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THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL

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PIC AP 4 Y65 fol.

"YOU DON'T CARE FOR ME," HE SAID. "I WOULD MARRY YOU TO-MORROW, IF YOU WOULD HAVE ME."

JUPITER'S TOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LARGE FORTUNE," "VELVET SNOW," "FATE OR FOLLY?" ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

NEWS FROM CARRIGSTONE.

LONDON is said to be empty towards the end of July. Yet carriages throng the principal thoroughfares even then, while in the City life is as busy as ever, and men crowd, jostle, and hurry as usual. It was afternoon, and Fleet Street was thronged by moving masses of humanity—all sorts and conditions of men. Amongst them was a tall, shapely, athletic, young fellow, whom we lately saw in the orchard at Ravenscroft, pale with passion—not anger, but love—that headlong, impetuous, and wild rapture which only a few, perhaps, experience in these prosaic days.

Derrick Ravenscroft was certainly the handsomest man in Fleet Street on that hot afternoon; but then, perhaps, Fleet Street is not exactly the spot where one would go to look for Adonis-like young men.

City men, stout, prosperous, and altogether unpicturesque of aspect, were to be seen hurrying away to lunch, presumably; clerks were there, thin-faced, yet cheerful of aspect, whose coats were not too new, perhaps; and there were greasy-looking individuals, who might be set down as money-lenders at exorbitant interest; honest faces, mean faces, cruel faces, miserable and haggard faces, gay laughing faces, all were there, but scarcely one handsome face except Ravenscroft's.

We have not seen the outcast heir as yet divested of that disfiguring brown beard which hid the rare beauty of his mouth and chin, and added at least a dozen years to his appearance.

Seen now, minus that beard, Derrick was a truly splendid and distinguished-looking man — tall, athletic, with features cast in those straight facial lines which we associate with the classic heroes of antiquity; a bronzed complexion, bright gray eyes, short fair hair rippling in irrepressible curliness

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over a well shaped head, and then the air as of a gentleman of long descent, who should have been a soldier, if he were not one.

This was the Derrick who was banished as an outcast from his home; this was the young man against whom what looked like the blackest evidence existed that he was the perpetrator of the most hideous crime that can disgrace human nature.

Meanwhile, Derrick, going towards the Strand for his lunch, might look as much like a prince as he chose, nevertheless he was only at this time a clerk, at a salary of under two pounds a week, in a certain newspaper office, and he was known as Mark Hazlett. Sometimes he did reporting for the said paper, but as yet his feet were only on the first rung of the ladder. He meant to do more than reporting; he was writing a book of travels, and he had ambitions that were independent of his hopes of regaining his birthright.

Suddenly he was conscious of a face in that crowd—a face he had never seen before—a girl's face. Was it beautiful? He did not know. Only the eyes, brilliant, and of a splendid hazel, haunted him. Yet, contrasting them with those wonderful black eyes of Grace Auvergne's, he was surprised to recognize that these eyes had a something which the others lacked. A face of exquisite fairness, touched with rose tints on the cheeks, that bloom which grows in country solitudes, not the artificial tinting which is so often seen on the cheeks of stately ladies nowadays in the circles of fashion. So plainly-dressed a girl! A mere blue print gown, fitting a slight form to perfection, and a straw hat of dark blue to match the dress. But the gloves, the shoes, all the accessories, were perfect in their kind. A very young, very pretty girl, standing at the edge of the pavement, with great perplexity in the hazel eyes.

Derrick took in the meaning at a glance. The girl wanted to cross, and was afraid of the throngs of omnibuses and cabs. A great waggon stood close to where she was, so that she could not see what was coming, and every second (so it seemed) another cab rolled past.

Derrick took off his hat, and he addressed the girl with a frankness, a mingled reverence and dignity, that set her, whoever she was, at her ease.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "but, if you will allow me, I will pilot you to the other side? You might wait here a long time."

"Oh, thank you," she answered, after looking for an instant into his bronzed face and gray eyes. "I am in a hurry; I am new to London, and a coward!"

"Accept my arm, please," said Derrick, gravely.

This the girl in blue did at once, and Derrick conducted her in perfect safety to the other side of the street.

By this time he had decided that she was beautiful, but brusque. He contrasted her manner with that of the lovely governess at the Hall. Grace would have looked on the pavement, while she thanked him, had he taken her through the chaos of moving vehicles in safety; this young lady looked at him as if she were studying his character, and as if she forgot that her own face was quite worth studying in return.

"Will you tell me the nearest way to Somerset House?" she asked, eagerly.

"Certainly," and he gave her full, explicit directions.

He was going the same way, but he did not tell her so; he took off his hat, and passed on before her through the crowd.

Derrick was fascinated, enchanted by the charms of Grace Auvergne; but, when he was not in her society, it sometimes seemed to him as if the spell were less potent. He did not dream incessantly, day and night, of Miss Auvergne. He always thought of her as the most graceful, the most dignified, the most beautiful woman in the world; but now, having seen this Fleet Street maiden, he began to think that, after all, there were faces on earth as sweet—what, did he say? even sweeter—than the face of his sister's governess.

Grace Auvergne's face was full of a mysterious power; it was gentle at times; it was always calm, even when the eyes flashed, and the lips smiled in love or contempt, as the case might be; but it was not so sweet a face as yonder girl's.

Derrick was surprised to find, as the day went on, how those hazel eyes haunted him. That night he went to see a new piece at the theatre, and he did not return to the single room he occupied, in Great Ormond Street, till nearly twelve o'clock at night.

Derrick had furnished this room as a sitting-room and bed-room; it was on the third storey. The landlady did not cook for him, except on Sundays. On that day there was an excellent dinner provided for all the lodgers in the house; this was served at two o'clock precisely, in the dining-room on the first floor. Tea and breakfast were served to each lodger in his own room. Letters for each lodger were taken upstairs by the maid, and laid upon the mantelshelf, if the gentleman was out.

When Derrick entered his neat, if humble room, he saw a letter, rather a thick one, on the mantelpiece. The gas was turned on faintly, he turned it on more strongly, and seized his letter. Yes, it bore the Carrigstone post-mark, and the handwriting was the beautiful, flowing caligraphy of Grace Auvergne.

Derrick opened the letter impatiently, and saw that there was a letter from Grace, and another enclosed. As for the enclosure, he did not glance at it at first; he pounced upon that letter in the clear, delicate handwriting.

"Dearest," it began; and then followed some expressions almost of reproach, regarding the brevity of Derrick's last letter. She then told him news of the family at the Hall. The Colonel refused to go on the Continent, or anywhere, for change of air.

"Mrs. Ravenscroft was out of sorts, because Eldred was at home, and did not get on well with his father; and I have done wonders for you, darling," wrote Grace "Oh, I have done wonders for you. I believe now, that if you only came forward, and spoke to your father, he would fall on your neck and weep. Still, perhaps the time is not ripe yet for that. I am going to surprise him one of these days. Dr. Cassel is changed towards you. I can't say why, but he never mentions your name, and if I do, he changes the subject. How have you offended him, and what do you think of Berry Sims?"

Derrick put the letter down now, and frowned. He took it up again, and read a few lines more, then he hastily seized the enclosed letter, and as his eyes fell upon it, they distended with a horror impossible to describe in words. His handsome face grew white, and he started as one might start who suddenly sees crouching before him a cruel savage beast of the jungle, with lashing tail and glaring eyes.

What news did that enclosed letter contain? Whatever it was, the effect upon Derrick was terrible. All through that night he paced his room, at intervals pausing only through sheer fatigue to wipe his hot brow, and now and then to sit down for five minutes, but only to start up again and resume his walk.

A great horror had fallen upon him. He was like one who has been walking on the edge of a precipice with bandaged eyes, but who suddenly has the bandage removed, and sees that a single false step would hurl him down to destruction and a horrible death.

On that night was the veil lifted from before his eyes!

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HALF-BROTHER.

DERRICK turned the key in the lock of his door; he had thrown his hat upon the shabby little couch, and now he ran his fingers wildly through his hair. There was a strange light in his eyes. Anybody looking then upon him for the first time might have thought it almost an insane light.

Was this young man, whose chequered life the reader has followed thus far, a monster of iniquity, a "prince of darkness," or was it simply that Fate had placed in his hands the key to a great mystery, and did some grim circumstance prevent him from speaking out, and telling what he knew?

There was so much fierce anguish stamped now upon his face that it would have seemed to any observer who might have been watching him, that he must either be suffering the pangs of remorse, or chafing under some great wrong.

"I must wipe out Mark Hazlett from the face of the earth," he said at last, speaking aloud. "As for Derrick Ravenscroft! Well, Cassel and Miss Auvergne are the only persons who know now that he is in England. Cassel has washed his hands of him. Grace——!"

His face softened, he sat down, putting his hands before his eyes. Presently his strong frame was shaken by a storm of sobs. There was no human eye to mark or to mock at this expression of tempestuous sorrow.

Derrick was brave! More, he was daring, possessed at times of even a reckless courage. Yet now he wept like a child.

That enclosed letter—what tale had it unfolded to him? One grim and awful as the story which the ghost told to Hamlet! At any rate, as he read it the second time, his brow grew stern, and he dried his eyes.

At last he tore the letter into strips, and burnt it at the candle. All the while his white teeth were close shut. Derrick Ravenscroft! Mark Hazlett! He meant to put those two away and assume a new identity. He wished now to hide himself until—until when? Not for ever?

He was young; his blood ran swiftly in his veins; he possessed a fervid fancy, even a poetic imagination; he was ambitious. Some day—who knew?—the sun might shine upon him. He might win fame and fortune.

There seemed to be reasons why he should disappear for a time from the sight of the two persons who knew him; neither of them must know where to find him. He would have to leave his engagement on the paper, and earn his living some other way; but how? The only answer seemed to be in the fact that he possessed literary abilities, that he was capable of writing imaginative stories, and that he might possibly get upon the staff of some paper or magazine, and earn his living as a writer of fiction, perhaps in a small way at first, afterwards he might strike the key-note of a full and glorious success.

He might!

"Yes; but," said the dull and prosaic voice of Common Sense in his ears, "on the other hand, you may not; on the other hand you may starve. If you give up your journalism, your chances of rising in the newspaper office, your small but regular salary, and fling yourself friendless upon this great, heartless world of London, you may die of hunger in an attic."

"Then I must run the risk of that," he said, speaking aloud, and answering the voice of Common Sense with a fierce promptitude. "I must not be found by those who may search for me. I must hide—hide—hide! Still I will not leave this world of London. Love! Grace! Good-bye to both for ever and ever. Now no more brooding, no more sentiment. Mark Hazlett is dead; so is Ravenscroft, and now for a new name and a new life."

"Most likely a death by hunger," said the voice of Common Sense.

But the headstrong young man heeded it not.

* * * * *

It was a bright and beautiful morning, and the family were gathered round the breakfast-table at Ravenscroft Hall.

Grace, in a charming toilette, sat smiling sweetly in her usual place at the right hand of Mrs. Ravenscroft. Colonel Ravenscroft was crinkling the *Times*; but he looked over the edge of that newspaper, and his eyes shone with kindness and admiration as they rested on his little daughter's governess.

Colonel Ravenscroft was a fine, soldierly-looking man, with an aquiline nose, a gray moustache, and curling hair, of mingled silver and auburn. Grace was struck, at that moment, by the likeness between the Colonel and his eldest son, the outcast. There was a frank daring in both of their eyes that was absent from the languid blue eyes of Eldred, the son of the second marriage.

Eldred was still absent; but a portrait of him, in oils, hung opposite to where Grace sat at the table. That same year the portrait had been exhibited at the Academy, entitled "Eldred, son of Colonel Ravenscroft." It represented the now acknowledged heir of the Ravenscrofts, attired in hunting costume, standing under a tree in Ravenscroft Park. Two fine hounds stood by his side.

This was a masterpiece of painting, and it came from the hands of one of those men whose names are written on the scroll of fame.

While Grace was enjoying the partridge-pie—for this was a September morning—she glanced more than once at the handsome face of young Eldred Ravenscroft.

Mrs. Ravenscroft was a blonde of that type which preserves the appearance of youth deep into middle life. She was *petite*, with a vivacious face that many called beautiful. She had sparkling, light blue eyes, and a winning smile. She was dressed in light blue muslin, the colour for blondes. Her flaxen curls were fringed under a dainty cap. Nobody would have given her more than thirty-five years to look at her; but in truth she was fifty-two.

Grace had won the confidence, almost the affection, of Mrs. Ravenscroft; not that the lady had much affection to bestow on anyone, save her son.

"He will be home this afternoon," said Mrs. Ravenscroft, "and Lucy will be glad."

"Dearest Lucy," said Grace, softly.

"Such a strange idea for the little one to get into her head," said the Colonel, putting down the *Times*. "Have you heard of it, Miss Auvergne?"

"What idea?" asked Grace, sweetly.

She did not wish to tell an untruth, she said, afterwards, if she could avoid it.

Colonel Ravenscroft told her:

"She thinks that her brother, who, poor fellow, is, as you know, most likely dead, came past her window. I don't like the idea myself. I am not superstitious, still, I don't like it."

Mrs. Ravenscroft's mocking laugh ran through the luxurious room.

"Not superstitious! I think the Colonel is the most superstitious man I know."

"We are all of us more or less tainted, shall I venture to call it?" said Grace, gently, "with superstition. It is part of our humanity to believe things for which we can give no apparent reason. Do you not think so, dear Mrs. Ravenscroft?"

"No; I don't think so at all, so far as I am personally concerned," returned Mrs. Ravenscroft. "I have not a grain of superstition in my organization. As for the theory of that unworthy young man being dead, whom the Colonel has the misfortune to call his son, I do not believe it for one moment. Those worthless people don't die," added Mrs. Ravenscroft, helping herself to cream, and shaking her head, with its blue-ribboned cap and fringed flaxen tresses. "They don't die; they live to come back again, and give more trouble, and create dissensions in families, and cause miseries of all kinds. Some fine day that wretched

young man will walk into the house, with all the ruffianism of the bush stamped on his face. He will work upon his father to reverse his decision of disinheriting him, and he will cause—Heaven alone knows what—perhaps even an estrangement between husband and wife."

"Don't talk nonsense, Maria," said the Colonel, huskily, as he stirred his coffee, which did not require stirring.

A look passed between him and the beautiful governess, who had, as it seemed, accidentally told him of the probable death of his son, and so really prepared the way for his reinstatement in his favour by softening the father's heart. Nearly all human hearts do soften towards the dead. Mrs. Ravenscroft did not see the look; she was absorbed by the contemplation of the reflection of her own perennial and blonde charms in a mirror that hung opposite to where she was seated.

The meal was finished, and the Colonel went to his study to consult his steward.

Grace went into her schoolroom, and sat down in a cool recess to read a certain metaphysical and philosophical work which was creating a stir in the literary world. She read all through that morning; she read on, with a knitted brow and a strange, puzzled look coming, now and anon, into her beautiful eyes.

At one o'clock the bell rang for lunch, and she went down to find what she knew already, that Eldred, the present heir of Ravenscroft, had returned from town; that he had been closeted with his father, for an hour, in the study, and that the Colonel had emerged from the interview with flushed cheeks and angry eyes.

Eldred was faultless as to the cut and fashion of his clothes, as to the polish of his manner, as to the ease and gaiety of his bearing. He was secretly amused at the anger of his father over a new batch of unpaid bills, which had just found their way from certain angry and impatient tradesmen, right into the Colonel's hands.

Eldred knew quite well, or believed that he knew, that his mother would soon get all the money out of the Colonel; and more, if it were needed.

He had professed contrition, for he was always polite and pleasant, while he laughed at his father in his sleeve.

Derrick, on the other hand, had never been polite and pleasant.

Grace knew this by instinct. Somehow, she entertained a feeling akin to contempt for Eldred, the handsome, fair-complexioned, frivolous, spoiled boy of twenty, who was over head and heels in love with her, so that the servants gossiped, and the echoes of that gossip had reached the ears of Dr. Cassel.

Grace did not love, or even admire Eldred, with his pink-and-white prettiness, his blue eyes, his fair, curling hair. To her he seemed as an effeminate boy, weak in character, ill-stored in mind. His half-brother, on the contrary, had impressed her feelings, and awakened her enthusiastic admiration, as no other man had ever done, as she had never anticipated that any man would. Surely the sentiment that had crept into her heart regarding Derrick had assumed the strength and dimensions of passion? If so—if love were awake in the heart of this remarkable and most beautiful Grace, it would inspire her to perform prodigies. She had the courage of a lioness, with the gentle seeming of a dove.

Eldred did not know that Grace despised him. He even hoped that she loved him, or would love him one day.

His blue eyes lit up when she entered the room in her pretty, cool dress, and advanced towards him with extended hand, and a lovely smile in her eyes.

During lunch very little was said, but, as soon as it was over, Eldred found his way to the schoolroom, where Grace had again ensconced herself with her book. They made a picturesque pair as they stood near the carved mantelpiece, the bright sunshine coming in, subdued and many-coloured, through the painted glass of the window, and throwing a fantastic moving pattern on the oaken floor.

"I have not ceased to think of you one single moment since I have been away. I have enjoyed myself, and been to dinners and theatres, and even to a ball, though London is said to be as dull as an old maid's tea-party now, but I never once ceased to long for you. I wonder how often you thought of me?"

"Not very often," she answered, gently, but coldly.

"The——" he paused, with some expletive unuttered on his lips. "You don't care for me," he pouted, "while I—I would marry you to-morrow, if you would have me."

"Thank you, Eldred," she answered. "You could not pay me a greater compliment; but have you considered what would happen to you if I took you at your word? First of all, your father would turn his back upon you for ever, never give you a penny of his as long as he lived. You and I would be two beggars."

"I don't believe it. You are a great favourite of the dad's."

"Exactly so, a great favourite. I am a couple of years older than you are, and I know much more of the world. When an elderly man takes a sentimental, but most innocent liking to a girl like myself, he becomes jealous. Yes, I say it in all respect to your excellent father, that, whoever I married, he would envy. Men sometimes regard their favourite sisters and daughters in this light. Women also are jealous of the girl whom a favourite brother marries. Think, then, of the fury of the Colonel, should his heir marry a penniless nobody, whom he, good man, wished to patronize as an elder daughter. He would be frantic."

"But I love you so, Grace," said the lad, "that I would work for you."

Whereat Grace laughed, but not unkindly.

"My dear Eldred, you don't know what work is. I should not have enough to eat if I depended upon your exertions. Do—do put all this nonsense quickly out of your head, and marry Miss Plunkitt, the rich heiress, who, they say, is very pretty, and who is to be at the ball at Lady Winter's next week—a ball which I, the poor governess, must not attend, or the county Mrs. Grundy would be shocked."

Eldred consigned Mrs. Grundy to Halifax, and expressed his supreme dislike to Miss Plunkitt. He could not move the obdurate Grace one inch. She told him that she regarded him as a brother, but nothing nearer, and he went away disheartened. This was not a trouble which he could take to his mother, for Mrs. Ravenscroft would have been horrified at the idea of her son marrying the governess.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AT RAVENSCROFT.

LITTLE Lucy was convalescent. It was a bright September morning, and a pretty pony-chaise, drawn by a high-stepping piebald pony, was standing before the porch. The old Hall made a picture, with its mullioned windows and picturesque front, completely robed in the rich drapery of the American creeper, now turning from emerald to ruby.

The lawn was ablaze with all the gorgeous blossoms of the later summer. Beyond were the grassy slopes of the park, and the grandeur of the great trees, with the deer flitting here and there in the flashes of the sunshine.

The little carriage was pretty enough to be the chariot of a princess in a fairy tale; it was lined and cushioned with pale blue velvet. Leaning back luxuriously, with her fair face and golden hair resting against the blue velvet cushion, was Lucy, the beautiful pet of this beautiful home.

The child, in her white frock and white silk hat, was a picture in herself. A boy in buttons, a small groom, wearing the gold and chocolate livery of the Ravenscrofts, stood at the head of the pony.

Mrs. Ravenscroft, elegant and youthful, in a charming morning costume, stood near to Miss Auvergne, who was just about to enter the carriage. The lady was giving the governess all kinds of cautions and directions as to the pace at which the pony was to be driven. Lucy was not to be fatigued, or overheated, or to have any fright.

"Not the very least, Miss Auvergne," said Mrs. Ravenscroft. "The doctor tells me that any sudden shock might be a most fearful thing for Lucy, and bring on all her illness again."

Grace was buttoning her long gloves. She looked up into Mrs. Ravenscroft's well-preserved blonde face, with those melancholy dark eyes of hers, and a tear started to them, a bright tear like a dewdrop sparkling in the sunshine.

"Dear Mrs. Ravenscroft," she said, "don't say too much; I feel so guilty about that day, that terrible day, when the darling child did not wish to go to Jupiter's Tower, and I persuaded her; she will have told you so?"

"Oh, yes, Lucy certainly has told me so," Mrs. Ravenscroft replied; "but we won't talk any more of that, Miss Auvergne, since it so distresses you. I am sure you will take every care of Lucy, will you not?"

"I wish that I could lay my life down for her, Mrs. Ravenscroft."

As Grace spoke, those wonderful dark eyes became obscured by a mist of tears; she dashed them away with her cambric handkerchief, and then she took her place in the pony-chaise, the boy groom being seated next to Lucy.

And Grace waved her hand to Mrs. Ravenscroft, who stood in the drive, watching the occupants of the fast disappearing carriage.

"And all through my life, it seems to me that I must take the back seat," said the beautiful governess to herself, with a half-sigh.

Grace certainly would not have uttered this sentiment aloud. Most people would be shocked to hear a governess so express herself; and yet there are doubtless to be found scores of pretty, clever and ambitious young women among the ranks of the teachers of youth, who will fully sympathise with the discontent that was gnawing at the heart of Grace Auvergne. To take the back seat all through one's days; to see the prizes of life gathered by other hands than theirs; to see women less fair, less gifted, it may be, loaded with honours and riches, stepping into grand positions, as an heir steps into the place of his father; and to feel that for them there is only the prosaic duty, the daily task, the uninviting routine, that they are the lookers on, not the participators, in the joys that surround them. All this is not elevating to the spirits of the young, ardent, and ambitious.

"I ought to be driving in my own carriage, with my own footman, powdered and bewigged, standing behind me. I ought to have my own horses prancing in front, and by my side—who?—my husband, Derrick; but in some way I have lost him; he must be ill or dead."

There was a dull gloom in her beautiful eyes that sunny morning. Grace saw nothing at all of the lovely country through which the little groom was driving her.

Lucy was happy in watching the gambols of a splendid white dog, which ran by the side of the carriage. Lucy did not love or dislike Miss Auvergne, she was simply quite indifferent to her, regarding her as "the governess," the teacher of French and history, and spelling and writing, and grammar.

Lucy was not an affectionate child. She was quick, clever, pleasure-loving, and fairly good-natured; but her little heart was a cold one. This was not her fault, it was part of her nature; meanwhile, Grace, who was an adept at character reading, regarded Lucy as "a little stone," and far from loving her, harboured something very like resentment against this petted pupil, who had it in her power to procure the dismissal of her governess, Grace felt sure of it, if she chose to say that she "did not like her."

Lucy, however, was too indifferent about her governess to care if she went or stayed.

"One governess is as good as another, they are all alike," she would observe to her little friend and companion, Lady Adela Grenston, the daughter of Colonel Ravenscroft's neighbour, the Earl of Dallas.

Lucy watched the dog; she threw him bits of sweet biscuit, of which he was fond; it amused her to see the fuss and hurry he was in to find it before the carriage had driven very far ahead; she tried to throw the cake under the grasses and ferns by the wayside, where it took some time for Ponto to find the delicious morsel which he loved. She rejoiced when, having devoured it, he came up in a state of wild excitement alongside the carriage to be tempted and tortured by another delicate mouthful.

While Lucy thus whiled away the time, Grace sat placidly in her back seat, thinking, thinking, thinking. For the first time in her life of twenty and odd years the voice of passion was awake in the soul of Miss Auvergne. Almost at the first glance into the sunbrowned, handsome face of young Ravenscroft, she had given him her heart!

She was a singularly ambitious girl, a singularly gifted girl. She had tasted some of the bitterest drops in the cup of Life, young as she was, and beautiful as she was; and yet it was quite true that, poor as Derrick was, and even if she had felt quite certain that he would never rise in the world and never be reinstated in his father's favour, she would still gladly have placed her hand in his and have asked him to lead her to the other side of the world with him.

Passion had come down upon her like a hurricane, had overwhelmed her, beaten down her prejudices, drowned her very ambition in a sea of love. Love, not the golden-winged cherub of the valentines, but a tempestuous and stormy deity capable of overturning a world for the sake of winning the beloved one.

And surely Derrick had loved her in the same mad, headlong, and altogether delightful fashion? Any tamer love seemed insipid rubbish in those beautiful eyes of Grace Auvergne's, although she sat there behind her little pupil, looking so calm, ladylike, quiet, such a refined ideal of a governess.

She had had no news of Derrick for three weeks; her letters had remained unanswered; worse than that, they had come back to her in a packet from the Dead Letter Office, with no address written on the cover. Since then she had written to the paper on which he had been engaged, for news of him, enclosing stamp and envelope for reply, and she had received a letter informing her that Mr. Mark Hazlett had entirely left the office of the *Daily Record*, leaving no clue to his present abode. Grace had questioned Dr. Cassel, and had been amazed at the way in which the doctor rushed away from the subject, and informed her that he had no idea as to the whereabouts of Mr. Hazlett, and that he believed he had gone abroad.

"Surely, if he is alive, he will write?" Grace kept on repeating to herself.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ACCIDENT.

"LET us drive to Carrigstone, Miss Auvergne," said Lucy; "I want to get a book at the library; it's only three miles further to Carrigstone than to Dolgarth Hall."

Dolgarth Hall was the seat of the Earl of Dallas, and Lucy had started with the idea of seeing her friend Lady Adela, and taking lunch at Dolgarth. Lady Dolgarth was at the Hall; the Earl was in Norway; there was talk of the Countess and her little daughter accompanying the Ravenscroft family to some lively French watering-place for the next month. Grace did not wish to go to the Hall.

Except for the fact that she was a countess, Lady Dallas was not interesting or amusing; although of noble birth, she was prosaic, heavy, and without ideas. There were, she believed, no gentlemen visitors at the Hall; Grace liked the society of men better than that of women.

"Well, darling, so we will go to Carrigstone," she said. "You want that 'Alice in Wonderland' with the new illustrations, do you not?"

"I want it very much," said Lucy; "it is more amusing than Adela; one gets tired of girls sooner than of stories and pictures."

So the boy-driver turned up a narrow lane between two sandy banks, and drove in the direction of the sea.

Carrigstone is a small, and as yet, unfledged, unfashionable little town on the south coast; the country is not wooded close to the sea; stretches of common land, covered in many places with gorse, make the scene gay with colour in the early summer, and now whole tracts of purple heather were gleaming in the sunlight. Presently the sea came in sight, a dim, misty outline at first, but soon the full glory of the sparkling expanse broke upon the view of the travellers.

"I haven't seen the sea since *that day*," said Lucy, suddenly.

Grace came up out of some deep reverie in which her pupil had no part.

"*What* day, darling?" she asked.

"Oh! how you do forget things!" said Lucy, pettishly. "Fancy forgetting a murder! I wish that *I* could forget it, and how black and dreadful the face looked, and everything about it. I do try to forget it, but I can't; and I am sorry now we have come this way, because I have seen the sea, and the sea makes me think again about it!"

"Let us go, instead, to Dolgarth, love—if there is time."

"There isn't time," said Lucy, impatiently, "and you must know that, Miss Auvergne. No, let us go on, and get 'Alice' with the beautiful new pictures. I want something to make me laugh. You never make me laugh, Miss Auvergne. I have no more biscuits left to tempt old Ponto with," she added, with a sigh.

"We will buy some biscuits at Carrigstone, darling."

"I wish," said Lucy, slowly, "that the sea would dry up, then I should never see it again; never think of that poor woman with the dreadful face. I wonder nobody ever came to look for her—nobody, I mean, that had lost a friend. Nobody did come to look after her, Miss Auvergne?"

"Nobody at all, I believe, Lucy; the poor thing seems to have been quite without friends."

"And whoever pushed her out of the window knew that. I know," she added, "who pushed her out of the window. I have told them, but they won't believe me."

"I have heard all about that, Lucy darling; but you know Dr. Cassel said that you were not to talk, or think any more about that dreadful thing."

"But I can't help it, Miss Auvergne. I forget it sometimes, and then something brings it again to my mind. To-day the sea has brought it. I feel that if they could catch the real murderer, I should never have the headache again, and that I should not dream of it. One night I had a dream that the murderer was caught, and it was so funny. I thought it turned out not to be the person whose face I saw at the window, after all, but another person, not quite human, a sort of evil fairy. Shall I tell you the dream?"

"I think it very bad for you, darling Lucy, to dwell on these things. I wish you would forget these dreams."

"I can't. I never shall, until the person is caught. It must have been an awfully strong person, to be able to lift up that big, stout woman, and fling her down. Well, let me tell you what I did dream:

"I dreamt that I was following the woman in the pink dress, down the narrow stairs at the Tower, and I thought she never would have finished going down, it seemed miles and miles, and miles. All at once I heard a person on the stairs behind me, following me down; and I knew, like you do know in a dream, that, whoever it was, was going to throw the woman out of the window; and I was not afraid, or sorry, like I was when awake. It seemed part of a show, and I saw a wide window all at once in the wall, by the staircase. It was open, and I was looking down into a great, round, sanded place, full of horses and elephants, and women and men, dressed in spangles. Women in low dresses, with bare arms, and glittering bracelets, and they stood on the horses; and while I looked, I saw this woman in the pink dress falling, falling through the air; and oh, how she shrieked, and—she fell upon her head, and everybody screamed 'She is dead! she is dead—dead!'

And then the person who had done it came down and stood beside me; and still, I don't know how it was, but I was not afraid; and it was not the man whom I believe really did it—not the man I saw going past my window, when I awoke that morning—the man they say I did not see; it was not he. It was a horrid creature dressed like an ugly clown at a pantomime, a creature with a mask on, such a frightful mask; and this creature leaped through the wide open window, and alighted on the back of a snow-white horse, and went riding round the circus, and jumping through hoops of flowers, like I have seen such people do at Hengler's Circus; and he flung off his ugly clothes, and his frightful mask; and at first he looked like my brother Eldred, in a suit of gold tinsel, glittering like the sun. Then off he threw the gold, and there was another under it, a red hunting coat; and the people all cried out, 'It is he!—he! Tear him to bits; make him show his face!' But he rode on so slowly, and I never saw his face; but while I was waiting for him to turn his head, I awoke."

Grace had a dislike to everything that came under the heading of the word "superstition," but there was a reason why this vision of a circus and horses, and a glittering dress of tinsel, moved and even terrified her.

She had looked upon such a scene in her past life, she had seen and spoken to a figure in the hideous clown's dress, worn over a suit of seeming gold. She knew what Lucy was going to say when once she spoke of the frightful mask.

While in the feverish sleep of ill-health, this child had actually seen a reflex of real things.

Little Lucy had seen something, and even heard words which Grace had herself seen and heard, long, long ago.

Grace Auvergne's thoughts went back at a bound to the past, the painful past of her early youth.

Tom, the small driver, had listened to the dream of his young mistress with such open-mouthed wonder and interest, that he dropped the reins. The pretty carriage was at the top of a steep hill, and forthwith the pony began to run down at headlong speed. The carriage rocked from right to left, Lucy was flung out at one side, Grace Auvergne and Tom at the other.

The pony, meanwhile, rushed on, frightened out of its wits, for the reins had become entangled round its legs. Turning a corner suddenly, by a sign-post, the carriage was dashed against it, and one of the wheels came off. Then the pony stood still, trembling violently in every limb.

* * * * *

If the most benevolent fairy that ever brightened the pages of a fairy book had prepared the place into which poor little Lucy was tossed, it could not have been safer. It was a hollow under the hedge, lined with the softest turf; and the earth itself was soft and boggy.

The child was not in the least hurt; her white dress was not even torn. She sat up.

Ponto ran to her, and made a frantic fuss over her. How had it fared with Grace? She also had escaped all hurt; and yet Grace was standing close to a heap of stones. She was very pale, but erect and smiling.

"You are not hurt, I can see, Lucy," she called out.

But Tom! Alas! for the small groom, no kind fairy had spread a soft carpet to receive him. He had been tossed into a thorny part of the hedge, with much force, and his face was terribly scratched, and streaming with blood. He was suffering much pain, for there were thorns broken into his skin, and the poor boy was altogether disfigured and discomfited.

Tom was fifteen—too big to cry, but he had hard work to restrain his tears. He scrambled out of the hedge, somehow, and began to wipe his face with his handkerchief.

"How are we to get home?" asked Lucy.

"Tom must place you on the pony, and lead him. I must walk. We are nearer to Carrigstone than to Coltwood, so we will go on to Carrigstone. Is your face very bad, Tom?"

"Yes, miss," said Tom, with a half sob. "*I couldn't jump while I was falling, like you did, miss.*"

"Jump while I was falling?" echoed Grace. "What does the boy mean?"

At this moment there dashed round the corner, at a swinging pace, a dog-cart, in which were seated two reckless-looking, yet aristocratic young men, one of whom was driving tandem. Grace recognized him at once. This was Lord Grenston, heir to the earldom of Dallas, one of the wildest young men in England.

He had been to America, and Grace did not know that he had returned.

"Hallo!" said the young lord; and he drew up his restless team, and leaped to the ground.

Another young man sat in the rear of the dog-cart. When he saw Grace Auvergne his heart beat wildly against his side.

Once Grace had been his idol, and he had believed her dead.

[To be continued.]

"Jupiter's Tower" commenced in No. 1,861 and Part CCCXXXVII.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

Miss R. F. Wilkinson, a lady of about thirty, has the distinction of being the only landscape gardener in London, and she makes a good income out of her profession. She has several young lady pupils to whom she is teaching the business.

Dejected Youth: "I should like to return this engagement-ring I purchased here a few days ago."—Jeweller: "Didn't it suit the young lady?"—"Yes; but another young man had already given her one just like it, and I should like to exchange it for a wedding present."

The Princess of Wales not only had her three daughters taught to ride in left and right saddle-seats, but also to make bread and butter. One hour a day the Princesses devote to housekeeping. Rumour has it that they don white altar-gowns, made with bishop's sleeves and girdled with an old silver chain, to which the keys of the house are attached.

One new illustration of the distance of the stars is given by Sir Robert Ball, who says that it would take all the Lancashire cotton factories four hundred years to spin a thread long enough to reach the nearest star, at the present rate of production of about one hundred and fifty-five million miles of thread a day.

The female barber has already made a good start in London, and she threatens to extend her sphere of operations considerably in the near future. An establishment has been opened near the Law Courts where all the shaving of barristers is done by women, and it seems likely that these female practitioners will command a very large amount of legal support.

The Vendas of India, the most ancient written documents, attest that at times most remote, but still recorded in history, only two colours were known—black and red. In the time of Alexander the Great, painters knew but four colours, viz.: white, black, red, and yellow. The words to designate blue and yellow were wanting to the Greeks in the most ancient times of their history, they calling these colours black and gray.

The London Zoological Garden has just received a few specimens of the bird known as the umbrette. This bird builds one of the largest nests known, and is a member of the stork tribe, but in many particulars related to the heron. The bird itself is about eighteen inches long, the nest six feet in diameter. Moreover, with a luxuriousness unknown to other birds, the nest is divided into three compartments; one contains the eggs, one is a dining-room, and the last a kind of lookout-room.

