tain't—no, 'tain't!" responded the farmer. "Don't you see he has got his hand in his own pocket; 'twould be as like again if he had it in somebody else's."



TOM JOHNSON TURNED FROM POLLY AND LEANED HIS ARM AGAINST A TREE.

SO RICH AND YET SO POOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PEARL BEYOND PRICE."

CHAPTER XIV.

CONFESSIONS.

POLLY GRAYLING went down the woodland path with a little volcano burning in her breast: love, rage, jealousy, were all contending; and the lava that resulted took the form of tears, which coursed freely down her cheeks as soon as she was out of sight.

"Oh!" she sobbed, "and him so handsome, and such a gentleman, and I loved him so—so dearly!"

There was a flow of tears here which lasted till Polly reached the trysting-place, where she stood sadly leaning against a tree, thinking over the last night's scene.

"And now he's hurt, I love him so much better than before; and because I'm a poor girl, I'm not to go near him, while that Miss Gwalia—Oh! how I hate the soft white creature! No—no—no," sobbed Polly, sinking on the ground in the moss, and covering her face with her apron, "I don't hate her, for she is good, and kind, and gentle as can be, and I love her, though I want to hate her for robbing me of—"

"Oh!" she cried, her eyes growing hot, as she leaped to her feet and dashed away the tears, "he's been playing with me, and I've been such a soft, little baby as to believe him. Didn't he turn away last night, and move to go, as soon as I said anything about our being married and him making me a lady, and our having dear uncle and poor mother where they might be happy always? Of course," she cried, stamping her foot, "I'm only a poor girl, and—and he's a gentleman. Did I ask him to come to me with his wicked lies and professions, making believe to love me, when he was engaged to poor Miss Gwalia? I am sorry for her, that I am. And I'm sorry for him, too. If he wasn't hurt, I could shoot him with uncle's gun, that I could!"

It was rather hard for the leaves and flowers about, for Polly, as she mused so angrily, was

picking and scattering them about her in a most liberal way.

"I—I—I wish I'd never seen him, that I do," she sobbed. "What—what did he want to come for, making me so miserable?—a wicked—wicked cheat! I can see through him now, that I can; and I'll never forgive him; and as for poor Miss Gwalia, I'll go down on my knees to-night, and pray that her poor, tender heart may not be torn about as mine is by that wicked bramble of a man, and I'll never speak to him any more.

"He thinks I'm a silly baby—that's what he thinks!" she exclaimed, after a time; "and he'll find out his mistake. I know I'm very wicked; but I loved him very much, and I'd have made him a good wife, while now—now I shall never be married at all.

"I wonder," she said, pitifully, as she stood looking the very image of rosy health—"I wonder whether I shall go into a consumption, and be carried to the churchyard by six of the village girls, all in white, like Lina Simmons was, and be buried with flowers on the coffin, and the people all crying—And him glad of it," she said, impetuously. "No, that I won't: I'll live to let him see that I'm not such a baby, and I'll go and tell dear uncle all about it. What a wicked girl I've been, and now I mean to try and be better. I can't tell mother, but I can tell him."

"Tell him, then, my pretty one," said a rough voice behind her, and, starting round, she threw herself in John Wadd's arms to sob upon his breast.

He pretended that there were none; but two, if not more tears trickled down the keeper's nose, one of which dived into his waistcoat pocket among the percussion caps, as he petted and fondled the girl, leading her to a prostrate trunk, upon which they sat down, he stroking her hair, and calling her by all the tender names he could think of, till her tears ceased to flow, and the sobs that had nearly choked her came but seldom, telling that the storm was passing away, and would soon be over.

But though the keeper's words were tender, and those of a loving father, there was the wrinkled look of angry care upon his forehead, and he seemed to be waiting anxiously for the

explanation that he hoped would come. But as Polly remained silent, nestling closer and closer to him, he spoke at last.

"Polly," he said, "I told Miss Gwalia yesterday that I thought I should leave the Manor, and go and seek my bread elsewhere."

"Why did you say that, uncle?" exclaimed Polly, looking sharply in his face.

"Yesterday, my child, it was because Mr. Lawrence was such a brute to me."

Polly's breast heaved at these words, and a sob tried to escape, but she choked it down.

"To-day, my little one, I've made up my mind, and I shall leave."

"And because of me, uncle?"

"Yes, my pretty," he said, quietly; and he drew out the bow he had found, and the cigar-end to lay them in her lap.

"Oh! uncle—uncle," she cried, pitifully, as she clung to him. "I've been such a wicked girl; but I was coming to tell you all."

"Yes, I know you were, my dear," he said, sadly. "I want you to feel that I'm like your father."

"And I do—oh! I do," she cried, "dear uncle, and this all came about without my thinking, and only last night I was saying to—"

"Speak out, my darling," said the keeper, sadly.

"To Mr. Lawrence, about telling you, uncle; indeed I was."

"Don't say 'indeed,' my pretty: I believe all you say."

"But—but, uncle," cried the girl, in a terrified way, as she shrank back, "did—did you?"

"Did I pound him like that, my child? No, I didn't know of it, or I don't say but what I might—a villain!"

"Please don't call him that, uncle," said Polly, suddenly; "it hurts me yet. I sha'n't mind presently, but—but he made me very proud of him, uncle; and though I might have thought, I never did think he was playing with me."

"And you know now he was, my darling?" said the keeper, curiously.

"Oh! yes, uncle," cried the little maiden,

firing up, and speaking bitterly; "I know now. And look here, uncle: you've no call to leave the Manor because of me; for though I was only a girl yesterday, I'm not one to-day, and I'll never—never speak to him again."

"That's bravely said, my darling!" exclaimed the keeper, kissing her tenderly; "but is my little woman strong enough if he comes again with his soft words?"

"Let him come," said Polly, angrily; "and let him go again. I thought I was loving a gentleman, and I believed a gentleman to be everything that was good and true. Uncle dear," she said, sadly, as the passion flamed out, and she became dull and listless once more, "please, I don't want to marry a gentleman."

For the little heart, however coarse its material, was very—very sore; and though there were no sobs now, the tears flowed swiftly down.

"So I needn't think of going, eh? my little woman?" said Wadds, as he rose, and stood holding Polly's hands.

"No, uncle, not for me," said Polly, rising, and speaking firmly; "that's all over now, and, uncle dear, I'll never keep anything from you again."

"There, there, then, go and have a walk for a bit before you come in; and I'll go and keep the old lady company."

There was a grateful smile and a loving kiss for the keeper as he left his niece, and she sat curiously picking the leaves about her for a time before she rose and began to look round.

A little forester herself, it was not long before the crushed twigs took her attention, and, with her interest excited as she thought of the way in which Lawrence Clayton had been injured, she traced Johnson's steps through the under-wood, saw where he had fallen, and then, in spite of the time that had elapsed, marked down his movements one by one till she came to where the struggle had taken place.

Here old teachings of the keeper again asserted themselves, and she made out with an exactness that was most faithful the various phases of the meeting; where Lawrence had fallen, and where he had gone blindly staggering amidst the hazel stubbs, and there lay prone hour after hour till found by the dog.

The marks upon the grass and undergrowth made her shudder, and she sat down, shivering, to press her little hands to her forehead and try to think it out. And all seemed so strangely out of place there amidst the soft, sweet scents of the wood, and its birds' love-songs arising on every hand, that Polly had to glance from time to time at the broken-down twigs to believe that it was not all some sad dream. But that was no dream, only a strange enigma troubling her already burdened brain; and, glancing here and there, as if to see that she was not watched, she stooped down and picked two or three strands from where the growth was marked by the shape of a head, placed them in her bosom, and then turned to go, when her sharp ear detected the rustling of bushes, as if some one was coming, and that, too, in the direction she wished to take.

With a startled look, she turned away, parted the branches, and glided out of sight, turning, though, to watch as the rustling came nearer and nearer; and the next minute, with a hurried step, Tom Johnson forced his way into the little open glade, and stood, apparently taking in the scene, stooping at last over the spot where Lawrence had lain, as if it possessed for him a strange fascination.

This was like a revelation to Polly's quick mind. What had her uncle said about Johnson and his coming to the cottage last evening? Oh! it was all plain enough: this man had seen her interview with Lawrence, watched them—oh! how cowardly!—and then, out of revenge, brutally ill-used the man he looked upon as his rival!

Polly had promised her uncle that she would never speak to Lawrence again. It was all over between them. Yes, and so it should be; but she had her feelings, and her temper flamed up as she stood in sight of the man who had, as she thought, played the spy, and then, without warrant, taken upon himself to punish her lover—No, him who was her lover.

In her excitement, the little maiden forgot everything but the fact that she had found out this man; and, thrusting the bushes aside, she stepped out before him, and stood, with flashing eyes, pointing at the spot where Lawrence had lain.

"You cruel coward!" she exclaimed. "You did this, and thought you would not be found out!"

Tom Johnson started back at the sudden apparition; but he recovered himself on the instant, and said, bitterly:

"It did not matter to me whether it was found out or not, after what I had seen."

"And you own, then, that you did it?"

"Yes," he said, sadly, "I did it; and no wonder, after what I had seen."

"After what you had seen!" retorted Polly, with flaming cheeks.

"Yes," exclaimed the young man, "after seeing the girl I thought everything that a man could love, giving meetings to a gentleman—a gentleman!" he added, scornfully—"a fellow whose name is known through the county as a blackguard—a man who at this present time is supposed to be engaged to Miss Gwalia. Polly Grayling, last night I loved you as dearly as a man could love the girl he looked upon as little less than an angel. Your uncle knew it, and was glad of it—he showed me he was, asked me to come to his place; and the very ground seemed holy to me about the place where you lived. It was like a new life to me, Polly, to think of you when I worked; to dream about you when I sat thinking, and to believe that some day—There," he said, hoarsely, "I'm no talker—I never thought to have said as much as this to anyone; but when you accuse me of this fight with young Clayton, I feel that I must speak. What could you expect me to feel when I came last night upon you both down there by the cottage? and though I tried hard not to believe my own senses, I see—There, there—I can't go on: it drives me mad again! But don't call me a coward. It was all done in fair fight!"

He turned from her and leaned his arm against a tree as the young girl stood, flushed and excited, listening to his words—words which, in spite of herself, disarmed her resentment; for his love for her spoke in every look, bitter as he was, and it was an honest love that might have been hers.

"Tom Johnson," she said, in a hesitating voice, so different from that in which she had first spoken, "did I ever, by word or look, give you any encouragement?"

"No—no," said the young man, sadly; and the feelings that animated him lent no small polish to his rustic features. "No; I was a weak fool, and went dreaming on, working to improve my position, and meaning, some day—some day," he added, bitterly, "to speak to you."

"I did not know all this," said Polly, softly; "or I would not have spoken as I did."

"Thank you," he said, sadly, as he turned to go. "Polly," he continued, "I suppose I shall be had up and punished for this—go to prison. I should like you—you to think of why it was. No one else will know—no one should tear it from me; only I should like you to think that there was a reason why this happened. Good-bye."

He had already parted the bushes, when a sob arrested him, and he turned, to see Polly with the tears running down her cheeks, holding out one hand. He turned on the instant and caught it in his.

"Good-bye," she said, between her sobs; "and—and I will think about what you say. I'm very sorry; you must love some better girl; but don't think I'm the wicked thing you fancy, for that's all over now."

"What?" exclaimed the young man, excitedly. "Say that again."

"That's all over now," said Polly, very firmly and quietly. "I promised uncle I'd never see or speak to him again. Stop," she said; "listen to what I'm saying: it's because I can't bear for you to think I meant to hurt your feelings. I've been very weak and silly; but it's all over now, and I'm very, very sorry."

"But, Polly—" exclaimed the young man.

"Good-bye," she said, coldly; and before he had recovered from his surprise, she was gone.

CHAPTER XV.

MORE DROPS IN THE PHIAL.

"WELL, Master Chandler, and how's the garden?" said Reuben Stocks, one of the magnates of the village, as he leaned over the gate of the garden where the one policeman, stationed at Clayton Street, as the village was termed, spent his ex-official hours, for Samuel Chandler was a horticulturist in his way. Had he possessed wealth, he would have been heard of as a prize-winner at all the shows; but as his worldly possessions consisted of the furniture of his cottage, an old silver watch, and a few garden tools, he was not often heard of at grand horticultural exhibitions. But all the same, he contrived to grow three times as much on his little plot as anyone about; and his produce was finer. The Manor gardener was quite disgusted to see sticks of rhubarb bigger than any

he could show, and would not believe it was the effect of soap-suds. Chandler's turnips were enormous, because he watered them nightly, and as for his carrots and parsnips—"Bah!" said the Manor delver. "Sand would never get 'em to that pitch."

Mr. Chandler had come home at daybreak from his nocturnal rounds, gone to bed for a few hours, and then, after breakfast, cast aside all official garb for the freedom of the cottage gardener; and in an old straw hat, his braces hanging down, and his shirt-sleeves tucked up, he was busy with hoe and fingers "cleaning his onion-bed," when the gossip saluted him with "How's the garden?"

"The garden, Master Stocks," he said, leaning on his hoe, "is like the county. The county, Master Stocks, is like a big garden, and we police is the gardeners: do all we can, we can't keep it clear of weeds—thieves, and poachers, and tramps, and vagabonds. Look at this here inghun-bed. I dig it, and manure it, and sow it, and here's thieves: chickweed, and groundsel, and sow-thistle, and twitch coming up all over it. Ah! gardening's hard work."

"Here's gardener coming," said the gossip. "What's he in such a hurry for?"

"Goodness knows," said the policeman, seizing a thief by the hair of his head, and lugging him out by the roots. "I say, Stocks, ask him what he thinks of my inghuns; and see how wild it'll make him. I was up in the Manor garden t'other day, and his ain't so high by two inches, and sowed same time."

"Hallo! gardener" cried Stocks, "come to see our inghuns?"

"Here, look here, Chandler," said the gardener, puffing up. "I don't know what you policemen are for. While you were snug in bed last night, here's our young master half murdered in one of the plantations, and old master says you're to come up directly. He's in a fine way, I can tell you."

"Stop till I get into my coat," said the policeman, hastily; and, dropping his hoe, he ran up the path to the cottage.

"You don't say as that's true?" said Stocks.

"True as Gospel, man alive; and if he was to mind his rounds instead of spending so much time over his beggarly bit o' garden, this wouldn't ha' happened."

"Look here," said the policeman, coming down the path with his hat awry, his coat unbuttoned, and his hands at the back of his neck buckling on his stock—"look here, you know I can't be everywhere at once. Don't you go to think I was in bed last night, because I was watching about Muggridge's farm, where the fowls were took. But now let's hear all about this."

The village gossip stayed with him till he had filled himself full of the news, and then went off to retail it, but only to find that while he had been at the policeman's the information had been well spread.

Meanwhile, the others hurried up to the Manor, where the constable found Mr. Clayton in a rage of excitement. He spoke calmly for a few minutes, describing the assault and the state in which his son had been found; then his annoyance seemed to get the better of him, and he vented his anger upon the unfortunate policeman.

"Now, what have you to say to such a state of affairs?"

"Well, sir, I—" began the constable.

"Look here, Chandler!" exclaimed Mr. Clayton. "I shall make it my duty to report you to the Chief Constable."

"Really, sir, I—"

"Don't interrupt me, sir. Ever since you have been stationed here, matters have been going wrong."

"Well, sir, you've reported me twice; I can't help there being such a hot-bed of scamps in the place."

"Don't be insolent, sir. Here is one week's work: Mrs. Binney insulted going home after dark: Muggridge's fowl-roost cleared out; a man knocked down and robbed; and my son nearly murdered last night in the wood. Now tell me what use are you?"

"Well, sir," said the constable, "I suppose I'm as much use as other men of the division."

"And that's none at all," said the old man, bitterly.

"I can't be everywhere at once, sir," said the man, sulkily.

"Don't be insolent, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Clayton. "It shall be put a stop to; for if I've any power, you shall be removed."

"I hope you won't report me again, sir," said the man, humbly; "we like the village—and seem settled down—and I don't want to be drifting about again. That man being knocked down, sir, was by a tramp; and I took him, and he's

in jail; then the fowls, sir: I was on the watch last night, and I think I've got a clue." "Pish!" ejaculated Mr. Clayton, contemptuously.

The man coloured as he went on, galled by the way in which he was spoken to.

"Well, sir, as I'm put on my defence like this, I shall speak; that case about Mrs. Binney being insulted—"

"Well?" said Mr. Clayton.

"Well, sir, I've good reason to suppose that she was annoyed by some one who was coming home half drunk from the town."

"Of course—most likely."

"And that somebody, sir, was your son."

"You—you—insolent scoundrel!" exclaimed Mr. Clayton, furiously. "How dare you make such a charge as that?"

"Because I got information, sir."

"Then, why didn't you bring it before the magistrates?—why didn't Mrs. Binney prosecute?"

"Because I persuaded her not."

"You? You did? And why?"

"Because I didn't want to make myself unpleasant here, sir, to you—didn't want you to be upset."

"Now, look here, Chandler: it's my belief that you're an insolent, lying scoundrel, as full of excuses for your want of due performance of your duty, as it's possible to be. It's your duty to investigate everything to the uttermost, come what may, and if you had had good cause for your suspicions, I am sure you would have followed them up to the end—I want no paltering with justice."

"Very good, sir," said the man, bitterly. "I'll remember that in future."

"And now what have you to say about the state in which my son is found? I did not mean to see into it—but—but—There, I have altered my mind."

"I should say he's got dressed down by some one who's got a spite agin him," said the policeman, bluntly.

Mr. Clayton turned uneasily in his chair, and remained silent.

"I'll see into the matter at once, sir," said the man, stiffly; "and first I must see Mr. Lawrence Clayton, sir."

Without a word the father led the way to the room where the son was lying, bandaged and muttering at times uneasily.

For a few minutes nothing intelligible was heard; then as they were turning to go, the policeman said:

"He's a good bit knocked about, sir, and—"

"Knocked about—Johnson—even for this—good-bye—Polly—pretty Polly—"

These words were uttered by the injured man: the first in a vicious tone, the latter in a light, half-laughing manner, and then he was silent; while the girl who had taken Gwalia's place for a few minutes, applied cool, wet cloths to his head.

"I suppose your name ain't Polly, young woman?" said the policeman.

"No," said the girl, sharply; "it's Fanny."

"Ah! that will do," said the man; and he followed Mr. Clayton down to his room.

"I'll take him in the course of the day, sir," he said, hardly, as soon as they were alone.

"Take whom?" said Mr. Clayton.

"Johnson, the Vicar's man," said the constable, coolly.

"Take—Johnson—the Vicar's servant! Impossible! Mr. Vertley would be dreadfully annoyed."

"I've got my duty to do, sir," said the man, bitterly; "and I must show myself of some use in the place. I shall get a warrant against him for assaulting your son, with intent to murder."

"But—absurd—what reason—"

"Reason, sir? It's plain enough. Your son named him, and he's been after Polly Grayling, the keeper's niece."

The man went out of the room; and thinking of his words that he had spoken—nay, bitterly repenting of the hardness of some that he had addressed to a quiet, meritorious officer, Mr. Clayton's head went down upon his hands, and through the thin fingers worked their way one by one the bitter, hot tears of shame for the folly of his son.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SPECIAL PLEADER.

DURING Lawrence Clayton's illness, letter after letter arrived, to be opened by his father, most of which cost him pangs which he was unable to hide from Gwalia; and more than once long, earnest conversations followed the payment of some debt which had been left hanging over the young man's head perhaps for years.

"I don't want to be too hard, my child," said the old man; "but I wish you to see the rottenness of the tree to which you are clinging. I admire your woman's faith; but you must not let it grow into weakness. I'm weak enough, I own; but you must not take me for an example. Now, look here—the tailor's bill: I gave him a cheque to pay it two years ago."

"But are you sure, uncle?" said Gwalia, softly. "Judge for yourself," said the old man, taking a little private ledger from his secretary. "There it is, under the same name for articles at the same date. The only difference is, that it now has a couple of years' interest added to it."

"Yes, uncle, it is the same," said Gwalia, sadly; "but these are matters of the past, and they should be wiped away."

"Gladly, my dear, if I could feel that he would start his new life with a clean blank page."

"And so he will, uncle; indeed, I am sure he will. Take my little savings, and let them go to pay off what is needed. Let him get up from his sick bed a free man, without these old cares to trouble him, and I am sure you will never regret it."

"For your sake, my darling, he shall; but even now I cannot let this go on without a word of warning. Lawrence has renewed his protestations, I suppose, since you have been with him?"

"Yes," said Gwalia, softly; but there was a touch of sadness in her tone.

"And he has promised to start afresh?"

"Yes—so earnestly," she added, with a touch of her old enthusiasm.

"I hope he will keep his word," said Mr. Clayton. Then he was silent for a few minutes, which he occupied in tapping with his fingers upon the desk before him.

"Yes," he said, "it is better I should be open with her; I cannot spare my own son in such a case as this. Gwalia, my child, what do you know about this—this accident?"

"Everything, uncle," she said, after a pause.

"How?"

"Partly by my own suspicions—partly by his own words while he was light-headed. Then, too, the village gossip has reached my ears."

"And yet you—"

"Uncle," exclaimed Gwalia, "I could not rest till I had told him about it, and he owned it all—that it was a silly flirtation begun long ago, and that he had gone to the wood that night to break all off—gone for the last time, since he had now ties that bound him to another. Then this horrible meeting occurred."

"Well, my child?" said Mr. Clayton, for Gwalia had paused. "And you have forgiven him?"

"Why should I not, uncle? Am I to be the harsh judge to him who comes and says to me: 'I have sinned—I have done wrong; but these weaknesses were before I knew you. Forgive me, and let me have the love you promised. Believe in me, and have faith: it will be strength and life to me.' Uncle, shall I tell you his last words the day he said this to me, a fortnight now ago?"

Mr. Clayton bent his head, and the young girl went on:

"Give me your love to strengthen me, Gwalia, and I shall rise from this sick bed a new man, ready to go in for the stern fight for life, and to make amends for all past folly. Refuse it, and you send me drifting down the stream."

"And what did you say?"

"Uncle," said Gwalia, with the soft glow mounting to her pale face, "what could I say? So now you will help him too, and let him start afresh?"

Mr. Clayton sat for awhile thinking and playing with the soft hair that touched his hands, for Gwalia had sunk down upon the carpet at his feet, to rest her arms upon his knees and look up appealingly in his face.

At last he spoke:

"My dear," he said, tenderly, "I am turned sixty-eight, and at that time of life, after many disappointments, one is wanting in your young faith; but I have only one hope here, and that is Lawrence's prosperity. It shall be, then, as you wish."

Gwalia leaped joyously to her feet.

"But I have one condition."

A damp, and so soon!

"He shall frankly own to all his debts, and, no matter how much they are, I will pay them. I ask for perfect confidence."

"Which you shall have, uncle," said Gwalia, enthusiastically. "Lawrence will only be too glad to tell you everything. I may go to him now?"

"Yes, my dear—yes," said Mr. Clayton; and Gwalia hurried from the room and to the pleasant chamber where, an hour before, she had

left the invalid in an easy-chair, for he was now sufficiently recovered to take short walks in the garden, and was very busy planning about his future.

To her surprise, on entering, Lawrence was not there.

"If you please, miss, Mr. Lawrence, miss, said he was tired of sitting in this dull hole, miss, and said he should go for a walk."

So the maid said who had been left in charge of the invalid.

"Why did you not come and tell me?" said Gwalia. "It was very foolish: he ought not to have gone."

"So I told him, miss, and—"

"Well, what did he say?"

"Said I was a fool, miss, and told me to mind my own business."

"Invalids are fretful, Fanny," said Gwalia, smiling sadly. "Mr. Lawrence is not yet well."

"He was well enough, miss, when I stood before the door and tried to stop him, and told him you said he was not to go, to say that if I didn't get out of the way, he'd knock my confounded head off."

The girl whisked herself out of the room.

"It's as well just to let her see what sort of an angel he is as she's pinned her faith to," muttered the girl. "He's a bad 'un, that's what he is right through, or I'm mistaken."

Then, to solace herself, Miss Fanny slipped into the study, took up a duster ready for action at a moment's notice, and, after dusting one book, spread out the county paper, to read with avidity about the Clayton assault case, spelling over carefully, word by word, the account of one Thomas Johnson, servant, being brought up, charged with a murderous assault upon Mr. Lawrence Clayton, who, however, declined to prosecute; and, as there was no evidence, the case fell through, the county magistrates telling the prisoner that he had had a very narrow escape, and that they hoped it would be a warning to him.

"And he's going right away," said Fanny, with a sigh. "Ah, well! we can't all have the same man!"

[To be continued.]

"So Rich and Yet So Poor" commenced in No. 526 and Part CXXVIII.

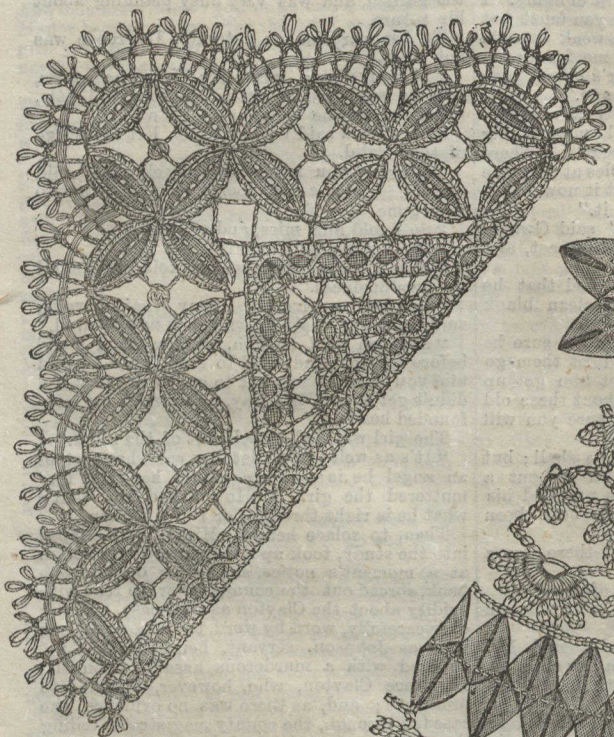
TO LADIES ABOUT TO MARRY.

WOMAN cannot be too cautious, too watchful, too exacting in her choice of a lover, who, from the slave of a few weeks or months (rarely years) is to become the master of her future destiny, and the guide, not only through all time, but perhaps eternity. What madness, then, to suffer the heart to be taken captive by beauty, talent, grace, fascination, before the reason is convinced of the soundness of principle, the purity of faith, the integrity of mind of the future husband!

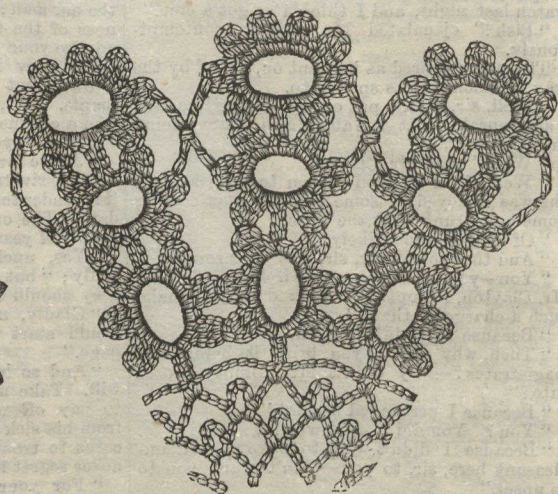
It is not always the all-enduring, devoted, and impassioned lover who makes the kindest, the most attentive, and forbearing husband. We have often seen the coldest inattention, the most mortifying disparagement, the most insulting inconstancy, follow, even in the first months of matrimony, on the most romantic devotion and blindest adoration of courtship. The honeymoon seems to exhaust every drop of honey, and leave nothing but stings in the jar.

Again, the lover who dares to be a man, and to "hint a fault, and hesitate dislike," even though the happiness of his whole life seems to him at stake—one who may forget a bouquet, or neglect a compliment, arrive a few minutes too late, or be disinclined for a waltz or a polka, not admire a fashion, or disagree with a sentiment—such a lover, despicable and indifferent as he is pronounced to be by astounded mammas and indignant aunts (jealous for their daughters and nieces as for themselves), and, far as he falls short of romantic sisters' and young friends' exacting notions, may turn out the best of good husbands, after all. If he dared to be a man when he had everything to gain, he will not be a coward when he has, in the world's opinion, nothing to lose.

BALLS.—An old German custom changed dances into balls. This custom consisted in the assembling in the villages during the Easter holidays, of all the marriageable maidens, in order to present to each now-made bride at whose wedding they had danced a beautifully-ornamented ball. When this ball, after being borne on a gaily-decorated pole in solemn procession through the village, had been presented to the young bride, she was thereby laid under obligation to furnish free music for the evening to all who might wish to dance. From this festive custom is derived the expression "to give a ball."