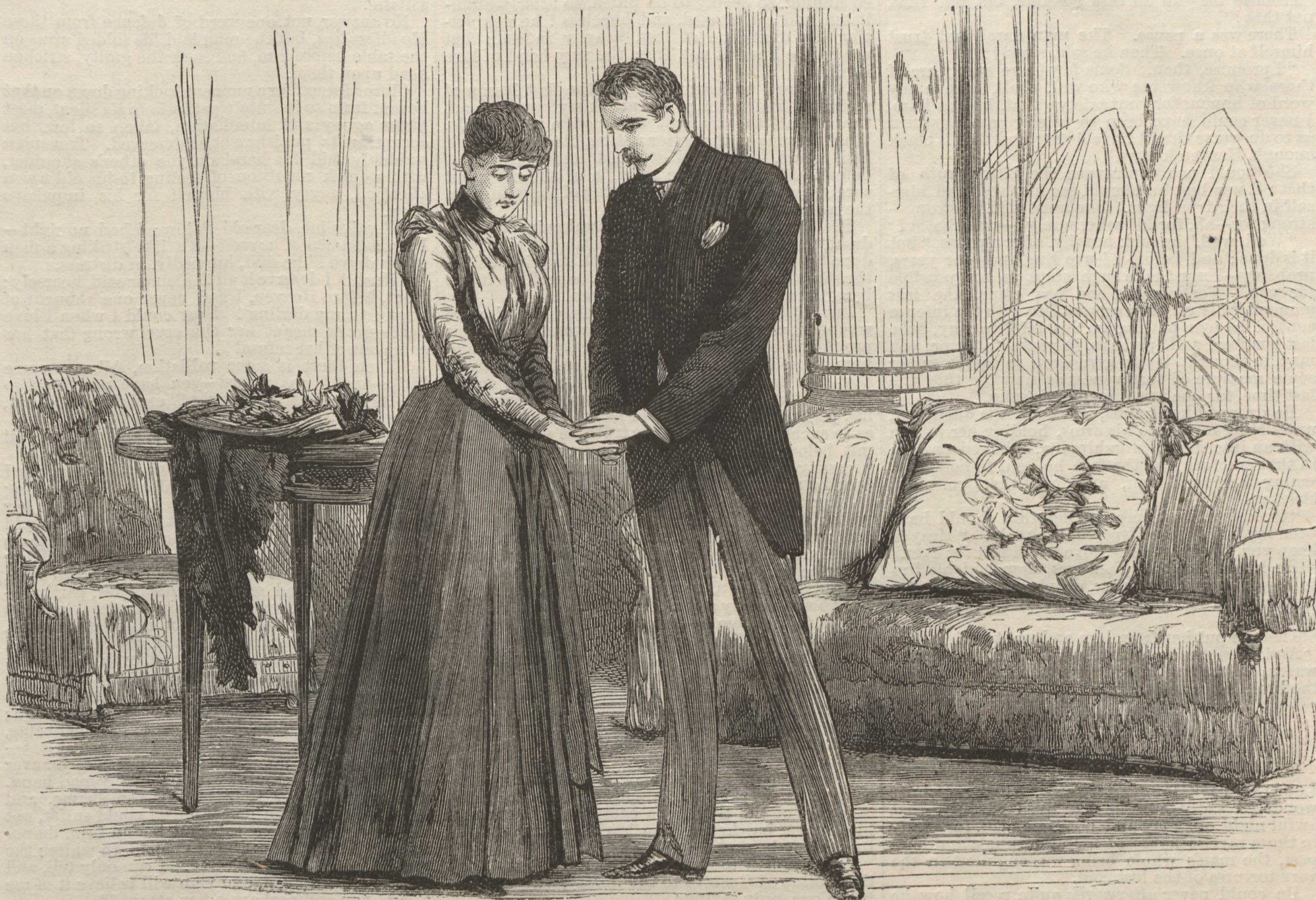
An old couple living in Gloucester
Had a beautiful girl, but they loucester;
She fell from a yacht,
And never the spacht
Could be found when the cold waves had touchester.

At the bar, at the old inn at Leicester,
Was a beautiful barmaid named Heicester
She gave to each guest
Only what was the buest,
And they all, with one accord, bleicester.

There died at Rheims, not long ago, a woman who illustrated the wonderful aptitude of French women for carrying on business enterprises, and who combined in herself rare administrative ability with practical benevolence. Mme. Pommery became the head of a great champagne house on the death of her husband at the close of the Franco-Prussian war. She personally directed the entire establishment, amassed a large fortune, and was princely in her charities and in her patronage of art.

Proposals of Marriage.—When a girl boasts of the offers of marriage which she has received, it is fair to conclude that the men who made them were utterly mistaken in her character, or she would have remained unsought. Nothing can excuse this betrayal of the most sacred confidence man ever reposes in woman; and the girl whose vanity leads her to commit such a fault stamps herself as an ignoble creature, unworthy of the love and respect which she has rejected. She gains nothing by such boasts. No woman need tell of a proposal through the terrible fear that other people should think she had never had one.

The following is a description of a robe completed by a Paris dressmaker, after four months' labour, and the outlay of £6,500:—"The robe is made of white ottoman silk, corded heavily. There is a wilderness of white silk and lace running in perpendicular panels, and tucked and gathered and fluted until it stands out to a distance of five inches. There are panels of white surah of the most expensive manufacture. Between the panels of silk and lace are intermediate panels of daisies, made in France, of pure silk. It is estimated that 5,000 of these daisies are sewed on this gown, which opens in front, and is fastened by upwards of 200 solid silver hooks designed like serpents' heads."



"POOR ALBANY!" SHE SAID. "SUCH AN ORDEAL WOULD BE AS CRUEL TO ME AS TO YOU."

A RECKLESS WAGER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT MAN'S SECRET," "SEEN IN A MIRROR," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

"WOE! WOE! EACH HEART SHALL BLEED, SHALL BREAK!"

In the commonplace and matter-of-fact necessities of preparing for departure, those two regained something of balance in the curiously-exceptional positions into which their relations had so strangely drifted in the last twelve hours—a curiously paradoxical position, if the word may be so applied—for they had never been so near to each other as now, and never so far apart, separated for ever by a Rubicon over which there was surely no bridge of boats for either to cross.

It was with something of that strange sense of hopeless darkness and unreality one has in most dreams that both Jesuita and Delmar found themselves side by side in the carriage, and every minute leaving further behind the miserable, half-ruined prison-house which he had in sore truth made the very grave of her fair name.

Albany wondered, drearily, if that were in her thoughts, as it was in his, so bitterly, so heavily.

Little was said in that drive, each heart and brain were too racked for many words on ordinary trivial subjects, much less on that which held such absorbing possession of them.

As they passed through Olgarth, and neared the station, Delmar put his hand quickly on hers, and the touch thrilled her, as it did him.

"Dearest, you would rather we were alone, perhaps. If some one got into the compartment who knew us——"

He stopped; again the coming shame was touched.

"Yes," she said, a little hurriedly, with a painful flush; "alone with you, Albany."

The carriage stopped, and they alighted, Gustave, of course, seeing to everything, whilst his master and Mrs. Revelle walked up and down the platform, till the train came in, then a golden word to the guard, and the travellers were alone in a first-class compartment, for the journey—a long, dreary journey, with ample time for maddening thoughts and aching pain, that were, after all, but a foretaste of the fuller bitterness to come, under the world's ban, on both; for if on her, as sinned against, how darkly stained his honour, who had so deeply wronged her? Her fall, her shame, were his—and he knew it—knew it with a bitter sense of its justice, with a madness of rebellion still at the resolute fiat that had conquered his, and refused to save double ruin. For one feeble victory over self is not the winning of the war; and thirty years of unrestraint are not revolutionised in a few hours or days in a nature especially so strong, so impassioned, so emotional.

London was not reached till past nine, London which Jesuita had left only a short fortnight ago, with all her young life bright before her; name, position, society-courted favourite. Ah, how many years ago that all seemed! And now she came back—what? To all the world an outcast, shunned, cut off, meted, at the best, a half scornful pity, as in doubt whether she were entirely victim or not.

How she clung to Delmar's arm on the platform, and shrank close to his side, with bended head, in dread of the very crowd pouring out of the train, appalled, as suddenly now, in the midst of bustle and life, the realization of her future began to force itself upon her; and now she was too overstrained and mentally exhausted for the proud, high spirit, that had resisted even such cruel power as this to force her into a marriage, to rally its courage. Ah! what a fierce stab to the man, that very clinging to him and shrinking from other eyes!

He hurried her quickly into a hansom, and they were off at once.

Jesuita sat leaning back, gazing straight out before her with a dreary, hopeless look that should never have been on so young and fair a face; but just as they neared Leighton Street, she felt her hand touched, then clasped in her lover's, and she started slightly as he bent down, with hurried, eager words, that were an entreaty:

"I have something I must say to you, for your sake, before I quite leave you, and—and—Ah! in pity, let me see you for a few minutes for the"—his voice faltered—"the last time—except as—as a criminal."

"Albany," she said, with a wild, startled terror in her eyes and voice. "Great Heaven! what do you mean?"

"Hush! here we are!" was all Delmar could say, quickly, as the cab pulled up. "May I come, then?"

"Yes, yes," as he sprang out.

Albany helped her out, paid the cabman, and followed Jesuita, as the butler opened the door to her ring; and then, face to face with the actual necessity for perfect *sang-froid*, she was the self-possessed woman of the world, and after a few kindly words of greeting in response to Bentham's respectful welcome, she said, easily:

"Mr. Delmar is going round to Park Lane directly, but we have some business to transact first. My luggage will be here soon, but I will ring when I want Ambrosine. Is she back—she should be?"

"Yes, ma'am, yesterday."

"That is well. Albany, come to my boudoir, please."

He followed her, with a sense of dull, heavy agony, to the beautiful, familiar room, where many an hour of—well, only a fool's paradise, had been passed—where now he must say and hear the last words, and—and part for ever.

She threw hat, mantle, gloves, on a table, and faced round, with locked hands, laboured breath, and again those wide, frightened eyes.

"What—what did you mean by 'criminal?'" she demanded. "You are none!"

"No? What else, then, in the eye of the law? I sent a false telegram—which is, legally, forgery; I carried you off lawlessly, against your will, to force you to be my wife under terror of a lost name—that is, you know, abduction. Both acts are grave criminal offences—felony, punished with years of imprisonment"—he came nearer now, and took both her hands (how they trembled!) into his. "I can think of no way so just and right for your sake—no way so public that offers even this slight chance of clearing you, as my open trial on your charge of——"

"Albany!" she broke in, in a smothered way that made him hold his breath, and the blood surge back on his heart; "even if such a course were, in truth, of much use, how could I—oh! how could I fling you to drag out years amongst the lowest, basest criminals—hurl you, body and soul, to despair and ruin?"

"Why not? What else have I done for you?" Delmar said, almost roughly, in his passion of shame and remorse. "Why don't you curse me? —oh, why don't you curse me?"

"Poor Albany! No; that were impossible," she said, low and tremulously; then, with an effort, went on more steadily: "Hush! hear me. Such an ordeal would be as cruel to me as to you, and would no more or less gain credence for what is the actual truth than telling it, spreading it out of court—keeping back that detail of the telegram. There is little hope in either case, for the world will naturally say, as we know, that if a man has any honour left he will of course say anything to shield the one he has wronged. Albany, promise me to abandon all idea of what you said. I could not bear it," she said, hurriedly. "I—it would kill me, I think." There was a sob in the sweet voice,

tears in the eager, uplifted eyes, so full of trouble. "Promise me—do all else possible, but not that, not that!"

There was a pause. The man dared not trust himself at once. Then he said, slowly:

"I promise, then. Some few there surely are of those who know me who will, shall, believe my word of honour for your safety; that, bad as I am, I never could have been so utterly base a dastard as to do worse than I have done; and that is black enough, Heaven knows."

She could not contravene the bitter truth of that; it was best he should see his deed and himself in their true light. She must still be strong—strong for—ah, for his sake, surely?—was that it?

"Well, well," he said, heavily, after a pause, "but it is done; and before I leave England—for years, probably—I must take such steps as are possible for you. For me the end has come, the last moment," his very lips grew white with the intense control he was putting on his bitter agony, "the last parting; and, perhaps, in years to come, you may, in thought, try to give even so deep a sinner some measure of forgiveness as now for this, the last time, for one sweet memory's sake."

He dropped her hands, and took the quivering, unresisting form into his arms, holding her to him with an intensity of worshipping, subdued passion in that embrace and the face he bent to hers, that wrung her very soul, and held her voiceless, stricken.

"Good-bye, then, my darling, that should have been my wife," he whispered, brokenly. "Heaven keep you, my heart's life, loved and lost for ever."

He kissed her brow, her eyes, then laid his lips to hers, clinging, lingering, deeply reverential, as a man lays his last heart-broken kiss on the lips of his dead.

Then he put her from him and went out.

And then the woman flung herself, face downwards, on the couch, and wept such tears as only the broken-hearted weep.

CHAPTER XXVI.

INFINITE DEPTHS OF THE DARKNESS.

Looking back long afterwards, Albany Delmar wondered sadly how he had lived through that awful night of agony and not gone mad, for surely in those rayless hours of moral darkness and tempest, the man's whole being was engulfed in the very tortures of the lost soul.

He could never afterwards quite recall how he reached his own house, or what he did; he was stricken to a kind of deadened numbness at first, and, in fact, went mechanically, from sheer instinct, through the usual routine of arrival after a journey; bore himself as usual, took refreshment simply because nature was exhausted.

He even read a few letters which had come since noon, told Gustave to go to bed, he should not want him to-night, and presently went up to his own room; but only to pace to and fro, sleepless, haggard; the stupor gone now, the fire of fever burning in his veins; all the man's strong undisciplined passions, good and evil, tearing him this way and that; now the demon, infuriated at its loosened hold, turned savagely upon him, faced him, like another, but hideously-deformed self, and scathed him with accursed whisper indeed.

"Fool—fool, to have held such power of easy conquest, and let it go unused! the mere threat, without worse, had been enough to force the helpless captive to your arms! Fool to dare so much, if not base enough to dare all; but at least you have the jealous triumph, the evil knowledge, that after this she will never wed, never can be wife to any other man but you."

Before these hideous whispers the struggling soul shrank in horror, appalled, and in its very recoil flung itself too madly into the burning fire of remorse.

Oh, he had made such wreck of her dear life and his own, such abiding misery and shame, never to be lived down or crushed out! She had cared for him once, and he had killed her heart; he had lost her, lost her for ever; she could not forgive such wrongs; there was no hope in the long blank future; no break in its darkness; no escape from the deathless agony of that pitiless "Too late," that most sorrowful "It might have been."

"I shall go mad—mad!" the wild tortured heart cried, in its passionate despair. "Oh, if I could die—no, no! what coward words am I saying! Father of mercy! pity, help me to be strong—some day—for her sake!"—he sank to his knees by the couch, the stricken head bowed in agony of shame and appeal. "She needs my word, too, to struggle for her name, if mine may never shield it! My darling, O, my darling, how dared I—how could I shrink from the battle with these lips still warm from that long, last kiss yielded to them by yours? I must live on—on, somehow, with that memory, and—and that other—live on as best I may, or can, and not go mad with remorse and misery, for which there is no atonement to her. I have broken her heart and mine!"

And in those darkened hours not one ray of feeblest light of hope came to him. At last, worn out with long unrest and conflict of passion, he sank into restless, broken sleep. Poor Albany, so sinning, so deeply to be pitied, so utterly humiliated, and self-abased, and hopeless! he was getting his discipline at last, heavily indeed; but though he knew it not, from the very hand of love itself.

It is hard to learn by force the first lesson of restraint and giving up at thirty years, and, through all the tempest of emotion and feeble, blind groping of the better nature, the man himself had reeled, dizzy, half-stunned under this first defeat. Fierce was the crucible of suffering, but surely, even already, the purifying of the gold from the mass of dross had begun.

Then came the inevitable awakening to that dread sense of hopeless loss and weight of wrong done that nothing could undo, with its grim train—the sense that each day, each hour, henceforth has to be got through somehow—not lived.

But if he had dimmed his shield, and were wounded with well-nigh mortal wounds, he was proud and brave as ever, this haughty Delmar, and bore himself unchanged outwardly in the few times that day when any of the servants came across him, and that was seldom enough, save Gustave. To his, perhaps, too faithful courier, he gave his orders as to such information of the truth he was to transmit below stairs; and Heaven knows that this necessity alone was scathing punishment to so proud a man as Delmar.

After that, his lawyer, to whom he had wired yesterday from Olgarth, came, and that interview was another trial, another lash from the whip of scorpions. One result of that interview was the telegram which Clifford Trevanian so immediately obeyed, reaching Charing Cross about eight, and Park Lane shortly after. The traveller was at once shown to his room by Gustave, whom the footman summoned, evidently by order.

"Is Mr. Delmar out?" Clifford asked the courier.

"*Non*, monsieur, but he will join you shortly in the library. Monsieur will take something"—bringing forward a small table with wine and sandwiches—"between now and early supper? M. Delmar thought you would be glad of refreshment at once after travelling."

Clifford could fill in the context, and the odd reception was explained. Albany was determined to take care of the traveller's comfort before he met him and "burthened him" with whatever dire trouble lay behind.

So Trevanian took the offered refreshment, and then followed Gustave to the library, where he left him alone, only saying:

"Monsieur would be with him directly."

Trevanian stood waiting with forebodings none the less heavy because so utterly vague as to what could possibly have happened that Delmar was here, and the wife of a fortnight elsewhere than under his roof.

The opening and closing of the door made him turn, to see the tall figure, and a face that startled him right through, so deadly its pallor, so gray the shadow under the large, dark eyes, so utterly haggard its beauty.

"Albany! Good Heavens! do you know how you look? How you are changed in this short time?"

"I know it," Delmar said, unsteadily, as their hands clasped. "It is good of you to come to me so quickly, Cliff.—I scarcely dared hope so much!"

"What—and you in trouble! What has happened that she is not here with you—your wife?"

"There it lies," said the other, heavily. "I brought her back last night as safe, as pure as I took her, but—her name is gone. She is not my wife, and never will be!"

"*Not your wife?*" Trevanian almost staggered back a step, gazing at Albany's deathlike face and downcast eyes. "And yet with you the whole fortnight! You wrote that you had met her by chance—taken her by surprise—persuaded her to travel on with you and marry you at once—by the time the letter reached——"

Delmar dropped into a chair by the table like a man whose strength is gone, his face averted, crimson for a moment with burning shame, as he answered, in the same manner:

"That last I fully believed; I never dreamed—could not dream that any woman would hold out for one hour when she knew herself so utterly compromised—but the rest was only half a truth. I had never given up; I played a part to lull all possible suspicion; I deliberately planned and carried out her abduction to a lonely old house on the Olgarth coast—and kept her prisoner there till she should yield to the only thing that could save her name—marriage with me."

"Do you mean to say, then, Albany," said Trevanian, bewildered, utterly shocked and indignant, "that you actually carried off that girl—deliberately got her into your power, to force her by all but the worst means, to be your wife? Is that literally what you mean?"

"Yes."

There was a dead pause for a second; then Trevanian said, as if each word were forced from him in bitter disappointment and indignation:

"If any other lips but your own had said as much, Albany, I would never have believed that in your utmost recklessness you could be such a villain!"

No answer, not one word of defence from those bloodless lips, but the man laid his folded arms on the table before him, and sank the guilty, stricken head upon them.

Clifford stood for a moment looking down on that bowed form so infinitely pathetic in its silent, most bitter agony and humiliation, fallen so low, but accepting its punishment as deserved. Trevanian suddenly laid his hand on the other's shoulder, with a quick revulsion of feeling to his old warm affection, angry with himself for his impulsive blow.

"Forgive me, dear old fellow; I had no right—I am ashamed of myself—it's like striking a man who's down!" he said, hurriedly, in distress.

"Hush! I deserve it all!" Delmar said, hoarsely; "but, before Heaven, I had never one thought of wrong to my darling! How could I when I love her?—never meant her this cruel wrong that has come out of her refusal!"

"Then there is some palliation, Albany—some little—and I was unjust—you have not been so bad as I too hastily thought!" exclaimed Clifford, eagerly.

Delmar lifted himself sharply, and looked full into his friend's face for the first time.

"There is none," he said, "no palliation, for I held that terror over her as the alternative, deeming she *must* infallibly surrender before it. I kept her day after day, still believing that in the end she could not face it—must needs give in, and submit to its force, and to—to the pleading of my love and her own. I would not yield, partly for her own sake, when once it had gone hopelessly far, partly"—the dusky cheek reddened again, the troubled eyes sank—"because the very demon in me was roused, and I let it master me body and soul. But I had never taken Jesuita away at all, even then, only that I knew she had cared for me—as I told you before—when she first refused me. Heaven help me! that too is lost now," with a heavy, weary sigh; "I have crushed it out, killed it—as I have her name, beyond all hope. Cliff., I am beaten down at last—I have given her up, and left her—lost her—for ever—with her life and mine wrecked by my mad hand. Oh! I could bear it better—all the shame, and misery, and broken life, if only I could suffer, not she—my poor, innocent darling!—and I can do nothing, worse than nothing, to shield, to whiten the spotless name I have blotted. I can only tell, and get the truth spread, and who will believe it of me except you and perhaps a few others?"

His head dropped again.

"She trusted your honour for hers, didn't she?" said Clifford, abruptly, too deeply moved to answer directly.

"Heaven bless her for that trust. Yes, else she had been my wife in the first hour she knew her position."

"Of course—forgive me—the facts speak to that, though too many will, as you fear, hold you villain enough to have refused to make your victim your wife, but not, I think, all—not those who know something of you personally, Albany. It is so base, so utterly profligate, and you have never had that sort of name, you know—not so bad as that, old fellow!"

Delmar got up, and walked to the end of the large room, standing by the window for full five minutes, seeing nothing, hearing nothing but the tumult of emotion that racked his whole being, then with a fierce effort of the strong will, he got himself in hand somewhat, and came back.

"Let me tell you the whole truth, Cliff.," he said, in that measured way that tells of anything but inward calm; "and I think that there's only one thing I can do for her through you. You will do it, if you can, for her sake—Ruby's friend!"

"And for your sake, old fellow," said Clifford, gently. "For your sake as much. Whatsoever I can possibly do for her honour and yours, I will."

"Ah, Cliff.! I don't deserve such a staunch friend as you. Well, well, listen then—there is not much to tell."

Trevanian sat down near him, and listened in silence to the soft, subdued tones, as they told, briefly as possible, the sorrowful story that laid so heavy an account against himself, and he spared not one tittle that was against him, rather the reverse, but both Clifford's heart and head read a good deal more between certain lines throughout than poor Albany could, as yet, at any rate, in the bitter pain and humiliation. He was blinded, dazed, broken down at this time—past, present, future, were enveloped in Egyptian darkness, without one ray of light to lessen its denseness.

For him there was no medium—there never is with such natures, made up so much of wild, contradictory impulses, all untamed, impassioned, emotional, good and evil alike, essentially uncontrolled and undisciplined—he must needs be at extremes—on the mountain top, or at the base, at the very acme of reckless, haughtiest self-confidence that could not even contemplate failure—or, once fallen from that height, it was to the depths of self-distrust and almost despair, too shaken to get back any balance yet awhile.

Something of this Trevanian felt vaguely, and some instinct as vague and unconscious, that it was

best not to speak of that faint writing between the lines, held him silent—it was but instant instinct, true, but indefinite. Overt or conscious ethics are usually out of the range of a young fellow under thirty.

"Well," he said, with a long-drawn breath, when Delmar ceased, "whatever the actual end may be, I won't pretend to deny that you have gone beyond all bounds—beyond the worst, most reckless step I ever suspected you would take; and I was certain you never really meant to give up, and I don't wonder at that woman's proud, bold spirit refusing to be so conquered, at any loss save honour; but I am afraid that, for her own sake, she had better have given way. It was splendid, undoubtedly, to force you to yield, herself accepting the bitter wrong that must be the price; but it was a splendid mistake for her, poor young thing. To live this down——" he shook his head, then added, abruptly: "Still we may, perhaps, do something in time, by the sheer force of just the truth itself, the very fact even that she had dared to leave you. But she was as perfectly right as generous, Albany, about your giving yourself up for the abduction; it would not do her name one bit more good than we may do, and for you—it would simply send you straight to ruin, and so add doubly to her misery, whether she said so or not."

Delmar lifted his heavy eyes to Clifford's, with a searching, questioning look, then dropped them.

"I have wronged her past all forgiveness," he said; "it is all over, and I am going abroad when I have seen Ida——"

"Abroad!—for long?"

"For years, I daresay; for ever, perhaps," said the other. "It will be worse for her if I stayed here; and since I can do her no good by it, do you think," now the old, haughty spirit flashed out, "I will give any man a chance to cut me for a base dishonour, of which, at least, I am as guiltless as she is pure? I will see Ida and Gavan tomorrow (they are in town, I find), and get them to do all they can for Jesuita—only the women and her own innocence can really help her much, after all. I will make the true facts known myself, wheresoever I possibly can, and you can spread it and do much more than I can now; the bare facts only for the outside world. I suppose," he added, bitterly, "that my word of honour for the truth will still count of some weight with some of those who know me."

"Of course it will, Albany!" exclaimed Trevanian. "You mustn't be so terribly down on yourself. I don't believe many, if any, will really think you could possibly have been such an irredeemable scoundrel, so utterly dishonoured a gentleman."

"They had better not say their thoughts to my face, any way," said Albany, with flashing eyes; "for, by Heaven! I'll prove fast enough that my honour can do something for that of the woman's they impugn with mine!"

He got up, stirred, roused, by a sharp touch of the inherent reckless spirit, to something more like his old self, and it gladdened Clifford; for the revelation of this hour had shown him a Delmar—or rather darkly evil phases, of a Delmar—he had never yet known nor suspected; depths of bad and good he had never dreamed of, much less fathomed even so far as he did now.

Albany added quickly, in another tone.

"But come, Cliff., I have kept you so long, and you must be starving; it is past ten. I knew how it would be when we began to talk; come to supper."

And he led the way to the dining-room, where they remained after supper was over, talking quietly over cigars, of course. Delmar presently asked what gossip there had already been afloat—would knew, and Trevanian told him, adding the latest scandal of that afternoon, which Blythe started—probably invented himself.

When, at last, the two young men went up to bed, and bade good night, the elder said, gratefully, very earnestly:

"Thank you a thousand times for coming to me, Cliff., leaving Ruby, too. You have done me good—if only I could suffer alone!"

He turned into his room, and Clifford into his, next to it.

"Poor fellow," he thought, sadly, as he lay down; "he has made a frightful mess of it all at last; but, I hope to Heaven, not quite wrecked their lives. That girl, for all his wrong doings, loved him, and does still, too; she is not the one to 'love once,' it's for always with such as she, and perhaps he'll see that later on, when he gets his balance a bit. Scamp he has been, but he's never done or thought her the one wrong she never could forgive; and if she ever does live this cruel shame down—well, well, there is no saying what a woman will do for the man she loves. They are angels, some of them, and——" but thought grew indistinct, and faded into dreams of Ruby and Jesuita, and Delmar driving them in a carriage drawn by his racer, Dhalia—such a jumble of a dream!

CHAPTER XXVII.

WAS NOT GAVAN RIGHT?

Is town ever too empty, even in August, or society too scattered, for ill news not to spread like magic? That afternoon Sir Gavan Mowbray, who had been out since breakfast, walked into the drawing-room where his wife lounged reading, looked round as if expecting to see another figure, too, and still further astonished, nay, startled Ida, by dropping into a chair, evidently much disturbed, and asking abruptly, with a certain sternness in the tone:

"Have you seen Albany yet? Has he been in to-day?"

"Albany!" repeated Ida, dropping her book. "What can you mean? Of course not. His marriage and movements are a mystery. What is the matter, Gavan?"

"A great deal, this time, I am afraid," was the stern answer. "Of course we shall hear the truth from Albany himself; but this morning the ugliest stories are about like chaff, the worst scandals are in the air, that are too injurious to his honour and Mrs. Revelle's to be possible. But whether there has been an elopement or abduction, this seems certain, that the night before last he brought her back to her house, went himself to his own, and that he has not married her at all."

"Gavan!" she cried, under her breath.

Gavan sat grimly silent.

She said, after that blank pause, her cheek white as ashes:

"Oh, I thought his manner was so odd the day he came to say good-bye; but then his letter so explained all that had puzzled me. Not married her, you say? Then I don't believe she has been with him all this time, or if she has he has never been false to honour."

"That I fully trust and believe, Ida; but," said Mowbray, sternly, "he has managed to fling her repute to the four winds, that is beyond all doubt, and——"

A hand on the door; it opened, and, unannounced, Albany Delmar entered, and paused, with one swift glance that sent the red blood to his very brow, for a moment.

"Ah, you know, then?" he said, catching his breath. "You have heard——"

But Ida sprang forwards, and threw her arms about his neck, half sobbing out:

"I don't believe a word against you, my darling! my own boy! Nothing! nothing!"

"Hush, dear!" Delmar put her gently into a chair, and drew back sharply as Mowbray came forwards with outstretched hand. "No, Gavan, not yet, till you know all. You may not choose to clasp hands then."

"Nonsense, man. You *cannot* have failed so utterly as that," said Mowbray, huskily, and grasped the other's hand closely. "We knew you would come to tell us the truth yourself, however madly reckless and guilty you have been."

"I have been," said Albany, very low, but steadily, as both sat down, "as bad, as guilty as a man can well be, short of the one blackest wrong. I planned and carried out a deliberate abduction of Jesuita Revelle, to force her, by being utterly compromised, into a marriage."

Then he told them the miserable story, but of course quite an outline both of facts, motives, and feelings. It was all that was needed. Clifford was different, and knew so much already.

"I've made a miserable wreck of two lives," Albany added, in bitter pain, "and I deserve it all; but she—I cannot even lessen her burthen. She must face the world's cruel verdict alone, and I have done it," he said, covering his face. "Oh, the shame! the shame of it all, to me, to use such dastard weapons against a woman!"

"By Jove," muttered Mowbray, "scamp though he has been, there is stuff in the fellow, real fine gold somewhere."

But Ida, in her weak fondness, exclaimed, impetuously:

"You are not so bad as you make yourself out, and shall not take such blame! She ought to have saved her name and married you, since the mischief was done."

"Ida! Hush! She was right, and brave to the core," said Albany, passionately. "No one shall blame her in my hearing. No, hush! I cannot bear that! And I am so utterly unworthy such a priceless heart as hers. I deserve to lose her, but the heaviest of my bitter punishment is to know that she must suffer such shame."

"I am sure of that," said the elder man, huskily; "and for her, poor child, it is a terrible price to pay for her victory—a brave victory, but scarcely less costly than defeat for her, perhaps. Still, Albany"—how kindly he spoke—"you must not quite despair for her, for in time she may possibly live the scandal down somewhat, if never quite. You will, later on, when thought can be more cool and dispassionate, see yourself many points that tell for your honour, and, therefore, for Mrs. Revelle's—in fact, that may verify your story, even to the censorious and cynical; and, of course, we will do our utmost for her."

Delmar looked up eagerly, gratefully.

"Gavan!" he began, then had to pause before he could go on. "I never quite knew till now how good you are. I could scarcely have asked. I had no right to hope for so much; for if you and Ida, with your high and respected name, still receive and visit, if only quietly, my poor darling, it must surely, in time, help to shake my miserable work, and I can never thank enough you two, my sister and brother, or any others, who stand by her. The Conyers will, I know, and I think, I am nearly sure, the Langlys."

"But, dearest Albany," exclaimed his sister, looking up, reproachfully, into the handsome, haggard face, "you know that I would do anything you wish or—well, I always have."

Irresistibly the sorrowful answer came to his lips:

"Ay, sister, I know it too well; but I have got my lesson at last, only it has spoiled two lives first. Ah, forgive me, darling, you did your best, I know."

He kissed her cheek, and rose up with an abrupt change of manner.

"But you have both had enough of my *vaurien* self and troubles, and I must go. I have much to see to in the few days I am in England, you know."

"Gavan, please ring for tea," said his wife, as brightly as she could manage. "You men want it as much as I do. Sit down again, Alb.—and you will come back to dinner?"

"That, of course," added Sir Gavan, as he rang.

"You are both too kind," answered Delmar, flushing a little; "but I'm not much company at present for anybody but myself. I am best alone."

"I think, my dear boy," said Sir Gavan, quietly, in his kind, elder brother way, that insensibly soothed and influenced the other's restless, troubled spirit, tortured with the anguish of remorse, "that you will be best for our company this evening, whatever we may be for yours, in your estimation."

And Albany yielded, and promised to return to dinner. But, presently, when tea was over, and he had gone, Gavan Mowbray said:

"Well, it is a miserable story, indeed, of wild, ungoverned will and passion, and, still worse, that that innocent girl must suffer with and for his guilt. But for him—despite the wreck of happiness, perhaps for ever, as he says—I think it will prove, what I once told you was the very thing wanting—that he had never yet had—a knock-down flogging with a whip of scorpions."

[To be continued.]

"A Reckless Wager" commenced in No. 1,357 and Part CCCXXXVI.

HOW SHALL WE MEET?

How shall we meet, when tardy years
Have passed upon their way?
How shall we meet, in joy or tears,
When comes that distant day?
Never in life shall I forget
This hour so sad for me!
Never! and will unchanged regret
Remain the same with thee?
How shall we meet, my sweet,
After the lapse of years?
Will time then bring a welcoming,
To stay the tide of tears?
How shall we meet? How shall we meet?

How shall we meet? Full well I know
That fondest hearts grow cold,
And love's sweet stream may cease to flow
As smoothly as of old!
Well do I know that passing years
May bitter changes bring,
And love, that now so fair appears,
May die like flow'rs of spring!
How shall we meet, my sweet,
After the lapse of years?
Will time then bring a welcoming,
To stay the tide of tears?
How shall we meet? How shall we meet?

EDWARD OXENFORD.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

WHAT orators want in depth, they often supply in length.

IF motives were always visible, men would often blush for their most brilliant actions.

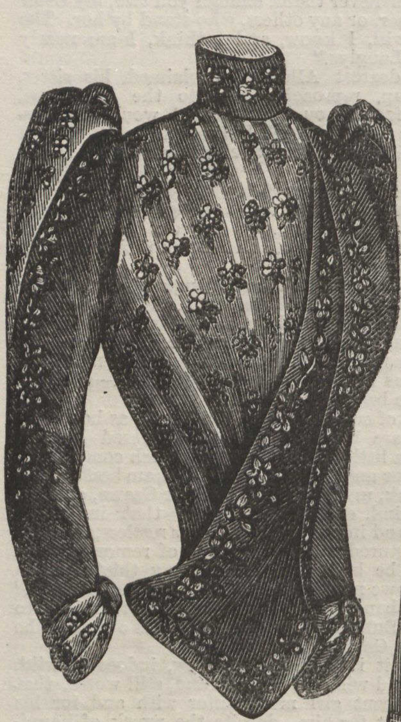
HE who thinks he can do without others is mistaken, but he who thinks others cannot do without him is more mistaken still.

LOVE is said to enter a man's heart through his eyes, and passing thence through his lips; enters woman's heart through her ears, whence it passes to her eyes.

NEVER be afraid to own the truth, let the consequences be what they may. Ever keep truth for your motto and guide, and you will surely be the gainer in the end.

PUT the best foot forward is an old and good maxim. Don't run about and tell acquaintances that you have been unfortunate. People do not like to have unfortunate men for acquaintances.

ENVY is the most inexcusable of all passions. Every other sin has some pleasure annexed to it, or will admit of an excuse; envy, alone, wants both. Other sins last but for a while; the appetite may be satisfied; anger remits; hatred has an end; but envy never ceases.



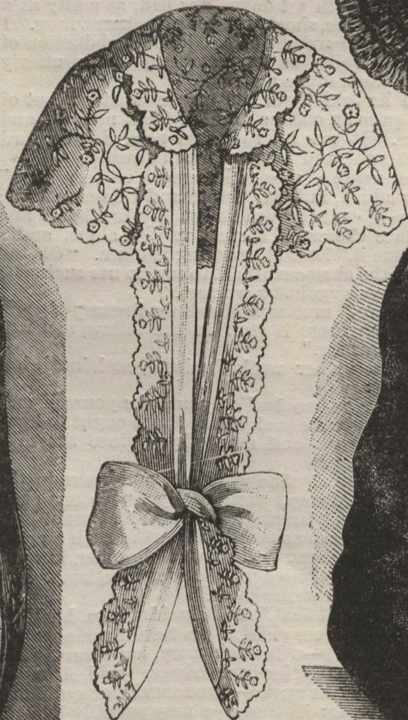
NO. 1.—BODICE FOR AFTERNOON-DRESS.

NO. 2.—DRESS FOR YOUNG LADY.

NO. 3.—DRESS FOR YOUNG LADY.

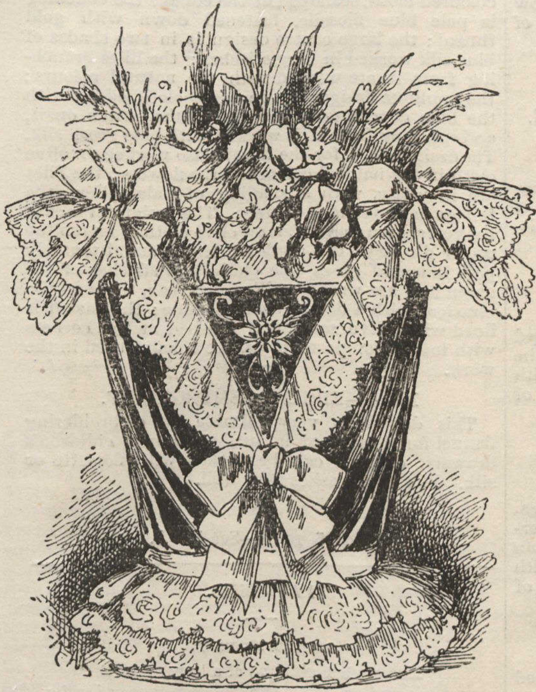
NO. 4.—BODICE FOR AFTERNOON-DRESS.

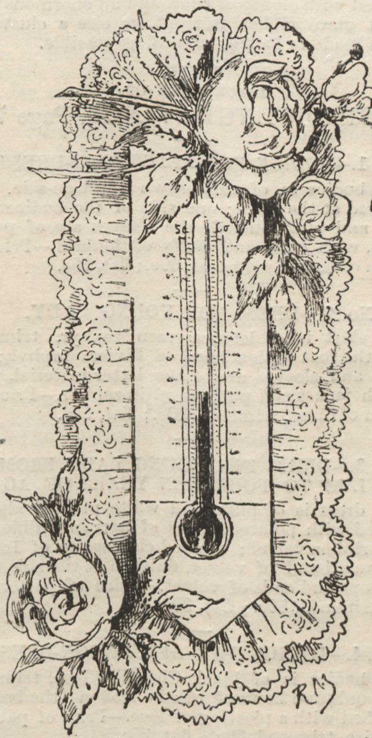
NO. 6.—VISITING-DRESS.



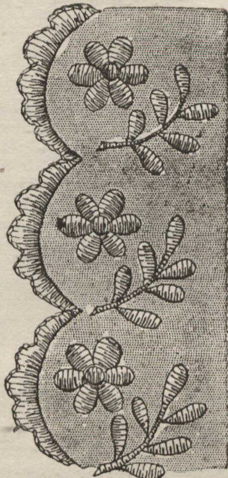
NO. 5.—FICHU.

NO. 7.—VISITING-DRESS.


NO. 1.—DRAPED STAND FOR FLOWERS.


NO. 2.—ORNAMENTAL FRAME FOR THERMOMETER.

NO. 3.—WORK-BASKET.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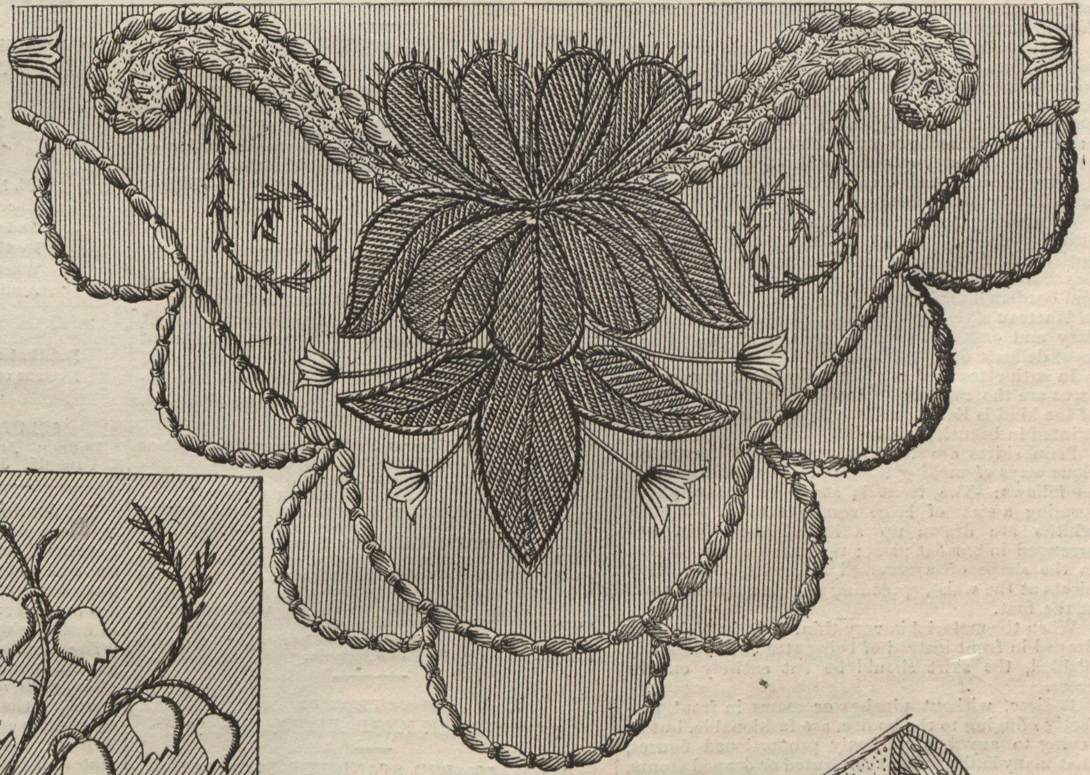
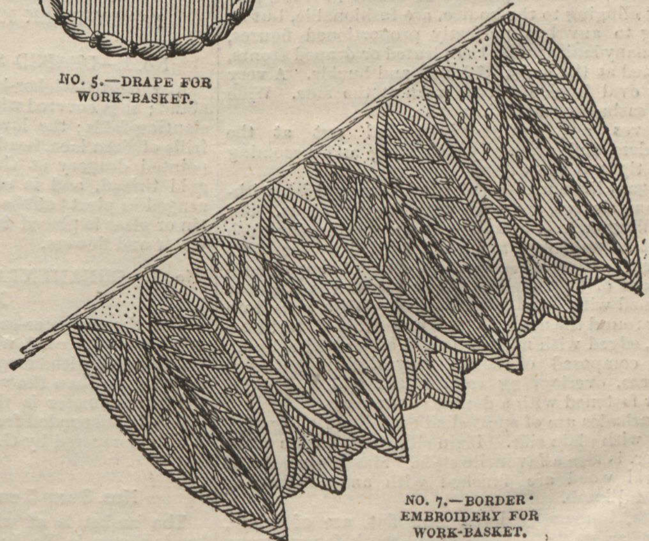

NO. 5.—DRAPE FOR WORK-BASKET.

NO. 6.—DESIGN FOR TOP OF WORK-BASKET.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PARIS FASHIONS.

PARIS is still brilliant, but its glory is on the wane. Races and exhibitions are over, and our *beau monde* are taking their departure. Ladies are having their toilets packed up for the beach and casino.

Beautiful new materials have been introduced for the seaside season.

We have taken special note of Japanese bourrette, a very pretty fancy woollen fabric as fine as crape, in mottled patterns of various shades of dull green, greenish-blue, steel, and copper, Russian gray, chocolate, and Eiffel-red.

Polka dots, in white, pale gold, or faint pink satin over dark grounds, are extremely fashionable in muslin-delaine veiling, barege, grenadine, and crêpon; also small floral patterns with borders *à disposition* for the trimmings.

In silks there are lovely poult-de-soie, with fine satin stripes, generally of some bright colour, edged with white; sometimes the stripes go both ways, forming a pattern of squares. Gold and white, over pale chocolate, is a favourite combination; rose-colour and white over gray, bright blue and white over beige or putty-colour, are also very effective.

A very new material, called Arlésienne, is a wool and silk canvas tissue streaked with faille.

In washing materials we note crêpe-de-Turquie, either plain or plaided in soft colours; Indian batiste, in floral patterns of exquisite colouring; Bayadère mousseline, in stylish designs, fancy stripes, and borders *à disposition*. Also embroidered muslin in Watteau style, satin-stitch, and *point-d'or* embroidery and organdy, with open-work stripes of the most delicate description.

In satinettes and cretonnes, detached flower patterns are the most in vogue. The greatest novelty of the kind is Eolienne d'Alsace, of fine texture and printed in beautiful patterns.

Plain skirts are still *de rigueur*, but there are various ways of making them up. The most novel is as follows:—The front is stretched quite plain, forming a sort of large square tablier, the side-widths are drawn up a little bias-fashion, and arranged in one flat pleat; then the back is pleated in the shape of a reversed fan, with a few tight pleats at the waist, spreading out into a small train at the foot.

When the material is very thin, it is just slightly draped in front instead of being stretched plain. If plaided, the skirt should be cut entirely on the cross.

Bodices, without pinches or seams in front, perfectly clinging to the bodice, are fashionable, but so trying to any but perfectly proportioned figures, that many ladies prefer the pleated or draped fronts, fastened at the waist with belt and buckle. A very large oval buckle is now worn at the side. Wide plaid sashes are much in vogue.

Sleeves are enormously puffed out at the shoulders, and gradually narrowing and becoming quite tight at the wrists.

Elegant little mantles of black lace and jet, without any sleeves, are worn with dressy toilets. For travelling or cool evenings at the seaside, the cloth jacket is now very much superseded by the short carrick, composed of a number of superposed flounces of thin cloth, pinked out at the edges or trimmed with braid, and finished with a turned-up collar round the neck. A pretty model is of steel-blue cloth, edged with narrow bright silver-white braid. It is composed of seven very slightly gathered flounces, overlapping each other, and a straight collar fastened with a double silver clasp.

Sunshades are of spotted silk muslin or silk gauze, lined with plain silk. Plain silk, with a wide plaid border, is also a favourite style. Massive handles of natural wood are finished with an old-silver or oxidized knob.

Hats, immensely large and flat, are of white, black, or gold-coloured open-work fancy straw, trimmed with clouds of tulle, and an enormous bow of soft glacé ribbon in front, or else a cluster of flowers made to look as natural as possible.

DESCRIPTION OF

FASHION ENGRAVINGS, Page 72.

No. 1.—BODICE FOR AFTERNOON-DRESS.

The bodice is of nut-brown poult-de-soie, embroidered at the edge; one side of the bodice is of brown and pink foulard; the sleeves are of poult-de-soie, with cuffs and puffs of foulard.—Price of pattern of bodice, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 25c.

No. 2.—DRESS FOR YOUNG LADY.

The skirt is of lettuce-green zephyr, trimmed round the foot with a band of Riviera zephyr; the bodice and sleeves are of the latter material, with Spanish jacket and puffs of plain zephyr.—Price of pattern of dress, trimmed, 80c.; flat, 30c.

No. 3.—DRESS FOR YOUNG LADY FROM TWELVE TO FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

The dress is of pink and white printed alpaca, trimmed with pointed bands of narrow wallflower-brown ribbon velvet; pleated chemisette of Indian silk; waistband of velvet, finished at the side with long loops and ends of velvet.—Price of pattern of dress, trimmed, 80c.; flat, 30c.

No. 4.—BODICE FOR AFTERNOON-DRESS.

The bodice is of black Chantilly lace, trimmed with bands and bows of réseda ribbon; the basque is finished with a pleating of lace.—Price of pattern of bodice, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 25c.

No. 5.—FICHU.

The fichu is of cream embroidered lisse, finished at the waist with a bow of plain lisse.—Price of pattern of fichu, trimmed, 25c.

No. 6.—VISITING-DRESS.

The dress is of bluish-green delaine; the jacket is of black Chantilly lace, pleated and edged round the basque with jet fringe; the sleeves are of lace, pleated and finished with a band of velvet, embroidered; jet ornament at the waist; collar of velvet, embroidered. Hat of gold-straw, trimmed with bows of ribbon and black feathers.—Price of pattern of jacket, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 25c.

No. 7.—VISITING-DRESS.

The dress is of silver-gray cashmere; the jacket is of gray faille, trimmed with bands of velvet, embroidered; it is edged round the basque with jet fringe; sleeves and vest of black velvet; collar of pale gray ostrich feathers. Hat of black tulle, with a drawn brim; it is trimmed with feathers and forget-me-nots.—Price of pattern of jacket, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 25c.

Orders and Remittances for Patterns or Subscriptions to THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL, addressed to
J. GURNEY AND CO.,
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DESCRIPTION OF

FANCY-WORK ENGRAVINGS, Page, 73.

No. 1.—DRAPED STAND FOR FLOWERS.

Any cheap wicker-basket may be used for this stand; it is covered with terra-cotta plush put on in slanting folds; the lower edge is finished with two frills of écru lace, headed by a band of ribbon; the pointed drapery at the side is embroidered with gold thread, and is edged with lace which is arranged in pleats at the top under bows of ribbon; a tin or glass is placed inside the basket, to hold the water and flowers.

No. 2.—ORNAMENTAL FRAME FOR THERMOMETER.

The thermometer-case is of satin wood; it is mounted on a card, which is edged with lace, and ornamented with sprays of roses; the card is cut a little larger than the wood; the lace is sewn to it; the thermometer is then glued to the card; the whole is suspended from the wall by the metal eye which is covered by the spray of flowers.

Nos. 3 AND 5 TO 7.—WORK-BASKET.

The basket is of wicker; the drapery round the top is shown in No. 5; it has a foundation of olive-coloured cloth, scalloped at the edges; the couching is pale blue filoselle, fastened down with gold thread; the large centre design is in two shades of blue silk worked in long-stitches; the lilies branching from it are worked with the natural colours; the appliqué designs are in white cloth, edged with the blue couching-stitch; the feather-stitch on it, and spraying from it, is worked with pale green silk. The design No. 6, for the lids, is also worked on olive cloth in the natural colours of the flowers; the lilies are in white, with a shading of pale yellow, the foliage in two shades of green. The design for foot of basket, shown in No. 7, is on olive cloth to match the upper drapery; the appliqué leaves are alternately pale blue and green fine cloth; the stitches of the green leaf are worked with pale green, those on the blue leaf with a darker shade of blue; the basket is lined with olive satin, and finished at the corners with tassels composed of all the colours used in the work.

No. 4.—EDGING: EMBROIDERY.

This design is very suitable for embroidering flannel for the foot of infants' petticoats, children's drawers, &c.; it can be worked with flossette or silk. Flossette washes very well.

Nos. 5 TO 7.—See No. 3.

PASTIMES.

BURIED PROVERB.

"Men are but children of a larger growth."
Dryden.

"Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the goods
We oft might win."
Measure for Measure, Act I.

"I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say; ere I could tell him
How I would think of him at certain hours."
Cymbeline, Act I.

"A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing."
"Human Life," Samuel Rogers.

"I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing."
In Memoriam.

"Oh! woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made.
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."
Scott's "Marmion."

"The Heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow."
Othello, Act II.

SOLUTION OF PASTIMES IN No. 1,364.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—*July, Ruby,* thus: 1. JaafeR. 2. UanapU. 3. LamB. 4. YeomanrY.

MR. JOHN NOBLE, OF PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER, has sent us patterns of his summer dress goods, which are varied, cheap, and pretty. Of zephyrs, which are cool and pleasant wear for the summer, he has a large variety, commencing from 5½d. per yard. These are in the very pretty plaid designs which are now so fashionable. "The Kinross New Flake Zephyr," "The Challoner," and "Noble's Sterling Zephyr," are all particularly nice. The "Zephyr Robe," plain, with striped border for trimming, is quite a novelty; the price is 5s. 3d. for the robe, consisting of eight yards, forty-two inches in width. "The Arizona New Bordure Zephyr" is a beautiful material, forty-two inches wide, 1s. 4½d. per yard. Noble's novelties in silk and wool fabrics will make charming garden-party or evening dresses; the ground is cream wool, with silk stripes of various colours. They are forty-one inches wide, and commence at 2s. per yard. Mersey Twills, twenty-nine inches wide, at 6½d. per yard, are very strong wear for children's frocks, or for ladies' morning dresses. "The Hercules New Striped Costume Twills" are particularly pretty and useful. Mr. Noble has long been famous for his good and cheap cotton flannels, we have many times tested their washing and wear, and they are all that can be desired. He has also good makes of high-class flannel at reasonable prices, very suitable for tennis dresses. Of white washing dress materials (lace cloths) he has some charming patterns, ranging from 2½d. to 9½d. per yard, and the Piccadilly prints from 4½d. per yard, thirty-one inches in width, are marvels of cheapness and prettiness. Of skirting Mr. Noble has a variety of pretty new stripes. Mr. Noble's dress parcels, containing twist, dress-preservers, buttons, bones, lining, &c., for making up a dress, are well worth the attention of ladies who make up their own materials, as they save so much time in matching.

THE HOME.

NICE LITTLE FAMILY DINNER.

BILL OF FARE.—AUGUST.

Neapolitan Soup.

Baked Conger-Eel.

Ragoût of Duck.

Roast Loin of Mutton.

Potato Pyramid. *Stewed Tomatoes.*

Cocoanut Sandwich Pastry. *Oriental Pudding.*

NEAPOLITAN SOUP.—4 lb beef, 4 onions, 6 carrots, a small head of celery, some seasoning, 4 oz lentils, 4 oz macaroni, a glass of sherry, a small bunch of mixed sweet herbs, 4 quarts of water; cut the vegetables and herbs in small pieces, place in a deep stewpan, then add the meat cut in slices, sprinkle over some seasoning, place over a slow fire, and let simmer 1 hour; add the water, let boil, take off the scum as it rises; when quite free simmer for 4 hours; soak the lentils 2 hours, then put in a stewpan with sufficient water to cover them, add a pinch of salt and sugar, boil till tender, then strain through a sieve; break the macaroni in pieces, soak for 1 hour in cold water, strain through a sieve, place it in a stewpan with 1 pint of boiling water and a pinch of salt, and let boil for ten minutes, strain through a sieve, throw cold water over it, and cut the macaroni in small pieces, place in a stewpan with the lentils, and stand on the stove to keep hot. Strain the soup through a fine cloth, add the sherry, simmer for a few minutes, lay on a piece of paper to remove the remaining fat, turn into a tureen, add the lentils and macaroni, and serve.

BAKED CONGER-EEL.—2 lb conger-eel, 1 onion, 3 tomatoes, 1 pint of stock, seasoning, a small bunch of mixed sweet herbs, a glass of port wine, a tablespoonful of anchovy sauce, a little soy, a little roux, 1 bay-leaf, 3 oz butter, 3 oz bacon; chop the onion very fine, place it in a stewpan with the butter and bacon chopped fine, add some seasoning, then lay in the fish, place over a slow fire, and simmer for 20 minutes; add the stock, anchovy sauce, port wine, herbs, bay-leaf, and the tomatoes cut in halves, then place in a very hot oven and bake ¾ hour. Take out the eel, place on a very hot dish, add the roux and soy to the gravy, strain, pour over the fish, and serve.

RAGOÛT OF DUCK.—1 large duck, pepper and salt, 1 pint gravy, 2 onions sliced, 4 sage leaves, flour, ½ oz butter. Roast the duck before a clear fire for 20 minutes, till it is of a nice brown colour; put it in a stewpan with the gravy, slice the onions, fry them, and add them with the sage finely minced; simmer for 20 minutes, or till the duck is tender. Strain, skim, and thicken the gravy with flour and butter, give one boil up, pour over the duck, and serve.

ROAST LOIN OF MUTTON.—Cut and trim off the superfluous fat, and see that the meat is properly jointed; have ready a nice clear fire, put down the meat, dredge with flour, and baste well till done. For a loin of mutton, weighing 5 lb., allow from 1½ to 1¾ hour.

POTATO PYRAMID.—3 lb potatoes, 1 gill cream, 3 oz butter. Well wash the potatoes, peel them, and steam till tender, put in a saucepan, and with a wooden spoon mash them with the cream and butter, season to taste, well beat over the fire till boiling hot. Pile the potatoes high in the form of a pyramid, and serve on a hot dish.

STEWED TOMATOES.—6 large tomatoes, 4 oz breadcrumbs, seasoning, parsley, 1 pint of stock, a little mixed sweet herbs, 2 oz suet, and small piece of onion. Cut the tomatoes in halves, and remove the seeds, then fill with the following mixture: Chop the suet fine, then add the parsley, sweet herbs, breadcrumbs, seasoning, a small piece of onion chopped fine; mix the ingredients well together, press the tomatoes full of the mixture, put in a stewpan, add the stock, and simmer for 20 minutes; take the tomatoes out, place them on a hot dish, reduce the stock by boiling, pour it over the tomatoes; serve very hot.

COCOANUT SANDWICH PASTRY.—½ lb puff paste, ½ pint of cream, 3 oz white sugar, 3 oz desiccated cocoanut. Roll out the paste to ¼ inch thick, put it on a baking-tin, and bake in a quick oven to a golden brown; let it get cold; beat the cream to a stiff froth, add the cocoanut and sugar; cut the paste in strips 3 inches long and 1 inch wide; spread some cream on each piece, put two pieces together, sprinkle sugar over, and serve.

ORIENTAL PUDDING.—3 oz rice, ½ lb French plums, 4 eggs, 3 oz butter, 6 oz powdered white sugar, 2 oz flour, 1 oz preserved ginger, a gill of ginger syrup, a pinch of cinnamon. Well wash the rice, then throw it in plenty of boiling water, and boil till tender; drain in a sieve; take the stones out of the plums and cut the latter in strips; well butter a pudding-mould, lay the strips of plum round the sides; beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the eggs one at a time, then the flour, rice, and ginger, chopped very fine; put the mixture in a mould, cover with buttered paper, and steam for 1 hour. When cooked, turn on a hot dish, pour the syrup round, and serve.

[Complete in this Number.]

FOR PET'S SAKE.

"I SAY, Calcott, come and dine with us next Thursday?"

"A thousand thanks, but don't be offended at my refusing. You know my ways. It is to be a merry-making, and I am not a sociable man."

"No, by Jove!" laughed the other, pleasantly, "a confirmed old bachelor at five-and-thirty. *Mais, nous verrons*, your time will come. We shall see you yet with a wife by your side, and a tiny olive-branch on your knee."

Owen Calcott shook his head, as he stooped to pick up his glove which had fallen.

"When you see that, Carden," he replied, "you may reckon it as the eighth wonder of the world."

"Nonsense. How you can bury yourself in your lonely rooms, never cheered by any woman's smile but Mrs. Crispin's, I can't tell."

"We have each our separate likings," answered Owen; "your home to you is perfect—so is mine. You have your wife and children—I have my books."

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"Poor company at times," he exclaimed. "Even if I said my pretty cousin Joan is coming, and has fallen over her little ears in love with you, that would not induce you?"

"Rather strengthen my refusal," smiled Owen, as together they passed from the hall of their club into the street.

"I see you have forsworn women's smiles and children's laughter."

"I avoid both."

"What an old Scrooge. There, ta, ta. Ugh! Here's a night!"

A dull, slatey, wintry night, with a keen east wind, that came down the streets like charges of cavalry. It charged at Owen, who had to bend his face to protect it, as he parted from his friend; but it was not all the east wind, bad as it was, which caused the wrinkles on the brow, and the tightened corners of the mouth, as he walked quickly homeward.

He had for five years rented the drawing-room suite of one of those old houses in Bloomsbury which have seen better days, and about whose staircases and passages the shadows of the past seem ever to linger. Mrs. Crispin called him the best of lodgers, as he was, and regarded him as an annuity.

Letting himself in with his key, he ascended to his sitting-room. So methodical was he, that the argand reading-lamp was already lighted, the tea placed as usual, ready for when he wanted it. When he began reading, he did not like being disturbed. By his additions to the furniture, the room was well furnished; large book-cases held many books, and if solitary, it was in appearance comfortable.

Owen, drawing his chair to the fire, adjusting the lamp, opened the book he had taken from a shelf, but he did not at once begin to read; placing the volume on his knee, he seemed to drop into a reverie. Then he gave a short, quick laugh, and began his customary evening's study. The house, evidently, was well suited to a student. It was as still, hushed as the grave.

What was that? Owen, startled, raised his head with an absolute expression of horror. Suddenly through the house had rung a child's silvery, merry laugh. As abruptly, it had been followed by a cry, a burst, it might be, of tears—then a door closed; silence reigned once more.

"Some friend of Mrs. Crispin's," thought Owen, irritably. "I wish she would have all grown-up friends."

But before a week was out, it was made apparent to Owen, by repetitions of those first sounds, that the child was a fixture. He was annoyed—indeed, angry. When he had taken those rooms he had made one decided stipulation. If Mrs. Crispin let other rooms, there must never be any children. Now for three nights he had been disturbed by the crying or laughter of one, though it evidently was speedily checked.

"Mrs. Crispin," he said, when next she appeared, "I thought it was understood there should be no children in your house?"

"Oh, Mr. Calcott! you heard it then?" ejaculated his landlady, with a frightened expression. "But lor', how could you help it now. I'll just tell you how it is, sir. I knew the pretty dear's mother before she was married; and when, a week ago, she came up to London, a widow, in grief and sorrow, and came to me and says, 'Oh, Mrs. Crispin, do give me and my little one shelter, until I can look about me; for I don't know a soul here, but you,' I hadn't the heart to refuse the young thing, so I give her the very top attic. Though a born lady, she can't afford more, and she moils and toils a-giving drawing and music lessons all day, to pay that and live. But—I'll tell her you object——"

"No, no," broke in Owen; "do, nothing of the kind. Only perhaps the child can be kept quiet when I'm at home; and—and I can put a heavier curtain over the door."

A smile of satisfaction hovered over Mrs. Crispin's pleasant features, as, assuring him every care should be taken, she withdrew.

For a week Owen never heard that silvery laugh.

"I trust they don't gag the mite," he reflected, one evening, thinking of it, as he opened the street door with his latchkey.

Then he stood still, gazing into the hall.

Beneath the hanging lamp, the rays of which fell full upon her, was a small child of about four. There are children and children. This seemed rather to partake of the fairy species. The tiny figure was so slender and graceful, the features so refined and delicate, the complexion, the eyes so clear and soft, like dew-washed violets in the shade.

As Owen looked at her, she as silently, almost as curiously, looked at him. Then, as he came in, she slowly advanced, extending the olive-branch of peace in the form of a book.

"It's full of pictures," she lisped. "Would oo like to see it? Oo may. Dere's a dog in it, 'ike my F'uffy, who died."

Owen saw the pearly tears spring to the eyes.

"Poor F'uffy. No. I's not doing to laugh or ky any more, 'cause oo don't 'ike it, mamma says."

Owen flushed. What an ogre they must have been making of him to the child. But this was a bit of scheming on Mrs. Crispin's part.

"Who told you to stand there?" he asked.

"No one," shaking her golden head. "Mamma's out, Mrs. Crispin is as'eep by the fire, so I comed to see oo. I won't laugh or ky."

"That's a good child," remarked Owen, a trifle confused, and passing on.

"Are oo doing upstairs?" asked the child. "So's I."

And, with the trustful confidence of children, running after him, she took his hand.

What is there of magic in the touch of a little child's fingers? What strange electric thrill does it send through the heartstrings? Heaven pity those who do not feel it. Owen felt it. He was vexed, annoyed. Yet, glancing down at his captor, he would have no more thrown that little hand off than he could have struck the owner of it.

Feeling immensely shamefaced, though alone, he ascended with his tiny companion. Of her own will she released him at his own door, drawing back.

"What is your name, little mite?" he asked.

"Pet."

"Well, Pet," what made him say it he did not know, "one day I'll bring you a prettier picture-book than that."

"Oh—h—h!" exclaimed the child, drawing a deep breath.

"Yes. Now go upstairs."

"Ess. Dood bye," and she went softly, noiselessly, on baby tip-toe, more than once looking back, and nodding at him, for—why ever did he?—he stood on the landing watching her.

Owen went in and shut the door; but somehow he could not shut out that child face. It came between him and his book. He caught himself listening for that merry laugh, until he remembered that "Pet" had evidently been told never to laugh loud when he was at home.

"What an ogre she must think me!" he thought again, petulantly throwing aside his book. Then felt rather, or a good deal pleased, that "Pet" did not think him one, or she never would have had the courage to have descended to face him in the hall.

The next day, with a certain sheepishness and consciousness how Carden would laugh, did he know, Owen paid a visit to a bookseller's in Fleet Street, and carried home certain wondrous picture-books.

"What an idiot I am," he reflected, half angrily; "but then she is such a pretty little thing."

He opened the door, with an appropriate speech on his lips, and felt grievously disappointed to see the hall was empty. Pet was not there to meet him.

He was very disappointed, even angry, not understanding why, and gloomily ascended the stairs. Before he reached the landing, a voice fell upon his ear.

"P'ease 'av oo dot it? The book with the boofer pictures?"

And there was "Pet" sitting on the top stair, awaiting him.

Yes, he had got it, and as Pet could not see it there, Pet must come into his room. Then as Pet was not tall enough to look on the table, she said:

"P'ease take me up on oo knee. Me ain't heavy."

So, a little confused, Owen obeyed her, when Pet at the sight of the books began to agitate her legs and clap her little waxen hands in delight, crying:

"And what is dis about? What is dat man saying?" until Owen found himself concocting wondrous stories to describe the plates.

After that Pet always met him, and there was half an hour spent over the picture-books, Owen deriving as much pleasure as Pet herself, and owning solemnly to himself that he felt a better man for it.

One evening, however, a fortnight later, there was no Pet waiting. Why? He made an excuse to ring the bell and inquire. Poor Pet had caught a croup cough. The doctor had been, and spoken gravely of the child's delicacy, and the poor young mother was distracted.

Owen could not read that evening, and slept ill. He tried to laugh at the hold Pet had taken upon him. He should like to do something to help her; but could do nothing. The doctor in attendance he knew to be skilful; besides, how could he have interfered had he not been? He had never seen Pet's mother in his life. He did not even know her name. Mrs. Crispin always spoke of her as "my young lady," interpolating those adjectives to which her class are addicted, such as "poor," "dear," or "poor dear."

More than once he had seen a slim, middle-height figure, attired in mourning, flitting up or down the stairs before him, and he had an idea she must be like Pet, but that was all.

No; any interference of his, a single man, would be taken as an impertinence. He could but send up endless picture-books, which poor Pet was too ill to look at, and flowers, and hothouse fruits, which latter she could not eat.

His first question, night and morning, was "How is the child?" A week had elapsed when, coming home punctually, he found Mrs. Crispin at the open door.

"Oh, sir, I've been a looking anxiously for you."

"How is the child?" asked Owen, with sudden fear.

"The doctor says twelve hours will prove, sir; but, oh! Mr. Calcott," bursting into tears, "he gives next to no hope."

Owen turned to put down his hat. Bah! why should he be ashamed of this moisture in his eyes? Was it not proof of his humanity?

"The pretty dear, for the last hour," proceeded Mrs. Crispin, "has been asking for you. Would you—*would* you mind seeing her?"

"Mind!" cried Owen. "Certainly not. Indeed, Mrs. Crispin, I am not quite a bear."

"Dearie me, Mr. Calcott, you're the best and kindest gentleman as ever lived, I do declare," exclaimed the old lady, as she led the way to the top of the house, where, opening the door, and whispering in, "He's come, dearie," made way for him, and on his entrance, closed the door after him.

Owen saw a little bed with poor Pet upon it, and a slim figure kneeling at the side; then the slim figure rose up, and stood tremblingly before him.

A flush, a sudden pallor, a quick step back, almost a cry, "Helen."

Then she was on her knees, her face bowed in her hands.

"Forgive, forgive," she sobbed. "I never knew you were here when I came. Indeed, indeed, no! Pardon, Owen—I have been sadly punished. Oh! I have repented in sackcloth and ashes."

It was the old story—of parental will, a girl's weakness, a hand given without a heart, which was his whom she had rejected; a life of misery and suffering, then unexpected ruin, and her husband's death.

"Owen," she ended, resting her hand on the little bed, "will you not pardon, for Pet's sake?"

He had turned from her, angry with remembrance of past wrong, agitated by the sight of one he had so fondly loved. At the moment, Pet, aroused by the mention of her name, held out her thin little arms.

"It is oo—it is oo. Oo tum an' show me pictures. P'ease tiss Pet—Pet so—so ill."

The arms dropped, the smile died from the child's face, the ivory lids quivered down.

Uttering a scream, the mother threw her arms about poor Pet.

"Oh! Heaven! my darling! my child!" she cried. "Father, have mercy—help——"

Owen too had sprung to the bed, forgetful of all but Pet.

Was she dead?

Thank Heaven! no! Reviving, it was his hand Pet clasped.

"P'ease take me up," she whispered; "me so ill."

Poor Pet, how could he refuse? On Owen's arm she dropped into the sleep from which she awakened back to hope. And while she slept again, the mother, in tears and contrition at Owen's feet, entreated pardon, only pardon, and one kind word.

How could he refuse, with Pet's fingers clasping his, her golden head upon his breast? Beside, did he not love her, this fair, slight woman, still?

That upper room is a nursery now, and when Owen Calcott comes home of evenings, there are a wife's smile and a child's laughter to greet him, and though his books are not so frequently taken from the shelves, he does not complain. E. W. P.

A RED DAWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RIFT IN THE LUTE," "PRINCESS THEKLA," "EVEN THIS SACRIFICE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.

"FAITHFUL WATCH AND WARD."

PRESENTLY, through the darkness, loomed a tall shadowy tower; and Mac-Ian, drawing rein, asked if that was his destination?

Lochmohr got out, and looked.

"That's right," he said. "The difficulty will be to rouse the old caretaker; and I wonder if there are any provisions in the house?"

"He'll have bread and tea, perhaps," said Mac-Ian. "I'll forage."

In a few more minutes the carriage passed under a wide archway into a sort of courtyard, and halted before a building which seemed to consist of a tower and a small, irregular block, gabled and buttressed.

Stewart stood by the carriage door, while Mac-Ian proceeded to "rouse the caretaker," an old man, as likely as not, half deaf. Ian made a deep-toned bell clang through the house for nearly five minutes, with a noise that might have startled the very stones into animation, and at the end of the five minutes an upper window opened, and a querulous voice called out:

"Who's there? What's the matter?"

"It's Captain Stewart!" called Lochmohr. "Come down quickly, and open the door!"

"By Heaven, the master!" The window was shut hastily, and in a few minutes there was a clatter of chains and bolts, the door was opened, and there stood a startled-looking old man, with a flaring candle in his hand, a sort of gabardine wrapped about him.

"I didn't hear, sir," he began. "I—I——"

"Never mind," said Lochmohr; "give me the candle. You have a lantern, Ian; you can take the horse round to the stable, and find out what there is in the house; and then pack this old man off to bed again."

He had spoken to Mac-Ian in Gaelic; he turned now to Claude, and opening a door from the hall, led her into a sitting-room, well furnished, and in good order, for Lochmohr frequently lent the Raven's Tower to friends. He lighted a couple of candles in massive candlesticks, and said, smiling:

"I am going to leave you for a few moments, sweetheart, to find a room for you; and I hope Ian will succeed in getting some tea, at any rate."

He went out, but came back very shortly.

"This way," he said; "and by-and-by you can lie down on the bed, or the couch, and have some rest. Are you not very weary, dearest?" drawing her to him, his eyes searching her face, wistfully.

"I don't feel weary," she said.

"No, you are still too much excited." He led her across the hall, up a few steps, and paused outside a large room.

"You won't be afraid," he said, "to rest here; we have no ghosts at Raven's Tower, and I shall be in the room we have just left."

It was a comfortable dressing-room, with sleeping apartment adjoining. On each side of the toilette-glass were candles, set in silver sconces, which Lochmohr had lighted.

Claude washed her face and hands, and the cold water refreshed her, and made her feel less inclined than ever for sleep; but she began to think that some tea would be extremely welcome. She wondered if Mac-Ian had found any.

How strange it all seemed! How like a dream! Was it only last night that she wandered away among the trees? and to-night she was here—in Lochmohr's house!

She looked at her reflection in the tall mirror, as if she were looking at someone else.

There she stood, in the picturesque, cream-coloured gown, with its loose yellow sash, that Maida had admired as they sat at tea; and oh! how much had happened since then! and the end was not yet. Her name would be a bye-word; but, worse, Lochmohr might be made to suffer, through her, if Tollemache died.

She covered her face, but suddenly dropped her hands. She must not give way now; that would trouble Lochmohr.

She went back to the sitting-room, and found him pacing up and down; but he cleared his brow as she entered, and, taking her hand, placed her in a low lounging-chair.

"Corn in Egypt," said he. "Ian has foraged to some purpose. He has found tea and milk and bread and eggs, so we shall none of us starve. But I wish I had something better for you, Dieudonnée."

"But it is more than enough for me," she answered, smiling. "I only seem to want some tea."

"You will have to eat something, too," he said, dropping on his knee beside her, "to please me. That is a magnet, isn't it, Dieudonnée?"

"Yes," she said, instantly nestling to him.

He held her very close. What passionate longings that he might not utter, least of all here, and to-night, were surging through his heart! If only his roof could be her rightful shelter, his name her safeguard against all slander; wherever she was home—his home and hers; this wild place on the Yorkshire moors would be Heaven with Claude for its mistress. And yet her presence here meant peril to her good name—would give into the hand of every idle scandal-monger a stone to fling at her.

He released her, and rose up as Mac-Ian came in. He had lighted a fire in the kitchen, and made tea and cooked eggs, and so was able to provide quite a royal feast; and he laid out everything as neatly and deftly as if he had been a footman; but Mac-Ian, in his and his chief's wanderings and campaigns, had played many parts.

"It will be all ready, Lochmohr," said he, putting a finishing touch."

"Thanks; and when you've had your own supper, Ian, turn in, and get some sleep. I'll wake you in time."

When Mac-Ian had retired, Lochmohr made Claude eat and drink, waiting on her tenderly, and not allowing her to move from the chair in which he had placed her; and afterwards he told her she must lie down and take some rest.

"I can wait," he said, "to ask you many things I want to know. There will be time presently."