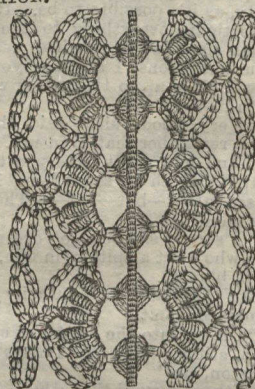
No. 1.—COLLAR:
IMITATION HONITON
BRAID.



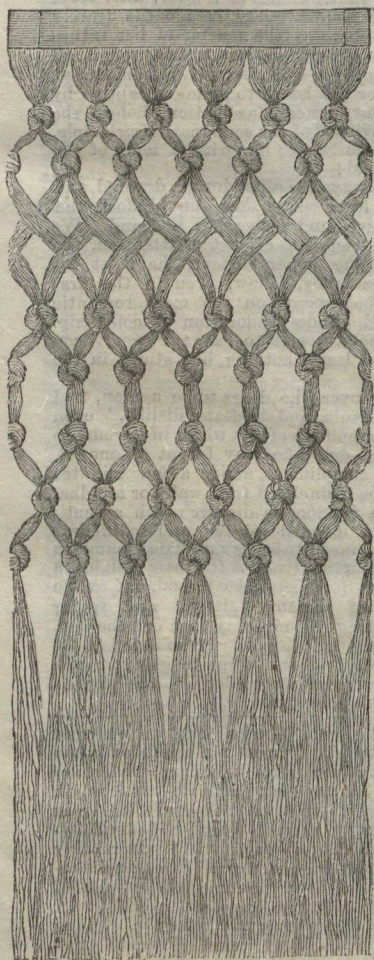
No. 3.—COVER
FOR WALL
PINCUSHION.



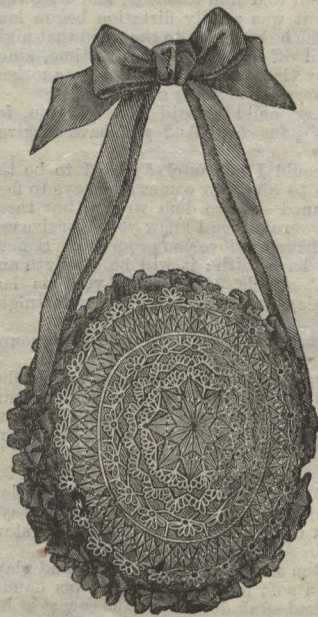
No. 2.—COVER FOR WALL PINCUSHION.



No. 4.—TRIMMING OR INSER-
TION: CROCHET.



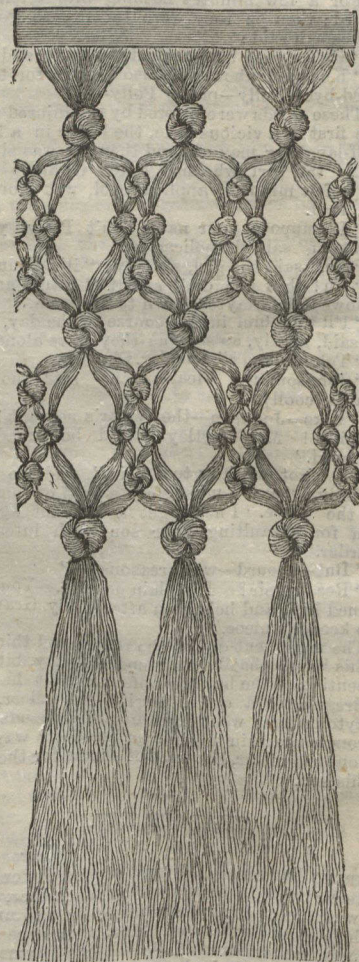
No. 6.—KNOTTED FRINGE.



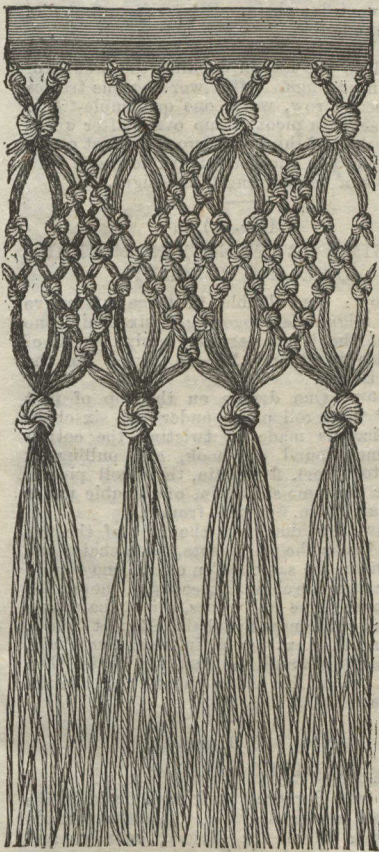
No. 5.—WALL PINCUSHION.



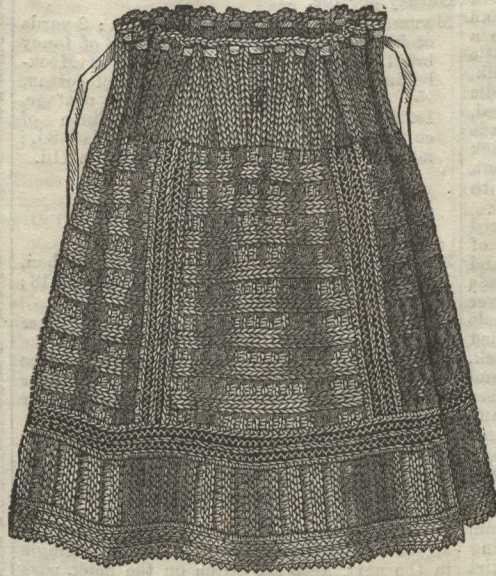
No. 7.—BORDEE: EMBROIDERY.



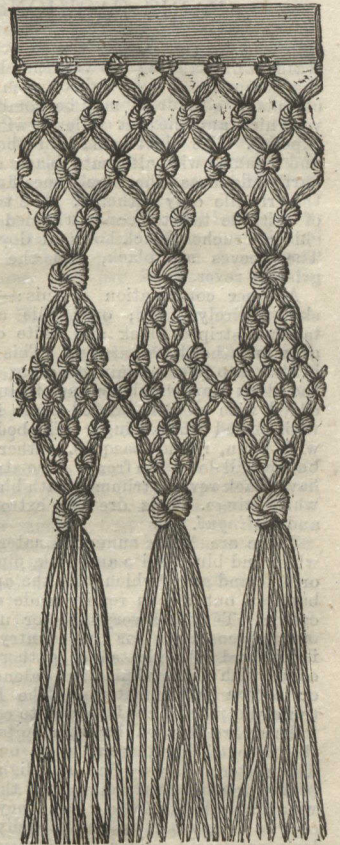
No. 8.—KNOTTED FRINGE.



No. 9.—KNOTTED FRINGE.



No. 10.—KNITTED PETTICOAT.



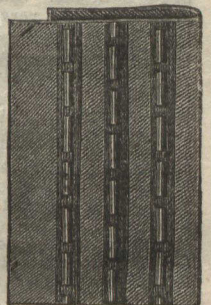
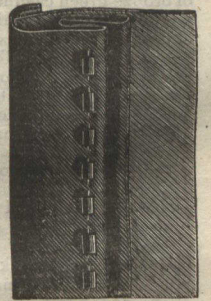
No. 11.—KNOTTED FRINGE.



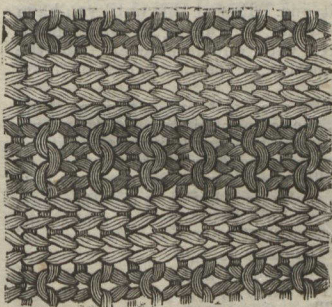
No. 16.—MEDALLION: APPLIQUE AND EMBROIDER



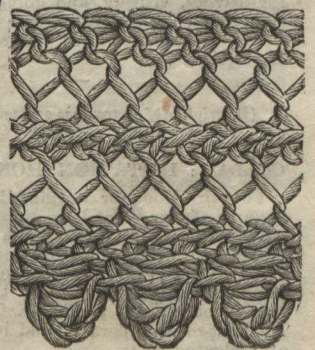
No. 12.—BORDER EMBROIDERY.



Nos. 13 AND 14.—ROULEAUX WITH JET.



No. 15. FOUNDATION OF PETTICOAT.



No. 17.—BORDER OF PETTICOAT,

PARIS FASHIONS.

GRISAILLE taffetas are very much in fashion this summer. A few yards of such silk and an old black silk dress may be combined into a very nice and elegant toilette, with very little expense. The skirt is made of the black silk, and trimmed with alternate black and grisaille narrow flounces, the black ones finely pleated, the grisaille only gathered. The tunic is made of grisaille taffetas, and trimmed with black *chicorée* ruches, black bows all down the front. The sleeves are black, like the skirt, with grisaille revers.

Another combination is this:—A flounced skirt entirely black; over this a tablier of taffetas, striped black and white or black and gray in rather broad stripes. This tablier ends behind into two voluminous *pans*, puffing over the black scarf which confines them; the whole edged with slightly-beaded black lace, headed with curled white fringe. The bodice is black, with plain, round basques, rather short, and buttons all down the front. The striped sleeves have black revers, trimmed with black lace and white fringe. This dress is extremely stylish and *distingué*.

There are light summer materials, striped white and blue, white and pink, pink and gray, or blue and gray, which have the appearance of batiste; but are in reality made of wool and cotton. They are very nice for unpretending morning-costumes for the country. The skirt is trimmed with pleated or gathered flounces, edged with narrow imitation Valenciennes lace or cotton passementerie. The Polonaise or tunic and palstot are trimmed to correspond.

There are also real batistes imitating exactly the checked handkerchiefs of our peasants. The material is very fine and light, and some pretty dresses have been made of them, trimmed with broderie Anglaise. But they are only a *caprice de la mode*, and could easily be made to look extremely vulgar, if deficient in stylish *coup de ciseaux*.

This is a very pretty travelling-dress:—Skirt of bronze-green cashmere, trimmed with gathered flounces. Short tunic of iron-gray summer cloth, gathered up on the sides by loops of broad bronze faille ribbon and a buckle of green mother-of-pearl. Close-fitting palstot-bodice of the same cloth, with bronze revers and cuffs, and buttons matching the buckle. Gray straw hat, with torsade of bronze faille, and a mother-of-pearl buckle.

A walking-dress of two shades of *noisette* suitane. The front of the dress is of the darker shade. It is trimmed with three broad ruchings, placed lengthways, and made of the lighter shade. The back of the skirt is covered with flounces of the dark shade, edged with bias bands of the light one. The bodice, of the light shade, opens in front over a Louis XV. waistcoat of the dark one. Old silver buttons.

Here is now a very elegant and dressy dinner-toilette. It is made of golden, maroon, and straw-coloured faille. The *manteau de cour* skirt of maroon faille; it is trimmed at the bottom with a deep box-pleated flounce, lined with straw-coloured faille. The heading of this flounce forms *coquilles*, showing the lining. This train is turned back on both sides with, of course, straw-coloured lining. The front of the skirt is of straw-coloured faille, trimmed with rows of white-beaded lace resting upon gathered flounces of the same silk. The bodice, high behind and open *en cœur* in front, is of maroon faille, with a ruff lined with straw-coloured faille over another ruff of white lace. The maroon sleeves open at the elbow over a pleating of straw-coloured faille, which again incloses two pleatings of white *crêpe lisse* over *flots* of white lace.

The crownless bonnet is decidedly adopted for driving, visiting, and going to the theatre—in short, for full-dress occasions. For the street, a limp crown of beaded or plain tulle is preferable.

(Description of Engravings on pages 424 and 425.)

(No. 1.)

COLLAR: IMITATION 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.

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, 60, East 79th Street, New York, P.O. Box 3527. Prices upon application. The Point Lace Supplements may be also had from Mrs. Gurney, for 10c.

MATERIALS REQUIRED FOR COLLAR: 2 yards of imitation Honiton braid; 1 yard of fancy braid; 1 yard of edging; one ball of Mecklenburgh thread, No. 250; one reel of cotton, No. 80.—Price of materials and postage, 1s. 3d.; tracing on transparent linen of corner and edging for back of collar, 8d.; materials, tracing, and work begun, 1s. 11d.

(Nos. 2, 3, AND 5.)

WALL PINCUSHION.

MATERIALS: Round cushion; satin ribbon, 1½ inch wide; Arden's crochet-cotton, No. 18; medium-size steel hook.

The cushion may be covered with design either No. 2 or No. 3, as preferred.

No. 2.—The tape star and insertion may be made or bought. We have given directions for making tape trimming many times in our Journal.

Eight points of the tape trimming must be firmly drawn together in the middle for rosetto.

1st Round: One double in a point of tape, * twenty chain, pass over one, one single in the next, keep the stitch on the hook; pass over five, one single in the next, keep the stitch on the hook, pass over five, one single in the next, keep the stitch on the hook, pass over five, keep the stitch on the hook, draw through all together, three chain, one treble between the next points of tape, three chain, one double in the next point. Repeat from * all round.

2nd Round: One double in the double before the twenty chain, * thirty-five chain, pass over two, one single in the next, keeping the stitch on the hook; * pass over five, one single in the next, keeping the stitch on the hook; repeat from last * four times more, three chain, one double under the centre picot of first round. Repeat from first * of second round all round.

3rd Round: * Forty-five chain, pass over two, one single in the next, keeping the stitch on the hook, * pass over six, one single in the next, keeping the stitch on the hook. Repeat from last * five times more. Three chain, one double under the centre picot of last round. Repeat from first * of third round. The side picots are drawn through each other (see design); fasten off.

4th Round: One double in a point of tape, one double in the third picot, * three chain, one double in the next picot, draw through next point of tape, three chain, one single in next point of tape, three chain, one double in the third picot of next group. Repeat from *.

5th Round: One double in a point of tape, * fifty-one chain, seven picots, worked the same as in the third round, two chain, one double in the next point of tape, five chain, one double in the next point of tape. Repeat from *.

For design shown in No. 3, make a chain of six, join round.

1st Round: Five chain, one double. Repeat six times more.

2nd Round: Draw the cotton to the top of five chain of last round, * five chain, one double under the same five chain, one double under the next five chain. Repeat from *.

3rd Round: Draw the cotton to the third stitch of next five chain, * five chain, one double under the same, seven chain, pass over a picot, one double in the next five chain. Repeat from last * all round.

4th Round: Work up to the middle of seven chain, twenty chain, one single in the third, work in the ring * three chain, two treble, keeping the last stitch on the hook to finish the two trebles together, three chain, one double under the ring; repeat from * twice more, twenty chain, one single in the third, three chain, two treble as before, join to the top of last treble in last ring, three chain, one double in the ring; repeat twice more without joining, twenty chain, one single in the third, three chain, two treble, join to the last treble of last ring, three chain, one double under the ring; repeat twice more in the same ring, one chain, one double under the first ring, three chain, two treble, join to the last treble of last ring, three chain, one double under the ring; repeat twice more in the same ring, three double in the third of twenty chain, one double into the ring,

seven chain, pass over one picot, one double into the next five chain. Repeat from first * in fourth round.

In working the next three rings, they must be joined to the last in working the trebles of the two first rings. After working the trebles of the second row, work one quadruple-treble into the seventh picot of top oval; after working the trebles of third ring, cross the last quadruple-treble with another quadruple-treble into the trebles of second ring (see design).

(No. 4.)

TRIMMING OR INSERTION: MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET.

1st Row: One double in three successive picots of mignardise together, * six chain, one double in the three next successive picots of mignardise together. Repeat from * for the required length.

2nd Row: One double on the top of first double, * three roll picots under the six chain (a roll picot is made by twisting the cotton eight times round the hook, and pulling all through together), five chain, three roll picots, all under the same six chain, one double under the next six chain. Repeat from *.

3rd Row: One double in the first of the five chain, between the roll picots, * ten chain, one double under the same. Ten chain, one double under the same five chain. Three chain, one double, passing over three roll picots, three chain, one double under the next five chain. Repeat from *. In working the next ten chain, work five chain, put the hook through the last ten chain, then work the other five chain in order to join the side loops.

(Nos. 6, 8, 9, AND 11.)

KNOTTED FRINGES.

Nos. 6 and 8 represent fringes made of the threads of material, with the cross threads drawn out; these are divided equally, and knotted according to design.

Nos. 9 and 11 are of silk or wool knotted into the material. Silk known as tailor's twist is generally used for the purpose. These fringes are always fashionable when scarves are worn, as they are the best finish for them.

For making fringe, a fringe-frame is needed. This consists of a straight piece of wood, with a piece of steel with sharp points driven into each end. The material is slipped over these pins, and held out firmly by them. The knitting-in and tying of the silk is very easily done with a large steel needle.

(No. 7.)

BORDER: EMBROIDERY.

The border is worked in coral and long stitch, with silk or cotton of one colour.

(Nos. 10, 15, AND 17.)

KNITTED PETTICOAT FOR LADIES.

MATERIALS: ¾ lb single white Berlin wool; two pairs of wooden pins, No. 9 (bell gauge).

This petticoat, made in Berlin wool, is especially adapted for summer wear, as it is particularly light. For winter wear, a thicker wool should be chosen. Ladies who like knitting will find it very nice light work, as it is made in separate pieces, and joined together.

Cast on 100 stitches.

1st Row: Knit two, purl two. Repeat.

2nd Row: Plain knitting. Repeat these rows alternately ninety-eight times more, when the work will be square; fasten off. Five of these squares are required. Work a row of double crochet on each side.

For the insertion between the squares, cast on seven stitches. Slip one, knit one, make one, knit two together, make one, knit two together, knit one. Repeat this until you have the length of square. Five lengths are required. Join to squares with double crochet. For the border at the bottom of petticoat, cast on fifty-four stitches.

1st Row: Slip one, knit one, make one, knit two together, make one, knit two together, knit one, knit forty, make one, knit two together, make one, knit two together, knit one.

2nd Row: Slip one, knit one, make one, knit two together, make one, knit two together, purl forty, make one, knit two together, make one, knit two together, knit one.

3rd Row: The same as 1st.

4th Row: The same as 2nd.

5th Row: The same as 1st.

6th Row: The same as 2nd.

Repeat from 1st Row. This is continued

until long enough to go round the petticoat. Join neatly, so that the ribs come even, and sew on to petticoat.

On the lower edge work five chain, one single in the first, pass over one stitch of border, one double in the next. This completes the bottom of petticoat. With four needles pick up the stitches at the top of petticoat, leaving one of the squares and two stripes of insertion for the front width. From side to side of this front width pick up seventy stitches—that is, an increase of twenty to be picked up more than the stitches of petticoat. This increase is made at the insertion. The remainder is picked up without increase. One needle must be kept for the front. The other two for the back. These stitches on the back needles are alternately knit two, purl two.

For the front, knit two rows plain, without decrease. In the 3rd row, after the last knit two, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, knit twenty-two, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over (this is for one side gore; the middle stitches are kept always the same), knit twenty-six, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, knit twenty-two, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over. This is the other side gore. Continue the ribs; knit two, purl two. 4th and 5th rows without decrease. 6th row, decrease the same as 3rd row. Of course it will be remembered that there is a decrease in the number of stitches in consequence of the formation of the gore.

7th, 8th, and 9th Rows : Without decrease.

10th Row : Decrease.

11th, 12th, and 13th Rows : Without decrease.

14th Row : Decrease.

15th, 16th, and 17th Rows : Without decrease.

18th Row : Decrease.

19th, 20th, and 21st Rows : Without decrease.

22nd Row : Decrease.

23rd, 24th, and 25th Rows : Without decrease.

This is sufficient for the gore.

For the entire round, make one, knit two together, knit two together. The last row is plain knitting. Cast off. A tape is run through the holes.

(No. 12.)

BORDER IN EMBROIDERY.

The outline is in chain-stitch; the pattern in long stitch. Silk of two colours is needed.

(Nos. 13 AND 14.)

ROULEAUX.

With jet bugles put on at regular distances, suitable for crêpe trimmings, &c., &c.

(No. 16.)

MEDALLION: APPLIQUE AND EMBROIDERY.

Appliqué of cloth, silk, velvet, or cretonne, is now very fashionable work, mixed with embroidery. The foundation in most cases is black cloth, as all colours show well upon it. The work may be raised or not, as preferred. If the flowers are raised, a little wadding is put under them. They are button-holed at the edges with purse or sewing silk, according to the quality of the material. The sprays are in coral-stitch, worked with green silk.

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, Godege 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 new game "Badminton" promises to be the rage of this season. Croquet has been going out of favour for some time. People complain that just in proportion as the game is regarded as one of the severer sciences it has become "slow." It takes people out of doors into the fresh air, it is true, but when they are there, it gives them the minimum of exercise. Now, Badminton—so called because it was brought out at the Duke of Beaufort's seat—calls into play the muscles of the arms, chest, &c., and produces ten times more exhilaration and excitement than croquet. It is, in fact, battledore and shuttlecock reduced to rule, elevated into a game of skill, and played between opposite sides. The opposite sides are separated by a transverse net, which answers the useful purpose of preventing the players from rushing at each other, battledore in hand, and striking each other instead of the shuttlecock.

THE HOME.

COOKERY.

FRIED CUCUMBERS.—Pare two or three cucumbers, and cut them into slices of an equal thickness, commencing to slice from the thick, and not from the stalk, end of the cucumber. Wipe the slices dry with a cloth, dredge them with flour, and put them into a pan with some boiling oil or butter. Keep turning them over till brown; lift them out of the pan, let them drain, and serve lightly piled on a dish. These will be found a great improvement to rampsteak; they should be placed on the dish, with the steak on the top.

INDIAN CURRY POWDER.— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb coriander seed, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb turmeric, 2 oz cinnamon-seed, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz cayenne, 1 oz mustard, 1 oz ground ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz allspice, 2 oz fennegreek-seed. Put these ingredients into a cool oven, and let them remain there all night; then pound them in a mortar. Rub them through a sieve, and mix them thoroughly together; keep the powder in a bottle, from which the air must be excluded.

SWISS CURD.—Take the milk after all the cream has risen, but while it is still perfectly sweet, heat it nearly to the boiling point, and then, after it has cooled so that the finger can be held in it without scalding, put in enough liquid rennet to bring a curd, and, when cool enough to handle comfortably, turn into a stout linen cloth, and squeeze out all the whey. When quite cold, fill tumblers two-thirds full, and cover with a quarter of an inch of sweet cream. The curd should be salted or sweetened to taste.

GOOSEBERRY TRIFLE.—Put one quart of gooseberries into a jar, with sufficient moist sugar to sweeten them, and boil them until reduced to a pulp. Put this pulp at the bottom of a trifle dish; pour over it a pint of custard, and, when cold, cover with whipped cream. The cream should be whipped the day before it is wanted for table, as it will then be firmer and more solid. The dish may be garnished as fancy dictates.

TEMPLEMORE'S HERITAGE.

CHAPTER XV.

THE Duchess of M— gave a garden-party at Chiswick, and all the world was there. Not one of the great upper ten but put in an appearance, either personally or by representative; and, amongst the rest, Lady Waterwood and her daughter, were there, and Nora and Lillian Hartopp, and the Duke of Townley, conspicuously devoted to Nora, and Lord Newtown, hovering on the outskirts of the party, looking longingly towards the Paradise from which Lillian's studied coldness excluded him; and—No, Charlie Dundas was *not* there. In the intervals of her ducal admirer's conversation, Nora noted his absence with an uneasy surprise and half-consciousness. She was so used to Charlie's pleasant companionship, that she hardly knew until now that she was deprived of it, how pleasant it was, or how necessary to her full enjoyment of any pleasure. What could have happened to keep Charlie away, when, too, he had distinctly stated his intention of being there? Was it the Duke? Nora scarcely put the question even into thought, but it was there, troubling the gay current of her thoughts, and making her replies to the half-whispered pretty nothings of the Duke occasionally vague and wide of the mark.

The fashionable crowd took note of the great "eligible's" devotion, and the rumour that he had made his choice—thrown his ducal handkerchief—was the great sensation of the day. The *élite* of society were too well-bred for significant looks or smiles; but Nora was none the less conscious of the fact that she commanded the attention of the assembly, and that the great question of the season was answered in every mind by her name. Perhaps the rich crimson glow on her cheek and the light in her eye were understood by the Duke, and accepted in counter-balance of her sometimes wandering attention. Perhaps, too, even this had its favouring significance. The shadow of the strawberry-leaves, the weight of the grand matrimonial triumph, might well subdue even so undaunted a spirit as Nora's. Certainly, his Grace felt and showed no anxiety. Why should he? A veteran like himself was not likely to take up any other than a secure position.

But where was Charlie? Even Nora could scarcely understand why, as the evening wore

on, and the festive groups perceptibly thinned, and the dull, close heat of the storm-brooding July atmosphere told upon the spirits of the guests, she recurred oftener and oftener, with more and more of something very like alarm, to the unusual circumstance of her cousin's absence.

And then, almost at the last moment, when Lady Sophia had already made a movement to summon her carriage, Charlie, with a white, scared face and a strange disorder of manner very unusual to his easy composure, appeared, making his way towards his aunt's party.

The movement of departure had begun, and only the two girls saw him. Lillian clasped her two hands, in their pearl-tinted kid-gloves, tightly together, and her heart cried out, in quick alarm:

"Hilary! Something has happened to Hilary!"

But Charlie walked straight up to Nora; and whilst the Duke, on the one side, was gallantly offering his arm to conduct her to the carriage, Charlie, on the other, whispered:

"Come away out of the crowd: I must speak to you."

With a graceful bow and a sweet smile, with a little charming *finesse*, Nora disposed of her titled cavalier by abrogating his services in favour of her mother, and then she dropped behind with Charlie, and the real concern in her heart came out in her eager words:

"Good gracious! what is the matter? You look horrible!"

"There is a telegram from Switzerland," said he, rapidly. "My uncle, Lord Ashborough, and his son are both dead—drowned in the lake at Lucerne: the one in trying to save the other. It came three hours ago—the message—sent on by my grandfather. He is on his way to London, *en route* for Lucerne, and I am to join him this evening. I came to look for you first, to tell you."

"Both dead!" repeated Nora, slowly and breathlessly, and as if weighing each word in its full significance as she uttered it.

"Both," answered Charlie.

And then the eyes of the two met, involuntarily, and Nora's long lashes drooped over her burning cheeks.

"What is it, Charlie?" whispered Lily's trembling tones at that moment.

"Bad news from abroad," answered Charlie; and then, as he saw Lillian's ashy pallor, he explained, hurriedly: "My uncle and cousin have been drowned in Switzerland. I am called away at once. I shall not see you for a few days—perhaps a week; but I will write the particulars. You must tell my aunt. Good-bye."

And in the intense relief brought by these words, Lillian failed to comprehend the import of her cousin's announcement; never realised how the accident at Lucerne had crushed the hopes of a noble house, and forgot that it had changed the whole current of Charlie's life, leaving between him and a peerage only the frail span of life of a sorrow-stricken old man. Love could make even Lillian selfish.

But to Nora, the revelation was complete and overpowering. For once she lost her self-possession entirely: forgot to return the Duke's parting bow, or to recognise his parting glance, and, as Charlie wrung her hand and hurried away, sank back into a corner of the carriage, with her veil lowered and her eyes closed, and gave herself up to the bewildering contemplation of what that accident at Lucerne meant, for her as well as for Charlie.

And when the carriage stopped at the door in Hyde Park Square, there was a softening haze over the lustre of the brilliant eyes, and a smile, sweet and tremulous, on the defiant lips. The woman-heart, held in durance so long, had broken its bonds, and was thrilling through every pulse the message of its sweet dominion. Nora—worldly-minded, insensible Nora, was fairly transformed. She stepped into the hall, smiling softly to herself, like one in a delicious dream.

"Nora, Nora," said her mother, raising her plaintive voice for the third time, as they walked together up the staircase, "don't you hear what Lily has been saying? Poor Lord Ashborough and his son are both dead—in such a shocking manner, too! Is it not dreadful?"

"Yes, mamma, very dreadful," repeated Nora, still with that smile on her lips.

"Charlie is going at once to Lucerne with the poor, dear old Earl," continued Lady Sophia. "He must be terribly distressed."

"Yes, mamma."

"And Charlie—it's a great change," said Lady Sophia. "He stands next after his grandfather in the title. Poor fellow! he could never have expected to come in; and now, he will hardly

care to think about it at first. It is all so sad—so very sad. Poor dear Lady Ashborough!"

"Poor thing!" acquiesced Nora. And then she passed on up the next flight of steps to her own room, and left Lady Sophia to rouse Lillian to tardy sympathy.

Charlie, Nora was repeating to herself, still in her first amazement—Charlie, the younger son's son, heir to the title, and head of the family, and that become possible which had had to be pushed back and struggled against so persistently!

A great rush of long-repressed tenderness almost frightened her by its sudden self-assertion. How well it was that such a dangerous power had been kept, hitherto, under watch and ward!

And the Duke?

Nora laughed, and tossed her handsome head, and exulted in the triumph she had won and could afford to resign.

"After all," she said, "it would have been a tiresome, tedious price to pay. Dear old Charlie!"

And she gave herself up to the new, delicious sensation of floating down the tide instead of beating up against it.

And she was wonderfully gentle and tender to Lillian all through the evening—a leisure evening at home, as it happened—as the two girls sat alone in their mother's boudoir, and talked in low tones of Lord Ashborough's death, and his widow's grief, and Charlie Dundas's changed prospects; whilst, trembling each heart, and faltering each tongue, was an unconfessed bond which drew them closer together in a union mysteriously felt and understood, if unspoken.

Charlie was back again in town in less than ten days, looking a little pale, and a good deal impressed and sobered by the awful event to which he had been brought so close. He talked it all out in the quiet, hushed manner he had brought from the view of Lady Ashborough's frantic grief and his old grandfather's sullen, almost vindictive despair.

"Yes, it has been a hard time," he admitted, with a sigh. "For some reason or another, my grandfather has never cared much for me, and now he positively hates the sight of me. One can understand the feeling, and one does hate to profit by such misfortunes. If it were not for—one thing, I should be horribly sorry that I happen to stand next in the succession."

Nora did not ask what that "one thing" was. She only bent her head lower, and examined, with a sudden access of interest, the ivory tablets which hung at her chateleine. Nora—self-possessed, fearless Nora—had grown suddenly shy and timid as a school-girl!

"Nora," said Charlie, presently, bending down and taking the tablets from between her unresisting fingers—"Nora, do you remember the Gipsy's prophecy—that I should have the wish of my heart? Will you give it to me?"

"I—I? How should I know?"

She tried to be saucy; she tried to fence with him; but the voice that would have laughed quivered and broke down, and the unbidden tears welled to her eyes, and the real, irresistible feeling put her at his mercy.

"Nora, my own—my darling! *this* is the wish of my heart, and you know it!" he cried, as he clasped her to his heart for the first time in all their cousinly intimacy. "How little I dreamed it could ever come to pass! Bless that Gipsy!" he added, presently, laughing; for emotional display was not after the manner of either of these lovers, and they were glad as soon as possible to shake themselves free of the access into which they had been surprised.

"Ah!" reminded Nora, shaking her pretty head at him; "we must not forget the rest of the prophecy."

"I'll chance it," answered Charlie, gaily. "And now for my uncle and aunt."

Mr. Hartopp and Lady Sophia had nothing to say against the arrangement under the altered aspect of Charlie's affairs.

Lady Sophia was touched and delighted at the story of the real and secret attachment nourished by her worldly-minded Nora. She was very fond of Charlie, and, as a son-in-law, infinitely preferred him to the elderly Duke, brilliant as his alliance would have been; and Mr. Hartopp, who knew nothing of the ducal episode, was well content with the future peerage. Only, in his always alert and wise policy, he stipulated that the formal announcement of the engagement should be postponed for six months.

"It is barely decent," he said, "to announce a wedding close on the heels of a funeral. It would be most impolitic," he thought, without saying, "to prejudice the grandfather by a premature rejoicing of that sort. There is a great

deal still in his power. He would naturally resent this as an early taking advantage of his misfortune. Well, matters are turning out satisfactorily. Lillian marries Lord Newtown in time, and Nora becomes, also in time, Countess of Kenmore. That will do, I think."

CHAPTER XVI.

"HAVE you heard the news?" Lady Waterwood, a week later, was asking the Admiral, with her aristocratic beak of a nose thrust forward almost into her listener's face, as the pair were dining, side by side, at Sir Mark Kendall's table.

"What news?" asked the gentleman. "Nothing since yesterday, is there?"

"Then you have not heard? The great eligible has dropped off, and the young lady's family, in great disgust, have carried her off to the South of France to finish the season, and smooth over the mortification."

"Fact?" questioned the Admiral.

The Dowager nodded.

"What is the meaning of it?" demanded the gentleman. "It seemed a settled thing that day at Chiswick."

"Miss Nora may have shown her temper, or some kind friend may have whispered a story or two of her numerous flirtations," charitably concluded Lady Waterwood, with a satisfied shrug of her uncovered shoulders.

"And they have taken her abroad?" said the Admiral.

"Yes," answered the lady; "and"—confidentially—"it's about the wisest thing that poor Lady Sophia has done for a long time. If she is sensible, she will keep the girl away for six months, at least."

And Lady Waterwood glanced over at her Blanche, who, Nora well out of the way, might have a chance to get her innings for the ducal coronet, after all.

"Ah!" said the Admiral, sipping his Lafitte; "Lady Sophia is a bad manager—very. Scarcely another mother in London would have let the Duke slip through her fingers in that way. So they have all gone abroad—Hartopp and all?"

"Yes; under some pretence of his health—chest delicacy or something—wanting a warm climate. In July! My dear Admiral, the thing speaks for itself."

"Hartopp knows what he is about, too," mused the gentleman. "Who told you he had gone?"

"Lord Newtown. I met him this afternoon; he had just been to see them off; and when I got home, I found a little note from Lady Sophia—of explanation, she called it; and Lady Waterwood fanned herself, and coughed significantly. "I am sorry to say there is no doubt about the whole affair."

"Most extraordinary!" emphasised the Admiral.

And then the ladies rose from table, and the conference broke up.

It was quite true that the Hartopps had gone abroad, hurried away by an alarming increase of unfavourable symptoms connected with Mr. Hartopp's disorder. He had once been benefited by a visit to the Pyrenees, and, in spite of the season, he persisted in trying the same air again.

The physicians yielded: their object was to shift the responsibility of their patient. They knew that the case was hopeless, and they were glad to get rid of the daily feint of an impossible cure. The Pyrenees, even in July, were as good as any other place to die in, and the patient might be humoured—for the last time. And, the plan having been made, nothing would suit the impatience of the invalid but immediate action. Twenty-four hours were all he allowed for preparation for the family exodus.

Lord Newtown, paying his diurnal visit of inquiry, was just in time to escort the party to the railway-station, *en route* for Dover, and took the opportunity, on the way, of informing Mr. Hartopp that Biarritz was the place he had all along fixed on for his autumn trip, and that he "hoped to stumble across them somewhere on the road before long." Charlie Dundas, summoned in hot haste by telegram from Nora, was the only other confidant of the family.

"You will come over to us, Charlie, by-and-by, when you get your leave?" invited his aunt; and the young man's rueful countenance brightened at the suggestion.

"I'll be over with you next month," was his parting promise—the words to Lady Sophia, the spirit to Nora.

And whilst Lady Waterwood was sowing her baleful insinuations broadcast over "Society" in Lady Kendall's drawing-room, the innocent subject of her aspersions was sitting on the deck of the Calais boat, under the summer moon,

thinking of Charlie and of that promise which had taken the sting out of their parting.

"Society," however, believed Lady Waterwood's story, and repeated it, with variations, at all its last remaining meetings, and rejoiced over it after its own amiable manner. As for the "great eligible," he smiled to himself as he rode away from Mr. Hartopp's door—where he had occasion to leave a card—and stroked his well-dyed moustache, as he murmured to himself:

"Gone abroad! A masterly stroke, upon my word, and a bold one! I should hardly have given Lady Sophia credit for such superior diplomacy. It must be *la belle* Nora. That girl is a clever creature. She deserves to be a duchess! Well, there is no hurry. I'll take a turn at the grouse in August, and in September, of course, I am due at Townley; but after October I can run over to Biarritz. A little anxiety in the meantime is only the natural tare amongst the wheat of such a harvest."

And, in the meantime also, the Duke permitted himself to be courted and fêted by the mothers of all the marriageable daughters in Mayfair, and listened with imperturbable serenity to Lady Waterwood's regret that "her poor friend, Lady Sophia Hartopp, was so unfortunate in her family." She grieved to say the younger daughter had formed a most undesirable attachment, and she—Lady Waterwood—had heard—this in strictest confidence, his Grace would understand—that the sudden journey to the Pyrenees, which had so astonished the world, had been necessitated by a more than usually flagrant case of flirtation on Nora's part. Lady Waterwood was deeply concerned; she knew the family most intimately, and Lady Sophia and she were like sisters. She had always felt it her duty to warn Lady Sophia against her mistaken system of training her daughters; and the result had justified her prognostications. Lady Waterwood was thankful—most thankful—that such a trial was spared herself: *her* daughters had never given her a moment's uneasiness in their lives.

"Training, my dear Duke—training is the thing. In *our* position in life, one false step is irremediable; and in the case of a young lady, that one step is so easy!"

"True, Lady Waterwood—most true," assented the Duke, with a good deal of feeling; and then he offered her ladyship his arm, and conducted her to her carriage with a deeply-sympathetic courtesy, which caused her to congratulate herself on having successfully performed her duty as a British matron.

"Blanche would be precisely the wife for him," thought her ladyship; "and he looked at her as if he thought so."

Nevertheless, the season's campaign came to a close, and Lady Waterwood carried off her daughters free as she had brought them on the field.

"Still," thought the undaunted Dowager, "there is no telling what the 'autumn manoeuvres' may accomplish; and Grace Hervey has asked us to Combe for the first fortnight in October, when the Duke is sure to be at Townley. These things are much oftener settled quietly in the country than in the hurry and bustle of a London season. I am very glad now that I accepted Grace's invitation instead of joining Mrs. Herbert Fanshaw's party in Scotland. Grace keeps a dull house; but, then, Combe is close to Townley, and there is a most neighbourly understanding between the two houses. And, after all, one must make sacrifices for one's children. Dear Blanche has always been a most dutiful daughter, and deserves my best efforts."

Supported by the approval of her own conscience and by the hope of success to come, Lady Waterwood bade the Duke farewell "until September," as she smilingly reminded him, and set herself to restore Blanche's somewhat faded bloom by a course of German waters in the meantime.

[To be continued.]

"Templemore's Heritage" commenced in No. 523 and Part CXXVII.

FORGETFULNESS.—A great deal of harm is done through forgetfulness. A little thoughtfulness and care with respect to others would often save them from a great deal of suffering, and aid them in their work. A man is discouraged in consequence of the difficulties he meets with. An encouraging word may be all that is necessary to revive his energies, and to cause him to persevere. That word is easily spoken. There are those who are perfectly willing to speak it, but they do not think of it.

STELLA REDRUTH.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SARAH OR MIRIAM?

At the appointed evening Eustace found himself climbing the grand marble staircase of the hotel where dwelt Sir Halberd Redruth and his wife. A door was open, and the young artist saw lights dazzling, jewels sparkling, plumes waving. He heard the sound of music, and presently beheld several couples whirling round in time to one of the melodies of Strauss. He stood in the gilded corridor, where was already a gay crowd assembled, driven out by the heat. In this wide corridor were flowers, and statues, and seats of silken texture.

A stout, fair woman, in velvet, with gold ornaments, put up her eye-glass, and scrutinised the handsome head of Eustace.

"Positively," she whispered to a friend, "I recognise that youth. He is the dead woman's nephew; refused to marry that girl who ran away. You know there was such a terrible story about her."

"Fine young man," said a thin old lady, putting up her eye-glass.

Eustace meanwhile was wrapt in the contemplation of the glittering scene. Among the dancers was a young lady, whom he recognised as none other than the beautiful Sarah, who had entertained him at supper, and searched his boxes for the portrait of Lady Redruth. This woman's magnificent Oriental loveliness seemed to have bloomed into fuller proportions than of yore. Her colouring was simply superb; the bloom on cheek and lip was what a poet might term *divine*, without hyperbole or exaggeration. The raven hair, the enormous eyes, which looked now azure, now black, now hazel, in the various lights and shadows, all were of the most brilliant and perfect beauty. Sarah wore white satin and sparkling rubies; necklace, ear-rings, bracelets, glittered with the rosy light of those gems. She waltzed charmingly; her tall, graceful form seemed to float round the ball-room. She danced with an officer in blue-and-gold uniform.

"One of the Royal Princes of the House of Gurstemburgh," whispered one man to another. Eustace was ablaze with curiosity. *Who* was this woman? Was she linked in with the Spanish Bandulia, with Bertrande, with Ovington? And behold! she dances with a Prince at Sir Halberd's ball.

"Who is that woman?" he said, suddenly, to an aristocratic-looking Englishman at his side.

The Englishman said, coldly:

"What woman? There are so many."

"I mean yonder wonderful creature in white satin, with red precious stones sparkling like fire on her throat, and at her ears—that tall, beautiful creature, with black hair—*there*, dancing with the man in gold and blue?"

"The Prince Charles," said the Englishman, loftily; "a friend of mine."

"But the lady?" persisted Eustace.

"Mademoiselle Silvio. Her father is, I believe, Italian."

Silvio? Was not that the name of the adventurers whom Rollings had talked of at the *café*?—a man calling himself a Count, who had a lovely daughter; the said daughter rolling about in the Corso every evening in a splendid carriage; a ball given, the rooms filled with bandits, the ladies' jewels taken; and the Silvio cut since then by all good people? Had he been invited this evening to the ball solely to meet this woman? He thought so; and while he watched the dancers, the portly form of the one-eyed lawyer crossed the room at the other end.

"The plot thickens," thought he. Then, without shyness or boldness, the disinherited heir of the Redruths entered the ball-room, and sat down, watching Sarah all the time.

The Prince led her to a seat, bowed, and retired. Eustace elbowed his way through the crowd; and presently he stood bowing before the beautiful Sarah.

"No need to introduce myself, Mademoiselle Sarah," said the young artist. "I daresay you recognise me: Eustace Grayling."

Not a shade paler or warmer the splendid complexion, not one startled gleam in the glorious eyes, the beautiful woman smiled, and said, in the prettiest English:

"I have not the honour of the acquaintance of monsieur. There is a mistake."

"There is no mistake, mademoiselle," said Eustace, bowing most deeply, and then seating himself by the lady's side. "Only, doubtless, you have seen half a hundred such beardless youths as myself since that night when I had the honour of supping with you and your papa

in the city; while I have seen no one so magnificent—so beautiful as Mademoiselle Sarah."

The lady laughed a musical laugh, and shook her head.

"Indeed I do not remember you, sir, in the city. I have never been in the city; and my name is Miriam."

She flashed a flash upon him from her enormous eyes; and Eustace felt it was a dangerous flash. It implied a threat, and there was one intensely wicked curl of the superb lip—a merciless lip, though beautiful as a dream of Cupid in a garden of roses. Cold, sarcastic, terrible, Eustace was not daunted. He wished to find out whether Bandulia was leagued with his enemies, and what had become of Lady Redruth's portrait.

"You searched for a certain picture in my room in London, Mademoiselle Sarah, or Miriam. It matters not by which name I call you."

"And I have never been to England," the lady said, looking at Eustace with a coolness that staggered the young artist. "My father, the Count Silvio, and myself, his only daughter, have lived for nineteen and a half years in the neighbourhood of Munich. Italian by parentage, I have received a German education. I have been secluded in my convent until I came here to Rome six months ago. I am twenty years old now. I learnt English in my convent; but I have never been to England."

Calmly she spoke, coldly and carelessly besides. Eustace was more than ever staggered. She watched his perplexed face, and she smiled.

"I will pardon you, monsieur," she said, "because I feel convinced that all this is a mistake. You really fancied you had seen me before; whereas, you have never been within sight of me in all your life. These resemblances are extraordinary."

"It is more than a casual resemblance, mademoiselle. But perhaps you have a twin-sister?" She shook her head.

"I am an only child."

"And I," said Eustace, "am an artist, accustomed to study every line and feature in the human countenance; and yours, mademoiselle, is most deeply engraven on my memory."

"Under what circumstances did we meet?" asked the lady, scornfully; whereupon Eustace in a few words repeated the events of the night when he had been dragged into unconsciousness while his room was searched.

"And since a violent attempt has been made to rob me of a certain portrait—within the last few days," continued he, "excuse me if, suspicious of a plot, I venture to warn you that I am quite aware *why* you desire to possess that picture."

He said this in reference to Rollings' solution of the mystery—namely, that the portrait would be shown to the rich Nabob in token of his nephew's heartlessness and extravagance. The beautiful Mademoiselle Silvio turned white with fear, or anger, or suspicion. Eustace said nothing of the Indian uncle, only that he knew *why* so many persons wished to obtain the picture.

"If you know," she said, quite off her guard with surprise, "make use of your advantages."

She smiled a brilliant smile, gracious, full of condescension. He perceived that if he *knew* the whole truth in this matter, the adventuress Sarah—what else was she?—would pay court to him, instead of insulting him. What was this secret? Had it a larger significance than the wealth of the Indian Nabob, or had it not?

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SIR HALBERD'S KINDNESS.

"You tell me to make use of my advantages," said poor Eustace, smiling as cynically as it was in his generous nature to smile. "I mean to do so at once."

He was quite ignorant of the lady's meaning. He had no idea what his advantages were; but he continued to grope in the dark with a confident sort of off-hand carelessness very well assumed.

Sarah looked at him quickly out of her enormous eyes—a quick, searching, anxious glance.

"I can only repeat," said she, languidly, relapsing into pretended apathy, "that I have never been in England in my life."

"Nevertheless, you were alive when I supped with you and your good papa," said Eustace.

At that moment a tall, distinguished-looking man approached mademoiselle and Eustace. He bowed, and Eustace returned the salute.

Had he watched mademoiselle carefully all the time, he would have seen that she had made a sign to the gentleman, which had brought him to her presence. He looked at Eustace, and smiled a courteous smile.

"I very much regret, Mr. Grayling, that I was not here sooner to bid you welcome. I must introduce myself: Sir Halberd Redruth."

Eustace bowed again.

"I have never before had the honour of your personal acquaintance, Sir Halberd."

"No; and I very much regretted it," said the baronet, politely.

Mademoiselle made a quick sign with her hand. The baronet flushed; and when Eustace looked at him again, he was amazed at the perturbation of his countenance.

Mademoiselle broke into a musical laugh.

"Do sit down a moment, Sir Halberd," said she. "I have something so odd to relate."

Sir Halberd sat down.

"Once, in London, this gentleman was invited out to supper by an old man whom he did not know. Imprudently, he went; there, in some strange den, he partook of supper with that old man and his daughter. His wine was drugged; he lost his senses. When he came to himself, he was in the gas-lit street; the November rain was falling on him. He felt in his pockets; but he had *not* been robbed. He called a cab, and was driven home; there his landlady told him that a lady resembling the old man's daughter had come to his rooms, and called herself his sister, and had searched every box, trunk, and drawer in his possession. Nothing was taken. Mr. Grayling went to the police, and they searched for the old man and his daughter. Since Sunday, a violent attempt has been made to deprive Mr. Grayling of a certain portrait; and he *knows* now that the said portrait was what the old man sought. He has crossed over to me to-night, telling me that *my* name is Sarah; that I am the old man's daughter, and the searcher; and also he now *knows* of what advantage the portrait is to him."

Eustace watched Sir Halberd's face while mademoiselle mockingly told him this story; and he was surprised to see how his mouth twitched, and how pale he had become.

"Bandulia is faithful to me, or is a thief. She is not linked with my enemies," thought Eustace; for while he felt convinced that Sir Halberd wished to obtain the portrait, he felt also convinced that he had *not* as yet received it.

"You will speak to Mr. Ovington, perhaps?" said the baronet.

"The plot thickens," thought Eustace. "What in the world should I speak to Ovington for?"

What does Sir Halberd mean? Eustace did not ask this question, of course; he pretended to understand everything; and he contrived to preserve a quiet, calm demeanour, while his whole soul burnt with impatience and curiosity.

"Mr. Ovington came to *claim* the portrait for you, and I refused to give it up."

"Naturally," said Sir Halberd, with an unnatural laugh—"naturally."

The gay dancers whirled round, the musicians played on, the rose colour and gold with which the rooms were decorated swam in a confused mass of colour before the eyes of Eustace; his head was burning hot; he felt that momentous questions were at issue; and if he betrayed how little he knew, he would lose all chance of whatever Fortune held in store for him. Perhaps the Indian Nabob had already made his will in his favour. Perhaps— He waited to hear what Sir Halberd would say. Sarah leaned back against the rose damask cushions, and smiled superciliously.

"I am your guest, Sir Halberd," said Eustace, at length—"your invited guest, and I have no right to reproach you here; but *knowing* what a right I had to that portrait, and how invaluable it was to me, *why* did you send your man of business to cajole it away from me?"

"I? He—Ovington—exceeded his orders. He is a rash and a—*vulgar* man," said Sir Halberd, who could not find a more contemptuous term for his family lawyer.

"You may imagine, Sir Halberd, how very much surprised I felt at receiving your invitation to attend at your splendid reception to-night, when your lawyer had struggled with me, called in the police, and made them search all through my drawers, boxes, and wardrobe, for the portrait. He even told them that I was a thief."

"A vulgar man—a *very* vulgar man," said the baronet, in a confused manner.

"But the question is not one simply of the man's vulgarity," pursued Eustace, speaking with a hard smile that was well assumed—a smile which spoke of indifference, power, success, complete knowledge of the whole matter, while his very finger-tips tingled with anxiety and curiosity. "The question is, what reparation do you intend to make for the wrong you in-

tended me? You have invited me here not to insult me, of course. You must surely have some proposal to make."

The baronet's face was deadly white. There positively, to Eustace, appeared scarcely any real reason for all this violent agitation.

Suddenly a thin, roused lady, in violet satin and oriental amethysts, stood smiling a polite smile before Eustace. She put a very thin hand on Sir Halberd's arm.

"Our guest, my dear—Mr. Grayling. Mr. Grayling, Lady Redruth."

The middle-aged dame and the young artist bowed to each other.

"Does not Mr. Grayling dance?" asked her ladyship.

"Not to-night, Lady Redruth," said the young man, gravely.

Sir Halberd looked at his wife, and addressed her rapidly in German, a language with which Eustace was not well acquainted.

Lady Redruth grew so pale, that the rouge spots in her hollow cheeks made her look ghastly. She glanced at Eustace, and her small eyes flashed savagely; her lips curled bitterly. Then she addressed a question sharply to Sir Halberd. He answered; and, turning round, Lady Redruth addressed Eustace.

"Mr. Grayling, will you come into my boudoir? I will talk to you for ten minutes, and settle this question, I hope, at once."

The young man rose, and bowed his head. It was a handsome head, and his form was graceful, tall, well-knit, muscular. Many turned to look after the hostess and the noble-looking English youth. Lady Redruth's violet skirts rustled stiffly. She threaded her way through her magnificent ball-room, and entered a little boudoir, hung in turquoise-coloured velvet, with chairs and couches to match. Sinking into a seat, the lady motioned Eustace to do the same. He remained standing, however.

"I am very much pained, Mr. Grayling, that this should have happened."

Eustace bowed, and listened eagerly. He quite understood that the lady was trying to find out how much he knew; and since he knew nothing, he preserved a discreet silence.

"This portrait?" continued her ladyship, with a bland smile.

"Yes; it is full of significance, Lady Redruth. It was too cruel to attempt to deprive me of my own, was it not?"

She shrugged her shoulders—thin shoulders, and bare, as was fashionable, and unbecoming, and ridiculous, all at once.

"This world, my dear young friend, is a hard place to dwell in. The school of life has bitter discipline for most of us. Who can blame us, if we strive first to build up the fortunes of ourselves and our children?"

"At the expense of others," and Eustace paused to think; and then unfortunately added: "and by falsifying the characters of others."

He had made so sure of Philip's theory respecting the Indian Nabob, that he ventured to act upon it.

The sudden flushing of the lady's sunken cheeks, the sudden flashing of her smile, showed him that he had made a mistake; that Rollings had guessed wrongly, and that the Nabob and his golden hoards had nothing whatever to do with the matter.

"Falsifying? Oh! no, no. Now you mistake."

She laughed, as though much relieved.

"How could you think—what did you think all this meant? Pray tell me! You are very much mistaken. That much I may tell you."

"I only know, Lady Redruth, that the portrait is invaluable to me; that for some reason Sir Halberd desires to obtain it; and that I am determined not to part with it to a soul."

"Well and good."

Lady Redruth's voice was quite jocund in her satisfaction.

"Only admitting that there is a secret that we wish for the portrait; and meanwhile you, in profound ignorance of that secret, may go on hoarding your poor aunt's likeness all your life without benefiting yourself. Why not sell it to us, say, for—the lady paused to consider, then said—"say for a thousand pounds?"

Eustace started.

"Your ladyship bids high."

"Because I know the story: I am behind the scenes. You have no clue; and the portrait is useless to you."

"It may not always be so."

"It may not." The lady sneered a little; then added: "Believe me, it will. Poor old Lady Redruth will look kindly at you from the ivory, and that is all."

Eustace sighed.

"I will take time to consider of this, your ladyship," he said.

"And when shall we know the result? A thousand pounds, remember; and Sir Halberd may not always be in this generous mood."

"I will call the day after to-morrow, Lady Redruth, and tell you whether or no I will sell the portrait."

"Well and good." She rose to her feet. "And now go into the room, and dance with the prettiest girls you can see; and let me entreat you to go into yonder refreshment-room, and take something to eat and drink."

The refreshment-room was splendid. The plate, the wines, the waiters, were all most costly.

While Eustace was eating some delicious cold game, he suddenly saw standing in the lamp-light the form of a man he knew—a blunt, bluff, ruddy face, though much of the colour had faded. The young gentleman started violently when he saw Eustace. He rushed up to him, and grasped his hand.

"My dear fellow—my dear boy," he said, "where have you been—what has become of you?"

"I have been here in Rome, Sir Gilbert, working for my bread."

"Happy fellow; and yet no. Some heartless jade half broke your heart, didn't she?—that Anstruther girl, didn't she?"

It was a coarse, rough way of probing an old wound; but Eustace knew Sir Gilbert of old. He winced a little, notwithstanding.

"The old scar has healed; the broken heart is mended," said he, trying to laugh.

"Good heavens! how can such things be, when a man really loves a woman? Have you heard my story, how old Redruth's daughter, who was to have been my bride, ran away from me in the night, and never has been heard of since?"

"I never knew it. I have mixed with none of my own set; I have read no English papers."

"Well and good. Look here: if I catch that girl"—he clenched his hands; he spoke through shut teeth, and his eyes seemed starting from their sockets—"I have made up my mind to kill her, as I would a mad dog, unless she marries me. She has wasted my life; she has ruined my soul and body. And you were to have married that girl, and would not, and so lost a fortune. You have reason to hate her, too."

"What an extraordinary girl!" said Eustace. "She is beautiful, isn't she?"

"I never saw her."

Eustace spoke coldly; he was thinking of other things.

"Never saw her? Good heavens! A dark creature, slight and tall, with eyes that look into your heart, and read your secrets, and lips that smile scorn on the world and its ways. Oh! Stella—Stella!"

"It's a pretty name," said Eustace, carelessly.

"I have searched for her," said the baronet, "by land and by sea. I have dreamed—dreamed—dreamed of her. Once, in an old French town, I saw her face at a window—I am positive of it. I paid one hundred pounds to the mistress of the mansion to let me search it from floor to ceiling. It was a girls' school. Well, she was not there. Sometimes I have fancied that she was dead, and that it was her ghost I saw."

Eustace smiled.

"I don't believe in ghosts," said he.

"I wish I did not." The baronet spoke in a deep, hoarse voice, full of a strange, wild pathos.

"See what a life I lead," he added, breaking into a desperate sort of laugh—"I who used to give up my time to field-sports, and spend my life on horseback. Now I am a dweller in cities, peering into every woman's face, with my heart and my soul burning in my eyes, and never to see her. I haunt their foreign picture-galleries, and I don't care sixpence about art. I go into their Catholic churches, I who was brought up in the Protestant faith, and never even liked the high church services, that are so much the fashion now in London. I live at hotels, and speak bad Italian, and worse French. I sit in cafés, sip absinthe, and play dominoes, I that scorned all house-games, save billiards and hunt the cigger, for a romp at Christmas. I smoke bad cigars in mean German towns, and drink their odious beer. I have been in Spain, too, watching the peasants dance the *tanantala*, and broiling under the sun on shelterless brown wastes. Oh! how I longed for the cool woods and green fields of Trevader! But no; I must keep on searching. I must search until I die."

The hollow eyes of this passion-stricken man gleamed angry fire. How thin he had grown—how worn—how changed! What manner of woman could this Stella be who had so completely, and against her own will, enslaved the heart and soul of the proud, bluff Welsh gentleman?

Eustace thought of faithless Lizzie Anstru-

ther, and a fellow-feeling drew him kindly towards Sir Gilbert Owen.

"How do you know, Sir Gilbert, that Miss Redruth is abroad? She may be in London all this time."

Sir Gilbert shook his head.

"No; she was seen landing at Dieppe by a friend of mine, who did not know that she had left her home, and was surprised to find her travelling alone; then, since that, have I not seen her at the window in that French town? Besides, all her instincts led her abroad. She wished to be an artist, and travel about alone. She is a free, independent creature, with a masculine soul and a passionless heart."

"I would forget her," said Eustace.

"You remember the words in Holy Writ," said the young baronet, with a faint smile—"the words full of sweetness and passionate love—love of the purest and holiest that earth can show—the mother's love? Can a woman forget her sucking child? Such has been. Mothers, cold and selfish, exist, but they are monsters. More easily could the tenderest mother forget her son than I forget Stella Redruth. You might have married her, Eustace Grayling."