She rose obediently, and put her hand in his.

"And won't you try and sleep a little?" she asked, wistfully.

He shook his head.

"No, dearest; there is no rest in me; my heart and brain must be more at rest first; but I am an old campaigner, you a fragile girl."

"But I can't sleep!" she said. "Esric," with tremulous pleading, "let me stay with you?"

"My darling! if you wish it."

She made him sit down in the chair from which she had risen, and seated herself on a low stool at his feet, and he drew her within his arms.

"Are you happy now?" he said, softly.

"Yes, Esric; this *is* rest."

For some little time both were silent. Then Lochmohr began to question the girl more particularly about the events of the previous night and day. She told him everything, not even keeping back Tollemache's cowardly insults, though her face flushed, and she bowed it low. Lochmohr's brow grew black as night, and he set his teeth like a vice as he listened.

"He shall pay heavily for every word!" he said, in a deep, suppressed tone, "if he lives for further punishment."

Then he told Claude, in detail, of that singular experience when he had heard her calling to him; of Maida's telegram, and all the steps he had taken from the moment of receiving it.

"To-morrow," he added, "or rather to-day, Ian must go to Merton with a message from me, and get Maida to come with a carriage and fetch you. Ian can drive her here and back. Her servants do not know him, so they need not know where Maida found you. I could not get a carriage here, even if one were to be had from Daffnel, without causing gossip."

"But, Esric, think of the future. Ah! don't look so. I can't bear to compromise Maida in any way; and you know—you know——"

"That Maida Westmore," he said, laying his hand on her head, "is the last woman to desert an innocent girl who needs her friendship. Maida will stand by you through all, Dieudonnée—keep you with her."

Claude bowed her face down on his knee.

She is so good and noble!" she said, huskily. "But how can I stay with her? I have no claim on her?"

Stewart's hand clasped hers almost convulsively. He pressed it to his heart, to his lips.

"For the present you must let her help you, Dieudonnée," he said, with forced quietness. "You have no home."

Claude's heart smote her that she had spoken so impulsively. How sorely she had tried him! She lifted her face penitently.

"Esric, I was wrong! I ought not to have spoken!"

"It was a generous impulse that made you speak," he answered, softly, his lip quivering a little. Her eyes said, "But I pained you!" and he added, under-breath, "Is not the pain always there?" Then his tone changed a little as her head drooped again; "It is broad daylight, sweetheart, though still very early. Is there not even an hour's rest for that throbbing brain of yours?"

"Must I try and sleep, Esric?"

"I think you must, sweetheart—you have been so terribly tried. Lean your head against me—so! One kiss, darling, and I will keep faithful watch and ward."

A long, tender kiss he pressed on the sweet lips, and then Claude's dark eyes closed obediently, and by-and-by sleep fell on them, and on the tender mouth lay a soft smile, as if, even in slumber, she felt her lover's presence, knew that she rested on his heart, sheltered by his clasp.

How cruel to have to wake her; how cruel to his own soul to break up its paradise; he could have sat there through all the long hours of the day, content not to stir a muscle, so that he could keep her

thus held to his breast, sleeping that childlike, trustful sleep; but for her own dear sake he must shorten the time; the morning was creeping on, and even with Mac-Ian starting early on his errand, it would be late in the day before Claude could be under Maida's roof. So at last, reluctantly, he bent over her.

"Sweetheart!" he hardly whispered, and woke her with a kiss.

CHAPTER XLVI.

FROM THE RAVEN'S TOWER.

Before eight o'clock Ian Mac-Ian was on his way to Merton Grange with a letter from Lochmohr, briefly explaining the position, and begging Maida to come and fetch Claude.

Mac-Ian drove into Daffnel, and leaving the carriage at an inn, took train to Merton station.

Claude, from the window of the room in which she and Stewart had breakfasted, watched the Highlander's departure, and asked Lochmohr, who just then came in, how soon Maida could be there.

"I am afraid," he answered, "all things considered, not before two, or perhaps three o'clock in the day. I am sorry, for your sake, dearest; for my own," he put his arm about her, and drew her to him, looking down in the beautiful face, "how can I be sorry that I have you so much longer?"

"I am not," Claude confessed, softly, leaning her head against him, and he pressed her close to his heart.

If only past and future could be blotted out, and leave him this present, leave him, but for a few hours, to the sweet illusion that his darling was all his own! in their love no dread of parting, no peril of sin!

Claude first broke the silence, asking about Tollemache.

"If he is dead, Esric," she said, "will they not charge you with killing him?"

"It could hardly be traced to me," returned Lochmohr, "unless Davenant spoke; and it will be to his interest to keep silent, for he himself may be charged with conspiracy. In any case it could not be proved murder; and I, personally, care nothing. It is only that the whole story would then come out."

Claude trembled.

"Something," she said, with a quick-drawn breath, "is almost sure to come out; some gossip that will soon grow to scandal."

"Then, Dieudonnée, the only thing would be to bring an action for conspiracy against Tollemache and Davenant; that would be my business, though I could not, for your sake, appear as your next friend, for you, being under age, could not bring the action in your own person. Lady Meldune or Mrs. Millington would, I know, appear for you; they would do anything for me. They are women whose countenance would be invaluable to you, for no one could charge them with befriending a woman unworthy of friendship. The world would know, dearest, that I loved you; but it could not believe you guilty."

Yet his heart was racked for the pain that must be hers, that her name should be linked with his; for the horrible ordeal to which a public trial must put her; and he soothed her tenderly, as she hid her face against him again, clinging to him in a kind of despair, and tried to lead her from these terrible thoughts; and he succeeded at least in throwing them into the background of her mind.

She spoke no more of the future, as she sat in her old place on a low stool at his feet; indeed, it seemed to fade away into a dim uncertainty in the happiness of the present; it was such rest to be with him.

Sometimes she thought dreamily how sweet it would be to die now, in his arms, his soft kiss on her lips, and so end all the pain. And then she put the thought from her as selfish, for what would his life be without her?

All too swiftly the hours passed, and suddenly both started at the sound of approaching wheels.

"Maida!" said Claude, and she sprang to the window.

Yes, there was the phaeton, with Maida in it, and Ian Mac-Ian by her side.

"Wait here," Lochmohr said, quickly.

And he was out in the courtyard, and at the phaeton side, Maida's hands in his, in a minute.

Neither could speak. Maida was choking. But when Lochmohr lifted her out of the carriage she said, hurriedly:

"There are things in the phaeton I brought for Claude to wear."

"Mac-Ian will see to it all, dear."

"I know," said the Highlander; "and we brought fodder for the ponies. Come, my beauties," and he led them round to the stables, while Lochmohr took Maida into the house; and when Claude sprang to her, the brave little woman broke quite down, sobbing aloud.

Claude made her sit down, and knelt by her, clinging to her, and comforting her; but Lochmohr had turned away, and stood apart, leaving the women to themselves in the first agitation of their meeting.

Presently, however, Maida called to him, and he went to her, and taking her hand, kissed it reverently.

"I can never thank you," he said, huskily, "for your goodness to Claude, and for your trust in me."

Her eyes met his full.

"I trust you to the uttermost," she said. "Don't thank me for that, or for anything else. Thank Heaven, I did send to you. I hope," she added, with a fierce flash in her blue eyes, "that you have done for that ruffian, Tollemache!"

"I hope so, too," he answered, quietly. "So soon as Claude is safe with you, I shall see what those two men are about. Ian told you he had wired for me to Langdale?"

"Yes; he told me all that he knew. I shall return to town early to-morrow, and, of course, keep Claude with me. Come in in the evening, and see us, if you are in town. I suppose you will be?"

"Surely, Maida," Lochmohr said, softly, "your price is above rubies."

"Nonsense." She put her hand tenderly on Claude's curly head; the girl had sunk down at her friend's feet, and, too deeply moved for words, laid her face in mute gratitude against Maida's knee. "Now tell me, if I may know, all the springs of this detestable plot. Mac-Ian either did not know, or thought, perhaps, he had no right to tell me. And please go on calling me Maida. I like it."

So Lochmohr told her all, so far as concerned the Davenants and Fancourt, omitting his suspicion of his wife; and Maida, if, like Claude, she also suspected, like Claude asked no question.

"If Tollemache dies, or is already dead," said Mrs. Westmore, "I suppose Davenant will cook up some story; but I'm afraid it's very likely that won't pass muster. It wasn't prudent to shoot him, but I shouldn't expect you to do anything else."

Mac-Ian presently came in with some luncheon, somewhat frugal, but no one minded that, and as they sat together talking afterwards, Maida said she did not think anything would come out through the Merton servants. Only two of them, her maid and a groom, belonged to her London house, and they could not know where Claude was found.

By the evening the ponies were ready for the return journey to Merton. Mac-Ian was to accompany them and return by train to Daffnel, meeting his chief at an appointed place outside the town. Lochmohr did not want to show again in the town, so as to be afterwards, perhaps, identified in connection with the hire of a carriage. It was continually forced upon him that his appearance caused him to be easily recognized, and were he even less striking, a stranger, so free with his money, too, was quite a nine days' wonder for a little Yorkshire town. Meanwhile, Lochmohr would return to the wood, and ascertain what he could of Davenant's movements, and whether Tollemache, dead or living, was still at the woodman's cottage.

When the phaeton was in the court, Maida went out of the room, to put on her mantle, she said, which she had left in the apartment assigned to Claude, but in reality to leave Claude and Lochmohr alone for a few minutes.

It was little enough they said. This parting, though for so short a time, had a bitterness of its own, from all they had both passed through in the last few hours—the anguish, the tragedy, the brief happiness she had known since he had saved her, and had her so completely in his care, cast on his honour, more entirely his own than ever; and yet he must yield her up.

He must not openly protect her. Though he held her to his breast, kissed her lips a hundred times, called her his darling, his treasure, his love, the barrier stood between them still—frowning, impregnable—he could not give her the one name that was so much more precious than all the rest. For lacking that crowning glory, ever through the deep, true passion that gave those endearments their utterance, quivered the sob of pain.

But it was a relief to Stewart, chiefly for Claude's sake, but much also for his own, that Maida not only knew he loved Claude, but, whatever her fear for the future, did not condemn.

Perhaps, he thought, she comprehended, as a keen-witted, large-hearted woman will, more thoroughly than the generality could ever do, how it was between him and his wife; and divining also that he had loved Claude before his marriage, understood how great was his temptation, how terrible his need. At any rate she had such faith in him as to sanction the tie between him and Claude; without such sanction he could not have seen the girl in her house, and their relations would become altogether difficult, and Claude's position in regard to her friend and protectress painful, and, in time, insupportable.

The phaeton drove away through the evening shadows, and Lochmohr, after watching it until it was lost to sight, turned back into the house; but he allowed himself no "luxury of woe." He went out almost immediately, and took his way to Hazeldene Wood, striking it purposely at the point where he had left the carriage from Daffnel the previous night. It was gone. Davenant, then, had contrived to remove Tollemache to some other place. Mac-Ian had told him where the carriage was, and Chris, only stunned, not seriously injured, had availed himself of it.

But where had he taken Tollemache? Hardly to Daffnel; there was no hospital in the place, and the carriage would be known there, and might give rise to inquiry and comment, which Davenant had every personal motive for avoiding. Could he have got as far as Greenfield, seventeen miles off, which, being a good-sized town, probably possessed a hospital of some kind? Mac-Ian could be sent to make inquiries, and afterwards, if they were discovered, Lochmohr would have both men "shadowed" by a private detective.

When he reached the cottage, he found it, as he had expected, empty. Tollemache, in that case, could not be dead, for Davenant would certainly have left him, whether he gave the alarm or not. It would be more like Chris to leave the corpse and effect his own escape, knowing that it would be some time before Tollemache was "missed," and longer still before his body was found.

It was rather over ten miles from this spot to Daffnel, but Lochmohr had more than half an hour to wait at the rendezvous for Mac-Ian, trains not being very frequent between Merton and Daffnel. Then Lochmohr told his clansman the result of his inspection; but, on further consideration, resolved to send down a private detective at the outset.

Mac-Ian was skilful and cautious, but his personality, his nation, his military bearing, his speech, strongly tinged with the Gaelic accent, would, of necessity, attract a considerable amount of attention.

"I will go straight to Dilton's office," he said, naming a famous inquiry agent, "and to-morrow I shall have my quarry under observation. Wounded men can't run away, that's one good thing."

"Do you think Davenant will send for his wife, Lochmohr?"

The other shook his head.

"No; it would only attract notice, and do no good. Besides, she must remain to keep Fancourt in view. But he'll send her carefully worded news."

The two Highlanders were in time for the last train to London, and in the small hours reached King's Cross.

CHAPTER XLVII.

TANGLED THREADS.

It was not until the morning of the following day that Julia Davenant received the news she half anticipated. The letter, written in a disguised hand, bore the Greenfield postmark, and had no signature, but Julia knew it was from her husband. It ran as follows:

"You betrayed us. I am uninjured—was only stunned for a time. B. shot—is in hospital here; may pull through. Can't find ball. They got the quarry. Look in papers."

Julia destroyed that letter, and turned eagerly to the morning papers. She was not long in finding what she sought. It appeared under the head of "Mysterious affair near Greenfield, Yorks:"

"A gentleman, the victim of a murderous outrage, is lying in a critical condition in the Greenfield Hospital. He was brought in late last night by his friend, named Davenant, who stated that they were driving towards Greenfield, he driving, and his companion in the carriage, when they were suddenly attacked by two men. Mr. Davenant was hurled from the box and stunned, and his friend shot; but the robbers were apparently disturbed in some way, for they fled without stealing anything from their victim. Mr. Davenant, on recovering his senses, managed to bring his friend on to Greenfield. He says he could not identify his assailants, owing to the darkness, and the suddenness of the attack. He himself is still suffering from the effects of the fall. The wounded gentleman is understood to be Mr. Basil Tollemache, a landed proprietor of Northamptonshire. The whole affair is, at present, involved in mystery."

Lochmohr read the paragraph with a grim smile. So that was the story Davenant was telling; but would it stand the test of inquiry, even when Tollemache was able to corroborate it?

The more he thought over all that had happened, the more likely it seemed that the truth, in some form or other, must get about; and as the form would certainly be garbled, and reflect scandal upon Claude, it would be necessary to clear the air by a trial. Whether in that trial he himself would appear under a charge of manslaughter, or be the practical, though not apparent, prosecutor, who could yet tell? It all depended upon whether Tollemache lived or died.

At present, town being empty, the paragraph did not attract as much attention as would otherwise have been the case, and gossip was, at any rate, averted for a time.

Julia said nothing to Fancourt yet; she would wait the chance of his being sober, and that might not be at all to-day, or not till late in the afternoon. Meanwhile she lived in terror.

How would Fancourt act when he knew himself utterly baffled?

Lochmohr, for Claude's sake, would, of course, hold his hand; but Fancourt would probably put his threat into execution. Then what were they to do, for no money would be forthcoming from Pauline?

Did she know anything? Julia dared not go to her, not being sure whether Captain Stewart was in town or not, and he might hear of her visit, and Pauline was the sort of woman who never looks at daily papers, while, in the voided state of town, it was quite possible for her not to hear of the "murderous outrage" on Mr. Tollemache.

But Pauline did see that paragraph, and ground her white teeth over it, for she could read between the lines, so far, at least, as to know that the scheme had, in some way, failed. But how? Had Lochmohr anything to do with the affair?

She did not even know whether he had returned to town or not, or whether Claude had been carried off or not; in fact, she knew nothing, except that Davenant's story was a fabrication; and she was in this position, that she dared not make inquiries.

Her *rôle* was, of necessity, ignorance. She would drive in the Park. It was intolerable at this season, but she might chance upon some one "passing through" who could give her information.

So she ordered the victoria, and about one o'clock her almost solitary carriage rolled through Apsley Gate into the broad sunshine of the Park.

She looked to right and left, but saw no one she knew, till just as she was approaching the Albert Memorial a young man, about to cross, lifted his hat with an air of delighted surprise. Pauline instantly stopped the carriage, and held out her hand.

"Mr. Ransome!" she exclaimed; "what are *you* doing in this wilderness?"

"I might retort," he answered, laughing, "I am amazed."

"Oh!" she said, "truth to say, I am not very well, and I have had to cancel a visit in consequence. Pray tell me, is there *any* news?"

"You saw that about Squire Tollemache, I suppose?"

"Yes; what a terrible thing, isn't it? But is anyone in town—passing through?"

"Mrs. Westmore came up yesterday with Miss Verner."

"Indeed!" Pauline's face betrayed nothing. "Anything more?"

"Let me see, I saw Captain Stewart an hour ago in Pall Mall."

He laughed.

The woman's rosy lips still smiled.

"Well, that is news, also," said she. I haven't seen him yet. Did you speak to him?"

"Yes, and he told me he came up yesterday morning."

Pauline shrugged her shoulders. "We are delightfully fashionable," she said, "aren't we?" and then went on to talk of something else.

They chatted a little more, and Pauline drove on. But her face changed when she was alone again; an ugly look came over it.

"He suspects me," she thought; "it is the first time he has slighted me like this, that a mere acquaintance should tell me he is in town. I dare say he was at Claude Verner's feet, yesterday. And Maida Westmore, does she aid and abet? It seems like it."

Young Ransome looked after the carriage, and whistled.

"Has it come to that?" he said, "that my lady doesn't even know when my lord's in town? I suppose it'll end in a regular separation."

[To be continued.]

"A Red Dawn" commenced in No. 1,353 and Part CCCXXXV.

UNDERSTOOD THE FAMILY.—Monsieur wanted the picture hung to the right; madame wanted it on the left. But monsieur insisted that the servant should hang the picture according to his orders. Consequently Joseph knocked a nail in the wall on the right, but, this done, he also went and knocked another in on the left.—"What is that second nail for?" his master asked, in astonishment.—"It is to save me the trouble of fetching the ladder to-morrow when monsieur will have come round to the views of madame."

AT the house of a lady who is noted for devising all manner of surprises for her guests, a new method of choosing partners for dinner was introduced the other night. When the guests arrived the ladies and gentlemen found themselves separated from one another in a room with a curtain. Presently the curtain was drawn aside, when a gentleman mounted a chair, and proceeded to sell the ladies' partners by auction. The bidding was made lively by many topical and personal remarks, some of which had not quite the effect intended. The prices varied hugely, one popular novelist running up to billions and trillions, while a comparatively unknown stranger from a foreign embassy had to wait long before a compassionate lady had him knocked down to her for half-a-crown.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS GENERALLY.

All Letters should be addressed to Merton House, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London.

As our Correspondence has greatly increased with the increased popularity of our Journal, we purpose from this date to answer questions of immediate importance *by post within a few days of their receipt from all English and Foreign Subscribers. 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.*

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.*

American Subscribers must please to remember to put five-cent stamps on their letters, or we shall not be able to take them in in future, as we so frequently have twopence to pay in consequence of insufficient stamping. American stamps are of no use here for return letters.

WILD ROSE.—See reply (5) to "A Little African," in No. 1,363.

DAISY.—(1) You can get it ready prepared at any grocer's; you will find it much better and cheaper than if you made it yourself. (2) With a small spoon for the purpose. (3) It is not usual to offer cake and wine to callers now. (4) Yes. (5) With a dessert knife and fork. (6) Yes. (7) We have never known glass spoons to be used for anything but medicine.

FLOSSIE H.—The designs are French ones, and we doubt whether they could be obtained in England; we might be able to obtain them from Paris for you, but cannot possibly give you any idea of the price. We answer as soon as space permits; see notice above.

ETTONER, EMMIE, A NEW JERSEY READER, A. E. C., JACK, MABEL, and BIANCA are thanked for replies to queries.

LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY.—(1) Half a teaspoonful to two quarts of water would be sufficient, but it should not be used if you have any cuts, as it is liable in some cases to cause erysipelas. (2) Yes, very good; try Fraser's Sulphur Tablets, or take the following, fasting, three times a week: A dessertspoonful flowers of sulphur mixed with a teaspoonful gin, and stirred into half-teacupful milk. (3) Use vaseline cold cream. (4) Use oatmeal in the water instead of soap; rub the following lotion over the parts affected three times a day: Sulphate of zinc 2 grains, compound tincture of lavender 8 minims, distilled water 1 oz, mix. (5) Pear's, Cuticura, and Albion Milk and Sulphur are all very good soaps. (6) Hold a small piece of orrisroot in your mouth. We are glad to know that you like our Journal so much.

MISS L. A. L. (U.S.A.)—We received your letter, and before you can see this you will know that your reply was perfectly correct.

B. D. (Iowa).—Thanks for your suggestion, which is a very good one.

DOROTHY is thanked for the song she sent for "Evie."

LOUIS' LOVE.—We answer as soon as space permits; see notice above. (1) It is not necessary to say anything of the kind. (2) From the edge of the spoon. (3) Peroxide of hydrogen is the basis of nearly all golden hair dyes. Wash the top of the head, leaving the ends unwashed, and rub the peroxide into the roots of the hair with a toothbrush; dry before the fire; leaving the ends of the hair dirty prevents the peroxide from running down. We can send you a good-size bottle by post for 1s. 3d. to any part of the United Kingdom.

W. W. W.—(1) See reply (3) to "Louis' Love." Perhaps the peroxide you use is not strong enough. (2) It is perfectly harmless. (3) No, certainly not. (4) Moderately good.

JACK'S DARLING.—(1) Agate, a semi-pellucid, uncrystallized variety of quartz, presenting various tints in the same specimen; its colours are delicately arranged in stripes or bands, or are blended in clouds. (2) Amethyst, a subspecies of quartz, transparent, of a bluish-violet colour. (3) Bloodstone, a green, silicious stone, sprinkled with red jasper as if with blood. (4) Sardonyx, a silicious stone nearly allied to onyx, of a reddish-yellow or nearly orange colour. (5) If he be an old friend there is no impropriety in doing so. (6) Biscuit, hussar-blue, gray, brown, or any shades of green. (7) Mr. Alex. Ross, 21, Lamb's Conduit Street, High Holborn, supplies an astringent for toning down a too florid complexion. You should remember that a nice colour is much to be preferred to a pale, sickly complexion. (8) Jessie signifies "wealthy;" Hettie, a pet name for Hester, signifies "a star;" Amy, "beloved;" Daphne, "laurel;" Florrie, "blooming, flourishing;" Muriel, "sweet odour;" Percy, "companion of the chalice;" Harry, "a rich lord;" Alan, "a wolf-dog." We have not the meaning of Doris. (9) Lily-of-the-valley, "return of happiness;" snowdrop, "hope;" rose geranium, "I give you preference;" white camelia, "perfect loveliness;" Lenten lily or daffodil, "deceitful hope." (10) We can send you a "Language of Flowers" by post for 1s. 2d.

A KILKENNY CAT.—(1) Toffee is made as follows: Put 3 oz butter in a small preserving-pan, and when just melted add to it 1 lb sugar, stir gently over a clear fire for fifteen minutes, or until a small portion when dropped in cold water will break without sticking, then pour into a buttered dish. (2) May 21st, 1869, was a Friday; August 18th, 1872, was a Sunday. (3) William signifies "helm of many;" Arthur, "a strong man, high, noble." (4) Rather too heavy. (5) Yes, the average for English women is five feet four and a half inches. (6) See reply (9) to "Jack's Darling." (7) Moderately good.

PRETTY POLLY.—(1) February 18th, 1871, was a Saturday. (2) "Saturday's child has far to go." (3) Yes, if your parents do not object. (4) A gentleman, when calling, takes his hat in his hand with him in the drawing-room, and holds it till he has seen the mistress of the house, and shaken hands with her; he would either then place his hat on a chair or table near at hand, or hold it in his hand until he took his leave. (5) It does not look well to see a lady driving alone, and is hardly considered safe.

L. A. M. is thanked for reply to query.

LOUIE AND I.—(1) It could do no harm unless you find the scent of it disagreeable. Rowland's Macassar would be much nicer to use. (2) We can send you "Hot Water as a Remedy," by post for 4½d. (3) As if spelt *Mas-seus.* (4) We regret we are unable to tell you. (5) *Nom-de-plume*, literally "name of pen," the name under which a person writes." (6) We fear it is not possible to clean it yourself; your best way would be to send it to a dyer's and have it dyed. We are glad to know you are pleased with the contents of our Journal.

NELL AND KATE.—(1) Rub it into the roots of the hair with a sponge-mop. (2) We are afraid nothing will remove the stains you name. (3) We cannot tell you of anything that will reduce one part of the body without the other. (4) We are quite unable to say. (5) On the third finger of the left hand.

MISS F.—If you know how to paint, it is as easy to paint on either silk or satin as on paper; the design must first be laid in with Chinese white mixed with a little medium, then tint and colour with the pure colour moistened with a little medium.

A. M.—We can find no previous letter of yours. Will you kindly repeat your question, and we will insert queries for the songs?

MABEL C.—(1) Scrape a tablespoonful of horseradish in half a teacupful of sour milk, let it stand twenty-four hours, then rub on the face twice a day. (2) Use Lake's Complexion Pilules; they are very good.

MISS McC—— (Bowling.)—(1) It would look very well for a travelling-cloak made as you suggest. (2) Curtains and mantel-drape of plush would look very nice, unless the fireplace be very narrow. Twenty-four inch plush would not be wide enough for curtains.

LIZZIE.—(1) Dressmakers in your neighbourhood would be the best persons to apply to for what you require. (2) Practise daily from good copies.

A READER OF THE Y. L. J.—(1) Mr. Alex. Ross, 21, Lamb's Conduit Street, Holborn, supplies a Nose Machine, price 10s. 6d. (2) Yes. (3) Bathe frequently with very hot water, and use Saunder's Bloom of Ninon when going out.

PRIMROSE.—You write an excellent hand.

A PALE GIRL.—(1) The following lotion rubbed well into the skin for two or three minutes will help to promote a colour, if used twice daily: Dilute liquor ammonia 1 oz, glycerine 2 oz, water 4 oz, mix. After using the mixture rub the face with a soft towel for five minutes. (2) Dark brown. (3) Dark blue eyes and pale skin look well; the eyes and hair that Nature has given you are sure to accord better than hair coloured by artificial means. (4) Yes. (5) The following is a recipe for curling fluid: Dry carbonate of potash 2 drachms, powdered cochineal 1 drachm, liquid ammonia 2 drachms, essence of rose 2 drachms, glycerine ½ oz, rectified spirit 3 oz, distilled water 36 oz; let this mixture remain for a week, with frequent stirring, then filter. Moisten the hair with the lotion when curling it.

BIM GREY.—(1) October 15th, 1869, was a Friday; January 13th, 1872, was a Saturday; April 24th, 1876, was a Monday; February 25th, 1878, was also a Monday. (2) To imitate ground glass, paint the window over with a strong solution of Epsom salts in water.

A FLOWER LOVER.—The flowers may be arranged to look as much as possible as if growing, or they may be arranged in sprays; great care is necessary for the latter mode. The best way of fastening them in the album is to fix them by means of very narrow strips of gummed paper across the stalks; do not gum the flowers themselves, as it is apt to make them change colour.

A GERMAN.—(1) We do not quite understand your question, but you can obtain Blanc de Perle, which is a very nice white powder, sold in small flat boxes the same as Rouge Dorin; you can purchase it in 6d. boxes at most chemists'. (2) Cease taking sugar, potatoes, pastry, cakes, puddings, such as tapioca, sago, etc.; do not take ale, stout, cocoa, nor much milk; practise calisthenic exercises for half an hour twice daily, bathe frequently, and take plenty of outdoor exercise. Send 4½d. for "Hot Water as a Remedy," which will give you many useful hints on the subject. (3) The preparation you name is very harmless, and we believe would benefit you.

CROSS-HILL.—Have you tried rubbing the hairs with prepared pumice-stone dipped in cold cream or cold water? The hairs must first be cut as closely as possible, then rubbed with the pumice; it is best to commence at night, as it may cause irritation of the skin; persevere, and the hairs will entirely disappear, and the roots be destroyed. We can send you the pumice by post for 9d. to any part of the United Kingdom. Hairs may be entirely removed by electricity, but the process is expensive.

CORALIE.—Take Lake's Complexion Pilules; we know of nothing better for improving and clearing the complexion. We recommend them with confidence, for they are excellent. They are sold in packets, price 1s. 1½d. each, or by post for 1d. extra, from Mr. Lake, 3, Adelaide Place, London Bridge.

L. M. C.—(1) Do you mean "The Englishwoman's Year Book?" We believe the price is 2s. 6d.; we could send it you by post for 3d. extra. (2) Do you think the spots are caused by mildew? If so, there is nothing better than a good brisk rubbing with a silk handkerchief, then exposing the article to the rays of the sun for an hour or so each day for two or three days.

MISS B.—We do not quite understand what sort of cap you require. In No. 1,329 we gave a crochet night net which may be what you desire.

MARY B. (Devonshire.)—(1) If the spots are of grease or dirt, they may be removed with a little benzine applied on a rag. (2) Nelly is the pet name for Ellen, which signifies "fertile." (3) It does no harm to the complexion if taken in moderation, and if it does not interfere with the digestion.

NO PAINS NO GAINS.—You can, if you please, send your MS.; it will be carefully read, and accepted if suitable; it should be accompanied with full address and stamps for return, if unsuitable.

LIZZIE.—Cream, white, pink, all shades of blue, green, brown, gray, and biscuit are suitable.

LYDIA.—All the colours given to "Lizzie," except pink.

QUERY.

MISS E. P. will be grateful if any reader would send her the words of the songs, "Poor Old Dad," and "There's Nothing Can Equal a Good Woman Still."

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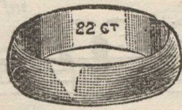

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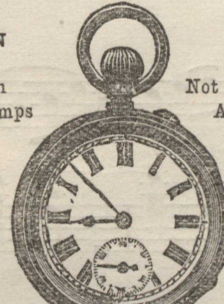

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PIANO.

mf semplice.

f dim. ff martellato. mf dim. e rall.

a tempo. p

f dim. Ped. pp 8va. ppp marcato il basso.

Più mosso. con 8ves.

mf cantando. dim. 1st time. cres.

2nd time. Ped. p f

dim. Ped. pp Ped.

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CHAPTER XX.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

VISCOUNT GRENSTON was considered to be a fine-looking young man. He was tall, muscular, and strongly built. His jaw was square and massive; his eyes light blue, prominent, and always seemed roving in search of pleasure and amusement.

People remarked that his lordship did not deserve to possess so clear, fair, and colourless a complexion, since he drank more brandy than was good for anybody. Notwithstanding, he did possess it, in spite of the reckless life he led, the late hours he kept, his constant exposure to sun, rain, and sea-winds.

He was not intellectual, but he was shrewd, cynical, and possessed of a keen but coarse sense of humour.

Such as he was, Grace Auvergne had known him slightly for the last twelve months. She had met him at his home, Dolgarth, when she had taken Lucy there to see Lady Adela, his little sister; and he had dined once or twice at Ravenscroft. On those occasions he had invariably found his way to Lucy's schoolroom, and there endeavoured to commence a desperate flirtation with her lovely governess.

Grace Auvergne had always been strictly upon her guard when in the presence of Lord Frederick. She knew, by instinct, that she could never win his heart, because he did not possess even an apology for one. He was cold as marble, destitute of affection, pleasure-loving, and thoroughly devoted to self.

Lord Grenston was the idol of his adoring and simple-minded mother, the Countess of Dallas.

"So you have had a spill, have you, Lucy?" said his lordship, laughing, and showing his square white teeth.

 A [ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

"Why do you laugh?" retorted Lucy. "We might have been killed."

"Yes; but you are not, you see."

"If we had been," said Lucy, "you would still have laughed; if you had found me lying with my head twisted, and my face dead, on those stones," pointing to them, "you would just have said, 'Hullo! the kid's dead.' I know you call me a kid."

Lord Grenston laughed a sufficiently good-tempered laugh. Lucy's indignation rather amused him. Then he turned towards Miss Auvergne, who was seated on the soft turf, under shelter of a small oak tree. She had spread her skirts artistically around her, with a grace and charm all her own. She sat like a young princess, making a throne of the green sward, and holding her green silk, ivory-handled sunshade, like a sceptre, in her right hand. It was a marvel that the said sunshade had not been broken when Grace was thrown out of the carriage.

"I hope you are not hurt, my dear Miss Auvergne?" said Lord Frederick, pulling his thick yellow moustache.

"Not in the least, thank you."

Standing at a little distance was a dark, foreign-looking young man, Lord Grenston's companion in the dog-cart.

His arms were folded across his chest; his flaming black eyes were fixed, in a savage stare, upon Grace Auvergne, who took not the least notice of him or his sensational attitude.

The two horses, meanwhile—wild and skittish horses—were cropping the grass under the hedge, at the other side of the road, and dragging the dog-cart about.

Obviously there was danger of their starting off at a tangent, and dragging the vehicle after them.

Lord Frederick did not seem to think of them at this moment.

"How in the world did this happen, Miss Auvergne?" asked Lord Grenston.

"Tom let the reins drop just as we were at the top of a hill. The pony became frightened, and ran down the hill at a mad pace, shaking the carriage from side to side, and throwing us all three into the hedge."

"Tom deserves a thrashing; and if we were out in the bush, instead of in this absurd country, I would give him a better hiding than he ever had in his life," said his lordship, lightly.

Poor Tom, whose face was still smarting and bleeding from the cruel thorns, heard the words, and thanked his stars and the protecting laws of his country.

"May you kill people out in the bush, if you like?" asked Lucy, in a sarcastic and fierce tone.

Lucy owed Lord Grenston a grudge for having once strongly recommended the shooting of a favourite dog of hers which had been run over. This shooting had been carried into effect, and Lucy had been Lord Frederick's enemy ever since.

"Oh, yes, Lucy, you can shoot them there by the dozen, if you like," said his lordship, carelessly. "But now, how are you all to get back to Ravenscroft?"

"And did you shoot many people?" pursued Lucy, ignoring the practical question of his lordship. "I should think you would like all that."

"Like all what?"

"Shooting and killing people, and burning them, and tearing them in little bits, as they did in the Middle Ages. I have read of all that in history."

"Have you, my dear? Then I should recommend an alteration in your studies," said Lord Frederick.

"The question is," said Grace, smiling, "how are we to get back to Ravenscroft?"

"Get into the dog-cart, and I will drive you into Carrigstone to the Crown; then you must hire a carriage to take you back to Ravenscroft."

"Thank you," said Grace. "You are kind, Lord Grenston; but you forget the proprieties and the scandal-mongers, do you not? What would the Mrs. Grundys say if they saw the governess from Ravenscroft Hall driving in Lord Grenston's dog-cart, perched up beside him, and the tandem team prancing on in front? They would have a vestry meeting about it, don't you think? and a lecture? and a pamphlet would be issued and circulated in the little town, with the heading, 'Governesses, and how to choose them!'"

Lord Grenston laughed.

"Then you mean to sit here while we drive into Carrigstone and send a carriage to your relief?"

"I think so. At the same time, Lucy may take cold sitting on the grass. I think she might go safely into Carrigstone along with you. Mrs. Grundy will not find any fault with that, and you might leave her in the care of Mrs. Spinner, the owner of the Crown Hotel, and let her have some soup, and let a carriage be prepared to take us back to Ravenscroft. I will wait here."

"And Tom, and the pony, and the broken wheel?"

"Tom, you must unharness the pony and ride him, or lead him, to the nearest wheelwright's, who must come here and take the carriage away to be mended, and then you must take the pony home, lead him, I should say; but don't let the Colonel or Mrs. Ravenscroft see you yet. We must get home first, or they will be frightened to death."

Lord Frederick admired the coolness and common-sense of Grace, she seemed to think of everything. What mettle she had! What good looks!

"She seems like a thoroughbred," said the horsey nobleman to himself; "but I suppose she can't be."

If Lord Grenston had been capable of falling in love he would have fallen in love with Grace Auvergne. Lucy did not much like the idea of being perched up beside Lord Grenston in his dog-cart, but she consented to it at last.

"I like the Crown Hotel," she said; "there is an aviary with lots of birds; and we can call for my book at the stationer's."

So she was lifted into the front seat. Then Lord Grenston put a whistle to his lips, and a shrill sound rang over the gorse-covered common. His foreign looking friend had disappeared.

"Where the dickens is that fellow?" he said. "Oh, the crock!"

"Is that slang?" asked Lucy; "but of course it is. I like slang, because they say it's wrong. A crock means somebody you can't trust, doesn't it?"

"A crock means—a crock, my dear—a weak, rickety individual. I say, Miss Auvergne, we are off. If you see Le Rouge, tell him to follow me to the Crown at Carrigstone; tell him I could not wait."

"Le Rouge?" echoed Grace.

"That's his name," his lordship answered, carelessly, flicking his whip through the air. "The Count le Rouge, an old Norman family, a young gentleman with expensive tastes, empty pockets, and shallow brains, I am afraid. Ha! ha!"