"How do I know?" the young man answered, with a smile. "Probably this independent damsel would have turned up her nose at me."

"Such a dainty nose, so sweetly curved at the pretty nostril. Yes, I wish she would curl her red lip at me again, and tell me to my face that I am a fool, or anything else she liked."

"Such infatuation!" said Eustace.

"Yes; you can call it worse—downright mania—madness—whatever you like! She never gave me a loving word nor a fond glance in her life. She told me one tale persistently: 'Sir Gilbert, I dislike you; leave me.'"

"Not a coquette, then?"

"Oh, no! a woman's rights' damsel; one who wished herself a man, that she might fight the world without anybody having a right to comment on unladylike manners, yet a thoroughbred gentleman to the backbone, dainty in her dress, neat to perfection—pure, in short, as the bloom on her young cheek testified. Ah! I have written poetry since I lost her—I, that was a fox-hunting, roaring squire, and my verses were bought by a first-class magazine and inserted; and a fellow wrote and puffed them up; said they had the true ring; hoped to welcome me again on the field of letters. Had he only known! There was I, a fool, only Stella in spirit looked over my shoulder and guided my pen."

More the love-sick baronet would have said; but Eustace grew somewhat impatient. He was full of anxious thoughts. The mystery of his own fortunes was so inexplicable. He therefore wrung the baronet's hand, and soon escaped from the glitter and music of Sir Halberd's reception.

One thing was clear; he must regain possession of the portrait, and he must write to the Indian Nabob, and he must consult a lawyer before accepting Lady Redruth's offer of one thousand pounds.

Greater results than he dreamed of must hang on the possession of the picture.

[To be continued.]

"Stella Redruth" commenced in No. 514 and Part CLXX.

A PACK OF CARDS.—Count the number of cards in a pack, and there are fifty-two, the number of weeks in a year; there are also four suits, the number of weeks in a month. Count the spots on a pack of cards, and you find three hundred and sixty-five, as many days as there are in a year. There are twelve picture cards in a pack, representing the number of months in a year; and counting the "tricks," there are thirteen, the number of weeks in a quarter.

REAL CONTENTMENT.—In Vienna a magnificent house was built by a nobleman, on the front of which is a stone with this inscription: "This house was erected by Count D—, to be given to the first man who can prove that he is really contented." One day a stranger knocked at the gate, and desired to speak with the master. "I am come," said he, to take possession of this house, as I find you have built it in order to bestow it upon the man who is really contented. Now I am in that state, of which I am willing to make oath; you will, therefore, please, sir, give me immediate possession." The Count did not interrupt him till he had finished his speech, when he replied, "You are quite right, sir, with respect to my intentions; but as I do not discover the least pretension, you have to the character of a contented man, I beg you will retire. If you were quite contented, you would not want my house!"

NOW OPEN,

At the Office,

MERTON HOUSE, SALISBURY SQUARE, FLEET ST., LONDON, A SHOW-ROOM

For the supply of THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL

MADE-UP & FULLY-TRIMMED PATTERNS

OF ALL THE LATEST

NOVELTIES and FASHIONS

FROM PARIS EVERY MONTH.

PASTIMES.

CHARADES.

1.

My first is a calamity, That all the world endures; But, gentle reader, may it long Be kept from you and yours. My second's neither you nor yours, But may be you and me; Correctly speaking, it is the Objective case of we. My third is at the table-head Invariably seen; 'Tis with the meat and fruit we eat, Though coming in between. My fourth is price or local tax, A necessary fee, A question of proportion, or A matter of degree. My fifth in every riddle is— It truly is indeed; And vainly might the busy wight Without it try to read. My whole THE LADIES' JOURNAL is, And pleasure to the reader gives.

2.

My first we never wish to keep, Nor care to give away; My second is most often seen Upon the iron way. My whole is to support my first; 'Tis generally wood, Though often superseded now. By something thought as good.

BURIED TOWNS.

1.

He lives at the farm yonder by the mill.

2.

Richard intends to wear a new wig to-night at the ball.

REBUS.

A city once famous, A vowel as well; A hero of Shakspeare Correctly will spell.

CONUNDRUM.

Why is an uncondemned criminal like a reasonable mind?

SOLUTIONS OF PASTIMES IN No. 520.

CHARADE.—Constable. BURIED TOWNS.—1. Windsor. 2. Leicester. 3. Louth. DECAPITATION.—Swell, well, ell.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS GENERALLY.

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

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

AGNES.—The features and expression are tolerably good; the face is intelligent, but not pretty. The hair is not brought quite low enough on such a high forehead, and it is too broad at the top of the head to be becoming. Age between twenty-five and thirty.

ESMERALDA DAVIES.—(1) A gentleman of twenty-one is rather too young to marry; twenty-five is a better age. (2) The gentleman should be older than the lady, but the attachment is sincere, the age does not matter much. (3) You will find an excellent recipe for salad, written in verse, by Sydney Smith, in the Correspondence page (answer to "Housekeeper") of No. 500, page 707. (4) Smith and Darwell's copy-books are very good. Nos. 12 and 13, to be obtained at any stationers.

NORA.—(1) We do not think it would be injurious, but it is not at all a ladylike habit. (2) The seven wonders of the world are:—1. The Pyramids—the mystery of the past, the enigma of the present and the conundrum for the future ages of the world. 2. The Temple, the walls and the ruins of Babylon, the most celebrated city of Assyria, and the residence of the kings of that country, after the destruction of Nineveh. 3. The Chryselephantine statue of Jupiter Olympus, the most renowned work of Phidias, the illustrious artist of Greece. The statue was formed of gold, and was sitting on a throne almost touching the summit of the temple, which was 70 feet high. 4. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus, which was 220 years in building, and which was 45 feet in height, and looked at the entrance of one of the marble columns of the Ionic order, 49 feet high. 5. The Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, erected to the memory of Mausolus, the King of Caria, by his wife Artemisia, B.C. 353. 6. The Pharos, at Alexandria, a lighthouse erected by Ptolemy Soter at the entrance of the harbour of Alexandria. It was 400 feet high, and could be seen at a distance of 100 miles, and upon it was inscribed, "King Ptolemy, to the gods, the saviours, for the benefit of sailors." 7. The Colossus at Rhodes, a brazen image of Apollo, 105 Grecian feet in height, and looked at the entrance of one of the harbours of the city of Rhodes. (3) Certainly. (4) Rimmel's Lotion (No. 2, curative), price 2s. 9d. per bottle. (5) Pimples, if very numerous, generally arise from some internal disorder, and it is best that case better to consult a doctor. If very slight, no doubt a little cooling medicine would remove them.

STEPHEN'S DARLING.—If you send to Mudie's Library, New Oxford Street, London, for a catalogue of the works they have for sale, you will probably see the books you require marked at about one third of their original prices.

ROSALIE HILDA, SK. CLARK.—(1) A wash can be made from elder-flowers, but it is a great deal of trouble to make. The flowers require to be distilled, which you cannot do unless you have a still. If you wish for something to clear your complexion, we recommend you to use Rimmel's Lotion (No. 2, curative). (2) We do not know much about the machine you mention. We have no doubt it will be efficacious if properly used. If you apply for one, you had better forward the money by P.O.O., not in stamps. (3) We cannot advise you to use anything better than rain and castor-oil for promoting the growth of the hair. (4) There are so many pretty materials, that it is really difficult to tell which would be the prettiest. Danish silk-finished tinted alpaca are very pretty and very fashionable. You can get them in all shades and colours. You will see many pretty and youthful costumes in our Supplement, issued with the June Part.

E. H. W.—To make skeleton leaves, the leaves must be placed in pans of rain-water (not to be changed) and left to soak for some weeks, until the outer coating or green part feels pulpy, and sticks to the fingers. They must then be taken out and washed by being slowly shaken about in water, and afterwards put into a shallow earthen tray, still in water, keeping them steady by pressing the finger upon the stalk, while the decayed part is removed with a small, short-haired, rather stiff brush, when the delicate, woody fibre alone will remain. The operation is so simple, yet considerable experience is necessary as to the time of maceration required for the different leaves. This can only be gained by practice, as it is impossible to give any rules for the time, varying as it does with the season of the year, and consequent temperature. After the leaves are dry, before mounting, they should be bleached in a solution of chloride of lime, of which there should be about one table-spoonful in two quarts of water. Care must be taken not to allow the leaves, &c., to remain too long in the chloride, or they will lose their natural colour. After being from the solution, they are to be put into clean water, which must be changed about five or six times; after this they should be dried on blotting-paper. You must not be disappointed if, out of many leaves, you find only two or three skeletons perfect. The most suitable leaves for skeletonizing are poplar, plane, pear, tulip, sycamore, magnolia, and Indian-rubber; these last take a long time to macerate. The seed-vessels of the poppy, stramonium, hycoscyamus, and winter cherry, make beautiful skeletons. Ivy is also very useful and pretty in a group.

EDITH MAUDE.—(1) Milk of sulphur is a very cooling thing to take in the spring of the year. (2) There is no great impropriety; but it is better avoided, except between the children of most intimate friends. (3) It is not usual for a gentleman to correspond with a young lady, unless he looks upon her as something more than a friend. (4) She must do what her feelings dictate. If she does not wish him to write to her, and his attentions are not pleasing, the best thing is to tell him so at once. (5) Solidified glycerine is an excellent thing for the hands. (6) Quite correct. (7) People are purple, pink, mauve, maize and blue. (8) Rain and castor-oil is an excellent thing for promoting the growth of the hair. (9) Velvetine costumes are too warm for summer wear; they are always fashionable in the winter. (10) Pretty, but not uncommon.

A GOOD TEMPLER.—(1) The following is an excellent recipe for whitening the hands:—Take a wine-glassful of eau-de-Cologne and another of lemon-juice; scrape two cakes of Brown Windsor soap to a powder, and mix well in a mould. When hard, it will be an excellent soap for whitening the hands. (2) Blue, pink, violet, and brown. (3) Between fifteen and seventeen. It depends upon whether you look old or young for your age.

GEORGE JEMMY.—The only way to cure stammering is to determine before you attempt to speak, what you are going to say, and endeavour, when you do speak, to pronounce each word slowly and distinctly. By this method you will soon lose the habit of stammering, unless it is caused by some malformation of the mouth; in that case we recommend you to consult a medical man.

NORAH K.—(1) The following is the best method of washing crochet antimacassars:—Put two quarts of rain-water, 2 oz best yellow soap, cut very thin, and 3 oz soda, into a jar; when quite dissolved, put in the work, and place the jar in a cool oven, and let it stand all night. Take out the work, put it into clear water, and let it remain for a few hours; then take it out, and pin out on a cloth to dry. Do not starch it. (2) Braided toilet-mats should be washed in the starch. (3) No. (4) We are sorry we have not the recipe for which you ask. (5) Your dress would look lighter, trimmed with white lace, or white pleated muslin, than with silk of a darker shade.

KATIE JANE.—(1) Brides' dresses do not require much trimming. For the newest style, we must refer you to our Supplement, issued with our May Part, on which you will see a bride's costume. (2) Capes will be worn this season. (3) It is usual to mark the linen until after the wedding, and then you can mark it with your husband's name.

J. P. S.—(1) Percy is from Percival, the signification of which is "a town in France." (2) The absurd idea of fashion in the colour of hair has quite gone out. The natural colour of the hair is always best suited to the complexion. (3) The shoulders should not be too sloping, nor the waist too small, but the back should be perfectly flat. (4) It is quite a matter of taste: some might think so, while others would prefer blue eyes and fair hair. Much depends upon expression.

C'EST MOI.—(1) You had better send to Cramer's, Regent Street, or Ashdown and Parry's, Hanover Square, London, for their catalogue of the newest instrumental pieces, and you can then choose for yourself. (2) It is quite impossible; you must learn the steps of some piece, who can dance the "Trot de Paris." It is not at all difficult. (3) No, the brush would have nothing to do with it.

ROSIE.—White collars and cuffs may be worn when in mourning for a parent after the first six months; but they should be composed of plain white muslin, deep hemmed; or white linen with black edges.

JULIA ST. CLARE.—(1) If you consider your question, you will find that the origin is far too ancient to be traced. (2) Sunday is the first day of the week. (3) We do not know the book you mention. If you require a work of the kind, we recommend you to get Dean Alford's "Queen's English."

YVBERNA AND VIOLET.—(1) Mauve. (2) We have discontinued answering questions as to colour of hair and style of writing.

KITTY CLOVER.—(1) With many people it is constitutional. You cannot restore the colour to gray hair without using dye or a hair restorer. Try Limmel's Photochroms. (2) Rain and castor oil is an excellent thing to promote the growth of the hair.

MINNIE.—(1) Wash the yak lace as you would flannel; do not starch or iron; but pin out carefully on a board until quite dry. (2) Damon and Pythias were two Pythagoras, philosophers of Syracuse, rendered memorable by their friendship. Dionysius the tyrant having condemned Damon to death, permission was granted him to return in his native place, in order to settle his affairs, Pythias remaining in his stead. The hour fixed for the execution arrived, and Pythias was about to suffer the punishment; but Damon returned in time, and a generous contest ensued between them as to who should be the victim. Dionysius was so touched by this faithful friendship, that he pardoned Damon, and he was admitted as a third friend. They lived in the fourth century B.C. (3 and 4) We do not know, neither can we ascertain the answers to either of these questions. (5) We have inserted this question as a query, but have not yet received an answer. (6) If the pigment is white, most likely salts of lemon would remove the stain; if coloured, boiling milk might do so. If it does not, we know of nothing else that would. (7) For fashionable riding-habit, see our Fashion Supplement, issued with the June Part.

ANNIE N.—(1) Spread your gloves on a clean board; rub the dirtiest places with cream of tartar or pumice, and let them remain an hour or more. Mix together some powdered alum and fuller's earth, rub the mixture all over the gloves with a little brush (a tooth-brush will answer the purpose), and again leave them for a time. Brush off the mixture and rub the gloves with flannel dipped in bran and finely-powdered whitenix. After again letting them lie an hour or two, brush off the powder, and the gloves will be clean. (2) To remove wine-stains, hold the article in boiling milk, and every stain will disappear. The same remedy is effectual for ink-stains if applied after washing. (3) To clean hair-brushes, put one tea-spoonful of liquid ammonia into two quarts of warm water; put in one brush at a time; do not wet the back of the brush; rub it about quickly, rinse in clear tepid water, and put it in a tin to dry.

A GENERAL READER.—It is perfectly correct to say "arrived," but "arrove" or "arriven" would only be used in comic American literature, or by comic lecturers like the late Artemus Ward.

MISS S. (Southport).—We cannot answer letters by post unless a stamped envelope is sent. A pattern of Honiton lace handkerchief border was given in No. 502, page 765.

QUERIES.

MAGGIE DARLING would feel very grateful to any kind reader who would oblige her with the words of a poem entitled "Barned Letters," which begins thus:—

"Tis six months to-day since his wedding-day," and in which the following verse occurs—

"Here's another that came When the summer days were long."

It begins with— "My darling Nell," and ends with— "For ever your own."

JOSEPHINE would be glad to know whether the piece of music called "The Battle of Prague" is still in print, and, if it is, where she could procure it.

MAUDE would feel grateful to any reader who could let her know where she can obtain the book called "More Worlds than One"; she thinks it is by Sir Edward Russier; also the price.

A KENTISH MAIDEN would feel obliged for the words of the songs, "The Young Recruit," and "Come Back to Erin."

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

BLANCHE DORNER has great pleasure in telling "Coc's" that the line she mentions occurs in one of Thomas Moore's Irish Melodies, called "Farewell, but Whenever You Welcome the Hour."

BLANCHE DORNER, NORA, JESSIE, B. H., ETHEL, ISABEL, and A KENTISH MAIDEN, are thanked for answers to Queries.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

G. DUNCAN and MARY are thanked for contributions of Pastimes.

STORIES RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—"Elle Dale," by F. "The Ghost of the Ivy Tower," by R. W. D. "Hilda," or the Rash Yow," by Lala. "Laura's Brother-in-Law," by Isabel. "By Mutual Consent," by C. Henderson. "Helen's Trial," by Ella P. "Kate Stanley," by Emma C. "Marie de Soubise," by Elaine. "Ethel," by G. B. S. "The Marriage Certificate," by "Pop Her Sake," by H. J. B. "Only a Young Girl's Fancy," by M. G. M. "Nellie Leigh," by J. Burrows. "Belle Brunette," and "Caught in a Net," by H. K. Wilson. "Easily Won," by Sabina. "La Rabbietta," by Miss Harding. "My Cousins," by R. L. Carr. "After Long Years," by Gertrude. "Mrs. Hall's Troubles," by A. Coyle. "Why Frank and I Quarrelled," by M. K. "A Broken Heart," &c., by K. W. "Gertrude Rivers," by E. C. "A Strange Story," "A Curious Dream," and "Mr. Rider's Grand Concert," by Mrs. Edwards. The foregoing MSS. were accompanied by stamps for their return, and have therefore been sent by post to their several authors. THE FOLLOWING MSS. NOT HAVING BEEN ACCOMPANIED BY STAMPS, are deposited at the Publishing Office, where they can be had upon application; but any MSS. that may remain unclaimed on the 31st December next, will be destroyed. "Is He Faithful, Loving, and True?" by M. B. "Aunt Barbara's Hair," by F. M. E. "Lillian's Wedding-day," by Ash. "Harry Weston," by Nellie B. "Love at First Sight," by M. B. "Maud," by B. E. F. "Flora Coleman," by Edward B. "Trot in the Sun," by M. K. "The Fairies," by J. C. B. "Arab Entertainment at Constantinople," "Reinaud Ashton," by Miss H. "Essays," by V. Millard. "Madeleine," &c., by M. M. Brown. "Dora Canover," by C. C. Cannon. "Our Maggie," by G. &c., by Immaculate. "Maud Granger," by M. K. "With His Weight in Diamonds," Anon. "A Picture," by Nellie Guthrie. "Outwitted," and "Edith Leitch's Fortune," by X. "The Beggar's Opera," by Theopis. "All's Well that Ends Well," by Sarah. "An Experience of the Stage," by Amy Reade. "A Love Story," by R. K. "After Many Years," by Oswald. "Unspoken," Anon. "After Five Years," by Maria B. "My Promise," by C. M. E. S. "The Captain's Wife," by J. F. "Ellen Jassy," by R. V. C. "As Blind as a Bat," by E. B. "Only a Girl's Thoughts," by G. "Lost and Won at Wimbledon," by S. H. Dakin. "The Ghost Story," by Tyro. "The Request," Anon. "On Little Weaknesses," by B. Gresswell. "Nellie's Pearl Necklace," by M. A. B. "A Proposal," by R. B. Hawthorne. "An Australian Adventure," by M. C. "A Poppy Flower," by Miss Daisy. "The Midnight Mystery," by D. G. "John," by Miss Leggett. "Thorns among the Roses," by Amy Key. "Mabel Grey," Anon. "Ellen's Mistake," by J. H. J. "Mrs. Bismie's Tea-party," by E. A. G. D. "Queen Lily," by M. Miller. "Grumblers," by Miss Emmeline. "Dances and Chances," by L. Lack. "The Coral Threader," by H. L. H. MSS., by Hopeful Dublin.

London: E. HARRISON, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street.

The Snow-storm Galop.

COMPOSED FOR THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL BY HENRIC WERNER.

Fine.

D.C.

Sva.

D.C.

THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL, an Illustrated Magazine.—London, Published for the Proprietors, EDWARD HARRISON and EDWARD WYRES, by the said EDWARD HARRISON, Spilshury Square, Fleet Street.—Weekly Penny Numbers and Monthly Parts.
At 10, Old Bailey, London, E.C. 4, and 25, Portland Place, London, W. 1, Printed and Published by J. B. GRIFFITHS, 10, Old Bailey, London, E.C. 4.

THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE



KATHARINE DROPPED THE CABINET ON THE TABLE BEFORE THE AMAZED CLAUDE.

FOR LIFE—FOR LOVE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TRISSIE'S BRIDAL," "WILFUL WINNIE," "AGAINST HIS WILL," "A TWISTED LINK," "MR. ERRINGTON'S WARDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WILL IS READ, AND MR. SONDES CREATES A SENSATION.

At last all was over. The carriages containing the funeral guests had rolled away, and the
No. 531.—Vol. XI.

group in the drawing-room consisted only of those near connections who had been requested to remain, and hear the tenour of Mr. Hargreaves' will.

Mrs. Alverstone was there, dressed in the most expensive mourning. In obedience to her husband, she had essayed to play the hostess; but had been so overcome by a consciousness of her own deficiencies, that she had kept her face concealed in her handkerchief during the greater part of the time, thankful to escape by this semblance of grief from the task

of conversing with people she did not know, and could not understand.

Mrs. Quentin was also present, breaking in upon the subdued bursts of woe, which, however, did not prevent her from listening eagerly to all that passed, and striving to sift Mrs. Alverstone. But in this she was unsuccessful; for Rose never left her mother's side, and there was an expression in the young girl's bright eyes that kept the wily widow at bay.

Mr. Sondes, too, had stayed, at Captain

Alverstone's request. In his palmiest days, the banker's head clerk had not been a handsome man; and now that his woe-begone face was stained purple in patches from the new kid gloves with which he had rubbed his eyes so often, he looked miserable indeed. The Captain, who was in his most gracious mood, patted him on the shoulder, and said something intended to be reassuring, for he had no doubt that Mr. Sondes was trembling for the post he had held so long, and dreading instant dismissal; but his condescension seemed to have no other effect than making the poor clerk look more lugubrious than before.

The solicitor drew out the will; and as he laid it on the table, he glanced at the Captain, who immediately rang the bell.

"Let some one go to Mrs. Claude Alverstone's maid, and tell her to inform her mistress that her presence is requested here."

"Not to-day, sir," Claude agitatedly interposed. "In a week or two she will be better able to bear what she has to hear."

But his father bade the servant carry his message, and then blandly observed:

"My dear boy, I honour you for your tender consideration of our dear Katharine's feelings; but her grief will grow morbid if we permit her to indulge in this way. Besides, as Mr. Hargreaves' principal legatee, it is only right that she should be here. We should like to consult her wishes as far as we can—oh, Mr. Vellum! As regards the banking business, I have no doubt that she will concur with me in wishing it to remain for the present in the hands of our worthy friend, Mr. Sondes."

"If dearest Katharine would rather that I represent her," murmured Mrs. Quentin, "I am sure I'm quite ready to make an effort, and sit out this dreadful reading; although it reminds me so forcibly of my poor, dear, never-to-be-forgotten Fred, that my feelings—"

But she stopped short; for the door had opened, and Katharine herself stood on the threshold. She had lost her dread of Captain Alverstone, now no one but herself could be made to suffer by anything he said or did; and within the last hour she had formed a resolution, to which she intended to adhere.

She would not live with Claude; but retire to some quiet, country village, where, if he refused her the moderate allowance she intended to demand, she could support herself by the sale of her jewels, until she could obtain a situation as governess or *dame de compagnie*. As for the Alverstones, they might fatten on the wealth, which would be worse than valueless in her eyes, if she must share it with people whom she abhorred and regarded as being in a great measure the cause of her father's untimely death. She cared not what they did now; if she could but release herself from their yoke, and go where they would never trouble her, she thought she could feel content.

Without vouchsafing a glance at anyone, or noticing Claude, who eagerly sprang forward to offer her his arm, she stepped towards Mr. Vellum, and addressed him in her coldest, haughtiest accents. She had succumbed to the pressure put upon her while her father was in danger; but now not even force should make her play the hypocrite, and pretend to be satisfied with her lot.

"I am here, sir; not because my presence can be required, as I am but too well aware that I have no power to alter the plans others will make for me; but simply because I should like to hear the words in which my dearest father dictated his last requests. Will you please read on?"

She seated herself in a listening attitude; and Mr. Vellum, looking considerably mystified, bowed, and began to unfold the document. Mrs. Alverstone half rose, as if she thought she ought to leave the room; but not succeeding in catching the eye of her husband, without whose acquiescence she dare not do anything, she sank back in her chair. Mrs. Quentin, who hoped for a legacy, and was boiling over with curiosity to know the cause of Katharine's hasty nuptials, made a sudden rush across the room to hang about her cousin, and gurgled exclamations of, "My poor love!—my sweet fellow-sufferer! Oh! why cannot I be as calm as you? Do have my vinaigrette! I know you have not my highly-sensitive organisation; but still, you must feel this trial!"

For once in her life, Katharine was grateful to Captain Alverstone, and could have thanked him audibly when, in a manner that forbade resistance, he led the gushing widow back to her seat, saying, as he did so:

"Be kind enough to recollect, Mrs. Quentin, that this is neither the time nor the place for such demonstrations. Unless you can control yourself, I shall be obliged to take you out of the room."

Mrs. Quentin called him "cruel," and plaintively murmured that no one sympathised with her—no one had ever done so since she lost poor Fred; but she subsided into silence when Mr. Vellum began to read, till, on finding that her name was not mentioned in the will, she audibly regretted that she had made herself so unhappy about a relative who had not testified the smallest regard for her.

With his arms folded on his chest, Claude stood close to his bride, gazing down upon her with the tenderest compassion, and ready to fly to her assistance, if the ordeal proved too much for her. At such a trying moment, he was generous enough not to think of her as the proud, disdainful girl who repelled his advances so scornfully, but only as the heart-wrung daughter, who had made a great sacrifice in vain. He alone observed the restless motion of the little hands, that had grown so thin during the last few weeks—he alone saw how she started and grew paler than before when Mr. Vellum respectfully addressed her by her new name; and how her lip quivered, and the tears welled into her eyes, when he alluded to the circumstances under which Mr. Hargreaves had given instructions for the drawing up of this will. Ah! why could she not see that, if she had lost one loving heart, there was another still left to cherish her? and that the marriage vows her lips had spoken so unwillingly had been breathed by Claude with a deep and reverent sense of their import, and an unswerving determination to keep them to the uttermost?

In few and well-chosen words, the banker had bequeathed to his clerks and servants substantial tokens of his gratitude for their faithful services. Mr. Sondes was especially mentioned, and directions given to Mr. Hargreaves' executors to sink a few thousands in the funds, so as to secure to the worthy little man a comfortable annuity, which he was to enjoy whether he did or did not think proper to remain in the bank after the decease of his patron. This proof of the banker's attachment his head clerk heard with a groan and a sob, and Captain Alverstone with a frown; for he disapproved of wasting large sums on dependents, who ought to be satisfied with their salaries.

There were gifts of plate and rings to personal friends, coupled with a hope that, if the testator had omitted to mention anyone to whom such tokens of his esteem would be precious, his daughter would repair the neglect; a clause that made Lollie's eyes brighten again, and set her speculating as to whether her cousin could be induced to present her with a handsome *parure* of jet, to be worn for the sake of the dear deceased.

Then, in tones that involuntarily became lower and softer, Mr. Vellum read the tender words in which Mr. Hargreaves had devised to his dearly beloved and only child, Katharine Ida, all the property, both personal and real, of which he might die possessed; laying upon her no restrictions beyond a hope that, if still under age or unmarried at the time of his decease, she would be guided by the advice of the two gentlemen he named as her guardians.

When Mr. Vellum had concluded, Katharine rose, and, glancing at her young husband, coldly said:

"You hear, sir? I suppose neither you nor your father will dispute this will, as it makes everything your own? Need I stay longer? Mr. Sondes, you served my father faithfully, and his child thanks you for it; she can do no more!"

"We shall not forget Mr. Sondes' services," said Captain Alverstone, majestically; "we shall retain him in the bank if he continues to give us satisfaction."

But, instead of bowing his thanks, Mr. Sondes, to the astonishment of everyone present, started up, and seized his own hair with both hands; sorrow and anxiety had made him for the time a madman, and, stammering and trembling with emotion, he retorted:

"You retain me!—where? At the bank? By this time to-morrow it will be closed! You reward me—with what? There is not enough to satisfy the creditors; there will not be a halfpenny saved for this poor young lady! The undertakings on which Mr. Hargreaves had ventured his all fell to the ground when he was no longer able to carry them on, and we are ruined—ruined!"

"It is false!—it is a base lie, invented to alarm me!" thundered Captain Alverstone, as he strode towards the shivering man, and would have seized him by the collar if he had not sheltered himself behind Claude. "Unsay these words, fellow! You are deceiving us!"

But still Mr. Sondes repeated his asseverations.

"It is true, Captain Alverstone, although it breaks my heart to be obliged to say so. We must have stopped payment to-day if we had not closed the bank out of respect to Mr. Hargreaves. We must inevitably do so to-morrow."

"I'll not believe it—I can't believe it!" raved the infuriated Captain, his eyes roving wildly round the sumptuously-furnished apartment, that a few minutes earlier he had been rejoicing in as his own. "It's a conspiracy—a shameful conspiracy—to defraud me, and this hypocritical rascal is at the bottom of it! You, too—" and he came towards Katharine so menacingly, that Claude stepped in front of her, and beckoned to Rose to come and lead the stupefied girl from the room—"you, too, madam, have been deliberately cheating me; and all your pretence of dislike to the marriage I was fool enough to arrange, was but a ruse to hide your eagerness to secure yourself before the crash came!"

"Gently, Captain Alverstone," Mr. Vellum ventured to interpose. "I am quite sure that Miss Hargreaves is incapable of the conduct you impute to her. Anyone can see that Mr. Sondes' revelations have astonished and shocked her equally with the rest of us."

"Let her prove it. She was too deep in her father's secrets not to know why he dared not meet me. She is a heartless *intriguante*—a cunning jade—"

But now Claude indignantly interfered.

"Please to remember that you are speaking of my wife, sir, and have some little consideration for her feelings!"

"Then let her tell us the whole truth," was the angry retort. "Let her explain by what abominable trickery this state of affairs has been brought about. Let her and her confederate—where is the sneaking scoundrel?—be set face to face, and made to answer my questions."

But Claude had put his unhappy bride into the arms of Rose, who quickly led her away, turning a deaf ear for once to the imperious command to stop which her father vociferated.

"Katharine shall answer no questions but mine," the young man firmly said. "It is she who is the greatest sufferer by what has occurred; do not let us forget this, sir."

"She the sufferer! Nonsense! It is I who should be pitied—I, who have been so shamefully duped. Study her feelings, indeed! You don't seem to remember that, instead of bringing you a fortune, she brings you nothing—absolutely nothing!"

"For better for worse—for richer for poorer!" Claude significantly repeated; but his father only grew angrier when thus reminded of the words of a ceremony he had been so eager to bring about.

"Don't sicken me with that sort of bosh just now, but make that fellow Sondes stand forward and confess that he has been cooking the accounts—securing a purse for himself, and mismanaging affairs ever since there has been no one to look after him! He shall spend this night in prison unless he avows everything! I'll not be duped, robbed, disappointed—Heavens and earth! what a horrible, horrible disappointment it is!—without knowing the reason why!"

"You can do what you like with me, Captain Alverstone," replied Mr. Sondes, who had now recovered his composure, and spoke with a sorrowful gravity that impressed everyone with his truth. "If I were in fault, I should feel I deserved it, and, being innocent, I can bear the worst you choose to say or do. I have toiled night and day to stem the current and keep things straight, as Mr. Claude here knows. He acquits me; he came to me at the bank, and inquired into the state of affairs for Miss Hargreaves' sake. I saw he was to be trusted, and so I told him all. He went through the accounts with me, and convinced himself that matters had gone too far to be retrieved."

The Captain turned fiercely on his son.

"What's this he says? You—you knew that I was cheated, and yet kept it from me?"

"I could not alter it, sir, and I hesitated to expose the dying Mr. Hargreaves to your wrath."

"But the girl—you have married the girl—saddled yourself with a pauper!"

"She had no other friend—no other protector," was the quiet reply. "I did not wed Katharine until I convinced myself that there was no one else to stand between her and absolute want."

"Madman—idiot! she scorned—she despised you, and you knew it!"

"Yes, sir, and I also knew what had led her to form so poor an opinion of me."

Captain Alverstone did not choose to hear this, but raved on.

"You knew, too, that she was penniless, and

yet wedded her? I could strike you to the ground for your folly!"

The young man drew himself up proudly.

"Father, you would have had me marry her when you believed her to be a wealthy heiress. Do you think I could act such a despicable part as to draw back when I had questioned Mr. Sondes and extorted from him her real position?"

"Starve, then, with her!" the Captain exclaimed, with an oath; and, perceiving that his wrath was beginning to veer round to the hapless manager, Claude drew the latter from the room, whence Mrs. Quentin and Mrs. Alverstone had fled in dismay some minutes earlier.

"Indeed, gentlemen," the poor clerk kept repeating, "I have done my best. As I told you when you came to me at the bank and asked me if I could not arrange things so as to shield Miss Hargreaves from trouble, they had gone beyond me. If Mr. Hargreaves had not been stricken down so suddenly, all might—nay, all would have been well, for he was a man of wonderful resources; but when that illness so unfortunately attacked him, everything stopped with it."

Neither the speaker nor Claude knew that it was the return to England of Captain Alverstone that had given the banker his death-blow. Already oppressed and harassed with the magnitude of the speculations in which he had embarked, his brain had given way altogether when a creditor appeared whose claims he was wholly unable to meet.

"Then it is true?" asked a hollow voice; and Katharine stood before them.

She had resisted the entreaties of Rose that she should retire to her own apartment, and had been walking about the hall, striving to realise what she had heard.

Ruined! Could it be possible? Was that frightful scene she had once seen enacted about to be played over again, and her father's name cursed as she had heard another banker's execrated by his wronged creditors?

"Tell me," she gasped, "is it—can it be true?"

"It is a great misfortune," Mr. Sondes answered, with a sigh; "but it has been unavoidable. If we could but make Captain Alverstone believe that it has not been through any fault of mine!"

"Am I expected to regret his disappointment?" exclaimed Katharine, all her hatred of that hard, unfeeling man surging up at the mere mention of his name. "I might do so if it were not the just reward of his avarice. He did not care who suffered, so that he accomplished his purposes. He has crushed me; but he falls, too, and I will not pretend to be sorry for it."

She spoke to Mr. Sondes; but she fixed her glittering eyes on Claude, who turned away in silence. His pity was too great for anything she said to move him to anger, and he knew that she had just cause for complaint against his father, whose conduct he deplored far more than she imagined.

"But, indeed, my dear Miss Katharine, whatever Captain Alverstone may have done, Mr. Claude has behaved admirably—admirably!" the clerk ventured to say; for he had been much impressed by the manly bearing and considerate kindness the youth testified.

He would have entered into the fullest explanations; but already Katharine was moving impatiently away. She was in no mood to listen to anything that was in favour of a member of the family she detested.

"Pray spare me!" she looked over her shoulder to say. "I know that I must be silent now, whatever I may think or feel; but to hear you advocate the cause of the gentleman who thought he married the banker's heiress, is an annoyance I can very well dispense with."

Poor Mr. Sondes glanced anxiously at Claude, whose compressed lip and knitted brows evinced how greatly her taunting tone had aroused his own fiery spirit.

"Hasty words—nothing more, my dear sir," he said, soothingly. "Think how this poor young lady has been petted and indulged, never forming a wish that was not gratified immediately, and forgive her if sorrow makes her irritable. By-and-by, she will be better able to appreciate your good qualities, and thank Heaven, as I do, that she has married one who will do his utmost to preserve her from all further troubles. What do you propose doing, my dear Mr. Claude? But there, I am foolish to ask a question you cannot answer yet. I'll send you word how I buffet through to-morrow's storm; and you'll endeavour to make Captain Alverstone believe, won't you, my dear sir, that I have acted honourably throughout, and strictly done my duty to my late employer?"

As soon as Mr. Sondes had disappeared, the Captain pounced upon his son. In the interval he had been swallowing large draughts of brandy, and already his voice was thick, his countenance inflamed.

"Come here, boy, and let us decide upon some course. As the largest creditor, I shall have first claim, so there will be something for us; and if we could stave off the crash for a few days, we might be able to realise a considerable sum, and get hold of all the most valuable securities."

"Would that be honest, sir?" his son demanded.

"Pooh! it is what any prudent man would do under such circumstances. Everyone for himself in business."

"But it is not honest," Claude persisted; "and I have heard of attempts to defraud creditors being severely punished."

"Of course I should not do anything that was risky; but who has a greater right than we to whatever can be saved from the wreck? It's not too late to recall Sondes and sound him. With his assistance, we might secure to ourselves—"

"Stay, father!" and Claude grasped his arm as he was snatching up his hat to hurry in pursuit of the clerk—"stay, sir! I have a voice in this matter, and as Katharine's husband and representative, I protest against any act that neither she nor I can sanction with a clear conscience."

"Do you, then, turn against me? Am I to sit down, and see everything slip through my fingers because you have scruples? Do you forget that Rose, her mother, and the poor children, all are dependent on me, and that Mr. Hargreaves' failure entails poverty on them as well as us?"

"No, sir; I neither forget these things, nor that poor Katharine, on whom a rough wind has never been permitted to blow, will feel her changed circumstances far more than the rest of us. But if we lose all else, let us preserve our integrity."

"Will it find us bread?" sneered the Captain. "You ought to know by this time that to be honest is to go to the wall. It's only the rogue and the gambler that flourish. If we would live, we must do as the rest do: take care of ourselves."

"We will, sir, so far as this: we will share with the other creditors what there is; but no mean advantage shall be taken of those who will be as much the losers as we are. Don't be angry with me, father, for insisting on this, for I must do it. I have never yet stained my hands with a dishonourable action, and I will not be a party to one now."

"But how are we to live, I ask you—how are we to live?"

"Let us return to the farm at Otago, and do our best to make it productive."

"Not I, indeed," the Captain replied. "I am sick of such a humdrum life. Besides, I sold the place out-and-out before we quitted the colony."

Claude looked grieved and ashamed, for he knew that his father had promised Mrs. Alverstone more than once that he would not absolutely part with the property she had inherited from her parents; but it was no use reminding him of this, and the young man said, after a little pause:

"Then we will do our best in England. I am both able and willing to work; and our prospects may brighten after a while if we put forth all our energies."

But Captain Alverstone's answer was heralded with a groan.

"You talk as the young generally do—as one who has never really known what it is to toil and slave for such a miserable pittance, that when it is earned, one knows not how to eke it out. I came back to this country, thinking all would be well, and never dreaming that I should be cheated out of my hopes just as they seemed to be realised. Oh! I could poison myself in my despair! Was there ever a man so used by Fortune as I have been? Did I wait all these years only to have the luck wrested from me just as I was surest of calling it mine?"

Claude said all the consoling things he could think of, and presently the Captain, beneath the influence of his grief and potations, sank into a sullen mood from which there was no arousing him. But his son would not leave him; he feared to do so lest the desire to see Mr. Sondes, and endeavour to wile him into some scheme for outwitting the other sufferers by the impending bankruptcy, should revive; and although his father roused himself once or twice to resent his conduct in sitting there watching him, Claude persevered until the half-intoxicated man took his candle and staggered to bed.

However, he seemed to have nearly recovered his usual spirits in the morning, although he looked wretchedly haggard, and Rose, whose chamber adjoined her parent's, whispered that he had walked the floor, muttering to himself, till daybreak.

"I shall go down to the bank in the course of an hour or two," he told Claude as they sat at breakfast. "Not with any idea of preventing the smash—it is too late for that—but to learn the names of the principal creditors, and propose some arrangement. My own claims are so large that they will be only too glad to defer to my suggestions, and I have no doubt that we shall contrive to save something after all."

He invited his son to accompany him; but the invitation was refused. To face an infuriated crowd, all clamouring for their rights, required a stronger nerve than the young man possessed. He preferred to stay indoors and attempt an almost equally difficult task—that of inducing Katharine to see him, and believe that he would do his utmost to shield her father's memory from dishonour.

But although she kindly received his pretty messenger, Rose, she entreated that her seclusion might be respected a little longer.

"When the worst is ascertained," she said, "and I have learned through Mr. Sondes the extent of my father's liabilities, and what there is to meet them, I shall leave this house. Before I do so, I will see your brother once more, if he persists in wishing it; but as I am not the wealthy young lady he married, I have no doubt that he will agree with me in thinking that the less we have to do with each other the better."

"Why will you persist in thinking Claude mercenary? Was it not for your own sake that he married you?"

"I have tried to think so, but I cannot," and Katharine involuntarily touched a paper that lay in her bosom.

The action did not escape the quick eye of Rose, who exclaimed:

"Claude has an enemy! Some one has been telling you falsehoods of him!"

"I think not," said Katharine, crimsoning beneath the steady gaze of the indignant sister's eyes—"I think not; but I cannot argue the matter with you, my dear Rose; you are quite right in putting as favourable a construction on the conduct of your relatives as you can."

"But you are Claude's wife," said Rose, bluntly. "Nothing can alter that. You promised to love and cling to each other till death."

"With our lips, but not with our hearts," she was reminded, "and you will find that your brother will now be as eager to forget the galling tie as I am."

"I do not think so," was the reply.

"Perhaps you do not know as much as I do," Katharine said, her hand again touching the concealed letter. "I have been cruelly humiliated, and dragged into a course that has made me hateful to myself. Whatever I may be induced to do now cannot make my position worse than it is—a wife, yet no wife; bound to a man for life whom I can never learn to love."

"What wild act is she meditating?" Rose asked herself as she withdrew, feeling extremely uneasy about her sister-in-law, whose feverish hands and evident excitement seemed to betoken some desperate resolve. She determined on the morrow to renew her entreaties that Katharine would grant Claude an interview, for she hoped much from the arguments he would employ to reconcile her to the fate she deplored.

But strange events were to occur ere that could be. Captain Alverstone came back from the bank in an unusually taciturn humour; and yet Mr. Sondes, who stole up to see Claude in the evening, assured him that the other creditors had shown themselves willing to enter into any arrangement that could be made. All that day he moved restlessly from room to room, sometimes stopping beside his son—who was engaged in copying some accounts for Mr. Sondes—as if inclined to take him into his confidence, but always moving away again as soon as Claude looked up.

Mrs. Alverstone ventured to ask if he were not well, and was answered with such fierce reproaches, that the poor woman sat trembling and crying, while Rose snatched up Flossy, and hurried from the room; afraid to make matters worse by interfering, but too angry to stay and hear her mother reviled as an useless incubance, whose very presence was beginning to be hateful to him.

"I know I am plain and awkward," the poor woman sobbed to Claude, when her evil-tempered husband had snatched up his hat and left

the house; "but I have tried to be a good wife to him; and if he will let me have my children I will go back to the old farm, and do my best until his heart turns to us again."

Claude—always gentle with her—did his best to soothe her; and attributing all his father's harsh speeches to the worry he was enduring, brought back Rose and Flossy to assist him in consoling the desponding wife. Mrs. Alverstone's tears were soon wiped away, and she went off to bed presently with her little child clinging about her neck, and the arm of the tall, graceful Rose thrown protectively across her shoulders.

Left by himself, Claude finished his writing, and was only awaiting his father's return, ere he went to his own room, when the clocks chimed the hour of midnight.

Solace! Where, then, was the Captain? Would he carry his ill-humour to such lengths as to stay away till the morning?

Scarcely had he asked himself these questions, when Katharine, carelessly attired in a white dressing-gown, her hair hanging loosely on her shoulders, rushed into the room. In her hands she carried the beautiful miniature cabinet of ebony and silver, in which she had been accustomed to keep the costly trinkets with which her father had delighted to adorn her; but as she dropped it on the table before the amazed Claude, he saw that it was empty, that the lock had been forced, and every drawer and tray ransacked.

"It was my little all," she gasped, wildly. "While I had my jewels I was not wholly at your mercy. Only this morning I had planned to sell them, and use the money to carry me abroad. Is it you who have done this?"

A cold hand seemed to grasp Claude's heart, and a voice to clang in his ear the name of the thief, and he stood before her as mute and pallid as if he were indeed guilty.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEREIN CAPTAIN ALVERSTONE RESORTS TO A NEW EXPEDIENT.

"I HAVE been cruelly, basely robbed!" Katharine repeated, when she had grown a little calmer. "Whether the deed has been done to render me still more dependent, or out of sheer avarice, I know not; but it is a heartless one—a very heartless one, and I will never forgive it." "Before you flash such accusing looks at me," said Claude, resentfully, "please to remember that I have never attempted to enter the suite of apartments you occupy. When did you discover the loss of the jewels?"

"Not ten minutes since. I remembered that amongst them there was a ring that my father used to wear, and I wished to give it to Mr. Sondes; but when I went to the cabinet, it was in the state you behold."

"When did you last open it?"

"Yesterday, to put away my father's watch; but my maid can vouch for its having been safely locked this evening, when I sent her out to post some letters."

"And since then it has been where?"

"In the boudoir adjoining my dressing-room, where I have been lying on the couch sleeping off the dose of chlorodyne my maid forced upon me to still my throbbing nerves. I fancied once that I heard some one moving in the boudoir, and supposed it to be Annette; but by her own confession she has been gossiping the evening away in the housekeeper's room. Where is Captain Alverstone?" she asked, so suspiciously that Claude's cheek flushed with anger.

"My father left the house before dusk, and has not yet returned. When he does come, I will ask him to concert measures with me for the recovery of your ornaments."

But Claude's heart sank, and doubts he could not overcome were strengthened when he learned that instead of being absent the whole evening, the Captain had returned to the house within half an hour after his hurried departure. The servant who admitted him said that he went upstairs directly; and after remaining there a considerable time, came down again with a small valise in his hand, and a coat over his arm, as if about to take a long journey.

These doubts became certainties on the morrow, when a letter from his father was brought to the grieved Claude. It had neither date nor address of the writer, and was couched in words that made the wronged son crush it in his fingers, asking himself why he had the misfortune to be connected with one so thoroughly unscrupulous as Captain Ernest Alverstone had proved himself to be?

The letter began thus:—

"MY DEAREST BOY,—
"I had intended to announce myself as Mr. Hargreaves' principal creditor, and

so rescue for our own use as much as I could of the property of which we have been so unfairly—so scandalously deprived. By-the-by, I shall always believe that Ma'amselle Katharine and Sondes have been working together, and that the young lady has secured herself a private purse, a fact you had better be quick in ascertaining. I meant, as I said above, to have put in my claim; but you know how Burns poetically remarks "that the best arrangements gang aft a'glee;" and I have convinced myself that as we were so nearly related to the bankrupt, it will look better to waive our own claims altogether. You will say as much for me to Sondes when next you see him; you can add that when I learned how small the assets were, I felt that I could not make an ungenerous use of my power, and have therefore renounced all liens—is that technical enough?—upon the property of the deceased. Having come to this decision, my dear Claude, I felt that I really was not wanted in England, and that as I have been considerably upset by what has occurred, I could not do better than try the effect of a continental tour. I know that my wife and children will not be suffered to miss me while my dear boy is with them, therefore I haven't the least hesitation in leaving them to your care. Do your best for them all until we meet again."

And with no other farewell, he had stolen away, leaving those dependent upon him to their fate. That it was he who had abstracted the jewels Claude was obliged to believe, especially when one of the servants declared that she met Captain Alverstone coming out of the boudoir, but had not spoken of it, as she supposed that he had been holding an interview with her young lady.

Katharine no sooner heard this, than, with a look of mingled despair and contempt that made Claude wince—although he knew himself to be innocent of any participation in the crime—she shut herself once more in her apartments; what resolves to brood over, what plans to form, no one was permitted to know.

Mrs. Alverstone bore the tidings of her husband's defection with great composure. Perhaps she thought only of the relief it would be to be free from his continual chidings.

"I suppose he will come back when things are brighter," she observed; "and he is quite right in saying that you will take care of us all, dear Claude. You are never impatient or unkind."

He could scarcely conceal the shudder that ran through his blood. His obtuse step-mother forgot that he was penniless and a stranger in England. Where was he to obtain the means to support all these helpless ones, besides the young wife, who was the most helpless and unfitted to endure privations of them all?

Only Rose saw his face change, and guessed the reason. Putting her arm over his shoulder, she whispered:

"Take heart, my brother! Between us we shall strike out some way of overcoming our troubles. All is not lost while we can keep up our courage!"

"But Katharine—Katharine!" he groaned. "Will learn to love you dearly when she sees you striving and toiling for her sake."

Claude shook his head. He knew that Rose's only conception of great poverty had been drawn from life in New Zealand, where, when things were at the worst, food was plentiful, and work to be had by all who chose to do it. She was ignorant of the scenes of misery her brother had witnessed since they had arrived in London, and knew not how often the most energetic and persevering found no field for their abilities.

She saw that she had not succeeded in arousing him from his despondency; and, kneeling down, so as to look into his face, she exclaimed:

"You must be brave, Claude. Remember that we have no one but you. If you fail us in our hour of need, what will become of us?"

"I shall not turn coward—never fear," he answered, firmly. "Give me a little time to overcome the first shock of my father's conduct, and you shall not hear me complain again."

"Are we to stay here, Claude?" Mrs. Alverstone began asking. "Do you think I need receive anyone who calls? and must I give orders for dinner, or send the housekeeper to—
to your wife?"

"Do whatever Rose thinks best, dear mother," he answered, as cheerfully as he could. "I must go and see Mr. Sondes. I daresay he will agree with me that the sooner we can remove from this house the better: we shall only expose ourselves to annoyance by remaining."

"It's a great pity," said the poor woman, ruefully; "for I was just beginning to feel at home; but, of course, we shall all do what you suggest, my dear boy. While I have you and Rose and the children, I can be comfortable anywhere."

Mr. Sondes was transfixed with astonishment when he heard from Claude that his father had quitted England. At first, he seemed scarcely able to believe it, for the Captain had contrived to make so favourable an impression on the gentlemen representing the firms to which Mr. Hargreaves was most deeply indebted, that the bank-manager had been quite inspired, and hopeful of an agreement being entered into that would settle affairs without too close and damaging an inspection into the causes of the bankruptcy. Why, then, he should have broken his engagements, and fled no one knew whither, was a mystery which neither Claude nor Mr. Sondes could unravel.

"If you'll trust me, my dear sir," said the latter at the close of a lengthy interview—"if you will trust me, I'll do my best for all parties, and try to get a small annuity settled on Miss Katharine. I may not succeed, for people are very selfish; they think less of what she will suffer through this sad change of circumstances than of the—hem!—the vast sums that her poor dear father expended on her."

"If any provision is made for Katharine," cried the young man, hastily, "let it be settled upon her for her own and sole use."

"Time enough to talk about that, my dear Mr. Claude, if the provision is made, and I am doubtful—very doubtful. However, we will hope for the best. Cannot you form any idea why Captain Alverstone has left England so strangely and suddenly? He seemed so pleased at the prospect of recovering some portion of his property that his throwing up the affair in this way quite perplexes me."

The subject was such a distasteful one to the fugitive's son, that his answer was curt, and he avoided any further allusions to it by taking his departure.

[To be continued.]

"For Life—For Love" commenced in No. 520 and Part CXXVII.

FLOWERS AND FERNS.—Nothing beautifies a room more sensibly than a few tastefully-arranged flowers or plants. In summer flowers are always available; and in winter their place may be agreeably supplied by sprigs of evergreens, dried grasses, or immortelles. A few plants of creeping myrtle or ivy can be placed in the cellar, or left outside, where they can be reached any time during cold weather, and a few twigs of these brought into use whenever required. Those who keep house-plants always have the materials at hand for table decorations, and they should be used liberally and constantly, varying the arrangement as often and widely as possible. A charming house ornament is supplied by a fern case, which may be constructed quite inexpensively, while the plants required, being indigenous to our woods and meadows, can be easily collected, so that the pleasure of having a case well filled with finely-grown plants can be enjoyed by those who do not wish to expend largely for this purpose.

MENTAL LABOUR.—Many people have little sympathy for the fatigue of brain workers, whom they consider as the better sort of idlers, because they perform little physical labour. No doubt many too much neglect the development of their physical powers, so that their excessive brain work proves fatal to them, even if their mental powers are not very active. But still they are hard workers. Whenever a thinker, or student, or scholar, gets into that condition when he feels very tired all over, at the close of the day, especially from the knees downward, he ought to take heed kindly of Nature's warning; the brain is giving out; not that he is growing crazy, but he is getting into that nervous condition, which makes instant abandonment of all mental application most imperatively necessary; without such prompt action the whole machinery of the nervous system may become disordered, and months and years may not suffice to repair the damage. A respite from mental toil, and a few weeks of healthy outdoor exercise, will, in such a case, work wonders, and should immediately be resorted to. The effects of mental overstrain are much to be dreaded, and the mind must be gradually educated to endure the wear and tear of care and study. "All work and no play" is calculated to sap the strength of the strongest brain. Beware, then, how you overwork your powers.



GWALIA WENT OUT THROUGH THE CONSERVATORY, THINKING LAWRENCE MIGHT BE THERE.

SO RICH AND YET SO POOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PEARL BEYOND PRICE."

CHAPTER XVII.

THREE BLOWS AT A PERFECT FAITH.—
NUMBER ONE.

ON being left in Lawrence's room, Gwalia—his nurse for so many weary days, and now his advocate with his father—stood undecided how to act. It was so important that he should see his father now, for the sooner the matter was settled the better, especially as they were both ready to yield.

The young girl's face glowed with excitement; for what news she had to communicate! It was of so glad a nature, that she forgot, on the instant, the remarks made by the girl.

"But it was very, very foolish of him to go out in his weak state," she mused. "I'll follow him and bring him in. No; he might not like it; and yet I must, for he ought not to be out."

She ran downstairs, caught up her hat and sunshade, and went out through the conservatory, thinking he might be there; but there was no sign of his presence.

"He has gone to the stables," she thought; and a bright smile irradiated her countenance as she mused on the love that men had for horses and dogs.

But there was no welcome for her in the stable-yard other than that given to her by the dumb animals. Very genuine, though, it was: the dogs barking and straining at their chains, and the horses rattling their head-stalls in their efforts to turn and salute the gentle mistress who had so often petted and fondled them.

Not there. Where could he be? The garden?

She hurried through the kitchen-garden and through the shrubberies on to the lawn, going from one to the other of the quiet, shady seats; but there was no book or handkerchief left to tell a tale.

She might have known from the servants, perhaps; but she shrank from asking them, and

went on down by the little lake, half expecting that he might be there with a rod. But no; she had gone all through the garden grounds, and he was not to be seen.

The more she was baffled the more excited she grew; for her business seemed to increase in importance with every hindrance.

"I must bring him to dear uncle," she said, half aloud; and then a light seemed to flash in upon her. He had strolled through the ring-fence, and on along the grass-path to the wood.

To be sure he would want to see how the young pheasants had got on during his illness. He had asked her more than once about them, and, with his love of sport, had seized the first opportunity to go and judge for himself.

How foolish not to have thought of it before! She hurried along the path, and at the end of five minutes had reached the gate and passed out of the hot sunshine into the pleasant shade of the trees.

Which path would he have taken? She stopped for a moment to think, and tried first one and then another, coming at intervals upon first one and then another coop with its irritated, impatient, prisoned hen worried into a state of feather-dropping excitement by the wild behaviour of her alien chicks.

But no Lawrence; not a sign. She was beginning to grow hot with her exertions when she came to a turning—a charming alley, all soft, green-tinted sunny light; but from which she turned with a shudder, for it was down there, as she knew well, that a terrible struggle had taken place one evening long back. No, it was only one short month, after all, and what changes since!

She paused now, for the recollection of what she had recalled seemed to damp her ardour, but only for a few minutes.

"I'll go on to the cottage," she said, "and ask Wadds."

Then she hesitated, for the thought of meeting Polly held her back, but a look of calm serenity came over her face as she thought to herself: "Why should I fear to meet her?" and she hurried on.

At the end of five minutes she was in sight

of the keeper's home, and a strange hesitation once more seized her. But she shook it off. The old pointer came whining round her, and before she had gone many yards further the sharp voice of Mrs. Grayling was heard:

"Polly—Polly, is that you?"

"It is I, Mrs. Grayling," said Gwalia, entering the cottage. "Is Mr. Wadds at home?"

"The Lor' ha' mussy, my dear Miss Gwalia, is it you? I thought you'd quite forgot a poor old invalid. No, my dear, he isn't at home, and won't be yet. But have you seen my Polly? She's gone down the village and ought to be back by now. It's a shame, the way she neglects me, my dear, that it is; but my back will soon be better, now, and then I shan't be beholden to anybody. It's very hard, my dear, being so helpless."

"It must be, indeed, Mrs. Grayling," said Gwalia, gently. "There, let me beat your cushions a little, and make you comfortable. Let me put your chair nearer the door: the sun comes through that window."

"Bless you, my dear," said the old woman, fervently, as, suiting the action to the word, Gwalia re-arranged the seat and placed the wheeled-chair in a shady place where the soft woodland air swept in.

"Bless you for it," said Mrs. Grayling, again, "and if curses does harm, blessings must do good. But I do wish Polly would come back."

"You must not think it unkind of me if I hurry away," said Gwalia. "I am looking for my cousin—has he been here?"

"And so he's better enough to be out, then," said Mrs. Grayling. "What a mercy! But I wish my Polly would come. No, my dear, he hasn't been here since that morning you came and took him away. You'll tell Polly to make haste, my dear, if you meet her? That's right—good-bye, my dear," she cried, as, after a hasty farewell, Gwalia hurried away, to stand at last, undecided as to the course she should pursue.

The old pointer dog decided her by gazing up in her face, and then wagging a mangy tail, and, whining softly, going down one of the paths a few yards, and then stopping to look back.

"Why, the good old dog will take me to its master," thought Gwalia, joyfully; "and perhaps Lawrence and Wadds are together."

Her heart had been sinking with a kind of weary, disappointed sensation; but now it gave a bound and beat fast as was its wont when she expected to meet him who was its master; and, speaking a few encouraging words to the half-blind beast, it trotted on before her with its nose close to the ground, stopping at intervals to look back and see if she was following.

The path they had taken was one she knew to be a short cut to the lane which ran down to Clayton Street, and more than once she hesitated, thinking it unlikely that she should find Wadds here, though she would have followed the dog without a pause towards the more dense thickets of the wood.