Truly Lord Grenston's nature was of the coarser sort. He would have made an excellent process-server; he might have won laurels as a jockey, save for one reason, that he was too fond of brandy-sodas. He would have done for a drover, or a professional prize-fighter, so his enemies said.

He drove off, laughing, with Lucy by his side—little Lucy, with bright scornful eyes, who was not in the least afraid of him. This small aristocrat had any amount of what Lord Grenston styled "pluck."

Meanwhile, beautiful Grace continued to sit upon the soft grass, exactly as if nothing startling had occurred. Poor Tom had found a stream, in which he was bathing his face, and he had extracted several of the thorns. Grace was sorry for him. She did not like to look upon suffering, if she could avoid it.

"Get all the thorns out, if you can," she said; "the pony won't hurt now; he is cropping the grass, and is quiet; but you must not leave him, or he may be stolen; and bring the wheelwright as quickly as you can to take away the carriage."

"Miss," said Tom, "do you think as I shall get the sack?"

"Get the what?" asked Grace.

"The sack, miss. Will they turn me off?"

"I really don't know," said Grace, coldly. She was relapsing into a train of thought concerning her own affairs, and she could not any longer interest herself in those of Tom.

Her manner was so decided that the boy went about his business at once, without attempting to appeal to her sympathies again. Soon Grace saw him leading the pony off along the sandy road, and then she saw the person whom she had been expecting to see, namely, that foreign-looking young man, the Count le Rouge, approaching her. He came towards her, taking off his hat with a flourish. The sunshine gleamed on his raven hair, the light in his great dark eyes was mocking and sinister, yet full of the lurid fire of a deep and desperate passion.

If one could imagine a splendid tiger in love with a magnificent tigress, one might fancy that in the eyes of the fierce and sanguinary prince of the jungle there would glow just such a light as that which gleamed in those glittering black orbs of Le Rouge.

Standing bareheaded and silent before Grace Auvergne, the Count remained for a while like one spellbound, stunned, dazed, yet, at the same time, quivering with a very white heat of passionate emotion.

Grace Auvergne was not alarmed, and yet she might have been had she been a nervous girl. She had, in the days that were gone, played with this man's affections, and trampled on his heart. Fierce as he was, Le Rouge had still a heart, and Grace had trampled on it. He knew this, and she knew it, while she sat so quietly there on the grass in the sunshine, and he stood bareheaded before her.

"I had believed you dead," he said, in a low voice, fixing his eyes upon her.

"No. I am alive, Count; alive and well."

She was smiling; she was not even paler than usual; indeed, the breeze had fanned her cheeks so that they were faintly tinged with pink, and her beauty was almost unearthly.

"Alive and well," he repeated; "but have you nothing to say to me?"

"Only to ask you if you are prospering?"

"Do you know that it seems to me as if a lioness, who could speak, and who had torn off a man's feet, were to say to him, 'I hope you take walking exercise?'"

His French accent was soft and pleasant in sound.

"I feel complimented, Count."

"Complimented? Bah! Do you ever cease to receive compliments? Do not all men fawn and crawl about your feet? So you sent me a newspaper, in which was printed an account of your own death? And you have got rid of me, and silenced me for years. You are very clever, but Fate now has placed the weapon in my hands. I find you here under a *false name*, of course, do I not? You are not called Miss Pattison, I suppose?"

"I am called Miss Auvergne," she answered, and she looked fearlessly at the pale, passionate face of the young Frenchman.

"I shall tell these people, with whom you live, the whole story of your life, Miss Pattison, and they shall learn what strange vicissitudes you have passed through, likewise that your father—"

"Stop," she said, in a low, clear tone of command. "I forbid your telling me stories which I know already, and which I am tired of. I wish to forget them; do you understand?"

"I understand, but you will not find me obedient to you now. I lost my fortune through you, I am ruined in purse and character. I live by my wits. I am sunk in misery. My title is a mockery. My estates have passed from me. I do not possess five pounds English or French money in this world. All this I lay at your door, and now is the time for *my revenge*. I have thought sometimes, that if ever I met you alive in a lonely place, I would like to kill you. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, Count le Rouge; but you do not frighten me in the very least."

"Oh, *ma foi*, then you do not mind being killed?"

"You do not wish to kill me; you wish to marry me," she said, looking at him with a calm defiance and a curl of the superb lip.

"To marry you?" he echoed. "Yes, that has been the dream of my life in the days that are gone, but, though you were my promised wife, you played me false. You tell me not to repeat to you the old stories which you know so well, but I shall not heed your command. I will tell you all the story of my life, and also of yours, so far as I know it. You shall listen to it, and then I will make my own terms with you. I have you quite in my power—you must know that?"

She looked at him with a calm disdain. She measured him from head to foot with a glance of her now merciless dark eyes, and her lip curled the while in the bitterest scorn.

Sometimes, when a woman has no love for a man, she can be pitilessly cruel towards him, even while his heart is breaking for her. We have seen women, whose ordinary natures were just and merciful, act on occasion towards some man who adores them, but whom they despise, with a catlike cruelty which has astonished us, and set us speculating on the wonderful and subtle intricacies of human nature.

Count le Rouge felt that Grace despised him, and he writhed at the thought of it.

He was a young man of low stature, but of slight, symmetrical build; his face was singularly handsome, the features of perfect regularity, the complexion of a clear olive, but dark as a Spaniard. He wore an English-made sporting-suit of gray tweed, and a cap of the same on his well-set head. In age he was about thirty or so, but looked younger from the slenderness of his form. He was clean-shaven, save for a thick black moustache.

"You know," said the Count, "that you are in my power, and that even as you ruined me I will ruin you! I will watch you, dog you, follow you; my eyes shall ever be upon you; I will tell your employers who you are, but not quite yet; I will enjoy your fear and your anxiety a little at first, as you once enjoyed mine in those wicked old days, which you desire to forget, but which I will bring up continually to your remembrance."

He spoke in low, concentrated tones, his voice hoarse from emotion, his great, fierce eyes fixed on the pale but calm face of the girl whom he was threatening, but whose least word of kindness would have reduced him to an abject state of submission.

It was the consciousness of this which made Grace so fearless and also so contemptuous of this discarded lover of the past.

CHAPTER XXI.

A DANGEROUS FOE.

COUNT LE ROUGE seated himself on the turf at some little distance from Grace, and pointed his slim dark forefinger at her.

"When I first knew you," he began, "you lived at Boulogne, and your father used to invite rich fools of all nations to supper at his house; there they used to play baccarat and dice, and he used to win their money, hundreds and thousands of pounds. How is it, I wonder, that men of that sort don't retire rich from their profitable busi-

ness? How is it that the gold runs like water through their hands? that the banknotes make themselves wings and fly away? that when there is a raid made on the gaming-houses, the man who has netted half-a-dozen fortunes is left with nothing but the clothes he stands in, while his fine gilded furniture is seized to pay his unpaid rent? All of this happened to your father, an American known as Charles Pattison, married to a splendid-looking Italian woman, and possessed of one young and peerless daughter, named Grace. It was said that Pattison had sworn that his lovely daughter should marry nothing less than a wealthy English earl or French marquis.

"When I came to the *salon* Pattison, seven years ago, I was young in years, and still younger in experience. You were very young then, Grace—oh! very young; you seemed almost a child in your white dress, and with your dark hair falling in masses below your waist; you were slender and fragile, and your exquisite face, with its perfection of feature, and creamy fairness, lighted up by those wonderful dark eyes, seemed to me too lovely to be human. I thought you divine, and all the while you were heartless, without honour, without truth, icy cold; you were impervious alike to love as to hate; you had one desire—to become rich! How is it that you have failed, and that I find you, after seven years, a mere dependent, a paltry French governess, who scarcely takes higher rank than a lady's-maid, I believe?"

Grace smiled coldly at this insult, but she said:

"If you bring no worse charge against me, Count le Rouge, I am content."

"Are you? That is false! You are not at all content! You schemed seven years ago to win an English title and an English fortune, and you failed, and you are now scheming again to win the same prize. I daresay you have set your heart on winning Frederick, Lord Grenston. Well, you won't win him! If you did, he would think nothing of throwing you down the stairs if he grew tired of you; Fred has few scruples."

Now this was exactly the estimate which Grace had taken of Frederick Grenston's character; she smiled.

"You laugh, do you? Oh, well, you laugh at all things, but the time will come when even you shall weep. I should like to see you cry!"

"You were always chivalrous, Gustave le Rouge!"

Grace spoke bitterly; the Count winced, and shrank from her sarcasm.

"I have had all my chivalry battered out of me by you and yours. When I first went up the staircase in that tall house fronting the sea, and came into the suite of rooms your father occupied, all mirrors and gilding, lace curtains and blue velvet, plants, flowers, and birds in cages, and when I saw you there in your white gown, and you looked round on me and smiled, my heart fell into your hands, as the head of a man who is guillotined falls into the basket."

"A gruesome simile, monsieur."

"It was like that," said Le Rouge; "it was death and destruction to me from that day forth. It was the old game which one has seen played out upon the stage, and of which one reads in so many novels; it was the story of a gamester who makes either his daughter or his sister, or even his wife, the bait to attract the big and the little fishes. I went to see you, to hear you sing and play your guitar; I offered you myself as your husband, and also I would have laid my poor fortune at your feet; I was an orphan, and had nobody to consult or to coerce me. My fortune was not large enough to tempt you or your parents—besides, you did not love me, and yet you pretended that you did."

"Pardon me, Count le Rouge, you were self-deluded. You wished to believe that I loved you; and so you did believe it. Cast your thoughts back to that time, and you will find that I did not show you one sign of love. I could not have loved a weak, characterless boy, as you were then. I smiled at you; I spoke kindly to you; I played on the guitar and sang to you; but I showed you no love at all."

"Still, you wished me to think your coldness was the coldness of youth and inexperience; not that you were heartless, but that your soul was not yet awake. And I, poor fool, set to myself the task of awakening it. Ah, cruel woman, I see a gleam of triumph in your eyes at the memory of my folly, and delusion, and suffering. Your most vile and infamous father was not going to give up his pretty daughter to a man who demanded her hand in marriage, unless that man were an American millionaire, or a French marquis, or an English earl. The scamp was only a clever Yankee, of mean extraction; but he had the ambition of a Napoleon, and so had you, his true child in evil."

"So have I now, my good Count. My ambition is not dead, it is only waiting."

"Long shall it wait; and in the end it shall starve, shrivel up, even as my hopes of happiness have starved, and, at last, shrivelled up. *Tonnerre*," he added, using the French expletive through his set teeth, "how you fooled me, between you!

"I was told to wait until you should be nineteen, and that then your rich godmother must be consulted; that she was Madame Avis, residing in Paris; that she had said she would not leave you her fortune if you listened to a lover's proposals until you had turned nineteen; and I—fool, fool, fool—I believed all that, while there was no Madame Avis at all in France, that I could make out. But if there were a hundred you did not know of them, nor did one of them know you. All that was false; all the story was a tissue of falsehoods from the beginning to the end.

"I went every day and every night to the *salon* Pattison, and I lost all the money I had in the bank—some fifteen thousand francs. That was nothing to your rapacious father. There were other men present who won, or seemed to win; but I have since discovered that they were part of the gang of swindlers of which your father was chief; and since the spoil was divided among them, I can account for your father being left penniless at last, and obliged to return to his old profession. You also found another field, Mademoiselle Pattison, for the exercise of your great talents."

"Ha, you start; but I know everything connected with your past career, and your employers shall learn the whole truth from me within the next three days."

"Coward!" said Grace, emphatically, and there came just such a flush to her lovely cheek as the summer dawn brings to the pale tints of the eastern sky. "Coward!" she said; and the scorn in her voice and in her eyes gave a certain majesty to her whole being. "My talents? Yes, they were exercised honestly in the lawful calling by means of which I supported myself, and, later on, my father, who, by a hideous accident, was deprived of the use of his limbs; and now he is a helpless cripple, on a bed of suffering. I support him, and my poor mother is dead."

"All that is touching," said the Count, bitterly, "or it ought to be; but, most unhappily, it fails to touch me. I cannot even find a tear to drop upon your mother's grave. She was a handsome woman, and your father was a handsome man; clever, too, both of them—awfully clever. And so I mortgaged my estate, and then my old Norman chateau, and then my pictures, and, next, my silver plate; and after that, my furniture; but, first, my horses and carriages—ah, I had quite forgotten those. I mortgaged all of those, and the money I received I lost, every franc of it, at that vile and abominable gaming-table at the Hôtel Pattison.

"Then came the time when I could not pay the interest, and when the whole fell into the hands of Jew brokers, who sold every stick and stone I possessed—yes, even to my gold watch and the portrait of my mother, set round with diamonds."

"Pardon me, monsieur, if I even refuse to drop a tear to the memory of that same portrait of Madame la Comtesse, your mother, set round with diamonds."

It was marvellous how much more powerful the woman seemed than the man in this war of words, this skirmish of wits, this series of savagely-sarcastic recriminations. While Le Rouge was agitated, boiling even, at a white heat of vengeful fury, Grace was calm as some statue of a goddess in marble.

"You are not even ashamed of the part you took in my robbery, Mademoiselle Pattison."

"Pardon, monsieur, I took no part; I only played the guitar, and sang to you; and when you said you would die to win me, I smiled, and thanked you for your good opinion. I never told you, even, that I liked you. If I had done so, it would certainly have been untrue."

"Yes; you acted lies. You are an incarnate lie, and you know it. When I was utterly ruined, when I had not ten gold pieces left to rub against each other, what did your father do? He forbade me his house. He said he could no longer sanction the marked attentions I paid his daughter, who was about to be betrothed to a Spanish marquis. But that, I knew, was false, for the Spanish marquis was only one of the gang of cheats, as I found out afterwards.

"When I found that I had been fooled, I took to drinking brandy. Then I had brain fever, and some old friends of my family, staying at Boulogne, had me nursed back to life and health.

"Afterwards an appointment, bringing in ten thousand francs a year, was found for me in New York.

"But first I made inquiries about you and your parents, and then I found that the *salon* Pattison had been broken into by the police, and the money seized.

"I learnt that Pattison only escaped imprisonment by assuming a disguise, and crossing over to Folkestone.

"You and your mother followed. I, fool that I was, followed also, having borrowed money from my friends; and I threw up my chance of an honourable employment in New York. Then I traced your family out, and I soon found that you and your father earned your living in the same way in which you had earned it in America, and before you started the *salon* Pattison.

"I would have rushed to you then, Grace, and have torn you from your strange surroundings. I would have carried you off. I was in a dangerous mood, and you knew it. And then, oh, clever and cruel hypocrite, you sent me a paper with a full, false, and elaborate account of your death. I believed you, and I went to the dogs as fast as I knew how.

"I have lived by my wits. I have been a billiard-sharper and a card-sharper, and I have been in prison in the States.

"Out there, only last month, I met that athletic heir to a rich English earldom, and something attracted us towards each other.

"I told him my history, and he could not for the life of him understand it. 'No woman on the face of the earth had ever, or ever would,' he declared, 'make his heart beat one throb the faster.' He said there was a governess near his home, named Grace Auvergne, who would have made a fool of him if she could, 'and,' said he, 'she is the prettiest woman I ever saw, and with a spice of old Harry in her, I am certain, which makes her all the more attractive; but even the pretty Grace will fish in vain for my heart in the troubled waters of this life.'"

"Lord Grenston never said that; he is not even clever enough to talk that sort of picturesque nonsense," said Grace, with a short, scornful laugh.

"No matter. He said you had schemed to marry him, but that, pretty as you were, he was not to be caught."

"Ah, yes! I have no doubt he said that," said Grace, lightly; "it would lie within the power of his limited intelligence to make a remark of that kind. And now, Count, you are living on this new friend? He has even brought you to Dolgarth, where you will meet men and women of the aristocracy on equal terms. Do you mean to improve your opportunities and marry an heiress?"

"If I did, serpent, would I tell you?"

"I do not know, good gander. See, if you go to the book of natural history to find a pretty name for me, the same book lies on my schoolroom shelves, and I can choose a name for you. If I am a serpent, then let me name you gander. Indeed, it is most appropriate, for it seems to me that you have been well plucked."

"Listen, woman," said Le Rouge. "I am a desperate and a dangerous man. I owe my ruin to you, and I will be avenged. I don't tell you how, or when, or where. I may tell the story of the false name and the *salon* Pattison. I may tell of the extraordinary profession which you followed from childhood, and to which you returned after that memorable raid made by the police upon your father's gaming club. I leave you, *ma chere*, where you always left me in the days that are past—in doubt, dismay, and despair. You are like a despot who fears a bombshell in every corner. You are in danger every instant of disgrace and destruction, and, believe me, mademoiselle, both of them shall shortly overwhelm you."

As the Count spoke, he raised his cap high above his head, in a mocking, defiant fashion, then turning away, soon disappeared amid the gorse and undulations of the common.

Presently Grace heard the sound of wheels, and looking up, saw the carriage from the Crown Hotel approaching her. It was drawn by two horses, and Lucy was lounging back amid the cushions.

CHAPTER XXII.

ANOTHER SURPRISE.

Rising to her feet, the beautiful governess went to meet the carriage with a smiling face.

"All's well that ends well, dearest Lucy," she said, softly. "Presently Tom will come back with the wheelwright, who will most likely bring his tools with him and put the wheel to the carriage again, here in the road, will he not?"

"No," said Lucy, shortly; "the wheel is smashed to bits. My carriage must go to Carrigstone to be mended, and they will take a month over it—I know they will."

"Little pessimist," said Grace, "what gloomy views you take of life, my darling!"

Then she stepped into the carriage, took her seat, opened her sunshade, and shielding her eyes from the glare, looked out towards where the sea was gleaming like molten silver in the sunlight. The carriage drove off.

As soon as it had turned a corner in the road, there crept from behind a clump of tall gorse bushes, behind which he had been lying concealed (an unsuspected listener to the war of words that had passed between Le Rouge and Miss Auvergne), a shabbily-clad country lad, whose brown face and gleaming black eyes proclaimed him of gipsy descent.

Those eyes were glittering with triumph. He began to dance and caper about on the turf. He took off his ragged cap; he tossed it into the air. His hair was jet black, and cropped close to his head.

"Hurrah!" he shouted. "Now I have a secret of my own—my own! But it will keep. I must wait and watch a bit longer. So my lady is the daughter of a rascal, and she has been something

else which neither of them named. I wonder what! But I shall find out that also in time."

The accent of this ragged youth was scarcely what one would have expected to hear from a waif like himself, and his choice of words betokened some acquaintance with civilized life. Suddenly he began to run in the direction that the carriage had taken; he ran like a lad who is foremost in a paper-chase, or like one accustomed to a footrace. Thus it came to pass that in a short while he came up with the carriage from the Crown, which was slowly ascending a steep hill.

Lucy lounged amid the cushions; she was turning over the leaves of her new edition of "Alice in Wonderland." Miss Auvergne had left the carriage, and was walking up the hill to ease the load for the horses; Grace was very compassionate and considerate where animals were concerned.

As she walked she looked down on the roadside turf; she knit her beautiful brows, she clenched her white teeth; there was no need to wear a mask to hide the workings of her mind, for there was nobody to watch her face, or speculate regarding her feelings. She even began to talk to the wayside flowers, or to her own unquiet soul; but she looked at the flowers while they nodded in the breeze, looked at them probably without seeing them.

"If he tells all that he knows I am socially ruined," she said, "for I have assumed a false name, and obtained my footing in this great house on false pretences. I have done my duty by them all, but that won't count in my favour with a woman like Mrs. Ravenscroft, and the Colonel is powerless when she begins to act; he is only like wax in her hands. It is true that I never loved Le Rouge, that I never promised to love him; it is true that my mother is dead, that my father is a helpless cripple, and that I support him in comfort. I have my virtues——"

She paused; she had uttered the last four words in a louder key; and then she heard a rustle behind her. Turning, she saw the gipsy lad, with his cap pulled low over his brow, his black eyes turned towards her in a mocking, sinister manner. Involuntarily she shuddered and turned cold when she saw those eyes so fixed upon her.

"Please give me a sixpence to buy bread; I'm hungry, missis," said the lad.

Now he begged for that sixpence in a bold, almost insolent fashion.

"I have nothing for you; a strong lad like you are ought to work, not to beg!"

"You ought to be a woman preacher, missus, giving lessons like that for nothing. I don't want no lessons; I want bread and cheese, and beer too, if I can get it. Hi!"

As he spoke, he put a whistle to his lips, and a shrill, ear-piercing sound made Grace start violently, whereat the rude lad laughed a disagreeable laugh.

"How dare you molest me?" said Grace, turning pale with anger, and she darted a glance at the gipsy, who did not seem more than seventeen or so, that seemed positively threatening.

"If you haven't a sixpence, have you a shilling? and if you haven't a shilling, have you half-a-crowned, eh? or even a quid would do—a quid is a sovereign, if you don't know—eh? I heard all the pretty story the foreign chap told you. I know that your name is Pattison, and that your father kept gaming-rooms, and that the police smashed him up. If you don't hand out a quid I'll tell—I'll——"

Grace glanced behind her in the direction of the carriage, which had just disappeared round a turn in the road; an expression came into her dark eyes that it is impossible to describe in words. It was not anger or fear, it was a dogged acceptance of the inevitable, and—something else. She made a step towards the slight lad, measuring him, at the same time, from head to foot, just as she had measured the Count le Rouge.

The lad broke into a loud, insulting laugh. In an instant he had whipped a revolver from his pocket, and he pointed it at Grace.

"I'm a dead shot, missus, and it's loaded. You'd best be off, and it would be all the better for your health if you would throw me a half-crown before you turn tail, will you?"

The insolence of the tone baffles description. Grace did look frightened now. Yonder young ruffian spoke exactly as if he would have enjoyed shooting her through the head. She tossed a two-shilling piece to the gipsy, who, however, did not stoop to pick it up, but still laughing, he covered her the whole while with his pistol.

"I shall not forget you, Miss Pattison," he called out; "everybody shall hear the story that I heard down in the common there. I ain't a-going to keep no secrets for nobody, unless I am well paid!"

And he continued thus to pour out insulting threats in ungrammatical language for as long as the gracefully-draped figure of the lovely governess remained in sight. Powerfully agitated, deeply mortified was Grace Auvergne.

Whatever of blame might be attached to her in the past; whether her faults had been the inevitable consequences of circumstances or otherwise, she felt and knew that her secrets were about to be disclosed; that her career as a teacher of youth was over; that Ravenscroft and the Ravenscrofts must know her no more. Still she was not at all afraid of the world.

She was young, beautiful, gifted, and wherever she went she won men's hearts as the lucky gamester wins tricks at cards. She would go away, and give up that *rôle* of governess; she would exert her talents in other directions; only her heart felt like lead when she reflected that she had lost the love, or it seemed so, of the only man on the face of the earth whom she loved. And she did love him!

Fate had yet another surprise in store for the courageous and beautiful girl on this sunny autumn day. Suddenly turning a corner in the road, she uttered a scream of mingled delight and pain, for she found herself standing face to face with the hero of her life—Derrick Ravenscroft!

CHAPTER XXIII.

GRACE FINDS A CHANGE IN DERRICK.

Derrick Ravenscroft had cast off the false beard which had hidden the youth and beauty of his face.

He wore a light summer suit, well fitting and well cut; and he stood before Grace a handsome, distinguished-looking young man.

"Like a prince," she said to herself, with a sharp, intangible pang, for there was a cold expression in the deep-set eyes, a hard setting of the well cut lips.

The last time she had looked at those lips they had quivered with intense passion for herself. Love had flamed in the dark gray eyes; now they looked at her critically, with a new and altogether incomprehensible meaning. What had happened to estrange Derrick? How had she lost his love, his "precious love," as she called it in her impassioned thoughts?

Derrick removed his cap with deference—the deference that a gentleman pays to a lady who is almost a stranger to him.

Grace felt bewildered, cut to the quick. She had dreamed of this young man by night, and thought of him by day, for the last ten weeks. She had won his heart; she had schemed to reinstate him in his rightful place as heir of Ravenscroft. Already the Colonel was softening towards his eldest son. Could it be that Derrick would come again into his honours, return to his ancestral home as an exiled prince returns to his kingdom, and then turn away coldly and ungratefully from Grace Auvergne and her devoted love?

"Derrick," she whispered, softly, "where have you hidden from me?"

Great tears stood in the dark eyes, the sweet voice was tuned in a low, plaintive, minor key, expressive of love, fidelity, faithfulness until death.

Yet with it all, Derrick looked at that beautiful face as if it had been the face of a stranger.

"I have hidden from everyone; henceforth I must hide from all who have ever known me in my boyhood and youth. That chapter in my life is closed, and put away for ever."

She turned deadly pale; she placed her hand at her side, and her breath came in short, painful sobs.

Yet he stood still, and looked at her with that chiselled face of his as though he had been a statue in cold marble, unfeeling, inhuman, yet of god-like beauty and grand stature.

"What do you mean?"

"That I can never explain, not if I live to be a hundred years old."

She turned away; she flung herself upon the grass; she trembled from head to foot; she hid her face in her hands; she broke into piteous convulsive sobs.

Derrick stood there, pitiless.

Did she, by some subtle intuition, fathom the dark secret he was holding from her? It seemed as if she did, for presently she looked up at him with a changed face, from which all the beauty had been swept for the time away—a white, despairing face, bloodless lips, eyes staring blankly into space.

"You hate me?" she said. "Is that so? and if so, your love that you professed for me was—a lie?"

"No, it was a truth!" he answered. "But since then things have happened which have made me resolve to sink my identity, to live as if the past had never been."

"Yet you come back here, and undisguised?"

"I do not return as Ravenscroft or as Mark Hazlett. If people address me by either of those names, I shall profess no knowledge of them."

"Are you mad?"

"I think I am."

The answer followed sadly on the question, and Grace still sat weeping on the grass.

"You are a faithless man," she sobbed. "Oh, how I have loved you, and you all the while were only amusing yourself!"

"Not that. I was more infatuated by your beauty, Miss Auvergne, than any man I had ever heard or read of was infatuated since the days of Mark Anthony and Cleopatra."

"And now?"

"And now all that is changed. Passion is dead. I live for other things."

"Another woman?"

He did not answer.

"Another woman?" Grace repeated.

"I have nothing to offer any woman save a false name and the half of the attic I live in."

"And *I* would rather share even that false name and that attic than a throne with any other man."

"I dare not even thank you, Miss Auvergne. I am utterly and totally changed from the man you honoured with your love some ten weeks back. Banish me entirely from your thoughts; leave me in my obscurity."

"Another woman!" said Grace, slowly. "That is the reading of this riddle. *Another woman*; and she must live in this neighbourhood, or you would not come here. You have followed her. Will you deny it?"

"I do not even speak of those things, Miss Auvergne."

"Evasive hypocrite! Do you know, my friend, that something very like a thirst for vengeance seems to have sprung up in my heart? I think that you are a heartless flirt, and the question will suggest itself, 'Are *his* the hands that pushed the young strange woman through the window place from that fearful height in Jupiter's Tower?'"

She saw his face blanch; then he said, in a low tone:

"If you could prove that you would hang me; but I advise you not to attempt it."

"Do you? But I seldom follow advice, Mr. Ravenscroft. There are things that would tell against you if a second inquiry were instituted. If I find out that you are making love to another woman I will be avenged."

"Only do not be in a hurry. You will have to manufacture proof. I am as innocent of crime, thank Heaven, as that little child there in the road."

He pointed to a tiny, ragged, sunburnt child of some three years or so, who sat contentedly in the midst of the white dusty road, filling its hands with dust, and then flinging it over its pretty little dirty face and uncombed hair. A ragged young woman, with an old shawl pinned over her head, was busy gathering blackberries in the opposite hedge, quite out of earshot, it may be said. Grace glanced carelessly in the direction of the child.

At that moment the sound of wheels was heard in the road and the trampling of horses' feet. The woman, absorbed in her blackberry picking, did not seem to hear or heed. Derrick dashed into the road, lifted the infant in his strong hands, and, crossing over to the mother, placed it in safety by her side, just as a carriage, drawn by two horses, came into sight.

"Your child might have been killed in another moment," he said, angrily, to the woman. "What are you thinking about?"

"About getting these and sellen of 'em, sir," she answered, sullenly; "it's hard work to get something to eat; if he'd been killed, poor thing, well, he'd a bin better off."

There was a reckless hardness about the woman that jarred on Derrick. His eyes were turned now towards the carriage, a grand one, drawn by two magnificent grays. It was painted dark blue; there was a coronet on the panel; two ladies, and a little girl in a white frock and a great hat, were the occupants of the luxuriously upholstered seats.

Grace, from her side of the road, saw Derrick raise his hat to one or both of those ladies who sat in the coroneted coach. Another moment and it had dashed round the corner and out of sight. White silk sunshades had hidden the faces of the ladies; but Grace knew the horses, the liveries; the whole equipage, indeed, was familiar to her.

Yonder carriage was that of the Right Honourable the Earl of Dallas, the father of Lord Grenston. Was the Countess one of the ladies in the carriage? The child was Lady Adela. If young Ravenscroft bowed to the Countess, did the Countess know who he was? Who was the other woman?

Love and jealousy are quick to discern, instinct helps them often to a painful knowledge. Grace felt and knew, as well as if Derrick had confessed as much to her himself, that the woman who had supplanted her was one of those seated in the Dallas carriage, and that he had come into the neighbourhood to be near to her.

"False!" she said to herself. She shut her teeth closely, and the agony of her feelings was so intense as to astonish herself. "I never knew that people could feel like this until I met him. I thought I was born without passions, and now I am the slave of as desperate a one as ever drove man or woman to destruction. No, he shall not win and wed this woman. Perhaps he has followed the fashion of society, and is philandering with another man's wife? Anyhow, whoever she is, and however it is, I will stop it completely."

[To be continued.]

"Jupiter's Tower" commenced in No. 1,361 and Part CCCXXXVII.

JESUITA DID NOT TURN HER HEAD, ALTHOUGH SHE HEARD AN APPROACHING STEP.

A RECKLESS WAGER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT MAN'S SECRET," "SEEN IN A MIRROR," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

VERY DARK.

ONLY two-and-twenty, yet with all her rich young life and fair promise shattered at her feet by one man's reckless hands, Jesuita Revelle stood, now, alone, desolate, with all the world to face as best she might. She was defenceless, save by the bare truth of her own perfect innocence—a poor defence, she knew too well, against the weight of shame with which the world covered her. And now forced, by hard facts in detail, to realize that shame, brought actually face to face with it, what wonder that she stood appalled? what wonder that, for a time at least, the woman's very heart and soul were torn between a tempest of bitterness and resentment against her wild lover, and the softening of that last parting, the deep agony and remorse with which he, at last, had given up; the passionate love, never to die, he gave out and held, of hers, won irresistibly by the gleams of gold she had seen even more in his defeat and humiliation than in his hours of conquest? Ay, and in her heart she knew it, if it found no words or thought, that she had sent him from her, hopeless of anything but—some day—forgiveness, for his own sake, to complete the bitter lesson begun, which he so terribly needed.

Besides, as she had told him, she could be, would be, wife to no man with a name so lost, not even to him who owed her such reparation.

The innocent and guilty must suffer alike, she thought, sorrowfully. She would try to live down the scandal, as far as possible; but quite clear she would never be; and even if calling back her lover could, as wife, restore all, she would owe nothing to that means once sought to be forced on her; if she did she might as well have yielded at the first.

"No," she said, proudly, "I will never go to a husband's arms, except as stainless to the world as in truth. O, Albany, Albany, what misery you have worked, what cruel wrong done to yourself as to me! Never to meet again, never to even see him again! Still, I cannot forgive the wrong—such cruel wrong."

Yet "never" is such a long time, and life so short, and

"One isn't loved every day."

And, after all, both these two, who had parted last night—the sinner and the sinned against—were young, for the first, even, was but thirty.

The first and not the least galling sting to pride and womanhood was the inevitable necessity of a speedy explanation in her own house itself. What must her servants be thinking of all that had happened in this last fortnight? But that night, even when she could rally a little, Jesuita was too utterly spent to be able to say anything, even to Ambrosine, who almost embraced her adored "madame," except that there was all a mistake. She was not married to Mr. Delmar, nor ever likely to be. She would explain to-morrow. And the next morning she sent for her maid and Mrs. Bentham, the housekeeper, and simply but shortly told them the truth; but of course her name and position were completely ruined; and as she did not expect her servants to trust and believe in her's, and therefore in Mr. Delmar's honour, any more than the outer world would, they could all give in their month's notices, and part good friends, she hoped, after two years—there she broke a little, for the impulsive Swiss girl, who had been five years with her, caught her hand, and kissing it all over, sobbed out that she would not stir if Madame la Sainte Vièrge herself bade her go, whilst motherly Mrs. Bentham wiped her tears, and only said, huskily, but in her sterling English way:

"I wouldn't go, ma'am, if you was to say, 'There's your notice, Bentham; no, not if that wicked fellow had done his worst, which I wouldn't believe him bad enough to do. Don't you be afraid of us two not holding with what you say ma'am; and I'm certain there's many will believe it too."

Deeply moved, it was some seconds before Mrs. Revelle could speak steadily.

"Mr. Delmar," she said, "was bitterly sorry for the wrong he had done, and would do all that was in his power to undo it by making known the truth, whether society would believe it or not; then he was going abroad."

She herself scarcely knew, yet, what to do, but she should leave town directly. Finally, Bentham must let her know to-day what the other servants intended doing; and they were not to be influenced in any way.

An hour later Jesuita had an answer from the section of world below stairs, whether it came from entire conviction or not—and probably it did.

"Me leave!" repeated the cook, indignantly. "Me leave missus, Mrs. Bentham—not if I knows it, unless she was bad of her own self. Of course I b'lieve her, which wouldn't never demean herself to tell lies. And is it likely that hany woman would ha' stuck out like that, and made him bring her back home if she wasn't dead sure she was safe with him, and could dare him, or else she'd ha' killed him, Law bless her; she's jest that spirit, has missus, sticking out agin him, come what would o' Mrs. Grundy's tongue."

Cook's roughly put, but plain common-sense logic, exactly reached the, perhaps, strongest point in favour of her poor mistress's cruel position—as possibly, in time, the world outside might yet come to see. But at present, to Jesuita, though of course thought of, it seemed as nothing against the strong tide of scandal.

"Even the few who will believe me innocent," she thought, bitterly, "cannot run counter to the whole world; it would only ostracize them, and do me no good."

But those first two days she was too prostrated, mentally and physically, to really think out anything; she could only feel and suffer, the more intensely for the blank sense of loss—of a long, dreary future, without love, or hope of sunlight to even break the darkness of shame.

That second day was the same on which Trevanian had returned to Folkestone, and Delmar seen his sister and Gavan. The day after that, about twelve, Ambrosine came to her mistress in her boudoir, where Jesuita was searching the week's "Societies" for gossip about herself, and announced that Lady Mowbray was in the *salon*, and would madame see her?

"Lady Mowbray in town!—and here?" said Mrs. Revelle, flushing painfully. "*Ma fille*, tell her I see no visitors. I would have given orders, if I had thought of any callers; still she—she cannot know. Go, tell her. Why do you pause?" with a quick frown.

"Pardon, madame, but miladi, I think, knows all; for she said she very particularly wished to see you."

"I suppose I must go, then." Jesuita rose with a shiver, the fine face deathly pale again, as she went down to the drawing-room, entering with a haughty bow only, and coldly questioning:

"You wished to see me, I hear, Lady Mowbray?"

But Ida came quickly forward, and clasped the hand the other was too proud to offer, perhaps to be ignored.

"Dear Mrs. Revelle, my poor girl, how changed, how ill you look!" she impulsively exclaimed, startled and distressed—"and all my brother's doing!"

"You—you know then, that I"—Jesuita sank into a seat, trembling, too unnerved to bear much—"am not his wife?"

"We know everything, my dear. Albany came to us yesterday evening in the deepest anguish, and told us the whole truth of his reckless wrong-doing."

"Do you quite know yet, Lady Mowbray, the full extent of its consequences, that you come here—at Albany's prayer, I suppose? Do you know that now, already, wherever society is, my name is gone—tossed up with his as a bye-word of shame? Some, I see—all without actual names, of course—hinting that my husband is alive, but insane—that I eloped with my lover."

"Yes—yes! monstrous! He told us that, too. Trevanian had heard it, but that must die out as too groundless, you know."

"It matters little since the other will live on in its too ample ground," said Mrs. Revelle, heavily. "Albany has doubtless wished—persuaded you to call, but you must not be seen or known to set foot where I am; your husband cannot know or wish it, and——"

Lady Mowbray broke in, eagerly:

"You are quite mistaken, dear—quite. I would, of course, do anything that Albany wished, but he asked me nothing; we offered everything we could possibly do to undo the injury done by my brother. My husband was the first to speak, and told my poor boy that he and I would at once, and to the end, stand by you, and do all we could for you."