"It knows which way, though," she argued; and winding about, with a briar or a wanton twig every now and then trying to arrest her progress, Gwalia walked swiftly on, not even pausing to pick some woodland gem which at another time would have arrested her course.

"It will be too late for to-day, even if I find him directly," she thought; and then, with a joyful cry, she started forward on turning round a curve out of the path, but only for that cry to be, as it were, arrested half way, and to fade upon her lips, as, with a sigh that was more a groan, she tottered back, to stand shivering, her hands pressed to her temples, and a wild, hopeless look in her eyes which bespoke her thoughts.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LAWRENCE IS BETTER.

LAWRENCE CLAYTON'S had been a troublesome and very painful lay-by; attended with no special danger, but enough to weaken him sadly, and to make his by no means patient disposition irritable in the extreme. But all his impatience had been met by smiles and gentle attendance, Gwalia's influence and example extending to the servants who relieved her from time to time in the charge of the exacting patient—patient only in name.

The convalescent stage reached, Lawrence's temper became excessively awkward, and at last it seemed as if he were endowed with a spirit of contradiction, which led him to act as if every bit of advice he received were specially designed to cause him annoyance.

It was so on the day mentioned in the last chapter, when doctor and attendant had impressed upon him the necessity for caution even yet, and that his open-air exercise must be taken most sparingly.

"I'm sick of it!" he muttered, as soon as he was left alone; and then he began to walk impatiently up and down his room. "Gwalia will be with the old gentleman for the next two hours, I'll be bound, and—Hang it! I'll have a smoke. I wonder how a cigar would taste."

He paused for a moment by the door, as if dubious.

"Hang it! a cigar couldn't hurt me, and a mouthful of fresh air. Well, what do you want?"

This to the girl who was waiting outside the door.

"Miss Gwalia said I was to stay till she came back, sir, in case you wanted anything."

"Then I do not want anything, so you can go."

The girl made a grimace to herself, and began to tidy up one or two things about the room.

"Did you hear what I said?" asked Lawrence.

"Yes, sir," said the girl, quietly.

"Then, why don't you go?"

"Because Miss Gwalia said I was to stay, sir."

"Hang Miss Gwalia!" said Lawrence, impatiently.

The girl made another grimace, unseen by the patient.

"Look here, Fanny," said Lawrence, fretfully: "I don't like being watched like this: be off now, and I'll give you half a crown."

"Didn't pay me the last you promised me, sir, for posting letters for you," said the girl, pertly; "and Miss Gwalia said I was not to leave you on any account."

"Humph!" ejaculated Lawrence, going back to his easy chair, and trying to read, but only throwing his book down impatiently the next minute.

"There!" he exclaimed, "I'm tired of sitting in this dull hole. I shall go and have a walk."

"But you mustn't, sir—indeed you mustn't!" exclaimed the girl, with the result she described to her young mistress—that of being snubbed for her pains.

Then the hope of the house of Clayton descended to his study, selected a good cigar and lit it, strolled out into the garden, and, carefully avoiding the side of the house where he knew Gwalia to be closeted with his father, pleading his cause, he went on by the little lake, stayed to have a look round the garden, and then he made straight for the wood.

"Seems fresh and pleasant after being cooped up there so long," he muttered; and again he paused to have a look round, the soft, fresh early summer air apparently giving him strength at every inspiration.

Then he went on once more towards the wood, strolled in through the gate and along the path, musing about certain little unpleasanties in the shape of debts, which, now that he was getting better, began once more to intrude themselves upon his notice.

"I wonder how she'll get on with the old fellow?" he said, half aloud. "Well, he'll have to pay up, and set me free, and he had better do it at once, for the longer he waits the more it will cost."

He went on a little further.

"That old scoundrel Wadds has been having a nice time of it since I've been ill. I wonder where he is now?"

He smoked on in silence for a few minutes.

"Let's see. Why, at this time he ought to be down at the Long Bottom. To be sure. Now, I'll just go up to the cottage, and see whether he's where he should be. If he's at home now, he's neglecting his duties, and it's time he was put right."

By this time he had reached a cross-path which led to the keeper's house, and, to keep up the pleasant fiction with which he was salving his conscience, Lawrence walked on past it, then stopped short, and turned back.

"I was forgetting my errand," he said, with a half-laugh. "Servants do neglect things so."

There was a twinge or two of compunction, though, even now, and an effort on the part of his better angel to turn him back, and make him own that he had come out on purpose to seek Polly Grayling; for, in spite of himself, thoughts flitted through his memory of a gentle, loving face watching patiently by his bedside during the long, feverish hours of his pains—a soft, sweet voice, whose low cadence fell upon his ear as its owner read to him hour by hour the books he loved to hear—all most certainly of a class that could afford no interest to the reader—thoughts, too, of the same loving girl even now, as far as he could judge, pleading on his behalf, and—

"Bother!" ejaculated Lawrence, apparently waiving all such thoughts away as he did the cloud of white smoke from his cigar. "It's either very hot in the wood, or else I'm confoundedly weak!"

He wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and stopped once more, for bodily weakness seemed disposed to win from him that which his better nature had failed to obtain.

"What a snivelling ass I'm growing!" he exclaimed, angrily. "Anyone would think I had no right to come here to speak to my own servant and—Bah! what harm?"

He walked on till he came to the old trysting-place, and then stopped, and uttered the peculiar cry of the partridge. Waited, and uttered it again.

No response.

He tried a third time, and waited, but without success; sat down and finished his cigar, feeling more hot and weak than he felt disposed to own to himself.

Then he tried once more the same calls, but the only response was the twittering of the birds about in the wood. So he rose from his seat, and walked slowly and gently towards the cottage, to be met before long by the old pointer, which came trotting up, smelt round him suspiciously, dropped the very shabby tail rather low down, and, heedless of a call and flattering words, trotted slowly back again, for the old dog's master was not reckoned by it as amongst its friends.

"The old beast ought to be shot," muttered Lawrence, as he walked on, to stand at last in front of the open door, through which he could see Mrs. Grayling nodding in her chair, fast asleep, with all around her as silent as if she were in the far depths of the wood.

Lawrence went softly round to the back of the cottage, where he again encountered the old pointer, which looked at him over one shoulder, and then again trotted off.

"Gone out," muttered Lawrence, as he walked slowly away, and was lost the next minute amongst the trees. "Well," he said to himself, more cheerfully, "I'm glad I came. It's satisfactory to know that he is away about his

duties. I wonder where the little puss has gone?"

Now, "the little puss" was at this time trotting comely along the lane from the village street, and, a few minutes after, climbed the stile at the woodside, flushed and hot with exercise and the weight of the basket she carried. She leaped nimbly down into the wood, where she untied the strings of her hat, and, taking it off, used it in the grateful shade as a fan to cool her burning cheeks.

"Her cheeks, as red as any rose,

Then grew as lily pale,

With sad lamenting of her woes,

Poor Jenny of the vale!"

sang Polly, in a pretty little treble, as she walked on; and a great-eyed robin cocked its head on one side, and gazed down from a mossy pollard at the rural songster, who now hummed to herself the quaint minor notes of the country ditty, breaking out into snatches occasionally till she came to the last verse, which she sang softly, with a quaver in her pleasant voice, as she mentally compared herself with the heroine of the song, unlike her as she looked:—

"And six fair maids her coffin bore,

All dressed in white array;

And each fair maid did weep right sore,

All on that mournful day.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Polly. "I'm very tired;" and then she took up a bit more of the burthen of the ditty—

"A-dying all for love, poor maid—

A-dying all for love."

"Oh!"

Polly gave a little scream, and stopped short, for Lawrence Clayton stood in the way.

"What! singing away, my little birdie!"

"Oh! Mr. Clayton, you did frighten me!" exclaimed Polly; and she looked curiously at the pale face of the young man, for he was a good deal changed.

"Look frightful, do I?" said Lawrence.

"Well, that is cruel after I've come on purpose to see you, the very first time I'm out."

"Please, sir, I didn't say so," said Polly, demurely; and she bobbed him a little curtsy; "and, please, sir, I'm very glad to see you out again, and looking so well; and I'm quite sure uncle will be so, too; and, if you please, sir, will you let me pass, for my mother is waiting for me, at home."

"To be sure she is, and I've been waiting for you, here. But the old lady's asleep, for I saw her; and I'm wide awake, so I've a right to see you first."

"If you please, sir," said Polly, with another very demure bob, "I've got to make haste home, and I'm sure anything you want to say had better be said to my uncle, for I'm certain to forget it."

"You won't forget, Polly, that I've been miserable all the time I've been ill, because I couldn't see your pretty face. You know, last time I saw you—"

"You got knocked about, sir, for talking to me, and coming to see me, and I was very sorry for it, and I'll take care, sir, that you never get knocked about again."

"Why, what a droll little riddle you are, Polly!" he cried, catching at her hand, which was smartly withdrawn.

"Yes, sir," said Polly, sharply; "a riddle as has sifted all as has been said to her. And now, please, sir, will you let me go by? or else I must go back."

"Now, don't be a little goose, Polly," said Lawrence, coaxingly.

"No, sir, I won't, indeed," said the little maid, who was all aglow.

"You know I love you, Polly."

Here he tried to catch her in his arms; but she was too quick.

"If you attempt to touch me again, Mr. Lawrence, I shall scream as loud as I can, and tell my uncle directly he comes in."

"Why, you wicked little shrew, how can you be so contrary! Is this your reward for all my love?"

"No, sir," said Polly, with another bob and a keen look in his face; "but it's all I've got to say for the little bit you offered me, wrapped up in so many fine words. And, if you please, sir, I shall be much obliged if you would stand on one side."

"My dear little Polly," he exclaimed, "how ever can you treat me so?"

"Because, if you please, sir, all your love, as you call it, ought to go to somebody else."

"Nonsense! Absurd!" exclaimed Lawrence.

"Who ever put that stuff in your head?"

"Never mind, please, sir," said Polly, with another of her bobs. "Only I've been told by

some one who is as good to believe as you are, and they say you belong to somebody else, and there she's a-waiting for you."

Lawrence Clayton turned round as if he had been shot, to see Gwalia only a few yards distant, tottering, and in another moment she would have fallen had not John Wadds suddenly parted the thick underwood, stepped out and caught her, to lay her gently down upon the mossy grass.

"Don't take on, miss: it's the heat," said Wadds, quietly, while Polly ran up, and stooped down to loosen the hat-strings, and fan the poor girl's face, as she lay there with her eyes closed, apparently inanimate. Lawrence Clayton walked hastily away.

"Thanky, my darling—thanky," said John Wadds, in a whisper; and all the time he kept patting his niece's shoulder with his great rough hand.

"Oh, uncle!" exclaimed Polly, "you were playing the spy."

"It's my trade to watch people in the woods, my dear," said Wadds; "and I say again, my dear—thanky."

"Then, did you hear, uncle?" whispered Polly, blushing scarlet.

"Every word, my dear; and you were a very, very good girl."

"But it was very, very hard to be," said Polly, with a sob. "Oh! uncle dear, please send me right away."

"Hush! she's coming-to," whispered Wadds. "Come, Miss Gwalia, try and sit up, and there—there, let me help you on to the cottage. You've overdone yourself with the heat."

"No. I'm better now," said Gwalia, glancing hastily round, her eyes resting last upon Polly, from whom she turned with a look of pain contracting her face. "I am—much better now. Yes, the heat—I will walk home, please. Let me have your arm for a few yards."

"Of course, miss," said the keeper, anxiously. "Let me carry you, my dear, same as I used years ago."

"Thanks, no," and she turned her ashy face to him, with a sad smile. "I can walk."

As she took the keeper's arm, tottering as she did so, she scrupulously avoided meeting the eager eyes of Polly, who stood there with her bosom heaving, apparently ready at any moment to burst out crying. It was evident that the way in which Gwalia was treating her cut her to the heart; and at last, when the couple had turned away, unable to contain herself any longer, she ran after them a few steps, caught her rival's hand in hers, kissed it passionately, and then ran sobbing down the woodland path, leaving her basket where it had dropped from her hands. But not without a protector, for, seeing the ownerless valuables, Gyp, who had been bounding after his master, stood and barked loudly for a few moments, trying to call somebody's attention to the forgotten purchases, before seizing the handle in his mouth, and then laboriously dragging it a few yards at a time in the direction of the cottage in the wood.

CHAPTER XIX.

MADE FREE.

LAWRENCE CLAYTON was seated in his easy chair, hot and weary with his exertions. There was a feverish look, too, in his cheeks, as he sat there drumming the little table with his thin fingers, and inveighing against Fate for the scurvy tricks she played him.

"It's precious hard," he muttered. "The very first time, too, of my going out. There never was a fellow so unlucky. Who's that?" he exclaimed, aloud, for the door opened and there was a light step on the floor.

"It is I—Gwalia," was the reply; and she came forward, and stood by the table, silent and pale, as if waiting for him to speak.

It was very awkward. If she would have burst out angrily at him, like a jealous woman, he could have grown angry, too, and have defended himself; but to stand there so calm, statuesque, and with reproach apparent at every turn—ah! it was terribly awkward—hard in the extreme; and Lawrence Clayton again mentally abused Fate for the way in which she treated him—him, a sick, helpless man.

"Well, what is it?" he exclaimed at last, after making two or three ineffectual attempts to speak. "Have you come to scold me?"

"No, Lawrence," she said. "Her very voice had changed; it sounded cold, crushed, and breathed an agony of soul that he could not comprehend."

"It was the first time I was out," he said, weakly, and in a voluble way. "I couldn't help meeting the girl; [one] I didn't know she was likely to be there; [two] I wasn't with her a minute; [three] and nothing passed between us

but the barest civilities; [four] I couldn't quite out her all at once, you know."

Four lies in five lines—that was all.

"Please say no more, Lawrence," said Gwalia, in the same strange tone of voice; "but listen to me."

"Not if you're going to bully me," he said, in a weak, quavering voice. "I'm as helpless as a child, and I can't bear it—I can't indeed: my nerves are that shattered, I don't know what to do."

"I have very little to say, Lawrence," said Gwalia, quietly.

"Then why don't you sit down?" he exclaimed. "You know, in my weak state how it irritates me for anyone to stand."

"I came to tell you that I have been with your father."

"Ah!" said Lawrence, apparently greatly relieved.

"I came and looked for you in the wood to—"

"Now, look here, Gwalia, I can't bear it now—I can't, indeed. If you want to find fault, and tyrannise over me, pray wait till I'm well."

"I have nothing to say, Lawrence," continued Gwalia—"nothing save that which applies to your business matters."

"Well, then, pray go on, and don't torture me."

"Your father will pay your debts, if you will give him a full statement."

"He has promised?" exclaimed Lawrence, his whole manner changing.

"Yes: on condition that you keep nothing back—nothing, for he wishes you to begin life free, and to have no old trouble upon which you may look back."

"Well, that's jolly of him; I am glad," exclaimed Lawrence. "But this is your doing, Gwalia—all your doing, I'm sure. I—I am glad, and—there, don't think any more about that silly meeting. I—"

He made as if to take her in his arms; but she started back, and a shiver passed through her as her eyes met his for an instant, and then fell.

"Oh! just as you like," he said, sulkily; and then, to cover his confusion: "When does my father want this—this statement?"

"Directly," said Gwalia, as she stood there paler than ever, for she had expected that he would have asked her pardon, have talked so differently, instead of, as is the wont with those whose case is weak, assuming the rôle of the injured party, and bolstering up their position with reproach that should come from the other side.

"But how am I to get it ready directly?" said Lawrence, subsiding into the weak, injured tone once more. "I'm so faint and helpless that I can't do anything. The old fellow is about the most unreasonable being that ever—"

"Don't say that, Lawrence: it was my doing. I begged your father to remove this old clog from you, that you might begin afresh, and he promised me he would, and at once. It should be done at once," she said, earnestly; "that it may be put back into the past, leaving you alone the future to meet."

"You might have thought about how I am," said Lawrence, querulously. "But he will pay all?"

"Everything," said Gwalia. "He makes this the stipulation: that nothing shall be kept back."

"Well, it's very noble of the old chap," said Lawrence, fidgeting in his chair; "but it will come to a good deal. I can't reckon it all up now."

"But I will help you, Lawrence," said Gwalia.

"Oh! if you like to help me, you can," and he leaned back thinking, while Gwalia stood very pale, still gazing at him, her spirit strangely moved, and an indistinct feeling of trouble coming upon her, against which she fought hard. She blinded herself to it; but there it was, coming like a phantom, asking her in tones that would not be denied:

"What was there in that selfish, heartless boor that could induce you to yield to him the priceless treasure of a young girl's first, pure, simple love?"

[To be continued.]

"So Rich and Yet So Poor" commenced in No. 526 and Part CXXVIII.

A GOOD wife is like a snail. Why? Because she keeps in her own house. A good wife is not like a snail. Why? Because she does not carry her all on her back. A good wife is like a town clock. Why? Because she keeps good time. A good wife is not like a town clock. Why? Because she does not speak so loud that all the town can hear her.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

HE is a hero who is sincere.

THE contented man is never poor, the discontented never rich.

THE BETTER PART.—How frequently does the human heart struggle with its better feelings, and laugh in public at that which has made it bleed in private.

THE man who is shut out of the sunshine of life may condole himself in the feeling that the shade is more conducive to contemplation.

ARGUE not with a man whom you know to be of an obstinate temper, for when he is once contradicted, his mind is barred against all light and information; argument, though ever so well grounded, provokes him, and makes him even afraid to be convinced of the truth.

IT is certain that nine times out of ten we are nearer the truth in thinking well of persons than evil. Human nature is a tree bearing good as well as evil, but our eyes are wide open to the latter, and half-closed to the former.

ERRORS.—Busy not thyself in searching into other men's lives; the errors of thine own are more than thou canst answer for. It more concerns thee to mend one fault in thyself than to find out a thousand in others.

FORGIVEN, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

IF thou wouldst wake one fond regret
For buried hopes and wasted years,
First teach this sad heart to forget
A love that left it naught but tears.

IF thou wouldst ever be again
To me the brightest star in heaven,
First teach me to forget the pain
Thy broken promises have given.

IF thou wouldst wake again that chord
That echoed in the long ago,
First teach me to forget the word
That turned the gathering mists to snow.

THE sleeper, wakened from his dream,
Can never catch the broken strain;
The dreamer, wakened, as 'twould seem,
Dreams on, nor cares to sleep again.

THUS I forgive the bitter past,
And weave a day-dream bright and free,
And when I calmly sleep at last,
Then I'd forget and dream of thee.

S. J. M.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

EPITAPH FOR A CANNIBAL.—"One who loved his fellow-man."

A BARREN ROCK.—When the cradled baby refuses to go to sleep.

WHEN is a match frivolous?—When it makes light of things.

AMENDED PROVERB—for the season (by a Belgravian Dowager).—Marriages are made in London.—Punch.

QUESTION FOR DISCUSSION.—When a man can't contain himself, is he too large or too small?

WHEN does a man contrive to move in a very small space?—When he comes downstairs in his slippers.

THE *Saturday Review* thinks that, as the world grows more civilized, the quantity of ceremonial is diminishing.

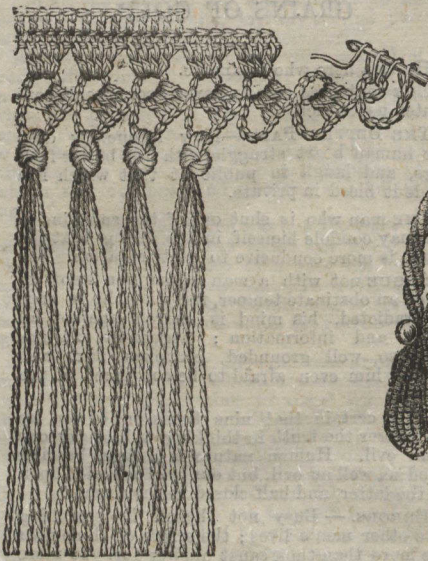
ONE of the saddest things about human nature is, that a man may guide others in the path of life without walking in it himself—that he may be a pilot, and yet a castaway.

A COUNTRY boy, having heard of sailors heaving anchors, wanted to know if it was sea-sickness that made them do it.

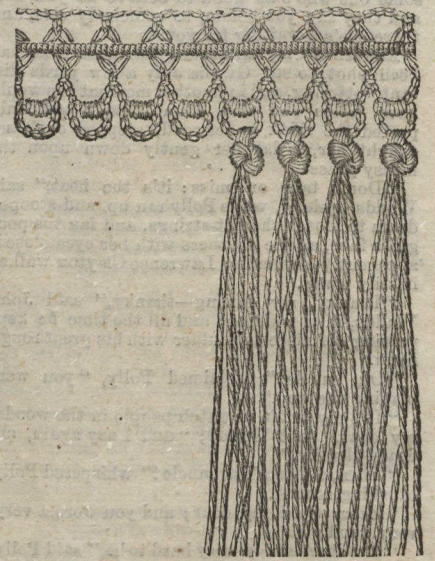
THE LIGHT FANTASTIC.—Will o' the Wisp.—Fun.

SOME singers at a concert were somewhat startled the other evening by finding that the selection, "When wearied wretches sink to sleep," had been printed on the programmes, "When married wretches," etc.

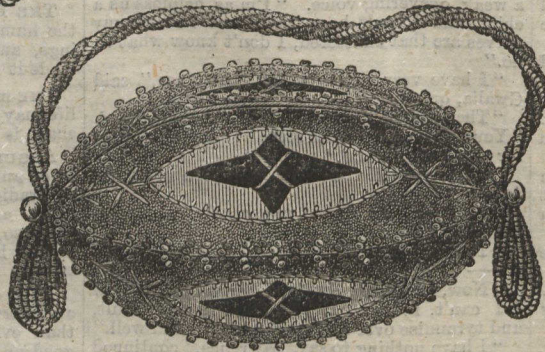
A FRENCH paper points out how the passion for gambling is shown in this country, so that even in wedding notices it is necessary to state that there are "no cards."



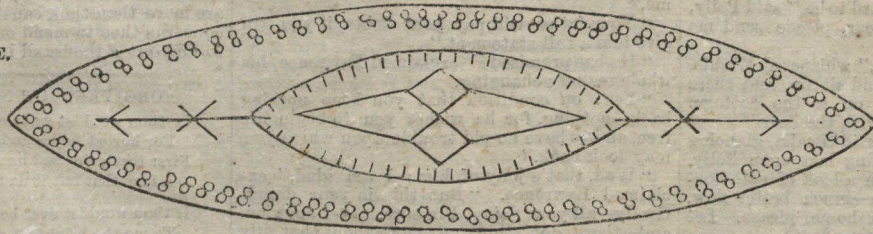
No. 1.—CROCHET FRINGE.



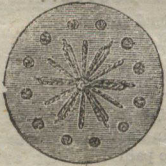
No. 4.—FRINGE: CROCHET AND MIGNARDISE.



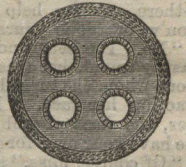
No. 2.—BAG FOR BUTTONS, &c.



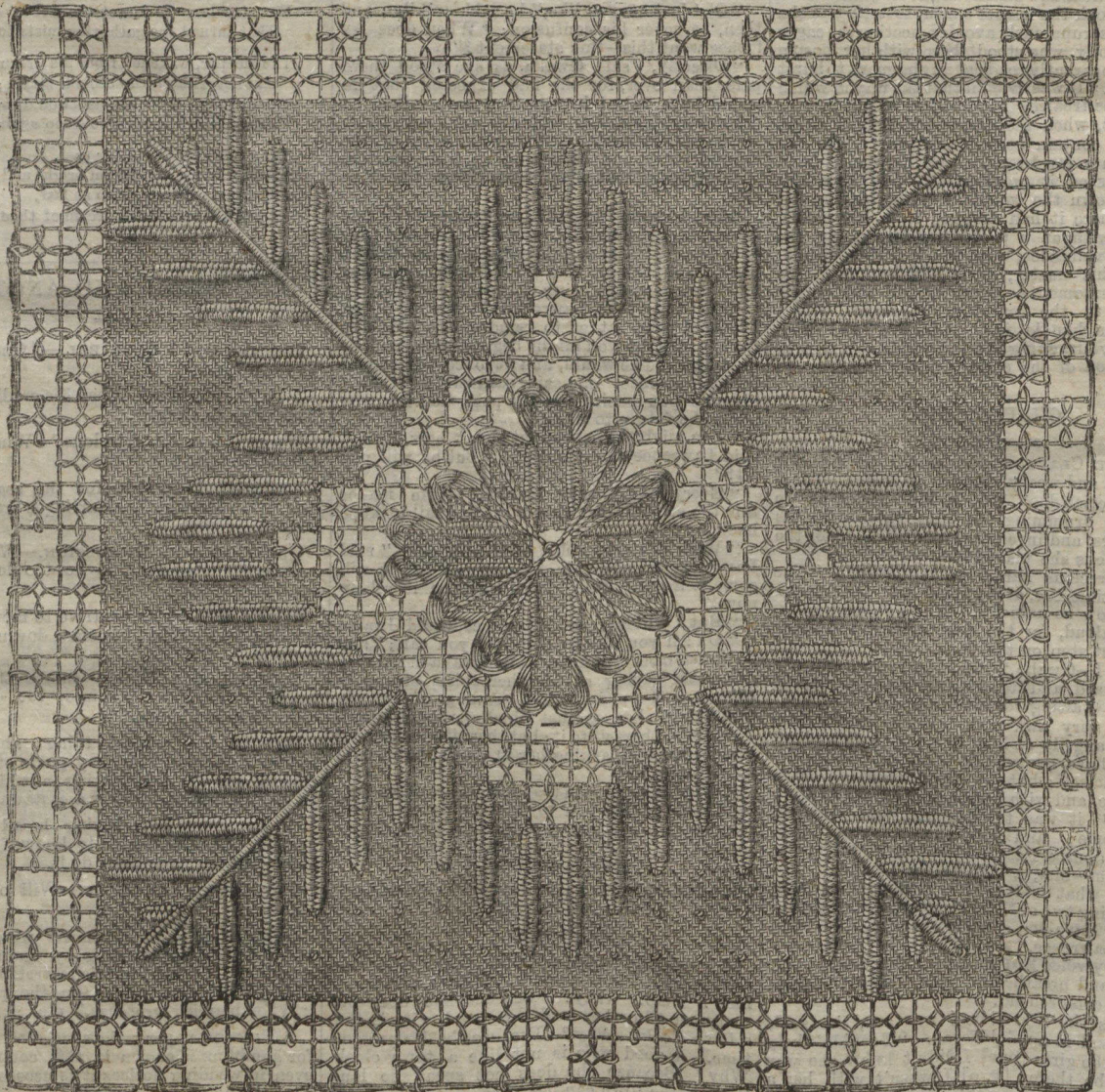
No. 3.—SECTION OF BAG.



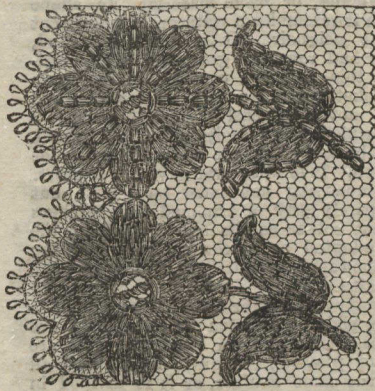
No. 5.—BUTTON FOR UMBRELLA-CASE.



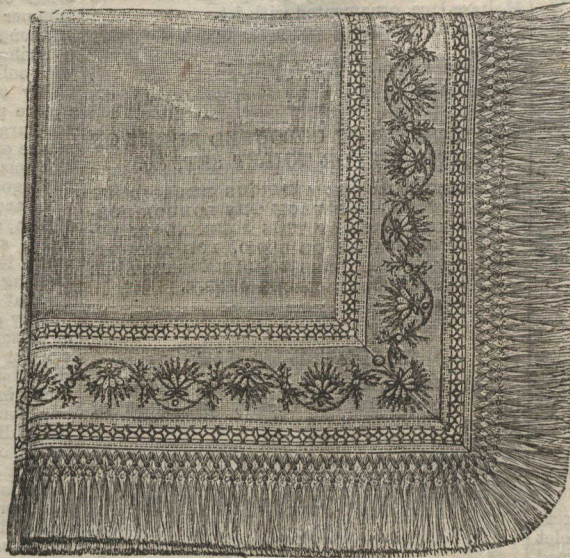
No. 6.—BOTTOM OF UMBRELLA-CASE.



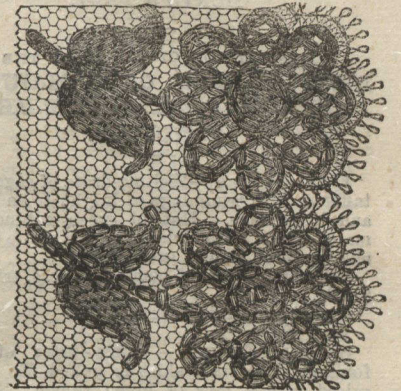
No. 7.—SQUARE IN GUIPURE NETTING.