"It it very kind of you both," said Jesuita, touched, but proudly, too; "but I must suffer and fight such silent battles as I can, alone. No one else must, or should be, dragged into the shame heaped on me. You, and even more, Sir Gavan, are good and generous, but there is nothing to be done."

"My dear Jesuita, forgive me; but Albany loves you, and so you must be dear to me—don't you see that you cannot fight one step quite alone, unless you—you will call him back to your feet—be his wife?"

"Lady Mowbray, I will not, even if his name could whiten mine! He has earned his heavy punishment, and I cannot forget, or forgive, so easily," she said, with flashing eyes; "for me, no woman of repute can be seen with me—I shall be cast out; anyone who received me now, branded as I am, would practically close their doors to all others. I shall leave town at once, and take care that I am seen—that I am in England, else it will be said," bitterly, "that I am abroad with Albany Delmar; but being so seen in this or that fashionable resort, I shall find heads turned aside—Mrs. Revelle will be cut dead, and any woman in society who tries to countenance her, will fall under her shadow."

"Perhaps I might be a little shunned at first, my dear girl; but being the man's own sister who so enters a protest for you——"

"Dear Lady Mowbray," interrupted Jesuita, gently, and sadly, "forgive me, but your protest loses weight from that very fact. Everyone knows your indulgent fondness for your brother, and will say that you are only obeying his dominant will, that you would cover his worst acts if he so chose, or, at least, that, of course, you believe anything he tells you."

"Even granting all that," said Ida, quietly, though she coloured, at the tacit and deserved charge of weakness, "my husband would be dispassionate, unbiassed, in his judgment as unassailable in weight of discretion and position. You know in what high respect he is held as a man of unflinching principle and straightforwardness, nor easily deceived either, and if he believes in Albany's honour and lesser guilt towards you, and, therefore, in your innocence, that belief will, sooner or later, make its impression on the harshest and most censorious, who now credit poor Albany with blackest guilt, or you with being a willing companion in sin. We don't say that any very practical step or protest can be made till October, when our scattered world gathers somewhat again into town under one focus; but, then, dear, you must hear reason, and promise——"

"No, no! I can promise nothing," Jesuita said, hurriedly. "I am deeply grateful to you both. I admit the truth of much you say, but one or two cannot stem the tempest that beats down a woman's name."

"No; but they may begin to build a house of truth to shelter it, and let the storm sweep by it," returned Ida, readily. "You must think over it all, Jesuita, whilst you are away, and after a while you will regain your sounder balance—so cruelly shaken, I can see, poor child," tenderly taking the girl's trembling hand. "We are leaving to-morrow on a round of visits, or we should have tried to persuade you to be our guest."

"I could not, would not, Lady Mowbray," said Mrs. Revelle, firmly, recovering herself, "and the other must rest untouched till the winter season comes. It is all hopeless darkness and wreck. I shall never live it down."

"My dear, you mustn't say that, indeed you mustn't, hard though the living down may be. After all, truth is very strong, and, as Gavan said to me before I came out, people will by degrees get to see that your forcing Albany to bring you back, proves that you must have had full reason, justified by fact, to trust his honour. You will see that and other points, too, more clearly presently, dear, and gather some hope."

"Perhaps," was the dreary answer; "but at best there will always be a shadow of the thorn."

"Perhaps, dear, you see everything a little too blackly at present," said Albany's sister, and then affectionately kissing her, took leave.

Perhaps she felt that her own weak indulgence was partly responsible for all this ruin.

So it was, too!

CHAPTER XXIX.

TRUE FRIENDS.

CERTAINLY of all old saws there are few more true than the oft-repeated one so familiar to us all from our days of text-hand copybooks, "Prosperity makes friends; adversity tries them." Ida Mowbray had come forward from mixed motives; the strongest, doubtless, for her brother's sake, since he wished it; he had done the wrong, and, with Gavan, she felt it only justice that she should do all she could where Albany, as a man, could do nothing. Partly her motive was disinterestedly for Jesuita's own sake, when once she faced and better realized the misery Albany's unscrupulous passions and self-will had wrought; though all the time, at the bottom of her heart, there was a kind of feeling that Jesuita's proud refusal to yield was a mad folly for herself, and rather hard, even an incomprehensible hardness to her lover, whom she had driven to desperation, with whom were Ida's primary sympathies and a substratum of resentment that *he* should be made to suffer so bitterly, and to banish himself.

All this the woman he loved felt, by that subtle sixth sense we call intuition, but not to Ida could she have shown one glimpse of her own heart or innner self, though she was grateful to her, and still more so to upright, noble-minded Sir Gavan, whose whole action was so much more single and unbiassed, attached though he was to his winning, very faulty brother-in-law, whose brilliance never blinded him to those grave defects.

These two were, then, friends who, in adversity, stood the test, and that very afternoon two more came—old staunch friends in its fullest meaning.

It was nearly four o'clock when a tap came at the door of the boudoir, where once more Jesuita sat.

"*Entrez*, Ambrosine," the soft, low tones said, languidly.

But no Ambrosine obeyed; two people quietly entered, and Mrs. Revelle started up with a cry:

"Mrs. Conyers!—Ruby!—and *here!*"

But the next moment she had sprung forwards to Mary Conyers' open arms, and was clinging to her convulsively.

"Oh, you should not! you should not!—not to me now," she half sobbed—"not Ruby too!"

"Hush, my poor child, don't sob so. Where should we be but here when you are alone in such cruel trouble? We know all from Cliff. Trevanian last evening, and he saw us off this morning."

"Let me have her, mother," and Ruby fairly took Jesuita from Mrs. Conyers. "You darling—you brave—brave girl!" she cried; "who but you would have dared conquer that wicked man?"

"Don't, Ruby, don't!" came brokenly; and Ruby flashed a look at her mother over the stricken head bowed low on her shoulder.

But presently, when they could all be a little more calm, Jesuita sent them into her bedroom to take off their things, whilst she rang for tea, and ordered a room to be got ready.

"For we don't return to-night, dear," Mrs. Conyers said, with decision, when they were taking tea. "Trevanian told us privately the whole story, by Delmar's wish, more in detail than he afterwards gave it to the others, the men in the smoking-room; I to the ladies, and, of course, when we were all out on the lawn, I said straight out, we, who knew Delmar and you so well, could not possibly doubt the absolute truth of his explanation, and that Ruby and I should run up to town at once to see you. The Langlys expressed strongly the same entire belief, sent the kindliest messages openly, and said they should hope to meet you very soon, and you must let them know where you were going to recruit."

"It is more than kind of them, and of you," said Jesuita, deeply touched; "but I cannot, and will not, involve anyone in the ban the world at large—our world—puts on me already, and you especially, for Ruby's sake, an unmarried girl, who——Ah! Ruby, forgive me, but true hearts are not found so easily that one can afford to wound or lose them, and—and somebody would not like you to suffer by me, you know."

Ruby crimsoned, but said, with true feminine courage:

"Somebody and I, I think, quite understand each other, you unselfish darling, though he has never actually spoken yet, and somebody would never speak to me again, I think, if I turned my back on a friend under a black cloud lest I should be a little shunned. Isn't that right, mother?"

"Yes, my darling. Friendship is not worth much that will bear nothing for a friend in trouble, and I came partly, Jesuita, to have a quiet little talk with you; the older head and cooler heart will be, perhaps, a safer guide than that curly pate and tortured, passionate heart. Come here, dear."

Jesuita went and knelt by her with a curious, startled feeling that held her breathless.

"You mean—you think," she whispered, "that—that I care for Albany?"

"Can you say you do not, my child?" asked Mary Conyers, very gently, her hand caressing the wavy locks with truly a mother's touch.

A dead pause, then a stifled answer.

"Heaven help me—I cannot—and he knows it!"

Still those loving fingers stroking the soft waves of gold on the young head bowed on Mary's breast.

"Then, my child, don't you think that in the beginning you were just a little hard to him to refuse him, without one smallest grain of hope to live on?"

Jesuita started; almost Delmar's very words of despair and reproach.

"I was maddened," she said, under her breath; "maddened because I knew that one minute's weakness, of blind yielding to him when he claimed, had betrayed me, and he knew it. O, I was so wounded, so fiercely desperate, that I was pitiless, steeled against him. He said he would never have carried me away if he had had any hope save in force. Hard, yes, and unjust, perhaps; I see that since he is gone."

One more thing the older woman wished to reach. She said, quietly:

"And yet you have again let him go for ever, without one hope, my dear?"

The girl lifted her white haggard face, but the deep violet eyes were glowing.

"But this time, for his sake," she said.

"My child, I am answered."

She understood, in part, if not quite all, and kissed the beautiful face, with her own heart a little lighter; but she let Jesuita rise and return to her seat, and Ruby lay aside the book she had seemed to read, before she said:

"I don't wish, my dear, for one minute to blink the terrible position in which you stand, or that at present scandal is of its blackest colour, its highest pressure; but that will not last. The wild stories rife by now, I suppose, in all society, will level themselves somewhat before the real facts, even with all Blythe's slanderous aid."

"Ay, but the facts will leave me no reputation, dear Mrs. Conyers. I shall never live down the one hard fact that must make wreck of any woman's name—that fortnight with Albany Delmar; be the man who or what he may, there will always be some to shake the head and cast the stone."

"I think, dear, that at present you are too unstrung and crushed to see as clearly as you will in a week or two of change," said Mrs. Conyers, "if I could persuade you to go anywhere you please with us."

"No," interposed Mrs. Revelle, firmly, but quietly. "Not for a moment will I listen to such a plan. Whatsoever level scandal may fall to by October or November, at present it is too high to attempt to withstand it by any personal effort."

"But what will you do?" exclaimed Ruby.

"I hardly know yet, Ruby," with a weary sigh; "move about from place to place—enough seen to make it evident I am in England—the men will not 'cut' me, though the women will, if I pass by!"

"Not all, if you show at Folkestone, then," said Ruby, eagerly; "for beside mother and I, one at least, dear, lively little Mrs. Langly, would march straight up to you on the Lees."

Jesuita smiled faintly, trying to rally a little.

"I am sure she would, good-hearted, lively little woman. And didn't she declare poor Delmar was a heartless fellow, and she would never flirt with him again—as if she could help it."

Now Ruby laughed outright.

"My dear, almost her very words; and then she added, right out, 'Delmar is just exactly wicked, reckless enough for this abduction story to be dead true—it's his line to the T if opposed, but it's simple bosh to credit him with worse—he isn't bad enough, and if he were, she must have married him.'"

Mrs. Revelle set her teeth for a moment; the bitterness and shame of all this, even where the bandying of her name was in hers, and so far in Albany's defence!

"But I think, now," she said then, "that I have let you talk too much already about me, and as you must leave me to-morrow, tell of your doings, to change to a brighter subject."

Mrs. Conyers answered her, and the conversation was turned by mutual consent.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE MODERN HYDRA.

SURELY the ancients must have meant to typify scandal in their mythological hydra, each of whose eight mortal heads when cut off became two, and whose immortal ninth head lived even when under the earth; but where now to be easily found the mighty Hercules and Iolaüs to cut off and burn with fiery brands, the mortal, and bury the immortal head of the monster?

For those ancient Greeks had little else but their tongues—active enough, too, I ween—to propagate slander, but our hydra has dozens of heads to spring up for every one slain of theirs; an army of Hercules could not "scotch" the dear, sly little newspaper pars, or delicious scurrilous "societies" that fly to the four points of the compass.

East and west, and north and south, flew then, as if by magic, the magnificent "scandal in high life" of the day that tore to rags a man's and a woman's honour. Of course no names were mentioned in print, but that was not needed, when every one can see through a ladder, and knew about the whole affair, before either queer stories or wild scandals had become rife.

The day before Delmar left England, he called on the editor of a leading daily paper, and had an interview; the result of which appeared a few days later, in one of the columns of the said paper, headed "The Extraordinary Abduction Scandal."

Under this came an authoritative, concise statement (without names of person or place) of the true facts, which, of course, laid the entire blame on the too buccaneer lover of the high-spirited and deeply-injured lady in question, who, though a close prisoner, knew herself to be in absolutely safe and honourable hands, and therefore had the courage to refuse to be forced by the dread of the worst scandal, into a marriage that was repugnant to her; and after a fortnight's unavailing detention, the gentleman had restored her to her home, with the deepest sorrow and regret for the wrong of which he had been guilty, and for which wrong he had endeavoured to make amends by every possible means in his power.

In another column of the same paper, amongst various items of scattered "fashionable doings," came these, "Sir Gavan Mowbray, M.P., and Lady Mowbray, are staying at Ryde, Isle of Wight."

"Mr. Albany Delmar has left England for the Continent, for a lengthened stay, it is understood."

Of course, other papers, especially the weekly "societies," eagerly quoted the above "inspired" abduction story, mostly with some comment one way or the other; and it was read, talked over, sneered at, puzzled over, shredded up, believed or disbelieved, wherever twos or threes, or dozens, were gathered together, in country houses, or seaside parades, beaches, piers, reading-rooms—little else was discussed, with all shades of opinions thereon, and declarations of what this one or that should do regarding the guilty or maligned beauty in the future.

"*Pouf!* A very fine story this," sneered Flo Moresdale, lounging, amongst others, on the Parade at Eastbourne; "concocted it between them, of course; but she'll find that nobody will recognize or receive her again; it is impossible."

"Well, I don't know," remarked Miss Chester, who was present. "Lord Eyresdown, didn't you tell me that you heard that Lady Mowbray called on Mrs. Revelle before leaving town again?"

The Marquis turned, and said, coolly:

"Oh, yes, undoubtedly; quite right, too. Poor Mrs. Revelle."

"But his sister doesn't count," sneered Flo again; "everyone knows how she spoils Delmar, and, of course, he made her call on 'poor' Mrs. Revelle."

"If he did, Miss Moresdale," said Eyresdown, disgusted, "it was because he knew Mrs. Revelle to be as entirely worthy of every good woman's friendship as ever."

"That is a man's view of it," here put in Lady Moresdale, in a superior way. "Of course, you male creatures won't cut a handsome woman at any price, and you naturally defend one of your own sex for an escapade of this kind, even Delmar."

"I beg your pardon, Lady Moresdale," said the young man, warmly; "I don't defend Delmar one bit for the wrong he has done; it's bad enough, as it has turned out, but I do and will defend him from a scandalously impossible charge of villainy of which no one who knows him at all can or has the right to believe him capable, and I think that his, in truth, publicly given explanation, on his word of honour, never yet broken, accepted by such a man as Sir Gavan Mowbray, ought to be believed. As to that absurd story about Mrs. Revelle's husband, or she in any way being a willing companion of Delmar's, it is too utterly groundless a slander to long hold water at all."

"Is it? Well, I shall not receive her, nor will any woman of repute, unless she wants her *salon* deserted," returned Lady Moresdale, with her nose in the air. "No one can meet her. Any woman, so compromised, who had a rag of self-respect, would at once have married the lover."

"No; she has nobly vindicated her honour, and his, too, by refusing to submit to such compulsion," said Eyresdown, with sparkling eyes and haughty flush; "and, I think, you will find that Lady Mowbray is not the only woman of repute in society who declines to 'cut' Mrs. Revelle."

"Ah, indeed! Perhaps your mother, for one?" with a cold sneer. "At her son's disinterested request."

He looked straight in her face.

"My mother," he said, deliberately, "needs no request to be just, or charitable, or womanly, mere clever, worldly woman though some people think her. Good morning."

Bowing ironically low, the Marquis walked off, white with indignation. He was but five-and-twenty even now, and if it were more his senses than his very heart that Jesuita's beauty had captivated last year, his adoration was real and generous, desiring her happiness and welfare, even if he were refused, for the sake of his rival—reckless, haughtily confident, Delmar—whose defeat and humiliation stirred no mean, petty triumph in Eyresdown's breast, if there were still sometimes sharp regret and jealous pain at the thought that that rival's dismissal, whatever its reason, could not, and had not, given one hope to him. Jesuita had frankly told him so one night at a dance, soon after she had refused Delmar, and the young Marquis had half whispered hopes which she checked quickly but gently:

"No, no, Eyresdown, you mustn't, please, if we are to be friends still. You and I could never be—I could not care for you as you want."

"Those Moresdales are toads," he said to himself; "but I'll not say a word to mother when I join her at Brighton—by Jove, no! I'll see what she does quite of herself. Mrs. Revelle was travelling at the Lakes and Scotland, I saw; but now—September getting on—where is she, I wonder?" sighing, "and where is that scamp, Delmar? Oh, it was too bad, too cruel of him—shame, shame to him, enough, without these monstrous scandals, as false as the Inferno itself!"

Scandals that still floated about, tongues that still wagged, and heads that were shaken; but, perhaps slowly, a few more began to see this little thing told for that abduction story, and that trifle looked a little less black. But, on the whole, matters were not very much changed; society had received a shock, and could not get over it, especially as idle autumn days gave ample time to keep up the gossip and live on it.

"Why should she elope with Delmar," said some, "when she had but to hold up her finger to bring him to her feet, and could now?"

"Oh, but that ugly story, you know; if she isn't a widow at all!"

"Nonsense, everyone knows poor Mr. Revelle died suddenly on the wedding-day."

"Does everybody know, except from my lady, and perhaps one or two friends? She never appeared in the London world till two years ago—three years after the asserted widowhood," with a shrug from the speaker. "It all looks rather fizz, don't you know."

"She ought to have married Delmar at once, in any case," severely pronounced many indignant matrons and elderly spinsters, who would certainly have been in no danger of similar compromise. "However great a scamp he was, when once things had gone so far, there was nothing for it that a modest woman ought to do but marry the man and save her name. To leave him like that is shameless. I will never countenance her again, or anyone who does do so."

"She cannot expect much, I suppose," said others, doubtfully; "but it was plucky, too, and really it's hard on her; her daring to leave him looks as if—well, she *could*, don't you know."

"Y—es. Wonder if she will show up in town this winter—and where she is now? Of course the men won't shun her?"

"Oh, but then, that won't float her one bit; only the women could do that, and not one or two either, such as the Conyers or Langlys."

This sort of talk had been going on one morning in September, on the Esplanade at Brighton, and much of it had floated to the ears of a good-looking, stately, elderly lady, standing not far off, half hidden by a bathing-machine, drawn high up the beach; this lady, just now sweeping the coast line towards Hove, with her eye-glass, started—muttered:

"Yes, it is she, I think, in the distance," and at once walked off westward, one of the group exclaiming:

"Why, there is Lady Eyresdown! Where is she going?"

"Where none of you will follow," muttered my lady, grimly, quite aware that many curious eyes were watching her now, as she progressed to the very end of the Esplanade, then struck down the beach towards a tall, slender, girlish figure, standing alone by the sea, with a pathetic desolation somehow in her very attitude, and evident absorption from outer things, for she never turned at the crush of the shingle under the approaching step.

"My dear Mrs. Revelle, I am so pleased to see you again," said a pleasant, sincere voice at her side, the speaker's hand cordially outstretched.

Jesuita started back, flushing to the brow.

"You, Lady Eyresdown!" she gasped, completely taken aback for the moment.

"Why, yes; no one else," smiling with kind reassurance—with womanly pity, too. "Are you too proud to shake hands with old friends, may I say?"

But she took the pretty, bare hand in both her own, seeing the poor outcast could not speak.

"My poor child," she said, and for a minute said no more till the other, with an effort, rallied, and tried to free her hand.

"Forgive me; a kind word upsets me now more than harshness. Go, please; you will be seen—and—and I——"

"I mean to be seen," said the Marchioness, serenely, maintaining her clasp. "I mean to tell them my pleasure in meeting Mrs. Revelle, because it is the truth. How bewildered you look at me!" She smiled again. "Sit down here with me, on this ridge of shingle, so. Thanks. I am not so young as to care to stand very long, you see; and I want to talk to you now I have caught the bird fairly."

"Ah, but a bird whose white feathers are stained in all eyes," said Jesuita, bitterly, "except two or three."

Lady Eyresdown glanced at the exquisite, pure face bent down beside her, and touched the soft, sorrowful lips, then said, quietly:

"By no means in all eyes, certainly not in mine, though I had not the pleasure of being very intimate with you; but troubles, like dangers, level barriers, don't they? and so, perhaps, you will forgive me."

"Oh, Lady Eyresdown, don't; you are too good—too good to me!" broke from the girl, impetuously.

"Not good, only just, I hope," was the answer. "I am only a woman of the world—worldly, too, perhaps, and don't pretend to be able to run dead against the world I move in; but still I have, I hope, some heart, and sense, and justice. Both you and Delmar, I can see, are maligned; he—well, deservedly, in one way, you entirely sinned against. I, for one, fully believe the story given in the *Atlas*, which, of course, came from Delmar; and all this month I have wished to meet you; so now, please, I will have my say, if I may."

"*If?* Ah, you are too kind," Jesuita whispered.

[To be continued.]

"A Reckless Wager" commenced in No. 1,357 and Part CCCXXXVI.

SPRING SONG.

WHO'LL sing a song of Spring?
I will—I will!
Bright birds and hours she'll bring,
Sweet love-songs soft she'll sing,
Rose garlands she will fling
Along the way.
A welcome, pray,
For gentle, smiling Spring.

Who'll sing my lady's praise?
I will—I will!
Come, halcyon golden days,
Melting to summer's rays,
Too short a time she stays
Upon her way.
A welcome, pray,
For gentle, blushing Spring.

Sing me a song of praise
From east to west,
Join voices gladdening,
Make groves and woodlands ring,
Your hearty welcomes bring
To strew her path;
Such joy she hath,
This gracious Lady Spring.

CECIL LORRAINE.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

A YOUNG lady resembles ammunition because the powder is needed before the ball.

THE Bishop of Lichfield has announced that he will not for the future ordain married men as curates unless they are possessed of substantial private means.

JONES (to dunner): "Ah, call again."—Dunner: "But I don't like the idea of calling on you so often."—Jones (serenely): "Quite natural—wait until I call on you."

"SOONER or later," says a French writer, "everything is found out." Just so. A married man, for instance, is generally found out later—about three hours later—than he should be."

CAPTAIN WALLACE is the author of a novel shortly to appear, called "Love's Ladder." It evidently does not refer to love at first sight, for that usually begins with a pair of stares.

WAS ever a comforting thought expressed more delicately than by a cheery girl, who said to one who was sad over the falling leaves: "Just think how much more room it gives you to see the beautiful blue sky beyond." True of other things besides leaves.

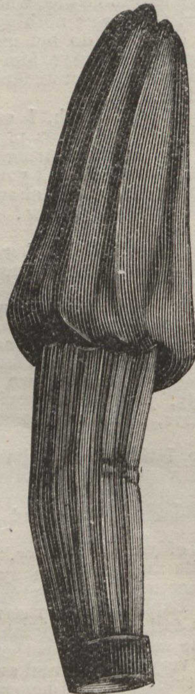
BENEDICT (jubilantly): "Won't you congratulate me, old boy, on having won such a charming wife?"—Bachelor (cynically): "I really couldn't do such a thing consistently. You see, I'm one of those men who believe it best never to tell their love.'—Benedict (sarcastically): "O, I suppose it is because you could never find any woman who would listen to it."

NO. 1.—BODICE FOR AFTERNOON-DRESS.

NO. 2.—BODICE FOR WALKING-DRESS.

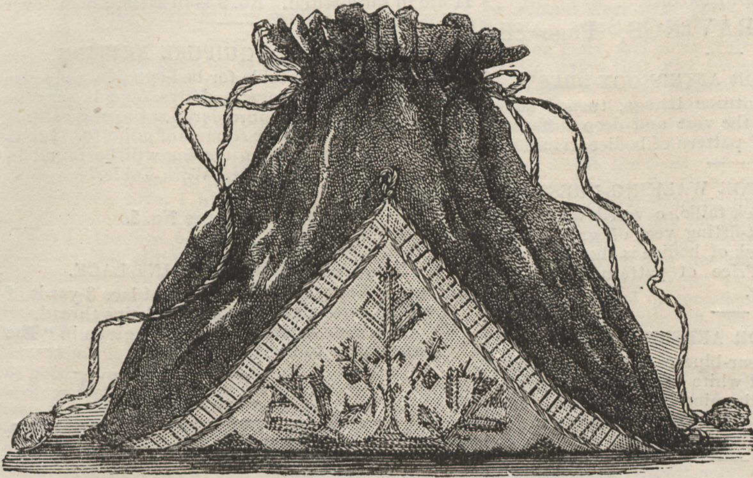
NO. 3.—BODICE FOR AFTERNOON-DRESS.

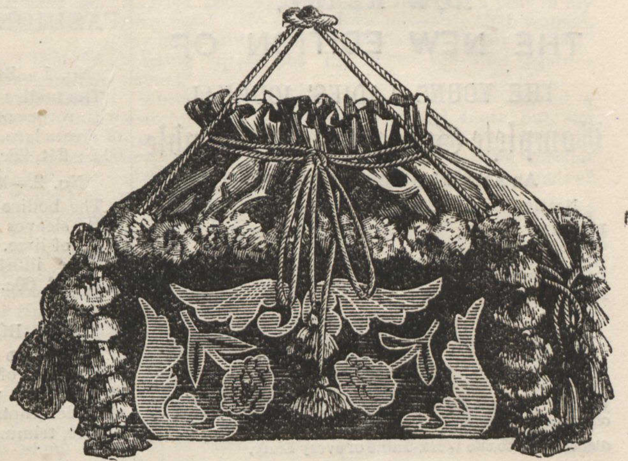
NO. 5.—VISITING-DRESS.



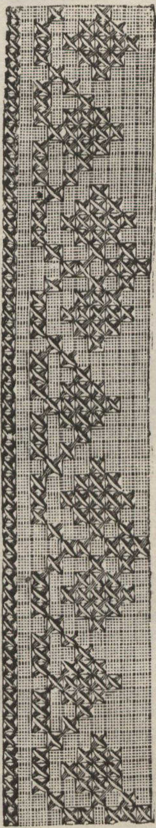
NO. 4.—SLEEVE FOR HOME-DRESS.

NO. 6.—HOME-DRESS.

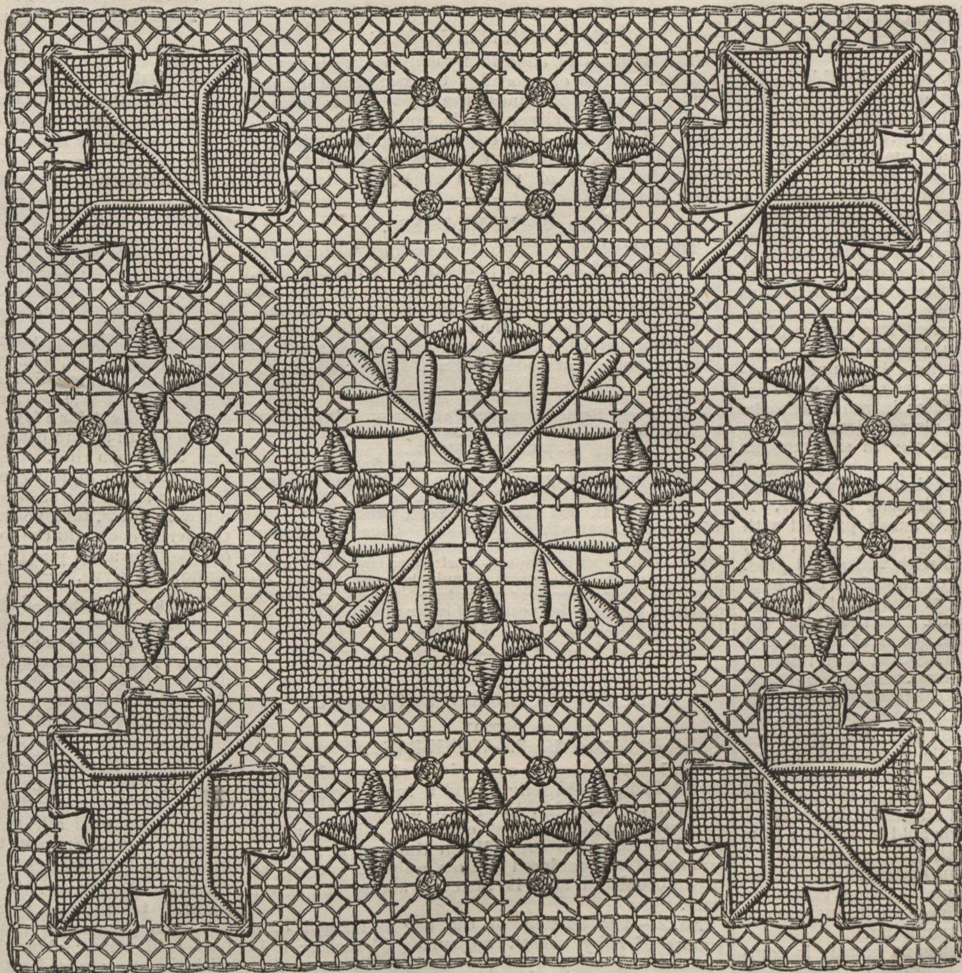




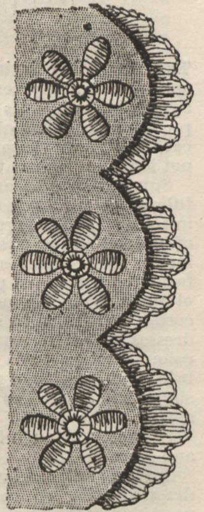
NOS. 1 AND 2.—WORK-BAGS.



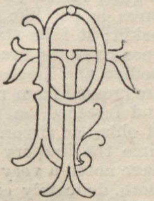
NO. 3.—BORDER: CROSS-STITCH.



NO. 6.—SQUARE: GUIPURE-NETTING.



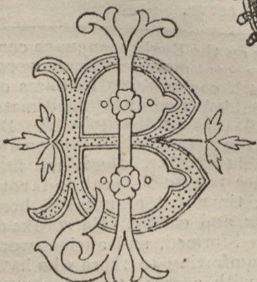
NO. 4.—BORDER: EMBROIDERY.



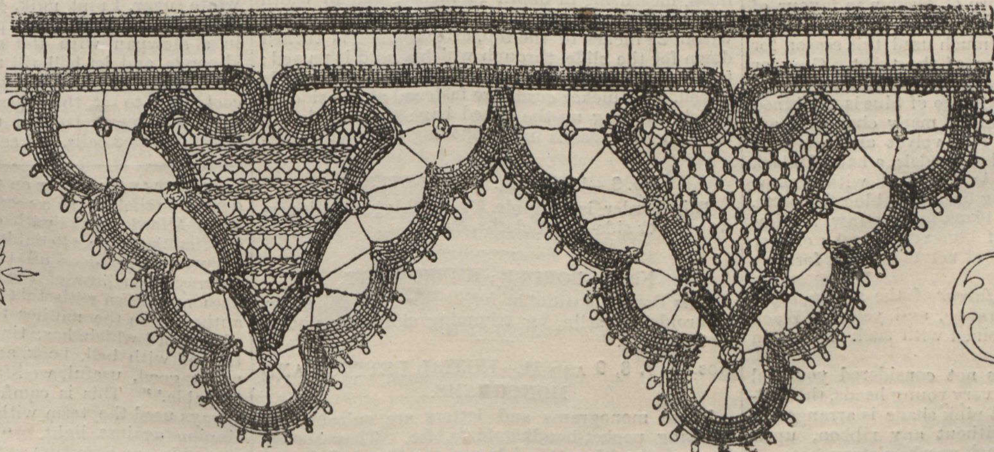
NO. 5. MONOGRAM.

NO. 7.—INITIAL LETTERS.

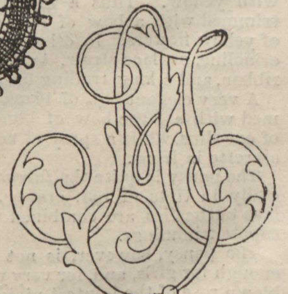
NO. 8.—INITIAL LETTERS.



NO. 9. MONOGRAM.



NO. 10.—TRIMMING: POINT-LACE.



NO. 11. MONOGRAM.

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PARIS FASHIONS.

THE perfectly clinging dress, so fashionable in the spring, is already very much out of fashion. Exaggeration caused its ruin. As soon as it became too pronounced, ladies of taste and proper feeling discarded it, and those who continue to wear it are not looked upon as at all *comme il faut.*

Summer dresses are therefore made with some fulness at the back and sides, and a slight drapery in front. The exaggeration, at present, is in the size of the buckle at the waist, which is often full four inches long. Sleeves are still enormous; they are fashionably made of plaid or fancy silk, with dresses of plain material; or in fancy Madras or printed cotton fabrics, with self-coloured linen or cambric dresses. Cotton materials are made in the same colours and patterns as silk ones. In the new cambrics and muslins of the season, we see the same designs as in the failles and taffetas introduced in the spring. The draped bodices, already described, are very pretty in such fabrics, as also in silk muslins and gauzes.

Surah is still the favourite style of silk for summer dresses, being so cool and pleasant to wear. A pretty dress is of pale chocolate surah, printed with a running pattern of small pansies, combined with pekin surah to match, striped with white and gold. There is a plain under-skirt of chocolate silk, over this is draped a skirt-front of the printed surah, slightly raised on the left side. At the back, the dress is cut like a redingote, and is of the striped pekin; it falls straight at the sides, and remains open over the draped skirt-front. The back of the bodice, and the sleeves, are of the pekin. The fronts are crossed from right to left in the shape of a fichu, and fastened on the left side with a long buckle of chiselled silver. This buckle fastens at the same time the drapery of the skirt. For the seaside we have noted a very pretty fancy jacket of fine beige cloth, delicately embroidered on the back and front with brown silk cord and fine gold soutache; it is fringed round the edge with gold grelots mixed with beads. Two strips of this embroidery go across the chest; they are fastened under the revers on the right side, and hooked under the left one, a very tasteful and unique style of trimming.

For dressy toilets, a very elegant mantle is composed of three superposed flounces of black lace, forming a sort of *décolletée* cape, leaving the shoulders uncovered, and finished in front into two short lapels.

Various styles of lace mantelettes are also fashionable.

There is a marked return of fashion in favour of a colour which had been neglected for some time; it is sapphire-blue. It is much used this season for trimmings and accessories of the toilet. Gray or beige dresses are edged with sapphire-blue. Upon bonnets, this very pretty shade of blue is combined with yellow. Thus a great many chapeaux are trimmed with a bow of blue velvet and a cluster of yellow flowers. In other models, a hat of black crinoline, or lace straw, is trimmed with yellow ribbon, and a long trailing branch of blue flowerets.

A very elegant hat, of black fancy straw, is trimmed with a large bow of blue velvet and a cluster of cowslips, while a spray of velvet narcissi form an aigrette in front.

The pansy is quite the *fureur* of the season, especially in tints of red, orange, and yellow. Black lace butterflies are combined with such flowers in capote trimmings.

The pansy, however, is not considered youthful enough for girls, and, for very young heads, the full-blown rose of the faintest pink shade is arranged in wreaths and clusters, without any ribbon, upon broad-brimmed, fancy black or white straw hats.

DESCRIPTION OF

FASHION ENGRAVINGS, Page 88.

No. 1.—BODICE FOR AFTERNOON-DRESS.

The bodice is of heliotrope barege, turned back with revers of velvet; the vest and deep cuffs are of cream lace.—Price of pattern of bodice, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 25c.

No. 2.—BODICE FOR WALKING-DRESS.

The bodice is of black faille, covered with lace, with sleeves and tight-fitting vest of gray faille; jabot of lisse. The back of bodice is shown in the smaller illustration.—Price of pattern of bodice, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 25c.

No. 3.—BODICE FOR AFTERNOON-DRESS.

The bodice is of Hussar-blue cashmere, with vest and sleeves of gold and white brocade; the sleeves are finished with a trimming of cashmere, and shoulder-knots of ribbon.—Price of pattern of bodice, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 25c.

No. 4.—SLEEVE FOR HOME-DRESS.

The sleeve is of sage-green striped silk, with a deep puff of delaine.—Price of pattern of sleeve, trimmed, 25c.; flat, 12c.

No. 5.—VISITING-DRESS.

The dress is of chocolate cashmere, with panels and trimmings of brocade; the waistband, of the same, extends from under the arms, and is finished with a very deep silver buckle, now so very fashionable. Hat of fine chip, edged with a band of gold galloon; it is trimmed with lisse and clusters of deutchia.—Price of pattern of bodice, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 25c.

No. 6.—HOME-DRESS.

The dress is of sapphire-blue veiling, with sleeves of printed delaine; the pointed band at the neck, and the waistband, are of yellow brocade; the latter is fastened with buckle of blue enamel. Garden-hat of willow, edged with a ruching of yellow crêpe; it is trimmed with rosettes of printed blue silk.—Price of pattern of bodice, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 25c.

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DESCRIPTION OF

FANCY-WORK ENGRAVINGS, Page 89.

Nos. 1 & 2.—WORK-BAGS.

No. 1.—The bag is of a piece of brocaded silk, about 20 inches in length, and 9 inches wide; it is seamed at the sides, lined with a piece of sarsnet, and has a running slide of cord; the slide is about 1½ inch from the top. When the bag is made, a square of embroidered canvas, guipure netting, or of embroidered silk, is fastened across the lower part.

No. 2.—The bottom of the bag is formed of a square of ruby velvet, measuring 8½ inches; it is ornamented with appliqué designs in very fine fawn-coloured cloth, worked with stitches of red silk and edged with fine gold thread. The square is placed over cardboard of the same size, and is lined with sarsnet; it is edged all round with small tassels; into this square a bag of silk or satin, lined, measuring in depth 16 inches, and in width 9½ inches, is inserted; this must be closed at the sides within 2½ inches of the top, after the bag is turned down for the slide, through which a cord is passed; this is tied round on the outside when the bag is closed, and thicker cords are fastened at the side by which to hang up the closed bag; these cords are finished with tassels in the opening of the ends.

No. 3.—BORDER: CROSS-STITCH.

This border is suitable for working on dinner-waggon or side-board cloths, &c.

No. 4.—BORDER: EMBROIDERY.

This design is suitable for working on flannel or embroidery muslin, for trimming children's under-clothing, &c.

Nos. 5, 7, 8, 9 AND 11.—INITIAL LETTERS AND MONOGRAMS.

These monograms and letters are suitable for marking pocket-handkerchiefs, &c. They should be worked with cotton à la croix. Nos. 5, 7, 8, and 11 are in satin-stitch. No. 9 is in satin, sewing over and dot-stitching.

No. 6.—SQUARE: GUIPURE NETTING.

This square is suitable for bed-spreads, duchesse table-covers, antimacassars, doilys, &c.; it may be used with squares of embroidered satin, cross-stitch, congress canvas, or other squares of guipure. Directions for working guipure netting will be found in "The Complete Guide to the Work-Table."

Nos. 7. TO 9.—See No. 5.

No. 10.—TRIMMING: POINT-LACE.

MATERIALS REQUIRED: For 1 yard of lace 8 yards of braid, 3 yards purl edge, and 2 skeins thread.

Full directions for working lace are given in "The Complete Guide to the Work-Table."

No. 11.—See No. 5.

PASTIMES.

DECAPITATION.

Complete I bring sorrow, and death and despair,
And scenes unbefitting the eyes of the fair;
Behead me, at once I'm opposed to all sadness,
Yet sometimes you see me the offspring of madness.

CHARADE.

My first o'er the mead rides along with the bee;
My next in the ear close does centre;
And I hope that my whole is not destined for thee,
If in wedlock thou ever should enter.

SOLUTION OF PASTIMES IN No. 1,365.

BURIED PROVERB.—Children are certain cares, but uncertain comforts.

THE HOME.

COOKERY.

PALESTINE PUDDING.—6 oz powdered white sugar, 4 oz butter, 6 eggs, 5 oz ground rice, a gill of cream, the rind of a lemon, 6 oz sultanas, preserved strawberries. Beat the butter to a cream, add to it 4 oz sugar, and beat for a few minutes; add the eggs one at a time till all are beaten in, then add the ground rice, the lemon rind, sultanas, and cream; turn in a well buttered pudding mould, and steam 2 hours. Put 2 oz sugar in a stewpan with a gill of water, boil a few minutes, remove the scum as it rises, and let the syrup cool, add the preserved strawberries, give one boil, turn the pudding on a dish, pour the sauce round, and serve.

CANARY PUDDING.—3 eggs, the weight of the eggs in butter, the same in sugar, the weight of 2 eggs in flour, the rind of 1 small lemon; melt the butter, and add to it the sugar and lemon rind, then gradually stir in the flour; whisk the eggs and add them to the mixture; beat all the ingredients thoroughly together, pour into a buttered basin, and boil for 2 hours. Serve with sweet sauce.

OATMEAL PUDDING.—4 oz brown bread, 2 oz oatmeal, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, a little nutmeg, 4 oz sugar; soak the bread and oatmeal in the boiling milk; when cold stir in the eggs well beaten, the nutmeg and sugar, pour the mixture in a buttered basin, and boil one hour.

LEMON DUMPLING.—2 oz suet, ¼ lb flour, 1 oz sugar, ¼ teaspoonful baking powder, ¼ teaspoonful salt, the juice and grated rind of a lemon, ¼ pint cold water; chop the suet finely, and mix it with the other ingredients; add the water, and stir well together. Dip a pudding-cloth in boiling water, wring, and dredge with flour; tie the dumpling in it, leaving room for it to swell; put into boiling water, and boil for 2 hours.

RICE SNOWBALLS.—6 oz rice, 1 pot marmalade, 6 oz white sugar, 1 pint milk, ¼ pint water, 2 oz ground almonds; well wash and pick the rice, then put it in a stewpan with the sugar, milk, and ground almonds, and let boil till tender; dip a number of small cups in water, fill with the rice, stand in a cool place to set, then turn on to a glass dish; dissolve the marmalade in the boiling water, pour round the rice balls, and serve.

ALMOST every writer on the English language condemns "reliable" as a recent and illegitimate word. Dean Alford speaks with comparative mildness on the subject. "'Reliable' is hardly legitimate. 'Trustworthy' does all the work required." Dr. Murray, the editor of the great Oxford dictionary, does not agree with this opinion. He is the first authority on the mother tongue to speak in favour of a word which has, times out of number, been banned with bell, book, and candle. He speaks of "that good, useful, well-formed, and ancient word 'reliable.'" This is comforting to those who have always used the term with a sense that they were sinning against light. "Reliable," it seems, appeared in our literature at least as early as 1624.

[Complete in this Number.]

UNDER HER SPELL.

There was a new piece on at the Théâtre Français, and all Paris was going to see it. With all Paris, all the English visitors; not that half of them understood what they heard, but because it was the right thing to go.

So said Percy Lyle, F.O., to his three-weeks' bride, as they sat at dinner in their hotel.

"Therefore, love, I have taken two seats. You may understand it, I shan't."

"Not I," laughed his wife. "They talk so fast, and so horribly clip their words. But we know the plot, and can pick up enough to talk about."

Therefore they took their places, and enjoyed themselves, as young people generally do in the first weeks of their honeymoon. Lilian understood far better than she had imagined possible, and naturally was getting interested in the piece, when suddenly a strange feeling came over her, arresting her attention. She was not ill. She had never experienced the feeling before. It was a restlessness, accompanied by a feeling that she was losing power over herself.

In vain she tried to shake it off, to speak to her husband; she seemed to lose the desire even as it was formed. She endeavoured to concentrate her thoughts upon the actors, but the effort only made her feel worse—as if her senses were leaving her; and nervous that there should be a scene, as the curtain fell, she whispered, with an effort:

"Percy, would you mind going? It is the atmosphere—or—or something; but I feel as if——"

He had turned quickly, and now interrupted her.

"My darling! how pale you are. You look quite startled. Why did you not tell me? What is it?"

"I don't know," she murmured, clinging to his arm; "I only want to get away from here. I must."

"Certainly. It's not very entertaining. Where, love, is your cloak?"

As Lilian turned for him to place it about her, she became aware of a lady, tall, well, but strange-looking, of colourless complexion, with a pair of dark, brilliant eyes, which were steadily fixed upon herself. A peculiar fancy seized Lilian that those dark eyes had produced the sensation she had experienced.

"What folly—what absurdity!" she thought, but none the less willingly let Percy lead her away. Many were also leaving, and there was a little crowd about Lilian, as her husband quitted her to summon a *voiture*.

"You are sure you feel well enough to be left?" he had asked, anxiously. "You look all right."

"So I am," laughed Lilian. "I am now perfectly myself. I can't tell what it was. But go, dear."

He was not long absent. Lilian soon saw him returning. She made a step to meet him, when again came that strange, unaccountable sensation that her will was leaving her. At the instant she perceived her husband start, as his eyes rested on somebody behind her, and heard him ejaculate beneath his breath, evidently with annoyance:

"Good heavens!—Elinor!"

Lilian turned quickly, by an effort, and involuntarily recoiled, for there was the lady with the brilliant eyes, almost at her elbow. She was looking at Percy, a smile on her small, thin lips. Then inclining her head, with a glance of insulting pity at Lilian, she whispered as she passed:

"My successor!" and, gliding on, was lost in the crowd.

"Come, my love," exclaimed Percy. "The carriage is waiting."

Lilian said nothing until they were in the vehicle, then she exclaimed:

"Percy, you know her?"

"That person with the dark eyes?" he laughed. "Well, yes; if it were not ungentlemanly, I should say confound her and her impertinence. It sounds awfully conceited to say it, darling, but once Elinor Bruce condescended to make love to me."

"And you," asked his wife, eagerly, "you never loved her, Percy?"

"I? Love Elinor Bruce? Never! That was the very last thing I should have thought of doing—and she knew it. What she said, I expect, was simply to annoy you, for her disposition is as revengeful as peculiar. To confess the truth, I always fancied there was something strange and uncanny about Elinor Bruce. She always made me creepy."

Was it this uncanniness that had made her gaze, —nay, even her proximity—have such a strange effect on her—Lilian? She opened her lips to tell her husband of it, but suddenly changed her mind, feeling a disinclination to speak of it—it was such folly. Paris was not so very small a place. They had not met Elinor Bruce before; they might not again.

If Lilian had said she had not met Elinor Bruce before, to her knowledge, it would have been nearer truth. For over a week the influence of her enemy had been at work. The young, Saxon-haired, highly sensitive three-weeks' wife, had already been shadowed.

Even now, as Percy handed her from the carriage into the hotel, the shadow, in its dark draperies, was swiftly gliding up the stairs in advance. On the second *étage* it stopped, and looking over the balusters, watched the husband and wife ascend, chatting gaily, and enter their rooms.

"His wife—that girl instead of me," thought Elinor Bruce, as she entered her own rooms, immediately above the Lyles' suite, and closed the door. "I am scorned—she loved. Take care, *mes amies*, that the *lune de miel* be not changed into a *lune de rue*."

After awhile the theatre episode almost faded from Lilian's memory; the days passed, and though now and then, during their peregrinations, she would look quickly right and left for Elinor Bruce, apparently they never met. If the faintest, tiniest bit of jealousy had crept into her mind, she was heartily ashamed of it now. Percy was the best, the dearest, the most faithful of husbands. Lilian would mistrust her own truth—oh, yes, a hundred times, before his. Despite the shadow, Lilian felt the days all golden.

About a week after that first public meeting, the shadow came gliding down the stairs to the *premier étage*, where it halted outside the Lyles' door. It knew the two were out. Right and left it glanced, then, without noise, vanished into the room. A rapid look round, then it moved, as if the apartment were familiar, straight to a travelling-desk on a side-table. With a key it took from its pocket, the shadow opened the desk and thrust a packet beneath the other papers.

The Lyles returned to luncheon. It had been, Lilian declared, a deliriously charming morning, though rather fatiguing.

"Yes, pet; you must now rest—I insist upon it. I'm not going to have you knocked up."

"Indeed I shall be nothing of the kind, Percy, dear."

"Please, madam, as your husband, let me judge."

"For shame; what a tyrant you are!" laughed Lilian.

"When a man has a treasure, my darling, you do not blame him for taking care of it."

Whereupon Lilian crossed, and stooping over his chair, rewarded him with a kiss.

"What a dear, good fellow you are, Percy," she said. "I'll do just what you wish."

"What a darling, sweetest pet of a little wife *you* are," he returned, putting his arm about her waist. "What a happy fellow I am, Lilian, to have won you, my pearl among women."

"What?" she asked, roguishly, "better than Elinor Bruce?"

"Pshaw! For Heaven sake, don't mention that uncanny creature!" he exclaimed, starting up.

A few minutes after, reiterating his command that Lilian should rest, he went out to visit some places his wife did not care to see.

"What a dear fellow he is!" reflected Lilian, lying back, really glad to be idle; "what a fortunate wife I am."

Meanwhile the shadow had watched Percy's departure. He had not been ten minutes gone when Lilian rose up, apparently of her own will, and began moving purposelessly about the room, until she stood by her husband's desk.

"Why, it is unlocked," she thought. "I never knew him leave it so before. He is always so suspicious of hotel thieves. There's no key. He must have fancied he locked it. I hope he does not keep money in it?"

Still believing she was acting by her own will, ignorant of the shadow with its stronger will above, she opened the desk and looked under the papers.

What was this? A packet of letters addressed to her husband in a woman's hand. There was a monogram on the envelope—"E.B."—Elinor Bruce.

Lilian uttered a cry; then, pale as death, stared at the packet as though it had been a snake prepared to cast its deadly venom; metaphorically, was it not so? Letters from that woman in her husband's desk! The woman he spoke of to her with such contempt, almost loathing! What did it mean?

The shadow intended she should learn. After a brief pause, Lilian opened and read one of the letters. Then, with frenzied haste and bursting heart, another, and another. They were all in the same strain of a fond, requited love, and all written *since* their arrival in Paris.

"Dearest Percy" (ran one),

"Imagine my delight at seeing you in Paris. I don't admire your taste in a wife, though. You used to say you hated blondes. Then, as you remark, she has eight hundred a year in her own right; and what does it matter who she is as long as your love never swerves from *me*, as *I* know it does not. *Of course* I will meet you where you say, and shall look forward to the interview as eagerly as you declare you are doing. Don't be foolish and keep my letters, or your wife, when prying about, as all wives do, may find them, and then!—*mon pauvre*, I pity you.

"With fondest love,

"E. B."

All—all like that—making appointments—referring to those kept. Always sneering at, making a jest of her.

"Oh, I shall go mad!" cried poor Lilian, casting herself down in a passion of grief. "Cruel—cruel—married because I had eight hundred a year in my own right. He *doesn't* love me—only that woman. My heart will break. No, he is not worthy of that," starting up; "but I'll never see him again—never!"

Abruptly she was composed. There seemed a scorching fire withering heart and brain, but she was calm. Resolves appeared to form themselves in her mind, unbidden. She fulfilled them mechanically, as if her body were occupied by another spirit than her own.

She determined at once to leave the hotel, take train for Boulogne, and return to her parents in London.

First, she made up the packet again, placed it on the outside of the desk, with a letter simply containing this:

"Words are unnecessary. I know all. The packet explains. Farewell for ever. You have broken my heart. "Lilian."

Then dressing, she passed quietly from the hotel, and drove to the railway station, arriving just in time to catch a train to Boulogne. And with her went her shadow, triumphant.

The *lune de rue* had commenced.

As the train sped on momentary flashes of wonderment occurred to Lilian at her strange placidness. From the instant that composure had come over her, her grief, her distress, had subsided. These moments were but as fitful returns of reason to the delirious. They flashed by, as the trees the train whirled past.

The sense of moving by another will than her own remained but vaguely. She had no power to command her ideas. That of this moment vanished before that of the next, and Lilian was unconscious it was so. In sense, in feeling, she was as the irresponsible actor in a dream, for the shadow's influence never left her.

Boulogne reached, as if Lilian had been used to travelling all her life, she drove to an hotel, and ordered a room, until the boat started for Folkestone.

Very near to her was Elinor Bruce, in her pocket the packet of letters secured before quitting the hotel. The letter of his wife she had left, smiling much at the idea of Percy's wonder and bewilderment on reading it.

Once in London Elinor Bruce purposed to remove her influence—mesmeric, hypnotic, call it what you will—then let Lilian explain her conduct as she pleased.

Who would believe her? Yes, the influence *must* end then. Already the exhaustion the operator was suffering from the overwrought strain was immense.

Meanwhile, Lilian sat, scarcely ever altering her position, waiting for the hour of departure. The evening had come. The *garçon* had brought in the lights.

Half an hour later the door opened, and pale, haggard, Percy Lyle entered, closing the door behind him.

"Thank Heaven I have found you!" he exclaimed. "Lilian, what does this mean?"

She had risen to her feet, and scorn in eye and on lip, had retreated from him, when suddenly her manner changed. Once again it was his Lilian's expression as she ran towards him, crying:

"Oh, Percy, husband, save me!—save!"

"Save you!" he ejaculated, putting his arms about her. "My darling, from what?"

The story Lilian sobbed forth, incoherently, was so wild that he feared for her reason.

"It's that woman," sobbed Lilian, clinging to him. "She made me do it. It was at the theatre she got the influence—she has had it ever since. Just now I seemed to get free, but it'll come again—while she lives it will—it will."

"We will see about that, pet. Come; I've a cab waiting. We must get back to Paris. There, much must be explained. Come."

As they went into the hall, a group of men entered from the street, carrying a woman.

"Keep madame away," said one in French, to Percy. "It is an English lady just dropped down dead. Heart disease."

But Lilian's eyes had already seen the worn, death-stricken face. She shrank back with a cry of horror, for she recognized Elinor Bruce. The next instant her husband had hurried her from the hotel.

Back in Paris, they learned enough of Elinor Bruce's doings to clear up much of the mystery, and Percy would not rest until he had carried his darling far away. But there was danger no longer. Elinor Bruce's death had broken the spell.

E. W. P.

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A RED DAWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RIFT IN THE LUTE," "PRINCESS THEKLA," "EVEN THIS SACRIFICE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

POWDERED GLASS.

PAULINE, having finished luncheon, and enjoyed it—nothing injured her appetite any more than her capacity for sleep—had just seated herself in the drawing-room, with a foolish and rather *risqué* novel, when the door opened, and Lochmohr came in.

She looked at him under her lids, and lowered her book on to her knee.

"I was wondering," she said, leaning back in her chair, "when you meant to appear? I have just been told by a chance acquaintance that you arrived in town yesterday morning."

"Yes? Did he tell you any other news?" said Lochmohr, dropping into a low chair opposite to her.

She did not quite like his manner; it made her uneasy, or was it her own fears? He scarcely seemed to look at her, and yet she felt—one always did feel with Lochmohr, whether he looked at you or not—that nothing escaped him.

"What is there to tell," she said, with a short laugh, "at this time? Town is perfectly dull."

"Why do you remain in it?"

"I don't feel well enough to go anywhere."

"I never knew you to be anything but well, Pauline," said Lochmohr, quietly.

"I don't expect you to believe a word I say," retorted she. "I might ask what brought you to town, only that my informant of this morning told me Miss Verner had come up with Mrs. Westmore."

"That was unpleasant news for you, I am afraid," said Lochmohr, not manifesting the least emotion, "since you had hoped to hear of Miss Verner from a different quarter."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"You know perfectly well what I mean," said Lochmohr, deliberately; he looked straight at her now, with a gaze that frightened her. "Do you suppose I don't understand what sort of compact was made between you and Chris Davenant, one day when he came here? Oh, no denials. As you say, I don't believe a word you utter. Nothing definite; nothing that could be distinctly brought against you; but you understood each other, and had he succeeded, he would have been so much the richer for his infamy and yours." He rose now. "I wished you to know," he added, dropping again into his almost careless tone and manner, "that I, too, understand. Good morning."

He turned away, and left the room without another word, leaving Pauline white, quivering with rage and fear, the more poignant that it was indefinite. How much did he know? Had he wrung anything out of Davenant, or was it only suspicion? But the consequences for her might be equally disastrous. Was he going to practically separate from her, as he had threatened? He told her nothing; he left her in miserable doubt.

Oh! how she longed to ask him, tauntingly, if he had saved Claude, and where he had taken her? But such innuendoes—had she dared to utter them—would betray too much knowledge on her part of what had happened. She had at least some ground to stand upon, so long as her husband could prove nothing; but to practically confess her complicity in the vile scheme of abducting Claude Verner, was to cut away her foothold with her own hands.

* * * * *

Fancourt himself compelled Julia Davenant to tell him what she knew. He came into the drawing-room one evening, almost, but not quite, sober, and demanded of her when she had heard from Chris, and what; and when he was to have the money?

Then she was obliged to tell him; but of course she only told part of the truth. Mrs. Westmore had traced Claude part of the way—had wired to Lochmohr; Lochmohr had gone down, discovered the cottage, and shot Tollemache, who now lay desperately wounded, under Davenant's care. Stewart took Claude to Mrs. Westmore, and the girl was now in Lexham Gardens, with her friend. She showed Fancourt the paragraph about Tollemache, and another stating that the "victim" was progressing fairly well, but was not yet able to answer questions.

"The upshot is," said Fancourt, angrily, when she had finished, "that you've all made a mess of it, and cheated me. Daresay you're telling lies now. How could Stewart know where the girl was, unless you told him? I believe you did—don't b'lieve Mrs. Westmore traced her. How could she?"

"How should Captain Stewart suppose I knew anything?" said Julia, boldly; "and if he did, and I denied all knowledge, he could not make me tell him."

"Oh, he would—somehow!" said Fancourt, becoming rather confused. "Well, I'm diddled, anyhow; and so are you. Wait a bit! it's August now—no one in town—when they come back, you'll have to go, see if you don't. I won't be done! mind that!"

And with a savage look he staggered to the door, and stumbled upstairs to his room.

A respite, at any rate, Julia thought, clenching her hands. A good deal might happen in six weeks. Arthur Fancourt grew weaker every day, and once laid on his back, what could he do?

Meanwhile, Davenant remained at Greenfield, keeping watch and ward over Tollemache, until that gentleman should reach a comparatively convalescent stage. Chris was not sorry, too, just now to escape encountering Fancourt. The chances were that when he had to come to town, the wretched man would be beyond the power of doing mischief.

But certain disquieting rumours were beginning to float through the air. Tollemache "turned the corner," and was pronounced on a fair way to recovery, though the doctors had not succeeded in extracting the bullet. Questioned by the police, the wounded man confirmed Davenant's story, that astute person having contrived to prime him; but then he had let things fall, in his delirium, which did not tally with this. The name of "Claude" was mentioned more than once, but naturally supposed to refer to a man; and there was a good deal about "that lover of hers," and "the wood," though who was alluded to the nurse in attendance did not know; nor did Davenant, if he was to be believed.

Of course these ravings might have no connection with the "outrage" on the highway; but they certainly aided the impression that the story related was not quite exact, especially as nothing could be heard of any suspicious characters having been seen in the district, and it was rather odd that two gentlemen should be travelling about, one playing coachman to the other.

Davenant, too, compelled to state where he had hired the carriage, mentioned Daffnel; and the police soon found out that no one answering to his and Tollemache's description had hired a carriage at Daffnel; but, on the very night on which Tollemache was shot, a gentleman had bought, not hired, a carriage and horse from the Crown Hotel.

The gentleman was described as a very tall, handsome, dark man, slight, and not more than thirty or "thereabouts." He had a companion, but whether the companion was a servant or not mine host could not tell. Mac-Ian's stately Highland and soldierly bearing puzzled the "natives." The gentleman, he thought, was a foreigner. Stewart's dark hues and crisp English—no man speaks more perfect English than a cultivated Highlander—would be likely to give this impression.

Furthermore, the landlord presently identified the carriage and horse as having belonged to him; then it was elicited that, at another inn at Daffnel, on the day following the "outrage," another carriage and horse had been left in charge by a "soldierly-looking man who spoke foreign," but could not be more minutely described.

This man had paid five pounds for the care of the consignment; but nothing more had been seen or heard of him since. Then, on the night of that day, two gentlemen, one of them a good deal taller than the other, had gone up to London by the last train. They travelled first-class. Their faces, in the darkness of the platform, were not seen clearly; but the taller had a dark moustache, and carried himself like a soldier, so did the other.

Here, then, were complications which Stewart, duly informed of all by his agent, foresaw must eventuate in scandal, that could only be silenced in a court of law. He ground his teeth in impotent pain; but there was no help for it.

Maida, after remaining a fortnight in town, had gone down to Bournemouth with Claude until the second week in September, and Gus Langdale took up his quarters in the same town; but Lochmohr remained in London; now, of all times, he must be specially careful for Claude. He wrote to her; but in his letters said nothing of what he heard from his agent.

Pauline had gone to stay with friends; but she, too, returned in September, and people marvelled what Lochmohr could be doing in town at the end of August.

By-and-by "pars" crept into country papers; and then one day, it was the day before Maida's return to London, a "society" paper, delighted with something "sensational" to stir up the languid pulses of town-bound readers, flashed forth the following (duly embellished by the imaginative brains of the editor) in its "Notes:"

"Strange *on dits* are on the wing that a far more sensational solution than any dreamed of will be found for the 'outrage' on Mr. Basil Tollemache. It is said that a young lady, famous as the beauty of last season, is involved in this; that the said young lady was 'missing' from a house where she was staying, and from which she was either abducted or fled; but it is also said that there was another lover in the question, and that a close connection will be established in the whole mysterious affair between the young lady, Mr. Tollemache, and the 'handsome foreigner' who bought a carriage at a certain Yorkshire town. Was the young lady detained in some out-of-the-way place, and if so, where was it? and did the 'foreigner' rescue her from a rival, or was it only another elopement? Anyhow, society will have something to talk about when it meets again in town."

"It will, by Heaven!" said Lochmohr, white to the lips, as he flung down the paper. Then he covered his face in agony. "My darling! my darling! Oh! that I had the right and the power to protect you!"

He knew that this "note," sufficiently pointed as regarded Claude Verner, was only an instalment; and that next time the "other lover" would be hinted at; besides, was not her name already linked with Tollemache's? And other papers would take up the tale, till all society rang with the scandal.

Had Claude seen this wretched gossip? Well, to-morrow he should see her. How the time would drag until then—how it had dragged these three weeks that she had been away; his only comfort was in writing to her, in reading her letters till he knew them by heart; but how poor a substitute, after all, are the most loving of letters for their writer! The actual presence, though the lips are silent, is more precious than ten thousand written words. A woman's eyes can say more to her lover in one look than anything her pen can trace, priceless though those lines may be!

CHAPTER XLIX.

"YOUR HEART TO MINE."

As Lochmohr entered the hall of the pretty house in Lexham Gardens, Maida came out of the dining-room to meet him.

"So glad to see you," she said, holding out both her hands. He took them in his and kissed them. "Come in here for a minute." She led him into the room she had quitted, and turned to him.

"We have seen that paragraph," she said, anticipating his question; "it is vile. Of course, things will get worse, and then action must be taken. I only want to tell you to count on me throughout."

"Heaven reward you, Maida."

"Not me, but *you*," she said, with a sudden rush of tears. "We must talk this over by-and-by. Now go up to Claude; she is in the drawing-room. I will come presently."

He pressed his lips to her hand again, and turning away, went out, and up to the drawing-room, and the next minute Claude was in his arms, clinging to him, as, it seemed to him, even she had never clung before, save that night in the woodman's cottage, and surely there was never in his clasp such anguish of passion as now. But the bitterest part of her pain was the knowledge of his suffering for her, and she strove hard for self-command to comfort him.

"Esric!" she whispered, at last; "it is not so hard—I can bear it all; nothing is too much to bear when you are with me!"

"My dearest!" the sob in his breast seemed to choke him; "striving to be brave for my sake. If my life could save you this agony, Heaven knows I would yield it up in torture to spare you!"

"Esric!" said the girl, passionately; "it would kill me to lose you! I could bear to have the world revile me, treat me as an outcast, if you still loved me and believed me true. When I read those cruel words, I cared less for myself than for you. I only wanted you, Esric; to be close to your heart."

When Maida returned to the drawing-room, they spoke, of necessity, of the action that would have to be taken regarding this scandal.

"At present, of course," Lochmohr said, "nothing can be done. Tollemache will not be able to give evidence for two or three weeks to come, at the earliest; besides, it would not do to notice the first stone flung. Neither of the men can escape us. Davenant came up to town yesterday, but he is not at The Ferns; he is lodging in a street off Soho. He means, if he can, to give me the slip; but he is 'shadowed,' and will be arrested the instant he attempts to escape. Just now he is only waiting to see what moves we intend to make."

If he could only have forecast what the next two weeks would bring about!—only known what threads Fate was even now weaving into the web of those blended lives—his life and Claude's!

CHAPTER L.

ANOTHER PARAGRAPH.

THE rolling snowball gathered snow as it rolled. It was now the first week in October, and the weather, being very cold, had driven back many to town who would otherwise have remained *in villeggiatura*.

The paragraph in a certain paper was copied and enlarged upon. People were talking. The "young lady" was of course Claude Verner; but who was the "foreigner?" Then some whispered the name of Stewart of Lochmohr. Everyone knew, of course, that he and his wife were strangers; and now, it was said, he was scarcely ever in Carlton House Terrace. He lived almost entirely in his chambers in Pall Mall.

He had been a constant visitor at The Ferns. Tollemache and others had been jealous of him, &c. What, then, was the truth of "the story?" Had Claude Verner run off with Basil Tollemache,

had Lochmohr intercepted them, and shot Tollemache?

How unlikely! Was it not rather the other way, that she had gone with Lochmohr, and Tollemache, interfering, had been shot? But Claude was with Mrs. Westmore, a woman above reproach, and Lochmohr visited there.

And where was Davenant? He had left England, some said. That looked queer. And Tollemache was still on a sick-bed. Were Miss Verner's friends, or Lochmohr, only waiting until he could appear to take action, or were they silent because they dared not drag the matter before the public?

Lady Meldune, Lady Allister, and others had declared the scandal "infamous."

"All very well," said the gossips, shaking their heads; "that only meant that these people had faith in their favourites, not necessarily that these favourites were innocent."

Of course no one dared to say a word on the subject to Stewart himself, or in his hearing, and he, overtly, simply ignored it.

Langdale, on more than one occasion, significantly remarked that the publishers of scandal might find things made unpleasant for them by-and-by; and as he was known to be a close friend of Lochmohr's, the remark carried its own weight. Whatever the truth, Langdale was pretty sure to know it; and he clearly believed no wrong of his friend, or of Claude Verner.

Libellers wax bold with impunity, and the paper that had first inserted an innuendo, now—after being silent for two or three weeks—took a leap considerably in advance of its first "note."

Sitting by the fire in her drawing-room, Pauline, with a smile on her rosy lips, read these lines:

"Is it not time that the parties concerned in what looks like a grave scandal should either clear themselves or withdraw, for a time, at any rate, from society? It is something more than an idle rumour which points to a well known and brilliant cavalry officer, remarkable for his good looks, his gallantry in the field, and his success in society, as the hero of an escapade in which a very beautiful girl, the *belle* of a season, was the heroine. He is of ancient family—indeed, of royal race—his tartans boast the yellow stripe that belongs to the kingly branch of the clan, and he has a wife; but his wife lives in solitary state. Was he lover, or knight-errant, to the 'missing' *belle?* If the latter, why was not the rescued lady at once restored to her friends? Why were two or three days allowed to elapse between the rescue and the restoration? Will the hero of many a *champ d'honneur*, the wearer of the Victoria Cross, please explain?"

"Is it true?" Pauline asked herself. "True or not, it will cut her to the heart, and him too." Then the triumphant smile faded, and a black frown took its place. "I understand," she said, musingly. "The Raven's Tower is not far from Daffnel. At Daffnel he took the carriage. And Maida Westmore is fool enough to believe in that girl, whom he dares to tell me I must speak of with respect? Who is that?" as a hand touched the door handle. "Esric himself!"

She looked at him as he came forwards, but, as usual, could make nothing of his face; he saw, in one quick glance, the paper she held, and by her expression that she had read the particular "note;" but he only bent his head slightly, and said, quietly:

"I was told Lady Meldune was calling here, and I wished to see her."

"She is not very likely, I should think," said Pauline, tossing the paper on a table near her, "to come to this house. When a husband scorns and insults his wife, the rest of the world scorns her also. You cannot pretend to ignore what is said of you in this paragraph. Do you admit it, or deny it?"

"To you," said Lochmohr, with ominous quietness, "I do neither. I don't stoop even to defend Claude Verner to you. Believe what you please; but be silent."

"I have been silent too long!" she cried. "No one, at least, can breathe a word against my name! Yet I am not to utter, in your hearing, the name of a girl whom all the world knows now to be your——"

His grip was like steel on her wrist, changing the word she would have uttered into a cry of pain, and almost terror. Never before had she seen such terrible passion in his face, ashen white; never before had he showed her any personal violence; he was scarcely conscious now of the force of his grasp; he was half afraid of himself; yet he knew that he hurt her—her cry was no simulation—but he did not for that relax his hold.

"Will you make me forget that you are a woman?" he said, his voice hoarse and quivering. "Are you witless as well as soulless, that you dare so much? What! I hurt you? I know it. Physical pain is all the pain you are capable of feeling."

He flung her off and turned to the door. Through the white heat of his passion came a sharp pang of self-contempt at being so deeply moved by a creature so infinitely mean and pitiful; but the horrible insult to Claude drove the blood in a stream of fire through his veins. Had not the coarse libel in the paper already stabbed him like a two-edged sword? Did this woman, as fatuous in her folly as infamous in her nature, think that there was absolutely no limit to a man's forbearance?

He saw her, as he left the room, crouch down in the chair, sobbing hysterically over her bruised wrist, and no wave of compunction crossed him. There was even, though he despised himself for the feeling, a certain savage pleasure in having hurt her; and the lesson would not be lost upon her. She was, after all, with all her physical beauty, like a vicious animal that can only be controlled by the whip, and made to obey by fear.

Lochmohr went to his study; he must be alone for a little while to get himself together after what had happened. It is the misfortune of strong natures that, not easily roused, the passion, when it comes, shakes them to the centre. By-and-by, however, he rang the bell, and told the servant who answered it to show Lady Meldune, if she called, into the library, and let him know.

In about twenty minutes the servant came again:

"Lady Meldune is in the library, sir."

"Thanks."

He was master of himself again now, and went immediately to the library.

Lady Meldune came forward to meet him with her usual cordiality; and Stewart kissed the hand she gave him—he always treated this faithful friend with a chivalrous reverence; then placed her in a chair, and sitting down by the table near her, he said:

"I gave instructions for you to be shown into the library because I wanted to speak to you. Have you seen to-day's *Vanguard?*"

"No. Anything more in it?"

He took the paper from his pocket, and putting it in her hands, rose and went and stood by the mantelpiece, watching her. Her face expressed disgust and horror as she read. She threw down the paper with an exclamation of anger.

"*Infamous!*" she said. "A lie from beginning to end."

"There can be no sort of doubt as to the identity of the hero this time," said Lochmohr, quietly. "And the worst of it is that it is not a complete lie; it is one of those lies which is 'half a truth,' and therefore a harder matter to fight. The inference is utterly false, and the spice of 'truth' amplified into a lie."

"Of course the inference is false," said Lady Meldune. "I haven't known you from your school days, Lochmohr, to believe you guilty of such vile treason as this imputes. What's the truth of the matter, if I may know it? You have been so reticent."

"I have been biding my time, Monna," it was a sort of pet name he had for her, softening the stiffness of her surname into the Italian "Monna," "until I could strike surely. It is a miserable necessity, but for Claude Verner's sake it must be done. I am not going to deny, Monna, that I love her," his handsome eyes did not droop, they looked straight, with their clear, loyal gaze, into his old friend's face; "but if I could dream of wrong to her I should be trebly dishonoured. She has been my salvation; only my own soul can know what, but for her, I might have been. What does a man not owe to a woman who, to save him from despair, from perhaps desperate sin, utter wreck, risks all the peril of temptation from him, temptation from her own heart? I cannot speak of it; it is like treading on holy ground!" His voice failed him; he bowed his head down on the mantelpiece, struggling for self-control. "Perhaps," he added, presently, in a low tone, breaking the silence which Lady Meldune was indeed too deeply moved to interrupt, "you can, to some extent, understand——"

"Yes," she said, gently; and she rose and laid her hand on his arm. "I understand. She is a noble woman, Lochmohr, and I cannot hold you to blame."

He clasped her hand closely in his own.

"I could bear it for myself, Monna, but not that she should be condemned."

He made her sit down again, and then he told her the whole story of that memorable day and night.

Lady Meldune listened without question or comment. She was a woman who could listen. She started when Lochmohr told her that he had fired full at Tollemache, intending to kill him; but she said nothing, though she was glad, in her heart, that the wound was not fatal.

When Stewart had finished, she said:

"I am glad I know it all, Lochmohr. You acted like yourself. Taking Claude to the Raven's Tower was an unfortunate necessity; but it was a necessity, and no human being, not a gadfly, could believe any wrong; even a profligate's sense of honour may be trusted when a woman is thrown so utterly in his care, so hopelessly in his power. What, then, is to be done? Matters cannot remain as they are after this."

"I did not intend that they should. But if I bring an action for libel against this wretched sheet, the chief delinquents will escape. For the editor of the *Vanguard* I have two arguments—a horsewhip and a threatened action. The first will probably be sufficient to silence him; but I could not use even that argument until I, personally, was clearly indicated. To thrash a man on Claude's behalf only would be but a cruel kindness to her. Davenant and Tollemache must be struck by an action for criminal conspiracy."

"But you cannot bring the action, Lochmohr?"

"For her sake, no. I have no right," he answered, his lip quivering for a moment. "But Claude can bring an action, through her next friend."

She smiled, and went to his side again.