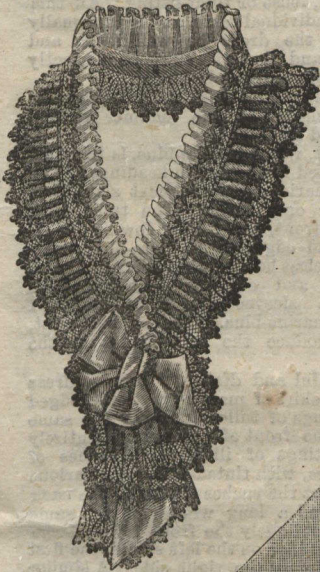
No. 8.—NET EMBROIDERY: IMITATION CHANTILLY LACE.



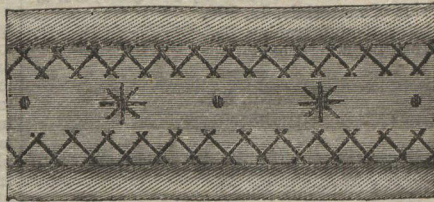
No. 10.—TABLE-COVER.



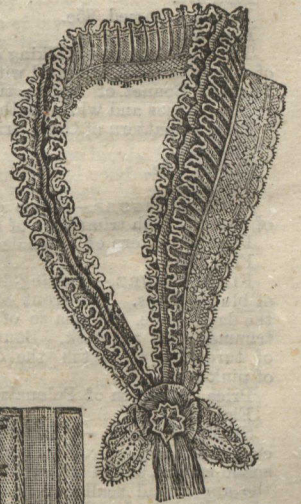
No. 9.—NET EMBROIDERY: IMITATION CHANTILLY LACE.



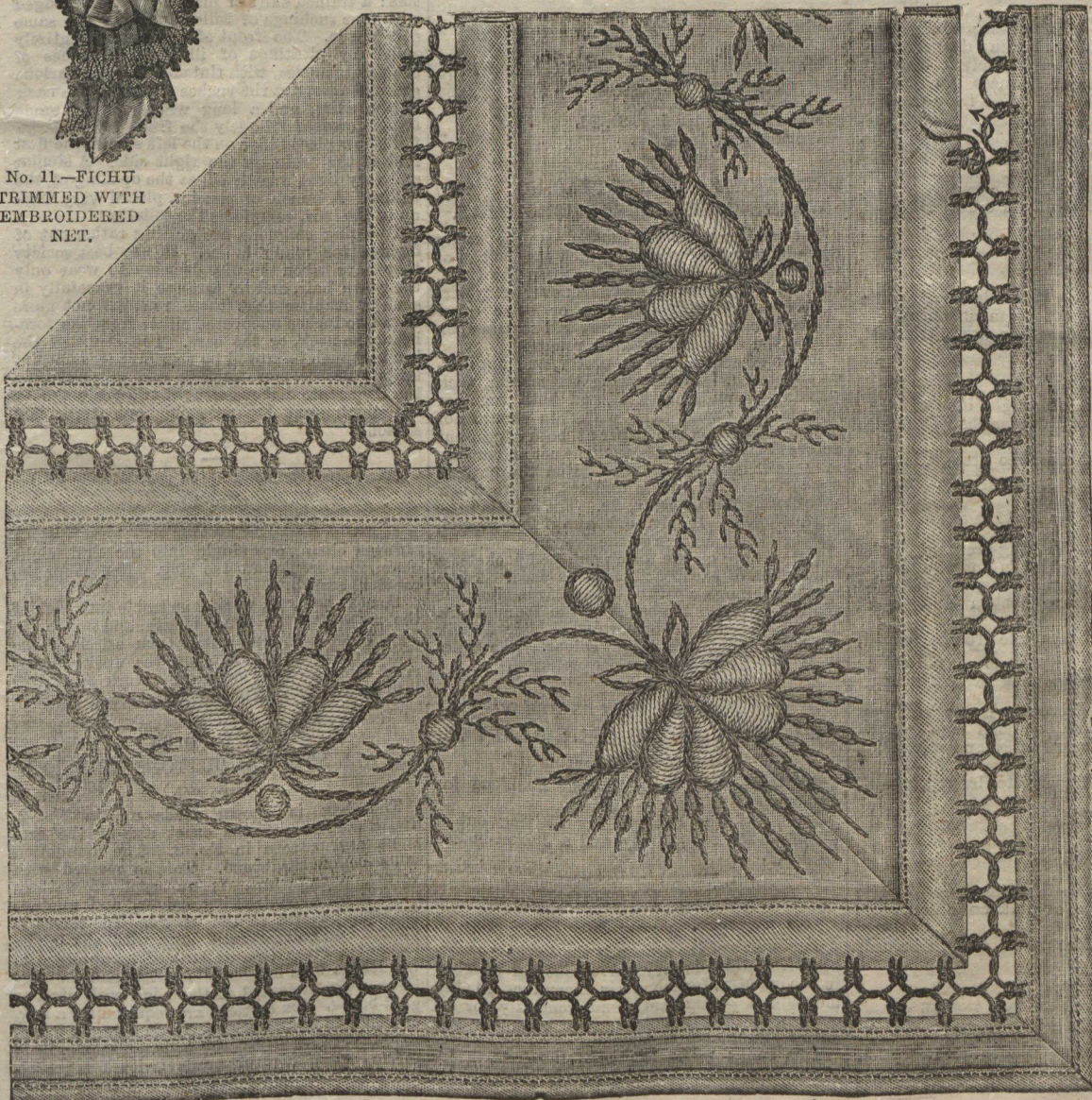
No. 11.—FICHU TRIMMED WITH EMBROIDERED NET.



No. 12.—BORDER FOR UMBRELLA-CASE.



No. 13.—FICHU TRIMMED WITH EMBROIDERED NET.



No. 14.—BORDER OF TABLE-COVER IN THE FULL SIZE.



No. 15.—UMBRELLA-CASE.

SUPPLEMENTS CONTAINED IN THIS
MONTH'S PART.

DESCRIPTION OF No. 10 OF THE
NEW SERIES OF COLOURED
FASHION PLATES OF TWELVE
FIGURES.

FIRST FIGURE.—Visiting-dress of sage-green taffetas, with trimmings of bright green velvet, and black lace. Hat of green turquoise to match dress. The trimming is a white twilled silk neckerchief, and green wing.

Price of pattern of complete dress, trimmed, \$1.80c.

Jacket and tunic, trimmed, \$1.
Flat, 60c.

SECOND FIGURE.—Home-dress of gray foulard. The train skirt is puffed, the puff is raised with a bow of green ribbon. Sash of green ribbon and pearl buckle.

Price of pattern of skirt, made up, \$1.
Flat, 50c.

Jacket, trimmed, 85c.
Flat, 50c.

THIRD FIGURE.—Walking or Visiting Dress of mauve taffetas, trimmed with bands of violet velvet. Bonnet of mauve turquoise, trimmed with tea-roses and white feathers.

Price of pattern of tunic, trimmed, 80c.
Flat, 40c.

Jacket, 80c.
Flat, 35c.

FOURTH FIGURE.—Home or Walking Dress of tussore, with trimmings of black velvet.

Price of pattern of Polonaise, trimmed, \$1.25.
Flat, 60c.

FIFTH FIGURE.—Visiting-dress of two shades of blue taffetas. The front of the skirt is of the dark shade. Polonaise of the light shade, trimmed with the dark. Bonnet of two shades of turquoise to match the dress. Bouquets of pink roses.

Price of pattern of Polonaise, trimmed, \$1.50.
Flat, 80c.

SIXTH FIGURE.—Visiting-dress of stone-coloured faille, embroidered with a darker shade, scalloped and bound with violet velvet. Beneath the apron and scalloped flounces are flounces of muslin, edged with lace. The train-tunic is of striped stone and mauve faille, scalloped and bound with violet velvet, edged with lace. Bonnet of violet and mauve turquoise, and areophane with white plume. Stone-coloured parasol, lined with mauve, and edged with lace.

Price of pattern of complete dress, trimmed, \$2.

Train tunic, trimmed, \$1.
Polonaise, trimmed, \$1.
Flat, 60c.

SEVENTH FIGURE.—Home-dress of white alpaca, with trimmings of green ribbon.

Price of pattern of complete dress, trimmed, \$1.60.

Flat, 85c.

EIGHTH FIGURE.—Dinner or Evening Dress of blue figured gauze, over light blue taffetas; trimming of taffetas of a darker shade, and lace of various widths.

Price of pattern of complete dress, trimmed, \$1.80.

Train tunic, trimmed, \$1.
Polonaise, trimmed, \$1.
Flat, 60c.

NINTH FIGURE.—Visiting-dress of violet and mauve faille. The skirt is flounced to the waist at the back. Leghorn bonnet, trimmed with tea-roses; mauve ribbon and black aigrette.

Price of pattern of complete dress, trimmed, \$1.80.

Bodice, trimmed, 85c.
Flat, 60c.

TENTH FIGURE.—Dinner or Reception Dress of green faille, with bouillons and pinked flounces of the same; rosettes and trimmings of lace.

Price of pattern of complete dress, trimmed, \$2.

Bodice, trimmed, 75c.
Flat, 50c.

Train tunic, trimmed, \$1.
Flat, 60c.

ELEVENTH FIGURE.—Evening-dress of white faille, with trimmings of pink faille and white lace.

Price of pattern of complete dress, trimmed, \$1.80.

Bodice, trimmed, 75c.
Flat, 40c.

Tunic, trimmed, \$1.
Flat, 60c.

TWELFTH FIGURE.—Dinner or Reception

Dress of black faille, richly trimmed with Maltese lace, ornamented with jet.

Price of pattern of complete dress, trimmed, \$1.70.

Bodice, trimmed, 80c.
Flat, 50c.

DESCRIPTION OF COLOURED SHEET OF
DESIGNS FOR TOILET SET, &c.

ALL MATERIALS FOR APPLIQUE EMBROIDERY CAN BE SUPPLIED FROM THE LONDON PUBLISHING OFFICE OF THIS JOURNAL ON RECEIPT OF STAMPS OR P.O.O. FOR AMOUNT. POST OFFICE ORDERS TO BE MADE PAYABLE AT THE LUDGATE CIRCUS OFFICE.

(No. 1.)

SMALL TOILET MAT.

MATERIALS REQUIRED: Muslin and net a little larger than the design, one skein of cotton, *a la croix*, No. 4.

Price of materials, 9d.
Materials and tracing, 1s. 4d.
Work begun, 1s. extra.

(No. 2.)

WATCH-POCKET.

MATERIALS REQUIRED FOR PAIR: Muslin, net, and two skeins of cotton, *a la croix*, No. 4.

Price of materials, 1s. 10d.
Materials and tracing, 3s.
Work begun, 1s. extra.

(No. 3.)

BED-POCKET.

MATERIALS REQUIRED: Muslin, net, and four skeins of cotton, *a la croix*, No. 4.

Price of materials, 3s. 2d.
Materials and tracing, 4s. 10d.
Work begun, 1s. extra.

(No. 4.)

BRUSH-MAT.

MATERIALS REQUIRED: Muslin, net, and two skeins of cotton, *a la croix*, No. 4.

Price of materials, 2s.
Materials and tracing, 3s. 2d.
Work begun, 1s. extra.

DIRECTIONS FOR TRACING AND
WORKING APPLIQUE EMBROIDERY.

The tracing upon the muslin can be easily made by using copy-paper, which can be had of any stationer. Place the paper upon the linen, and the design over it, and mark over every part of the design with a stiletto or some other rather blunt point; the tracing will remain upon the muslin when the design is removed.

Appliqué embroidery is pretty, and not difficult to work. After tracing the muslin, tack washing-net underneath it, and both together upon thick paper. The materials should not only be tacked on the paper at both edges, but across at short intervals, that the net and muslin may never become displaced. Run the pattern out through both muslin and net, and then sew over closely for the veins, &c. The edge is to be button-holed. Lastly, cut away the muslin, leaving it only as seen in the design.

For making up the watch and bed pockets, a foundation of cardboard must be used. A line running through a part of both designs gives the shape for cutting the backs of the foundations. The cardboard must be covered either with silk or glazed lining of a bright colour. The toilet mats may be lined or not, as preferred.

No. 32 OF THE NEW SERIES OF

GIGANTIC SUPPLEMENTS

CONTAINS

All the Latest Paris Summer Fashions for Ladies and Children;

And Full-size Pattern for Cutting out a Polonaise for Young Lady, and a Jacket-bodice for Lady.

PARIS FASHIONS.

An actuality of the season is the *tunique cache-poussière*, which is very convenient for walking in the country, for mountain excursions, for the morning at the sea-side, and generally for all occasions where simplicity of costume is not only desirable, but necessary.

This tunic, which is invariably gray, can be

made of various materials, such as alpaca, summer vicuna, or beige material. In shape and length it resembles a waterproof, and in cut a Princess peignoir. It is double-breasted, with collar and revers of gray silk. The originality of this garment consists in the large square pockets placed a little backwards, and the large mother-of-pearl or horn buttons, by means of which it is loosely tucked up behind. The small breast-pocket for the watch must not be forgotten. It is worn over any sort of skirt. The accompanying hat must be simple but stylish, entirely gray, or trimmed with feathers of the same colour as the skirt. If, then, the tunic is adopted as a convenient device for wearing out tunicless skirts, it is best to have the hat quite gray.

Very pretty dresses for the country are made of batiste, plain or camailou striped. They are more or less trimmed with flounces; these are gathered or pleated; the skirt is trimmed all round in the same manner, or it is divided in two, sometimes in four, the front and the back being divided by a plain quille; the tunic is round, or buttoned, or open in front; the bodice is high or open, loose or tight fitting. All this depends upon individual taste, and looks equally nice, provided the dress be well-fitting and gracefully cut, and that the skirt be perfectly creaseless in front and ample behind.

A very *distingué*-looking walking-dress is made of two shades of fine summer vicuna, marine-blue, and slate-blue.

The first skirt, which is slate-blue, is trimmed with three pleated flounces with headings. The lower one is marine-blue, the next slate-blue, and the upper one marine. The tunic, very much *bridée* in front, and falling low behind, is marine-blue, and edged with a slate-blue pleating. The sleeveless bodice, with square basques, is marine-blue, and edged with a slate-blue pleating. The sleeves are slate-blue, and trimmed with marine-blue. The bonnet must, of course, reproduce the two shades of the dress.

A very beautiful and *distingué* evening-dress this: a trained skirt of mastic-gray faille, edged with four ruchings of tulle illusion of the same soft shade. The front of the skirt is entirely veiled by pleatings of illusion. Bunches of beautiful pansies, with tinted foliage of various green shades, dot the ruches trimming the back of the skirt, and a long wreath of the same flowers crosses obliquely the front from a large faille bow placed high on the left side to the first fold of the train on the right side. A similar and very light wreath edges the opening of the bodice. A bunch of pansies, placed very high up in the hair, completes the toilette.

Towering chignons are getting rather out of fashion for young ladies. In the best society they have taken the wise decision to wear only their own hair, and to arrange it gracefully in such a manner that there remains not more than two inches uncovered either from the forehead, the neck, or the ears. The shape of the head is much improved by this arrangement, infinitely neater, more modest and graceful than the Bacchante dishevelment of two years ago, or the sticking-out Japanese chignons of the last season.

(Description of Engravings on pages 440 and 441.)

(No. 1.)

FRINGE: CROCHET.

Seven chain, one single into the first, eight chain, four treble into the ring. Repeat for the required length.

For the heading, work four treble into each of the rings for the entire length, and fasten off. Next work one double into each stitch of the treble of last row, keeping the work on the right side. For the upper row, work one treble into each stitch. Knot in the fringe.

(Nos. 2 AND 3.)

SMALL BAG FOR BUTTONS, ENDS OF
SILK, &c.

The bag is shown, made up, in No. 2, and a diagram of the exact size of the sections and pattern in No. 3. The foundation must be of cardboard. This is covered with velvet, upon which is an appliqué pattern of silk of a contrasting colour, and another pattern of velvet in the centre. The velvet is gummed on and fastened down with silk in the form of a cross (see design). The appliqué is worked on with button-hole stitch, and the sections are ornamented at the edge with steel or gold beads. Six sections are required for a bag, and they must be very neatly and closely joined together, especially at the ends. The handle is formed of strings of beads twisted together.

The tassels are of bunches of small beads, headed with one large bead. The sections of the bag must be neatly lined with sarcenet. A loop of silk and small button hold the opening together.

(No. 4.)

FRINGE: CROCHET AND MIGNARDISE.

Choose mignardise of the size shown in design.

For the upper part, work one double into two picots of mignardise together, five chain. Repeat for the entire length.

For the fringe side, * one double into two picots of mignardise together, twelve chain, one roll picot into the third stitch of chain (a roll picot is made by winding the thread seven or eight times round the hook, inserting the hook into the stitch the roll picot is to be worked into, and drawing the thread through it and all the stitches on the hook together, then work one single to make the picot firm), two chain. Repeat from * for the entire length. Finish by tying in the fringe.

(Nos. 5, 6, 12, AND 15.)

UMBRELLA-CASE.

The case, which is intended to contain four umbrellas or parasols for travelling, is made of strips of holland joined together, and ornamented over the joins with a small pattern in embroidery, the design for which is shown in the full size in No. 12. No. 5 shows the embroidery for the buttons; No. 6 the mode of making and binding the bottom of the case. This, of course, is in a greatly reduced size. The pointed pieces joined to the bottom will be easily copied from design No. 15. The top of the case is button-holed in small scallops. The slide, into which a piece of sarcenet ribbon is run, is covered with a strip of the border shown in No. 12.

(No. 7.)

SQUARE: GUIPURE NETTING.

For antimacassars, cushion-covers, &c., &c. For full directions for working guipure netting, see our Guipure Netting Supplements, given with Nos. 254 and 255 of this Journal. They are kept in print for the convenience of subscribers, and can be sent on receipt of three stamps.

(Nos. 8 AND 9.)

NET EMBROIDERY: IMITATION CHANTILLY LACE.

Directions for tracing and working embroidered or darned net will be found in our Point Lace Supplement, No. 3, given with No. 526 and the June Part. Jet beads may be added, or not, as preferred. One pattern in each design is ornamented with jet beads.

(Nos. 10 AND 14.)

TABLE-COVER.

The cover is made of a new material of a yellow or maize colour. The bindings are of ribbon of the same colour. The embroidery and open work between the bindings are worked with purse-silk of two shades or colours, according to taste. The fringe may be of silk, or wool knotted in.

(Nos. 11 AND 13.)

FICHUS.

No. 11 shows a fichu, the middle of which is composed of tulle tucks upon a net foundation. The trimming is of embroidered net. One of the designs given in Nos. 8 and 9 is suitable. The frill is of pleated book-muslin. The fichu is finished with a bow of ribbon.

No. 13 shows a fichu formed of two quilled frills of lace, separated by a quilting of silk fringed at the upper edge. The lace falling downwards is put on nearly plain, and is narrowed towards the front.

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, Godee Street, W., London, to supply them with their superline fleece 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, 2l. per lb. extra.

THE HOME.

COOKERY.

RESTORATIVES FOR THE SICK.—Bake two calves feet in two pints of water and the same quantity of new milk in a jar, closely covered, three hours and a half. When cold, remove the fat. Put in whatever flavour is liked; the flavouring can be baked in it; a little cinnamon, lemon-peel, or mace. Add sugar after.

Another.—Simmer six sheep's trotters, two blades of mace, a little cinnamon, lemon-peel, a few hartshorn shavings, and a little isinglass, in two quarts of water to one. When cold, remove the fat, and give about half a pint twice a day, warming it with a little new milk.

A NOURISHING DRINK.—Boil $\frac{1}{2}$ oz isinglass shavings with a pint of new milk to half; add a small piece of sugar and a bitter almond, if liked.

A FRIAR'S OMELETTE.—Boil a dozen apples as for sauce; stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb butter, and the same of white sugar; when cold, add four eggs, well beaten, put it into a baking-dish thickly strewn over with crumbs of bread so as to stick to the bottom and sides; then put in the apple mixture, strew crumbs of bread over the top; when baked, turn it out and grate loaf-sugar over it.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND'S PUDDING.—Mix 6 oz grated bread with the same quantity of currants, well cleaned and picked; the same of beef suet, finely shred; the same of chopped apples, and also of lump sugar, six eggs, half a nutmeg, a pinch of salt, the rind of a lemon, minced as fine as possible; add citron, orange, and lemon, a large spoonful of each out thin. Mix thoroughly, and put into a basin; cover very close with a floured cloth, and boil three hours. Serve with sweet sauce and the juice of half a lemon boiled together.

CHERRY ICE.—Stone 2 lb ripe cherries, bruise and set them on the fire with a little water and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb sugar; when they have boiled, pass them through a hair sieve into an earthen pan; pound a handful of the kernels; put them in a basin with the juice of two lemons; add to the cherries 1 lb sugar, and strain on them the lemon-juice and kernels; mix the whole together, and put into a sorbétière with pounded ice; work the cherries up with it well until it has set; then place it in glasses.

LEMONADE SYRUP.—Squeeze the juice of twelve lemons; add to it 1 lb loaf sugar; pour a little boiling water over the peels; cover them close, and when cold strain it to the lemon-juice and sugar. Put the syrup in decanters, and use with ice-water in summer or hot water in winter. One wine-glassful of this to three-quarters of a tumbler of water.

The best way for employers and parents to make young people exact, is to be exact themselves in important things, and to let little matters take their chance. To be precise, explanatory, and exceedingly careful in delivering a message or a commission, is the way to prevent a mistake. A little trouble taken at the beginning will often save a great deal of loss of temper, violence, regrets, and tears from the two people chiefly concerned. If mistresses are careful and exact with their servants as to time, manner, and method, they will insure, not only good servants, but save themselves an immense deal of trouble. A boy sent on a message, without knowing what he is to do, nor how to do it, is pretty nearly certain to make a blunder; and if he once gets into the habit of blundering he will be, like a stumbling horse, worth very little, because incurable.

LIGHT.—The statement has been made that Sir James Wylie, late physician to the Emperor of Russia, having attentively studied the effect of light as a curative agent, in the hospital of St. Petersburg, discovered that the number of patients who were cured in rooms properly lighted was four times those confined in dark rooms. This led to a complete reform in lighting the hospitals of Russia, and with the most beneficial results. In all the cities visited by the cholera, it is found that the greatest number of deaths took place in narrow streets, and on the sides of those having a northern exposure, where the salutary beams of the sun are excluded. It is also said that the inhabitants of southern slopes of mountains are better developed and more healthy than those who live on the northern side, while those who dwell in secluded villages are generally subject to peculiar diseases and deformities of person, these different results being attributed to the agency of light.

TEMPLEMORE'S HERITAGE.

CHAPTER XVII.

In the meantime, Charlie Dundas was fussing and fuming through the July and August heats in London, anathematizing the "luck" which kept him at his post, "toiling and moiling," as, by a fiction of his heated imagination, he styled his easy duties at the Foreign Office, whilst his friends out of the office cooled themselves on the Scotch moors, or climbed the Alpine mountains, and Nora was amongst the pine-woods.

From grumbling at his luck, Charlie went on to grumbling at his grandfather, stimulated thereto by the frank condolence of his fellow-sufferers, for it was scarcely in Charlie's nature to originate a grievance for himself. Certainly, it was either unprecedented meanness or something else on Lord Kenmore's part to leave his heir to the insignificant revenue he derived from the Foreign Office, and to the cramped and office-bound life he led there.

"All very well for me, you know, to drudge away the best years of my life," flung out young Poyntz, one of the ten children of a colonel, and without the ghost of a chance besides his career; "but for you, old boy—by Jove! I don't understand what the old gentleman means by it."

"To lower his crest and keep him well down, for fear he should crow too loudly," suggested another of these friends and comforters. "But, 'pon my word! it's hard lines. I don't believe I could stand it. Why don't you strike, Dundas? Whew! how hot it is! And here's my Cousin Courthorpe writing from Mont Genis, from amongst the 'eternal snows.' And snow makes one think of ice. Come out, Poyntz, and let us look for some iced seltzer—that's the thing!"

And the two walked off into Parliament Street, leaving Charlie to brood over his wrongs. In truth, his grandfather's conduct had been very extraordinary. Since that rapid and sorrowful journey from Lucerne, he had held no intercourse with him. Charlie knew that, for some reason or another, his branch of the family had never been in favour with Lord Kenmore, and the recent catastrophe, if it had not softened, was likely still further to harden his heart against the one who must needs gain by his bitter loss. The propitious moment for declaring his engagement had not, therefore, come; indeed, it seemed to be farther away than ever, and Charlie, in the exasperating heat—"cabined, cribbed, confined," as he expressed it, his wings clipped in every sense—grew very impatient.

As yet, poor fellow! he had enjoyed none of the sweets of his long-delayed triumph. Nora and he had never been so far apart, or for so long a time, since he had acquired the right to call her his Nora. "Society," too, had whispered one or two disagreeable surmises, which, in his tongue-tied condition, he was powerless to demolish; and, altogether, poor Charlie was, as nearly as was possible in his easy good-nature, in a bad temper, and thoroughly out of sorts. And just as he was at the worst, the messenger brought in a cinnamon-coloured envelope.

"For you, sir—Mr. Dundas—a telegram."

Charlie tore it open, turned white as a sheet, and dropped the paper as if it had stung him.

"Charlie, old fellow, anything the matter?" sympathetically inquired Poyntz, returned from the search after ice.

But the young fellow pushed past them both without a word, and fled from the room.

"Well, I hope we have come to an anchor at last!" cried Nora Hartopp, looking up from the couch on which she had thrown herself, as Lillian softly closed the door of Mr. Hartopp's room, and came out into the adjoining salon of the quiet little hotel at Arcachon, to which the party had journeyed, after trying in vain Bordeaux and Biarritz, Pau and Bayonne. "Papa seems to like this place, and to want rest as much as we do."

Lillian sighed as she stood at the window, looking out at the dark fringe of pine-woods purpling in the evening light. Mr. Hartopp was a troublesome invalid, and Lillian's share of the nursing that day had been a heavy one. She was weary and oppressed, and she looked over at the calm, purple billows of dark foliage with a vague yearning for peace and rest to be found in their solemn depths.

"Charlie will like Arcachon; he comes at the end of the month," said Nora, for whom also the pine-woods held their promise of romance.

"Yes," answered Lillian, with her ever-ready response of sympathy with Nora's assured happiness.

And then she leaned her two arms on the low window-sill, and gazed silently out upon the evening landscape with a strange, new feeling of content. The dark woods seemed to beckon to her, and their low, plaintive murmur, as it reached her through the open window, to whisper to her of a blissful secret held in their keeping. The very air—the sweet, balmy evening air—seemed full of mysterious meaning as it touched her cheek and played amongst her fair tresses. Something told her that she had come to a haven of rest at last—that the long, weary struggle of the last three months was over. What a struggle it had been! How the loyal trust, the high confidence, had drooped in sick weariness, and sunk beneath the weight of absence and silence, only to be, in turn, avenged by scalding tears of self-rebuke and faithful indignation! How weary the long, long weeks had seemed—how endless, and, at last, how hopeless! But here, the burden lifted itself off. It almost seemed to her as if Hilary himself were close by, ready to vindicate her trust.

"Yes," she said, presently, as if in answer to Nora; "he will be here soon."

But the "he" was not Charlie Dundas any more than the roseate flush that lit up her sweet face was the reflection of the last crimson cloud yet hovering above the track of the departed sun.

"You see, I was right," Mr. Hartopp, with feminine triumph, remarked to his wife next day. "Lilian has not broken her heart about that young fellow Templemore. I never saw her more cheerful in my life. Lord Newtown has written to say he will be here next week. The girl has had a dull time lately, and she will be glad of a little excitement. The affair will settle itself, as I told you."

Lady Sophia did not answer. She was puzzled at the sudden brightening of Lily's manner; but there was more of fear than of hope in her observation of her daughter. She did not like to think that Lilian had forgotten so soon, or to accept this easy transference for the depth and strength of constancy she had been used to love and respect in one, at least, of her children.

In truth, the whole family brightened and revived in the soft, aromatic-scented air of the little Southern watering-place. Mr. Hartopp was better in health, and, consequently, less grim in temper, and his influence—the influence of a masterful mind—as usual, directed the tone of his household.

Even Lady Sophia beamed and smiled again as she sat beside his invalid-chair in the sunny hotel gardens, or by the golden sands of the sea-shore, and played with her embroidery-work whilst her husband, in amiable mood, read the English papers, or discussed the last review. One day, in the fulness of his amiable mood, he even proposed an excursion to a little hamlet away amongst the pine-woods on the country side, bearing the six-mile drive without complaint, and sipping his chocolate in the garden of the inn, amongst the orange-trees and oleanders, all with a good-humour almost miraculous. He scarcely sneered at Lady Sophia once during the afternoon, and those refined sarcasms which pierced the poor lady's heart like a fine steel weapon, scarcely once wounded her. Almost she thought, as she rested on the couch in the little inn-parlour, and looked out at her husband winking sleepily in the sunshine before her, with his magazine dropped on the grass at his feet—almost she dreamed of a middle age of such sweet, conjugal happiness as had once been the dream of her fond girl's heart. And with the happy dream smiling on her lips, Lady Sophia must have fallen asleep.

The visit of the English milord and his party had made a little stir and flutter in the village, used as the villagers were to excursionists from Arcachon.

Antoine, the blacksmith, discoursed knowingly to his customers of the splendid English horses and of the superb carriage, to the well-balanced springs of which Mr. Hartopp would alone have trusted himself.

"What will you?" concluded Antoine. "If a nation will spend of its best on beasts, it must needs produce the best. We Frenchmen, look you, we care for men, and not for beasts, and see the result: our men are men—such as Englishmen see only in France. We can afford to let our horses go."

"He is some great man in his own country, this English?" asked a countryman in a blue blouse, and with one of those bronzed, weather-beaten, wistful-eyed faces one sees amongst the patient, hard-working class to which he belonged.

"Yes," assented Antoine, with a nod of superior information; "he is a deputy of his country. The groom, who came just now to

request my assistance for removing a stone which had galled the foot of one of the horses, made me acquainted with his master's dignities. He belongs to the Government of his country, and he is rich—rich as a burgomaster."

The countryman looked, with his ox-like gaze, over at the little inn, took a step or two irresolutely towards it, then turned back to the smith.

"I will return," said he, "before you will have completed the shoeing of my beast."

Which was probable, considering that Antoine spent the time which should have been devoted to the countryman's business in watching that individual's progress across the village-green.

"He goes," mused Antoine, with the irrepressible curiosity of his nation, "to drink a glass of wine. And yet it is strange: Dubois is not, by rule, thirsty. Is it by hazard that he will, in his turn, see these great English?"

Dubois was walking slowly towards the inn, fumbling in his loose blouse as he went, and puckering his brows nervously, after the manner of a man who has brought his mind to an important conclusion, and is working up his courage to some effort.

The landlady, brisk, smiling, and courteous, in good temper with all the world, in consequence of the day's importance, met him on the threshold.

"Good-day, my friend," said she. "What is it for you? Our wine is of the best, I promise you. The English ladies have just tasted of it."

"The English milord—he is in there?" asked Dubois, pointing towards the interior, and without taking his seat, as the landlady had expected, at one of the two little tables beneath the lime-trees in front of the house.

"Yes," nodded the hostess, showing all her white teeth as she smiled. "He is there?"

"If I could speak to him—" hesitated the countryman.

"You?" interrogated the landlady, opening her bright black eyes in astonishment. "What would you wish him?"

The man lifted his little blue cap, rubbed his head, and looked back at his questioner with a perplexed trouble in his honest eyes.

"Look you, madame," said he, "I have here"—touching his breast—"something of English, which I would give to this monsieur. They have told me that he is in the Government of his country, and he will know what to do; and for me, I shall be clear."

"What is it, then—all this?" asked the landlady. "Tell me, my friend."

Dubois fumbled again inside his blouse, and produced a packet carefully tied up.

"See," said he, "these are papers in English. Jules Perrin, the sailor, who has been to England, has seen them, and he says they are law papers, and, probably, of a great value to those they concern. I would place them, therefore, in the hands of this great English."

The landlady nodded again, with her eyes fixed on the packet.

"You have reason," said she. "Give me the papers. I will engage that monsieur has them."

But Dubois still held fast by the packet, which had already cost him more than one night's rest. His sense of responsibility could only be satisfied by a direct transfer of the precious deposit from his own to English hands. Perhaps, too, there lurked in his brain, with all his scrupulous uprightness, a dim hope of some reward to be forthcoming to the faithful custodian of documents he had brought himself to believe of so much consequence.

"I would prefer," said he, deprecatingly, "to speak myself with the milord: there are explanations."

The landlady shrugged her shoulders.

"As you will," said she; "but, in that case, you must wait. The milord rests himself now in the garden. I do not presume to disturb him."

So Dubois sat himself down meekly at the little table, and waited with the stolid patience of the poor, who—thanks to their betters—have early learned the lesson how to wait.

The hostess, with a dash of offence in her manner, went back to her *buffet*.

The house was very quiet: it was the drowsy time of the afternoon. The landlord had retired upstairs for his accustomed siesta; Lady Sophia was dreaming on the hard couch of the inn *salon*; and Mr. Hartopp was lulled into a temporary forgetfulness of his pains by the hum of the bees amongst the orange-flowers. Mr. Barnes, Mr. Hartopp's own man, was smoking his pipe in the shade of the courtyard, within call, if need were, of his master; and the grooms were lying lazily at their ease on the sweet-scented

bundles of hay before the open door of the stable. Even the busy, pecking hens lay quiet amongst the straw, or in the dust of the open yard.

The blacksmith, Antoine, having at last finished the shoeing of Monsieur Dubois' horse, looked across at the *auberge*, shading his eyes with his hand as he did so.

"*Tiens!*" said he to himself. "But that man takes his time! It is so with your good ones who never taste wine: when they drink, they empty the bottle."

The two young English ladies had wandered into the cool pine-groves; but presently, as Dubois kept his patient watch under the lime-tree, Nora came towards him, walking slowly under the hot sun, and with her light muslin skirts trailing behind her in uncomfortable *déshabille*: they had come to grief amongst the rough stones and jagged fallen branches of the wood; and Nora, who hated discomfort, and had little taste for sylvan exploration, had turned back again, leaving Lilian to ramble on alone.

Dubois stood up when he saw her, and doffed his cap, and Nora, used to the patronage of her own country village, smiled with affable condescension, and then paused to say a few words in her well-taught French to the respectful peasant.

Did he belong to the village? Such a charming home he must have under this bright sky, with this soft air, which they—foreigners—had come so far to enjoy, always blowing upon them!

No; he was not from the village itself: he was from the neighbourhood. He came sometimes to the place to get his horse shod, and to make his little marketing.

She wished him good-day and a pleasant journey home presently, and she was passing on, with her gracious smile and bow, through the open doorway, when Dubois made his plunge.

"Would mademoiselle, in her great goodness, permit him to speak to milord?"

Nora hesitated.

The man was probably a beggar, then, and Mr. Hartopp was especially intolerant of beggars. She had nearly dismissed him with a curt denial, when something—she did not know what—in the large, earnest eyes which hung upon hers in steadfast, humble entreaty, struck her with quite a new sensation. If Nora had been of an imaginative, romantic turn, she would have said that there was a fate for her in those eyes. As it was, she relented against her will, looking the man scrutinisingly in the face as she did so.

"Can you not speak to me?" she asked. "Monsieur is suffering, and may not be disturbed."

"A thousand pardons, but it should be only for one moment: it was for affairs of great importance," Dubois protested, fervently, pressing his cap between his brown fingers—"affairs not of his own, but which belonged to the English Government, of which he had heard milord was one of the directors."

"Come with me, then," said Nora, yielding to the ring of truth in the man's tone, and impelled by some impulse at which, later on, she looked back wonderingly.

"What is this?" asked Mr. Hartopp, bending his keen brows as the man came towards him in Nora's wake, treading with that light, springy, foreign step which is such a contrast to the lumbering, heavy gait of our English peasants. "Nora, why are you bringing this man here?"

"He has something to say to you, papa," explained his daughter, as she stood aside, and left Dubois, profuse in bows and gestures of respect, to the full glare of Mr. Hartopp's investigation.

The man told his story.

He had in his possession certain papers, which his friend Jules, "who knew English," had told him were of great value to the persons they concerned. He had kept them, hoping to meet, as he had been so happy as to do to-day, with some English gentleman responsible and trustworthy, who would convey them to his own country and to the hands of the rightful owners. So Monsieur Dubois would rest in peace, knowing that justice had been done, and that Heaven would acquit him of all blame.

"And," Dubois added, raising his arm with the theatrical instinct of his nation, "his own rights would, in their turn, have the protection of the heavens."

At the close of this peroration, Monsieur Dubois tendered Mr. Hartopp his carefully-preserved trust.

[To be continued.]

"Templemore's Heritage" commenced in No. 523 and Part CXXVII.

STELLA REDRUTH.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"HOTEL FLORIAN."

EARLY the next day Eustace set out for the ruined villa known as the "Hotel Florian."

The young artist chose his costume carefully—more carefully than he had chosen his fashionable evening-dress for Sir Halberd's ball.

He wore a blue blouse of the finest holland, a large straw hat, white knickerbockers and stockings, perfectly-fitting boots.

It was a dress that made a graceful youth look distinguished, almost princely, whereas a common-place young man would have appeared vulgar in the same.

Eustace hired a carriage, and desired to be driven to the "Hotel Florian."

He did not know the road, and his object now was to gain an interview with Bandulia as soon as possible.

The spring was brightening into the golden summer of the south. On each side were vineyards, where the grapes were growing purpler day by day.

Before him rose hills, blue as the azure heavens, against which their outlines were faintly defined. There was a breeze loaded with odours from the countless flowers, which spread like a many-coloured carpet in the plain below the vineyards. Here and there, sheltered among chestnut and mulberry groves, rose a white villa, the country house of some Roman citizen.

Eustace, leaning back among the cushions, gave himself up to a languid yet delicious enjoyment of the breeze, the brightness, the beauty of the day.

Rome lay behind—Rome, the city of the dead language and the fallen lions; Rome—the Rome of Antony and the Cæsars—the Rome of the middle ages and the saints—the Rome of Michael Angelo, and the master-spirits of the world of art. And the young man thought not of Rome on that blue and golden day, but of a mysterious fortune and a dark-eyed Spaniard; and then behold, the carriage was travelling a lonely road between bare hills, and Eustace aroused and asked for "Hotel Florian."

"It lies, signor, in a little verdant valley; beyond it is a ruin, but beautiful, as the signor will see for himself."

And presently they enter the valley. Chestnut trees are shedding their bloom, mulberries are purpling on the great trees; there are groves and gardens and a fountain, a turf blazing with blue, and rose, and purple wild flowers, and a ruined villa of yellow marble, with a lawn in front and a chestnut wood behind.

"Hotel Florian," said the coachman.

Eustace descended and paid the driver, then went on towards the house.

A hedge of rhododendron surrounded it; there was a little wicket-gate, the latch of which the intruder—or visitor—raised, and presently he was crossing the lawn.

The portion of the house which faced him was in ruins, windowless, and with broken columns and steps.

He went round; there were windows open, and the sound of voices and laughter.

"I am content," said a voice. "I desire only to follow after that which is right. I do not seek my own fame, but render a true service to art."

"You do not seek your own, beautiful Bandulia? and if not, you are, excuse me, a fool. Every artist must carve out his own fortune, or die miserably at the last."

"I am not ambitious for myself," said the clear, young voice, which somehow sounded in the ears of Eustace like the sweetest music.

"For whom, then?"

"For art, my friend. I wish only the true and beautiful to be revered. No false gods worshipped, no glaring taste and vulgar cleverness held up for the people to adore. I wish the people—my own country people—to become refined."

"Your own country people, mademoiselle? Spain is your country—is it not?"

"Yes," she answered, with a sad little laugh—"yes, Spain."

Eustace came forward and stood before the open window.

A large room, the walls of polished marble, white, with streaks of rose-tinting, two easels, two artists at work—an old Englishman, with white hair and beard, and Bandulia.

The young lady wore white, a perfectly-fitting dress of fine mulled muslin, a rose twisted in her splendid black hair, not another single ornament, a little fringe round the white throat, and tiny frills at the slender wrists; the figure, so

dainty and so distinguished, slightly bent, the dark eyes fixed on the easel, the whole artistic soul absorbed.

Neither the old gentleman nor the young lady saw or heard Eustace. He called out, "Good-morning, mademoiselle," took off his hat, and bowed his head.

Bandulia looked up. Instantly her whole face glowed like the breaking of an English summer morning, or the heart of an English June rose; and at that moment Eustace felt that if he had a kingdom and a crown he could gladly fling them at the feet of this Spaniard. She came to the window smiling.

"We are delighted to welcome you to our ruin, monsieur. I speak not only for myself, but for my friends. Come round; there is a door. To-day I will fling pencil and brush aside to do you honour."

The cords of love tightened about the heart of Eustace.

When he entered the "Hotel Florian," he felt that this Spanish girl could lead him round the world with a smile and a gesture of her small white hand; and then his heart sank, for had he not given his heart and his strong man's love once before, to be trampled on by a soulless jade? And this Spaniard, who was she—what was she? A bandit's bride, a thief, a mystery: an escaped nun, an enchanting Bohemian? What was she, and was it possible that she would ever be more to him than she was now?

He entered the house, and Bandulia led him into a room where an elderly lady, with white hair, was placing plates and cups and knives upon a table covered with a fine white cloth.

The floor of this room was of marble, and Indian matting was laid down in the centre. A few light cane chairs, a small black sideboard and the table completed the inventory of the furniture.

The old lady wore a queer plaid dress of a large pattern, and her cap was awry. One glance told of her nationality: English to the backbone, with fresh cheeks, and gray eyes, and square brow, and pleasant smile.

"Madame Scott, this is a fellow-artist, Mr. Grayling—English, and he has followed me at the risk of being taken up by the police—followed me solely and wholly because he covets my head for a model, so I have made his acquaintance, and invited him here, and he is going to paint me."

"You must be hungry," said Madame Scott; and Eustace said he was.

"I must tell you," said Bandulia, "that Monsieur Scott is an artist, whose acquaintance I made in a picture-gallery. He invited me home, and introduced me to madame his wife, and we three agreed to pass the summer here at the 'Hotel Florian.' I regard these friends in the light of parents."

Eustace longed to ask Bandulia of her husband. Was she really married? If so, what did a married woman want with adopted parents?

Coffee, fruit, delicious butter, French rolls, omelette, and a cold fowl—behold the breakfast, or lunch, prepared by Mrs. Scott.

Bandulia ran out, and came back, leaning on the arm of the old artist.

She introduced him with a charming frankness to Eustace, and the four sat down to the table.

Eustace never enjoyed any repast in his life as he enjoyed that breakfast at the "Hotel Florian." After breakfast, Bandulia said:

"You must come to my own studio, and I must costume for you."

So together they mounted an enormously wide and interminable staircase.

It seemed to Eustace as if the end would never be reached. Ahead of him was Bandulia. Now and then she glanced down at him, a light, half-sad, half-roguish, gleaming in her dark eyes.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BANDULIA'S STUDIO.

EUSTACE followed, and the Spanish artist led on. At last a wide marble-floored landing-place was reached, and Bandulia turned round and faced young Grayling with a smile.

"It has been quite a long journey. These villas of the ancient gods are vast. See how broken the balustrade is, and yet every bit that remains is a gem of artistic workmanship: gods and goddesses, hewn and chiselled out of marble, accompany us all the way. See that Flora with broken arm; the other hand grasps a wonderfully beautiful bouquet of flowers. It is a masterpiece, that broken balustrade."

"To say the truth, I have not noticed it at all. I have been too much engaged in following you. I came here to see you, to talk to you; to paint your face, to make your likeness en-

body my secret aspirations and strivings after excellence, and I have given no thought to marble goddesses, believe me."

There was a tremulous passion in the young man's voice.

Bandulia smiled, and Eustace fancied that the smile was a cruel one.

"Like all woman," thought he, bitterly, "she rejoices to find that she has a toy to break, a human male heart: that is the fiendish pastime of all these creatures, falsely called gentle. She shall never guess how completely she is enthralling me, leading my whole soul captive."

"It is flattering to me, monsieur, to think that you consider my poor face worth painting."

"Your poor face! You know well that your face is a wonderful one."

She flushed again more brightly, more beautifully than she had when first seeing him below in the studio of the old English artist.

"I suppose it is unlike the pretty faces of other women?"

"Quite unlike," he said, eagerly.

She curled her lip scornfully.

"A dark face, with a masculine soul looking out of the eyes? Nothing of the mild, angelic, traditional woman of the past centuries? the creature all sweetness and meekness, and blind submission to august male rule? the dove-eyed type of the poets, lauded in verse, and trampled on at home? Nothing, my good sir, of that low-voiced perfection, whose mission it is to endure, to submit, to cook, to sew, to economise, to receive patiently all the ill-temper of the lord and master when the outer world has vexed him, and he comes home to make his wife weep and tremble? I have read your English Review of the Saturday, monsieur."

"Saturday Review," said Eustace, correcting her foreign putting of the words together.

"Well, monsieur, Saturday Review, and there I find bitter expletives directed against the extravagant, selfish, loud-voiced pleasure-seeking Englishwomen of to-day. Is it all true?"

"Oh! no—at least, I suppose we have still some hundreds of young ladies of the good old type amongst us."

"Is it a good type?"

"It is the ideal of most Englishmen."

"Yours amongst the rest?"

He nodded in assent.

"She shall not know how her eyes of fire have scorched my heart, heated my blood, dazzled my reason into blindness. No; I could live with her in a cave, or in a palace, or in a dingy London back street; and though she never saw that my chops were cooked, or my socks mended, I should be fool enough to be happy with her if she spoke kindly to me once or twice a day; but she shall never know that I see now how bitterly she mocks me in her heart."

Lizzie Anstruther had shaken his faith in woman.

"I hope you will find your blue-eyed meekness all you desire."

"And why blue-eyed, mademoiselle?"

She looked at him, he fancied, contemptuously.

"Are not most meek women fair?"

"I do not know. There was a blue-eyed woman whom I loved, whose heart was cold as the bosom of this marble goddess."

She laughed.

"Well, cheer up: that was one among the million. There are hundreds of meek, fair-haired damsels, who would gladly submit to your whims for the honour of calling you lord and master."

"Ah! doubtless," he said, carelessly.

Bandulia said to herself:

"Handsome, conceited fellow! Come on, monsieur," she said, suddenly, throwing open a door. "This is my work-room."

He entered a large, marble-floored apartment. A steady north light came through the window, which had been lately glazed and put in order—a green curtain flung before it. There were three easels; numbers of canvases against the walls, standing on the ground, and arranged in separate parcels, as it were; there were a few chairs, with red cushions, and a small, red, faded couch or sofa.

There was a table in one corner, on which were books arranged neatly, and a white vase filled with flowers. In another corner was a small piano in an old walnut-wood case, but bright and polished. Everything in the room bespoke order and a scrupulous cleanliness.

Through a half-open door Eustace caught glimpses of a sleeping-chamber; a small bed hung with white curtains; a toilet-table draped in white; a neat chest of drawers; a piece of Indian matting on the floor; everything plain, everything pure, everything perfect in its artistic taste.

"I am my own housemaid, monsieur: I sweep and dust my rooms; I am my own dressmaker; in Rome I am my own cook; but here, madame, my adopted mother, takes that responsibility from me."

"You are nearer, then, mademoiselle, to that excellent type of woman whose gradual disappearance from the face of the earth gives such chagrin to the 'Saturday Reviewer.'"

"Am I? Oh! it is different, monsieur, to do things for one's-self and for a lord and master. I never cooked or worked for anybody else."

"Might I see your works?" he asked, timidly.

And the young man said to himself:

"She is *not* married—this rare creature."

"You may see my works," she said, sadly; and she led him up to her easel.

On the canvas appeared a picture, which at once fascinated the imagination of Eustace, and struck his fancy.

An autumn evening, rain threatening in the stormy west, where the sun had just gone down amid mountains of cloud, tinged here and there with a lurid light; a country road, bordered by a wood, from which the autumn winds had stripped half the leaves: those that remained were yellow, melancholy, in that gloomy light. A stone cross, grass at its foot, a woman sitting under its shadow—a woman, young, dark-eyed, lovely, with a rare and ideal type of loveliness; an Italian face, doubtless, in form and colouring, but with the thoughtful, intense look which one attributes more naturally to the realistic, sober-souled woman of the North. Nothing of southern softness, save the liquid eyes and the curved red lips, and those expressing nothing whatever of the languid repose of the Italian belle—a woman who had suffered and been disappointed, who had been wronged, and had forgiven her foes—a face at once sweet and powerful. The drapery was the picturesque dress of the Italian peasant—scarlet bodice and purple skirt, a mantle hanging on the arm; and so chill and gloomy was the atmosphere, that one longed to see the woman wrap the mantle about her. Her head was bare, the dark hair plaited, and wound about her head artistically, showing the dainty ivory ear and the curve of the full, white throat.

"What is she waiting for?" asked Eustace, suddenly, when he had looked for some time in silence at the picture.

Bandulia broke into a laugh.

"Her lover, I suppose. Yes, monsieur; it is a tryst; and he is faithless; and she had not expected him to be otherwise; for she knew his selfish nature and his cold heart. He had saddened her life. I do not know if she was married to him, or if she had given him her heart and her promise to become his wife, and then found him worshipping at some golden shrine. Anyhow, she is *not* beloved, in spite of her great beauty; for she is beautiful, monsieur, is she not?"

Bandulia asked the question with such a sweet timidity, that Eustace could have caught her to his heart, and poured out his praises of her work and his love for herself in one breath.

"She is divine," he said, rapturously. "She is a saint, despite the scarlet peasant dress and the dull English sky."

"It is not an Italian sky," said Bandulia. "It is a Breton sky. There it rains as often as in England; and this Italian girl is away from her home. She has not long left it; for she has not cast off the costume of her country."

"Why paint so sad a face?"

"Is not the world a sad place for many of us women, monsieur? Not only the peasant women of Italy, but the highly-born dames of France and of England have their troubles."

"And we men, do we walk on ether, and sleep on roses?"

"Ah! no. Man is born to trouble; but trouble should refine, elevate, sweeten. Sweet are the uses of adversity. Often, though, alas! adversity embitters, hardens, sours us," she sighed.

"Have you, then, suffered?" he asked, quickly. "I have no right to ask," he added, checking himself.

"No, monsieur; you have no right to ask; and I do not mean to confess to you. Still, I am human; I am a woman; I am twenty years old; consequently, I *have* suffered."

"But many girls of that age—excuse me—living under their parents' roofs, do not know more than the name of sorrow."

"I do not live under my parents' roof. I work for my bread; I strive after excellence."

"And you will attain it," said Eustace, warmly. "Fortune and fame will be yours."

"And if so, what then?" she asked, in a hard

"You will be happy, I hope."

"No; I shall never be happy."

"The mystery of this beautiful creature increases," thought Eustace.

"You are not married?" he said, timidly, and in an inquiring voice.

"I shall not tell you. Who told you that I was married?"

"Mr. Ovington, a Welsh lawyer."

Instantly Bandulia turned pale. She was violently agitated.

"Then he—he—talked of *me*—betrayed my confidence? Oh! that man is a wretched hypocrite."

"He? What has he to do with you or your affairs? He told me you were a bandit's wife, leagued with thieves, more—an accomplice in murders. He warned me of you. He—"

She interrupted him by a merry peal of laughter. Was this Spanish girl going mad? She sat upon the little red couch, and laughed until she almost cried.

"I wonder, sir," she said, at length, "that you ventured to come to see me, after hearing such an account. But you did not believe it, did you?"

"I did not know what to believe. I am an artist; and I admire you more than any woman I have ever seen."

She waved her hand at him impatiently.

"So I came to seek you. I know you are high-souled, pure-minded. If you are the wife of a bandit, it is the caprice of Fortune that has made you so. I believe you to be good, or so false, that henceforth I shall look on all women as demons in disguise, if you are not true and noble in mind and in heart."

"Thank you," she sighed; then said, hastily:

"Well, I think the caprice of Fortune is to blame for what is wrong in me. I am *not* a murderess. I never harmed a fly in my life."

She smiled, and her white teeth gleamed.

"I am not a thief. I stole your portrait; yes. I have it in that drawer."

"Oh! give it me," said Eustace, imploringly.

"You do not know—"

She interrupted him.

"Yes; I know more of it than you do. But trust it with me. Ovington did not see me enter or take it out of your hand. His face was hidden while he struggled with you. Don't, for Heaven's sake, let him know I have it! I will take care of it for you for three months; then come to me for it. Nay; if you doubt that it is in that drawer, I will show it to you."

She went to a drawer in the table, took out something wrapped in brown paper, and held it up, then took off the paper; the gold-framed portrait gleamed in the light.

The thought naturally struck Eustace: "Lady Redruth offered me £1,000 for that: she would give the same to Bandulia for it."

"Mademoiselle or madame, give me that portrait. I can sell it for £1,000. I will give you £700 out of it, only keeping £300 for my necessities; for I am poor."

"But you would not—you dare not sell it!" she cried. "No; you shall *never* have it, if you think of that. Who offered you £1,000 for it?"

"A certain Lady Redruth."

"Do not go near that lady. Listen to nobody."

Wait: in three months I will tell you everything. That picture is worth a fortune to you."

"And why?"

"You shall know in three months."

A chill and a dread fell upon Eustace. He was madly in love with the Spaniard; but he distrusted her. He thought her naturally noble, but linked with evil-doers against her will; and now he had told her how highly Lady Redruth had bidden for the portrait, most likely the thousand pounds would find their way into Bandulia's pocket, and the portrait into Lady Redruth's, and he would never again possess the picture, or see the Spanish lady.

"You doubt me?" said Bandulia, coldly. "That shows me how sincere are your professions of admiration for the 'bandit's wife.'"

"You are not a bandit's wife. You are divine. But I am very wretched; and all this mystery tortures me. I worship you, Bandulia Monaco; but I know something of the world. It is difficult to trust you so blindly, when you refuse to satisfy my intense and most natural curiosity."

"Because it is part of a scheme. I dare not place too powerful weapons in your eager hands yet awhile; you might crush and ruin those who ought to be dear to me."

"Ought to be? Then she loves not her bandit friends," thought Eustace.

"I will promise you, on the honour of an Englishman, not to do harm to any of your friends."

"You are so completely *in* the dark," cried

Bandulia, shaking her head, "you know not what you promise. Now, monsieur, forget the episode of the portrait. See me look it up again in this drawer."

She put the key in her pocket, then came and stood near Eustace.

"Shall I costume for you? I can lend you canvas, easel, paint, and brushes." He looked up at her with a dazed, bewildered air.

"An Eastern enchantress," said he, "casting her spell upon mankind, smiling upon Princes at their banquet-table through festoons of laurels and wreaths of flowers, inducing them to listen to her blandishments and false promises of future kingdoms."

"You flatter me highly," she said. She laughed and flushed, and her eyes sparkled. "I had rather you think of me as of dazzling selfishness, than humdrum goodness. The one character has more fascination for you than the other. How true or how false is your estimate, let time prove. Now shall I costume?"

She ran into her other room, and came out in five minutes, her dark face surrounded by a white gauze scarf, wound artistically and in Eastern fashion about her head. She carried some flowering branches of scarlet bloom, broken hastily off a shrub growing in her balcony.

"Now, monsieur," she said, "I will peep between these branches—so. Will that be what you want?"

"Yes; the taste and your conception of what I imagine are excellent."

Ten minutes later, Eustace was busily at work upon a canvas; and Bandulia peered at him through the branches, which she twisted into another easel, and, seating herself behind it, her arms leaning on a small table, she put on the peculiar smile he desired. Neither spoke for an hour.

"I am tired, monsieur," said Bandulia, starting up at length. "Let me see what you have done."

She went and stood by his side.

"You have made me twenty times too beautiful."

"Not half beautiful enough," he answered.

"Oh! don't flatter, sir. I am not the blue-eyed meekness you admire. I *detest* flattery."

"Cold heart!" thought Eustace.

"Well, monsieur, I am tired, as I said, and I propose now that we go down and have an English tea with the good English monsieur and madam."

"With all my heart," said Eustace.

So they descended the staircase, and found madam in the *salon* preparing tea.

[To be continued.]

"Stella Redruth" commenced in No. 514 and Part CXXV.

PASTIMES.

CHARADES.

1.

Gray, white, and yellow, listen to the cry;
My countless first, oh! who will come and buy?
My glittering second, ladies fair behold;
Diamonds or rubies, emeralds or gold.
Daintily he carved my next; it looked so nice,
I said "Kind host, pray let me have a slice."
My whole a favoured home of royalty,
Oft visited by those of high degree.

E. M'C.

2.

A rather useful kind of beast
My first will truly name;
To steal or 'scape away at least,
My second will proclaim.
The junction of the two will make
A very fragrant flower;
You'll find it under bush and brake,
And, maybe, in your lover.

J. H. F.

ENIGMA.

Within the fields I may be seen
Oft feeding on the herbage green;
My place amid the spangled sky,
On starlight night you may espie.
Of men-o'-war a part I form,
Of mighty power in battle storm;
Before me walls and towers fell:
Now what I am pray quickly tell.

W. S. L.

TRANSPOSITION.

To loving sisters I'm a friend,
On whom they mostly can depend;
My praises they repeat with pride,
While I in turn in them confide.
Remove one letter, and "Oh! dear,"
You cry in disappointment sheer,
"It really is a dreadful bore
Thus to be teased for evermore."

E. M'C.

SOLUTIONS OF PASTIMES IN No. 530.

CHARADES.—1. Illustrated. 2. Bedpost.

BURIED TOWNS.—1. Derby. 2. Wigton.

REBUS.—Romeo.

CONUNDRUM.—Because he's open to conviction.

Naval Brigade Quick March.

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

8va 2nd time.

1st time. 2nd time.

f *p*

f *p*

TRIO. 8va 2nd time.

1st time. 2nd time.