"You want me to act for her in this, Lochmohr?"

"Will you?" he said, earnestly, catching her hand in both his. "Will you do this for me, Monna? Maida Westmore would; but even her name would not have the weight of yours; besides, it would delay her marriage."

"My dear Esric," said Lady Meldune, her eyes full of tears, "there is nothing I would not do for you; and this I would do for the girl's sake, even without you."

Lochmohr bent his head, and kissed her hand passionately.

"How good you are to me, and to her," he said, huskily. Then looking up, he added: "Understand, it is only your name, your countenance, I ask. The rest is my charge. Ah, no!" as she would have dissented; "if I cannot openly champion Claude's good name, I must do what I can for her. I cannot forego this happiness."

And that plea was unanswerable. They talked afterwards about the impending case, Lochmohr instructing his old friend what steps to take; he himself should see Claude that evening; besides, so far as she was concerned, the matter had already been decided.

"She would do whatever I thought right and best," he said. He felt that he must, in any case, see Claude to-day, as once before, after some such cruel scene with Pauline, he had sought the woman he loved, needing her so sorely! His heart was wounded and lacerated; and there was no help or soothing, but in Claude's presence.

Lady Meldune left without going to the drawing-room; it was too late to call, she said, not sorry to escape seeing Pauline, whom she detested.

Lochmohr saw her to her carriage, and then, hailing a cab, drove down to Lexham Gardens, and Claude was at home, and alone.

She sprang to meet her lover with trembling lips, and her violet eyes aglow. But something even more than usual troubled him, she saw at once; and knew, too, by the very way he held her to him and kissed her. But she did not speak, only clung and nestled to him, giving him all the exquisite sympathy of her love, until the pain should be assuaged, and he willing to open his heart to her.

But when he first spoke, it was not of himself, or what was in the paper; but only to ask where Maida was.

"She has gone to a ball at Lady Shannon's, at Richmond," Claude answered. "She was to dress there, and so she went early. I don't suppose she will be home before six in the morning."

"I am very fond of Maida," said Lochmohr, caressing the curly head laid against him; "but I would rather have you alone, heart's dearest; but I suppose I must not stop very long."

She looked up to him wistfully, then her colour rose, her eyes sank.

"Lochmohr—you are not troubling about what was in the paper to-day?"

"You saw it?" he said, under breath.

"Yes."

"Could I help troubling about it, Dieudonnée? I must speak to you presently, of that. But it was not the paper only."

"May I know what else, Esric?"

"My darling! have you not a right to know everything concerning me? It was Pauline," he drew in his breath, painfully; he hated to mention so much as her name to Claude. "I had heard Lady Meldune was at the house, and I went to see her. Pauline was in the drawing-room, alone. She had seen the paper, and spoke of it. Don't ask me what she—she said, Dieudonnée. I stopped her before she had finished the sentence. I have never laid a rough hand on her before; but to-day, my grip on her wrist hurt, bruised her!—Dieudonnée, don't reproach me! I was beside myself."

"I don't reproach you, Esric!" said the soft, tender voice. "I am only so grieved—oh, so grieved for you!"

"And so," he whispered, lifting his head at last, "I came to you. Nothing could still the aching of my heart but to feel the throb of yours. Even if that was denied me, I should be in your presence; but Maida, unwittingly this time, has been very good to me."

Presently he told her of his interview with Lady Meldune, and what had been decided upon. To-morrow, or next day, Tollemache and Davenant would be under arrest. Claude could not but shrink with intense dread from the ordeal, but she knew it was the only possible course to be

taken, and she would be brave; besides, she was anxious that her lover's name should be cleared from the vile imputation of treason cast upon it.

"I met one of the servants at The Ferns, yesterday," Claude said, as they talked. "You remember Benson, she was always so fond of me; and she told me that Fancourt was very ill, keeping his bed; and had been like that for more than a week. He has no doctor, and Mrs. Davenant does scarcely anything for him. Benson does a little. It seems terrible for him to be left like that!"

"I can't feel much pity for him, Dieudonnée; he had none on you. The wonder is, not that he is dying now, but that he has lived so long. And now," for the time was drawing on, "I suppose I must leave you. It is very hard, sweetheart, especially as you will be all alone; but I am afraid I have already trespassed on the canons." He stood up, folding her in his arms. "My darling, good-bye."

So he left her. But he would see her again to-morrow, perhaps, or the next day at latest. So she thought, and so he thought. But they were to meet sooner than either imagined.

CHAPTER LI.

TO A DYING BED.

Claude started at the loud ringing of the door-bell. She had been for a long time so deeply buried in thought that she had no idea how the time passed, and glancing at the clock, was astonished to find it was near eleven. Who in the world, then, could it be coming to the house so late? She rose up, and waited, listening. If no servant was up she would go to the door herself.

But in a minute or two she heard the hall-door open, and almost immediately a footman came to the drawing-room.

"Miss Verner, a person named Benson is in the hall. She wants to see you at once. She says you'll know her."

"Benson!" exclaimed Claude, and she ran down quickly to the hall. Benson came forward, eagerly.

"Miss Claude," she said, "it's Mr. Fancourt wants to see you. I'm afraid he's dying, miss. I wouldn't come at first, but he took on dreadful, miss, and said it was life and death, and wouldn't rest till I came."

"Yes—yes; I wish you had come at once, Benson. I'll be with you in a minute."

She ran up to her dressing-room for her hat and a wrap, and hastily scribbled a line to Maida.

"Dear Maida,

"Fancourt is dying—sent for me; it's all right—Benson came. She's trustworthy; and no harm could happen anyhow.

"Claude."

This she put in an envelope, and laid, addressed to Maida, in a conspicuous place on the hall-table, and, without more ado, went out with Benson.

"We'll have a cab," she said. "Here's one."

She hailed it; they got in, and drove off. On the way Claude asked for some particulars.

"I don't know what Mr. Fancourt wants, miss," said Benson; "but he kept on he must see you—it was life and death; he seems quite sensible like now—he's been that way all day. You won't know him, miss, he looks so funny. He made me cut off all his beard, and whiskers, and moustache—you wouldn't believe the change it makes in him. I don't know why he did that—he wasn't a bit delirious; but he's awfully weak, and he won't have a doctor. I think he misses the drink; he don't get near as much as he used to, and they say drunkards can't live without the drink."

Claude shuddered.

"And Mrs. Davenant?" she asked.

"She hasn't been near him all day, miss. She didn't know. I was coming for you; but she wouldn't have minded. She was in her room when I left. I don't know if she's gone to bed."

"And no one with Mr. Fancourt?"

"No, miss; there was nobody up but me."

The cab stopped opposite the house. Benson opened the door with a latchkey, and they went on together to Fancourt's room.

"I had best go in alone," said Claude; "but you'll wait up, Benson, you may be wanted."

"For certain, miss, I shan't go to bed; I shall be in this room, close by."

Claude opened the door of the sick-room, closing it after her as she entered. The air was close, and heavy with the smell of brandy. On the bed at the further end lay a ghastly, emaciated form, whose face the girl would certainly not have recognized at once; for all the hair was gone; the man looked quite different, and, despite the inroads of dissipation and sickness, younger. He eagerly raised himself on his elbow, as Claude, all repugnance overcome in profound pity, went up to the bedside.

"Ah! you've come," he said, "you've come—I knew you would." He spoke with difficulty, but he was more thoroughly in his senses than Claude had ever seen him. "You don't know me," he added, as she bent down and took his hand. "I'd a reason for having my hair cut off. I'm not drunk or mad now." His eyes, burning with inward fever, searched the girl's face anxiously.

"I know you are quite yourself," she said, gently. "What can I do for you? Let me send for a doctor."

He shook his head.

"No, no! Look here, child—you must be a saint to be kind to me after what I did; but I'll make it up to you—I'll do one good thing before I die."

He laughed, and that made him cough.

Claude turned the heated pillow.

"Try and rest," she said, "and don't talk."

"I must, child, I must. Give me a little brandy—just a little—to keep me going—it won't make me drunk now—I'm too weak."

Claude poured out some brandy and water and gave it him, supporting him while he drank. He looked up to her gratefully.

"I'll make up for what I did," he said. He let her lay him back on the pillow, but clutched her hand tightly. "Look here," he said, "I want to see Captain Stewart to-night—you must fetch him."

"I fetch him!" She started, and changed colour.

"It's life and death, I tell you. Dying men don't play the fool, child. I must see him; you know where to find him—the servant's no good; besides, she won't have money for cabs, and I haven't. Go at once, child—don't waste a minute—bring him here quick!"

There was no mistaking his intense earnestness, and Claude hesitated no longer, cruel though the ordeal was for her to call at a man's chambers at midnight; possibly, worse still, at his club, to fetch him away.

"I will go for him," she said; "he shall come without fail."

"Thanks, thanks!"

He looked, even in that minute, more relieved.

Claude went out to Benson, and told her to go in to keep watch by Fancourt.

"I am going," she said, "to fetch some one he wants to see. It's all right; I must go myself. Give me the latchkey. Thanks."

She ran noiselessly and rapidly down the stairs, out of the house, closing the door softly, and gained the road beyond.

It flashed across her what Lochmohr would say to her being out alone, in these lonely places, at midnight? But there was no help for it. Even if Fancourt's wish were only a sick man's whim, he was a dying man also, and must be humoured. But his manner gave her the strong impression that he really wished to see Lochmohr for some reason which, to him, at any rate, appeared important.

[To be continued.]

"A Red Dawn" commenced in No. 1,353 and Part CCCXXXV.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

When a mean man wants to say a mean thing, and is a coward, he writes a letter.

Competency is a sort of financial horizon which recedes as we advance. The word always signifies a little more than we possess.

Virtue ne'er dwells within that heart
Where shame has ceased to hold a part.

One of the hard things in this world is that we never know there is an ounce of prevention until after we have taken our pound of cure.

To keep the mind alive and clear, to think out truths and principles, and to keep the heart open to embrace them; to cling with loving persistence to all noble and generous thoughts, and to cherish every imagination of moral beauty, will gradually strengthen our purposes, ennoble our efforts, and lift us to that higher region of sentiment, where truth, love and duty walk hand in hand.

The Old Woollen Company, Leeds, Yorkshire, have their new patterns ready, which will at once be forwarded, post free, to any ladies who mention that they are subscribers to our Journal. Mothers who have boys to clothe should see patterns of the serviceable and excellent materials of this company. A large number of patterns for gentlemen's clothing are also included, some of which are extremely attractive. Their bicycling serges are a specially good make for summer suits. Their lawn tennis flannels are of very fine quality, and in pretty patterns. Of light cloths, and homespuns, suited for seaside, country, and travelling dresses, there are a variety of useful and pretty materials, varying in width and price so as to suit all purses. Of cashmeres there are a wide range of patterns. The materials for rainproof cloaks are particularly nice; so also are the jacket cloths and cloakings. Among the attractive dress fabrics for summer wear we may mention "The Ryde," "The Grampian," "The Waldemar," "The Killarney," "The Ettrick," "The Lomond," and "Abingdon." Among the cotton goods "The Levantine," "Islay," and "The Conway" zephyrs are very pretty. If an order be given above 20s., The Old Woollen Company, Leeds, Yorkshire, pay the carriage of the goods.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS GENERALLY.

All Letters should be addressed to Merton House, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London.

As our Correspondence has greatly increased with the increased popularity of our Journal, we purpose from this date to answer questions of immediate importance *by post within a few days of their receipt from all English and Foreign Subscribers. 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.*

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.*

American Subscribers must please to remember to put five-cent stamps on their letters, or we shall not be able to take them in in future, as we so frequently have twopence to pay in consequence of insufficient stamping. American stamps are of no use here for return letters.

Edie.—May 7th, 1870, was a Saturday; June 14th, 1870, was a Tuesday; September 6th, 1870, was a Tuesday; June 18th, 1872, was also a Tuesday. We are very pleased to know that you like our Journal so much.

Meg Merrilies.—Yes, the Pasta Mack Sachets are very nice both for scenting notepaper and linen. If you are unable to get another in your town, if you wish we can send you one by post; you will remember the price of the one we sent you was 7½d.

A Wife of Twenty.—(1) If obliged frequently to do what you mention, wear a pair of Berlin wire glasses or goggles. (2) Sometimes a very few applications of the Thuja are required to remove the mole; sometimes it is as long as three months before it will entirely disappear; but although slow, it is a positive cure. We can send you the Thuja by post to any part of the United Kingdom for 1s. 2d. (3) March 10th, 1864, was a Thursday. (4) We think you must agree with us that the price charged is so trifling that nothing more can be expected than that which was sent for the money.

Mrs. E. J. McG. (Beltuabet).—We do not supply hats; we purchase them for our subscribers if they desire us to do so. A felt hat of good quality, trimmed with velvet and feathers like illustration, would not cost less than 30s.

Maud.—Mr. Alex. Ross, 21, Lamb's Conduit Street, High Holborn, London, will supply what you require.

A Twenty-five Years' Subscriber.—Your best plan would be to write to or inquire of a member of the corporation; at times freedom of a city is granted through courtesy to sons and grandsons of freemen, even though they have left the city, especially if they have attained an eminent position.

Lizzie and Lottie.—(1) For such young ladies white is most suitable. (2) Golden ointment; we can send you a small box by post to any part of the United Kingdom for 7d.; to America or the Continent, for 11d.; to the Cape or Australia, for 1s. 6d. (3) Use Lake's Complexion Pilules; they are excellent. (4) Directions for use are given with each bottle, but the Thuja must be used regularly once or twice daily. (5) It depends entirely on their height; most young ladies of that age wear quite long dresses. (6) Lizzie is the diminutive of Elizabeth, which signifies "a worshipper of God;" Lottie, the diminutive of Charlotte, meaning "strong;" Frances, "indomitable;" Clara, "clear light;" Ellen, "fertile;" Maud, "brave girl;" Ethel, "noble;" Beatrice, "making blest." (7) That is a matter for your mother to decide; at Cinderella dances it is usual to stay till the end. (8) Yes. (9) The hair is worn tied at the back of the neck. (10) Gray, brown, blue, biscuit, green, and heliotrope.

Edith M.—In No. 1,355 you will find a pretty spray of darned net suitable for the purpose. We do not answer letters by post unless a stamped addressed envelope be sent.

Florence Stewart.—(1) Elderflower water is made from freshly gathered flowers; as we do not know what sort of a distil you have, we cannot tell you how to use it. (2) We think you would find more information of the sort you require in a book entitled "The Queen's English," by Dean Alford; we can send it to you by post for 5s. 4½d. (3) It is seldom worth writing a letter unless you really have something to communicate, and then it is best done in the most simple and natural manner possible. We can send you our "Letter Writer" by post for 1s. 1½d. We are glad to know you like our Journal so much; do us the favour of recommending it to your friends when an opportunity occurs.

Judith (Hong-Kong).—(1) No; very few people would call on such a day without a special invitation. (2) Hugh is pronounced as if spelt *Hew*. Eiffel, in French, as *Ef-fel*, but more generally as *I-fel*. Cuticura, as *ku-te-ku-rah*. Pears, as *Pares*. (3) Unearthly hours are those past midnight. (4) We are unable to say. (5) Yes, if the gentlemen be old friends. (6) No, it is not usual to do so without a *chaperone*. (7) In the case you mention the lady would ascend the stairs first. (8) "With best wishes for a merry Christmas," or "prosperous New Year," as the case may be. (9) Yes. (10) Send a money order, made payable to Edward Harrison, at the post-office, Ludgate Circus, London. (11) Flat patterns are not made up; trimmed patterns are stitched together, made up, and trimmed. (12) The cost of sending the materials for working the cushion, shown in the January Part, to China, would be 7s. 2d., if you are where there is a parcels post. (13) We do not understand you. Do you mean bread-powder, which is another name for baking-powder? (14) We believe Mr. Alex. Ross, 21, Lamb's Conduit Street, Holborn, undertakes to do the former, and peroxide of hydrogen will lighten the hair; if used plentifully and constantly it will make the hair a pretty gold colour. It is also sold as oxygenated water. (15) Yes. (16) No, certainly not; we should not know what to do with them, if you sent them; we have plenty of our own.

QUERY.

Can any reader of the *Y.L.J.* give "Lizzie" the words of the song, "We'd better bide a wee," and "My Collier Boy."

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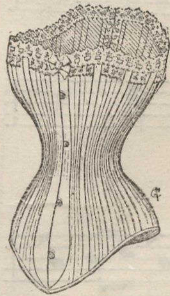

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Allegretto quasi andantino.

con espressione. *mf* FINE. *p*

PIANO.

1. The boat was moor'd up - on the beach, The ship was out at sea, When Pol - ly came her Jack to meet, For true to him was she. She came to give the par - ting kiss, She came to give the par - ting kiss, She came to say good - bye, ... good - bye; Per - chance they ne - ver would meet a - gain, Ex - cept be - yond the sky, . . Ex - cept be - yond the sky, . . . be - yond, be - yond the sky. . . .

2. It was the last fond par - ting kiss, It was the last good - bye, For Jack was lost while out at sea, When waves were beat - ing high. But an - gels bore him up a - loft, But an - gels bore him up a - loft, Where Pol - ly, too, has gone, ... has gone, To where there is no last good - bye, And par - tings are un - known, . . To where there is no last good - bye, and par - tings are un - known. . .

f *p* *Ped.* *segue.* *f* *legato.* *p* *p* *cres.* *f* *mf* *cres.* *f* D.C.

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"YOU WILL TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT, I KNOW YOU WILL."

JUPITER'S TOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LARGE FORTUNE," "VELVET SNOW," "FATE OR FOLLY?" ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GRACE MAKES A DISCOVERY.

DERRICK, having given the blackberry-woman a sixpence (such coins were rare with him), crossed over again to Miss Auvergne, who greeted him with a peculiar smile.

"I do not admire your new lady-love in the least," she began, speaking at a venture; "she is bold."

He flushed hotly.

"To whom do you allude?"

"To that bold-faced woman in Lady Dallas's carriage, the woman you have followed here all the way from London."

He bit his lip.

"I have told you nothing, Miss Auvergne. Let me tell you that you have no claim on me. True, I loved you ten weeks ago; but you did not love me; you told me so. You gave me to understand that your life was devoted to other things than the affections; that love was not for you; you refused to engage yourself to me; you gave me no hope. I went away, and a change took place in my feelings—my infatuated passion for your beauty is dead and gone."

"And you love another woman?"

"If so, the secret must remain locked in my own soul, Miss Auvergne. I will not name it to any mortal, certainly not to you."

"There is no need, sir; the fact is evident—this is, I expect, some quite disgraceful flirtation with some shameless society beauty, some married woman, who does not really care for you, and who laughs at you in her sleeve."

"She may—I mean, if such a woman exists, Miss Auvergne."

"Oh, she exists, she lives, moves, and has her being in some disgraceful, yet fashionable circle. The vices of society nowadays, the luxury, extravagance, and pomp of the rich, the rags, wretched-

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ness, and hunger of the poor, all point to the speedily approaching time when the people shall change places; when the slaves shall be masters, and the masters slaves. But, long before then, I will let your lady-love know who you are, and what I believe from my heart you have done."

She darted a look at him, which haunted him in his dreams long afterwards; then she went away from him swiftly, without a parting glance, without a single word of adieu. She ran now, for she was in a hurrry to come up with the carriage from the Crown, which she knew must be waiting for her at the top of the hill. A turn in the road disclosed it to her; that other carriage was out of sight, it had turned up a narrow lane to the left, which led by a shorter road, to Dolgarth Hall.

Grace felt crushed and bruised in soul, desperate and embittered in heart. Her vanity, of which she possessed a considerable share, had received a terrible shock. This was the very first man who had resisted her blandishments, and this was the only man she had ever loved, or could love, if she lived forty years longer.

"But this woman shall know everything," she said tc herself. "She shall, and, if she still encourages him, I shall know what to do!"

"What an awful time you have been, Miss Auvergne," said Lucy, pettishly, when at length Grace came up, hot and tired, and entered the carriage. "I thought you were never coming at all, and you haven't brought any ferns or blackberries; I thought you were gathering blackberries; I like them better than grapes or peaches!"

Thus pouted the petted child, but Grace for once was unable to respond with a smile to her complaints; her own temper was "rasped" to the last degree, her very heart was on fire.

That Derrick's love should have melted into nothingness, just as the thick, white mists of the morning melt and evaporate in the sun's rays, struck her as being as wonderful as it was terrible. She was slow to realize the bitter, humiliating fact; in truth, she would not realize it, until it was made plain to her in some striking and convincing manner.

A few short weeks ago, and he had knelt at her feet, the most impassioned, the most humble of lovers; while she had held aloof, or seemed to hold aloof, he had begged for the love she appeared to grudge, as a condemned prisoner might beg for his life. Now he has looked at her sternly, and told her to be gone, to cease to regard him as other than a stranger; and she has given him her whole heart! She loves him, she tells herself, in an inward frenzy of excited feeling—she loves him as no other woman ever loved before, since this world was peopled first with living souls!

"How odd you look," says rude Lucy, when the carriage has rolled on a little way; "you are blue about the mouth, your eyes seem sunk in your head. You look like that picture on the staircase, of the woman whose baby has been killed by Herod's soldiers; her eyes are sunk like yours, and she seems as if she did not hear what that man and woman are saying to her, to comfort her."

"Oh, Lucy! for pity's sake don't talk to me!" cries the beautiful governess, in a burst of anguished feeling. "My head aches, and the hot sun has made it worse. I am ill; do you hear?"

"You are cross, I think, Miss Auvergne!" says Lucy, who is kind to animals, but harsh towards her own species; "if people *have* headaches, they need not look so cross."

Grace did not even attempt to defend herself from this insinuation, she leaned back in the carriage, closed her eyes, and held her handkerchief to her face.

Lucy was too proud to appeal to her again; she sat in sulky silence for some time; but at last she called out:

"I wonder if Adela Grenston's new governess is a cross one or not?"

Spite rang in little Lucy's voice. Grace took her handkerchief from her face, and looked at Lucy with hungry, flashing eyes—eyes full of eager questioning.

"New governess! Has she a new one?"

"Yes, certainly; and she is prettier than you, so says Turenne." Mademoiselle Turenne was the French maid of Mrs. Ravenscroft.

Then it was to that "new governess" that Derrick had doffed his cap; that new governess was the "other woman" who had supplanted Grace in the affections of this volatile and heartless Derrick; and all in the space of some six weeks or so!

Who was she? What was she? Where did she come from? What mystic tie bound her to Derrick? How strong must be his infatuation for this "other woman," since for her sake he had come down to the neighbourhood of his home, undisguised! Why, surely Lady Dallas herself would recognize him, and Lord Grenston had been at college with him. He might meet his father, and then who could say but that the Colonel (whose heart had been softened by the appeals Grace herself had made on behalf of the exile), who could say that he would not recall the prodigal to his home, and reinstate him in the place of honour? If so, whom would Derrick have to thank in the first place, if not Grace herself? And then this other woman, prettier than Grace, and probably younger, would reap the harvest which Grace had sown, marry the heir; even, perhaps, in time, live to become Countess of Powerswood.

"How long, Lucy, has this new governess been at Dolgarth Hall?"

"Three days. Lady Dallas went to see the people painting in the National Gallery, on a students' day, and took a fancy to a copy of a picture that 'this person' was making" (Lucy would not have called a mere governess a "lady" for the world); "so the Countess offered to buy it. And then, when she found the artist taught drawing, could speak German, and could sing, she asked her to come to Dolgarth Hall for two months, just to teach Adela drawing, and nothing else, while the real governess is away. So she came. I heard my mother telling my father all about it."

Grace sat speechless; a keen and subtle instinct told her, and told her truly, that this "new governess" and the "other woman" were one and the same person.

CHAPTER XXV.

THAT OTHER WOMAN!

GRACE retired at once to her room on her arrival at Ravenscroft; she announced severe indisposition as being the cause of her secluding herself, and the maids were kind in plying her with hot tea and smelling-salts; but she begged to be left alone, saying that nothing short of perfect rest could restore her shattered nerves.

Lucy was captious, restless, and disagreeable. She said that she wished Adela Grenston to come and spend the next day with her, and bring her new governess, and have "some games." The two families were intimate enough, when in the country, to admit of Mrs. Ravenscroft's writing a short epistle to the Countess of Dallas, telling her how delicate and fanciful Lucy was, and begging her to allow Lady Adela and her drawing-mistress to spend a few days at Ravenscroft.

"Lady Adela can take her lessons in the school-room, just as usual," wrote Mrs. Ravenscroft.

Lady Dallas was good-natured, and easy-going. The result was that a note came by the second post the next morning, informing Mrs. Ravenscroft that in answer to her request Lady Adela and Miss Martineau would be driven over that morning, and would be glad to stay at Ravenscroft for a few days.

Grace Auvergne had given herself all the privileges of an invalid. She had gone to bed, taking only tea and toast, and in the morning her breakfast had been served to her in her own room. It was quite true that her head ached, for her heart was torn by disappointed love, and she knew that she had a deadly enemy on the watch for her in the person of the Count le Rouge.

"It is enough to make me run away from it all," she said to herself, as she sat before her toilette-table, in the luxurious room appointed for her at Ravenscroft.

"Give notice, shall I? Tell the Ravenscrofts that my father has sent for me? Or else shall I absolutely accept and marry that stupid boy Eldred, who pesters me with letters daily, and who would be frantic with joy if I went off with him, quietly, to some obscure little church, and got married. Fancy marrying that tame boy, with his insipid fairness, his blue eyes, his blonde moustache, his lisp, his vices, which are hardly even his own, but only the imitation vices of other men. Fancy being his wife, when I had won the heart of his brother, with his masculine intellect, vigorous physique, heroic beauty. That other woman—ah, she must be lovely, I suppose. And yet, no; some mere doll has won away a man's heart from a woman of rare loveliness and intellectual splendour like—like I am, before now." She set her teeth, and stared gloomily at herself in the glass. "I would have staked my life, or ten lives, on his truth and faithfulness," she said, aloud. "What stuff is the man made of that he has gone away and become transformed into another identity?—changed, utterly changed—and I, with no more power over him than if I were a lay figure, a woman made of bran, and wax, and leather? I, that have always—always—been able to wind men, even strong men, round my finger? Am I fading?" She asked the question with a little start of horror; but there was as yet no sign that the early summer of Grace Auvergne's beauty was mellowing, ever so slightly, into autumn.

Certainly she was very white this morning, and her splendid eyes were a little sunk; but it was the face of a girl still that looked at her from the oval-shaped mirror, a girl who has tasted some of the sweets and the bitters of life; but still a girl for all that, and one whose beauty must have quickened the pulses of any man, young or old, who gazed upon her for the first time.

Her black hair fell below her waist in massive luxuriance. She wore a white dressing-gown. She held an ivory-handled brush in her hand.

"I feel that I do not care how I look, or how I dress. I have lost him. This other woman? I must see her. One thing I am resolved upon. He shall never, never make her his wife. I will compass that. He has made me desperate. Still, what was that he said? That he had only a false name, and the half of an attic, to offer to any woman. So that he has not dared to propose to her as yet? Well, and when he does, she shall refuse him. I should be an idiot if I allowed him to marry another woman after I have had his heart; and I had his heart—oh, I know that I had."

While beautiful, impassioned Grace held parley, thus, with herself, she heard the great clock in the courtyard strike one, and at the same time she heard the rumble of wheels.

Looking through the white muslin blind that covered half of her window, Grace saw a carriage driving along a sweep of road that led from the avenue round the lawn to the front entrance. Even at a distance she recognized the gray horses and the liveries of the Earl of Dallas.

"The new governess," she said. "I feel that she is there; she is an artist, and the foolish Countess has brought her here to show her off. Now must I hasten down, at all risks, and see her. I know this is the woman who has stolen his fickle heart."

Grace smiled. There was a supreme and subtle power in that smile. She was not one to be trampled upon with impunity. This woman should never marry Derrick.

So she fastened up her hair with artistic skill, and she donned a morning robe of the palest pink, and she fastened a spray of fern and one crimson rose-bud in her belt, and so stole down the grand staircase towards the smaller drawing-room. She heard the sound of voices and laughter. She was going to look upon "that other woman!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

FACE TO FACE.

THE smaller drawing-room was furnished in pale green silk, the chairs and cabinets were of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl. There were ferns in profusion, and great bowls filled with roses of all tints, from cream to crimson, late as was the season.

Ravenscroft was famous for its roses. An arch of palms led into a gorgeous conservatory.

Grace entered the pretty room. She had expected to see the Countess, and she had thought that she should have to apologize and retire and plead indisposition and ignorance of the fact that her ladyship was paying such an early visit to Mrs. Ravenscroft. The Countess was not there. Mrs. Ravenscroft was not there.

But Grace, looking through the arch of palms into the conservatory, saw Lucy, in her white frock, and Lady Adela, in the simplest gray cotton, such as her Countess mother always made her little ladyship wear when in the country. There was also a young lady who wore a dress of cream-coloured stuff trimmed with large bows of black ribbon, a quaint, artistic robe, a slight form, a superb young head crowned with glorious chestnut hair.

Without looking at that girl, Grace felt that here was her rival in the flesh! Such a rival!

Miss Auvergne knew that this was a girl who belonged to the bread-and-butter order of damsels—this was what is called a *good* girl.

A "good" girl!

Poor Grace had been reared in another school. She had not been taught that there is a keen distinction between the "good" and the "goody," and for the last-named she had at once a boundless contempt and a strong aversion.

Yet how could Grace know that yonder slight girl in the cream-coloured gown belonged to that detested class, and when she had not even looked into her face? She did know it, nevertheless, for the result proved it beyond a question.

Miss Auvergne walked under the arch of palms straight into the pretty conservatory, stood still, and smiled sweetly upon the rival whom she hated in her heart. That rival lifted a pair of hazel eyes, light in colour, and lustrous as diamonds, and rested them upon the perfectly chiselled face of Grace Auvergne.

Grace met that glance with one of the softest, the most mysterious of her own expressions. Half-shut lids, white and smooth as ivory; smiling lips, red as coral; eyes glinting like gems between the fringes of the long lashes.

A light, keen and piercing, leaped into the hazel eyes of this rival; the faint rose-bloom deepened on the creamy fairness of the cheeks. She returned the bow of Grace with emphasis, she held out her hand to her as to a sister.

What was the reason of this positively glad welcome?

"Miss Auvergne?" said the young drawing-mistress. "It *is* Miss Auvergne, I am certain?"

"Yes," Grace answered, with a languid smile, "my name is Auvergne. Yours, I suppose, is Martineau?"

"Yes, Erica Martineau. I hope you feel better. I hear that you have been ill?"

"I was ill yesterday. We were thrown out of the pony-carriage, and the shock, you know, brought on a headache. It is such a silly thing that we have nerves, is it not?"

"Nerves have their uses, and I don't wish to be a stoic. For my own part, I should be sorry to be hardened into a being without feeling or emotion, should not you?"

"On the contrary, if I could, by any possibility of science, become an automaton (but with an intellect, of course, and I should like a keen and strong

one) I should rejoice—there is so much to be endured in this world."

"And so much to enjoy," the other answered, a dreamy look in her lovely eyes.

But Grace broke into a silvery, mocking laugh:

"Yes; while the sun shines the butterflies flash among the flowers, they seem gayest of the gay, but when the storm beats down those flowers those poor butterflies must be trembling and dying of the damp and cold, must they not?"

"Light and darkness, joy and sorrow; certainly this world is a mixture of good and evil; but I would not be a stoic or an automaton if I had the power."

"You are right," said Grace, slowly, for she saw the round eyes of little Lady Adela, who bore no trace of her long descent in her fat, chubby face and sturdy little form, fixed upon her with a whole world of rapt attention in them.

Then Lucy struck in with her usual pettish boldness:

"Let the two governesses talk together," she said. "I don't want to hear them lecturing about butterflies; it's dry. Come and see my bagatelle-board that papa has given me since I was ill. I will teach you, Adela."

The two children went away; the two governesses were left together.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A HALF-CONFIDENCE.

Erica Martineau was a beautiful girl. Hers was the highest type of English beauty, without a single touch of foreign grace to add its charm to her attractions — an English rose growing in an English garden.

Grace Auvergne had not a drop of real English blood in her veins; her father was a Canadian, her mother had been an Italian Jewess. She had been reared in something rather like contempt for English women, their primness, their *gaucheries*, their strait-laced ideas; neither had she believed that there was extant an English woman who could equal her in mere physical beauty. Still she was now obliged to own to herself that Miss Martineau was very pretty, very quick-witted.

"I shall win; I shall set her against him, or him against her. I shall make her remember the butterflies, who die of the cold when the rain has drenched their wings, and the wind has chilled them. She shall do likewise, shiver, shrink, suffer as I do; but it will be difficult to manage this. He will soon know that we have met, and he will tell her that I love him, and that he despises me, so I must be careful—oh, so careful!"

"Do I understand that you are Lady Adela's governess?" Grace asked, in a gentle voice, of the new comer.

"Only her drawing-mistress for the next two months; and that is a delightful arrangement, since I have plenty of time to work at my own easel, and I have a great favour to ask, will you be my model?—will you give me a few sittings?"

"You compliment me too highly. I presume you have distinguished yourself as an artist in London?"

"Not at all," Erica answered, with a dash of coldness in her tone, for she had detected the sarcasm in that of Grace. "I am not twenty; I have everything to learn, you must know."

"Oh, how should I know? I understood that you were in an art gallery and copying some great picture, and that the Countess, passing through the room, was so struck by your work that she thereupon engaged you to teach her daughter drawing?"

"That is true, or it is nearly true," Erica answered, gravely. "It was one of those strange things that do happen once or twice in one's life—in novels, you know, they are always happening, but in real life they are the exception, not the rule."

"Ah!" thought Grace, "you must tell me the whole of your pretty story, my dear young lady, with your cream-white skin, rose-tinted cheeks, and eyes full of trust. Yes, there is no keen critical faculty lurking in those eyes; it is touching to look into them, and read there how much and how faithfully their owner believes in the men and women of this wicked world!

"Still I am not a bit touched. I have gauged the depths of so much professed goodness and kindness. This 'child' will have to lose sight of her ideals and be content with common clay, as I have."

"You will tell me all about it—I know you will," said Grace, aloud, seating herself on a chair of wicker-work, and taking a dainty piece of embroidery from the pocket of her dress. "You have asked me to give you some sittings, because you think this pale face of mine might serve your purpose on canvas, and I will do so on the condition that you tell me all your story from your birth till the present moment. You cannot have anything to hide. Your story must be a record of innocent joys, and your troubles must be of the picturesque order. I want to hear them all, not for idle curiosity, you know; but simply because I am ambitious. I want to write a novel and win myself a name. I have begun it; but I want episodes and characters from the life; it is so much better to work on lines of truth than to trust too much to the imagination. Now I am sure there is the material for a novel in your life, or, at least, in the history of your family."

Erica looked at Grace, a long and searching look. Miss Auvergne had judged, and judged falsely, that there was no critical faculty in the young drawing-mistress.

In fact, Erica was possessed, not only of sympathy and imagination, but also of intellectual grasp. True she was very young, and she knew little of the world; but there was a voice within her soul which told her to be on her guard with this beautiful, half foreign governess of the Ravenscrofts. Still she made up her mind to tell her, at least, a part of her life story. Nothing that she wished to keep secret, however; that is if she had some secret hidden, like a folded rosebud, in the depths of her warm, pure heart.

"We were never rich, Miss Auvergne, but we lived as if we were, in the house of my great uncle, Mr. Humphrey Wittaker. He had a fine house and estate in the Midlands, in the county of Daleshire, close to a cathedral city, and a chain of world-famed blue hills. My father was a curate, clever, ambitious, but poor—poor, with no grand connections to push him on, and he fell in love with Miss Amy Wittaker, the favourite niece of the rich Squire, Humphrey Wittaker, of Claymore Court. Well, Mr. Wittaker raved and stormed, when he found out that the curate and Amy were in love; and it ended in her running away, and marrying him. And then they went up to the north of England, where Gordon Martineau, my father, had a poorly paid curacy, in a great manufacturing town.

"There we were born, my sister Kathleen and myself. Kathleen is a year and a half older than I am. We were very poor; we were like those families of which one reads now and then in letters in the newspapers. We had often holes in our shoes, and very often no meat for days together. I can remember the pinching and anxiety, young as I was. I can remember my father, so handsome, so gentle, so brave, so heroic, and how much my mother loved him. I can recollect when an offer came for him to go abroad as a missionary, and my mother was determined to go with him—and then people said it would kill the children! So what was to be done? My mother wrote to her uncle, who had taken no notice of her during the ten years since her marriage. She told him her story, and boldly asked him to provide for her children.

"Strange to say, Mr. Wittaker replied, and said that, if the two girls were sent to him, he would educate them as ladies, and bring them up as his children; but he still refused to see his niece herself, or to have anything to do with her.

"Well, we did go to Claymore Court, and our parents sailed for the African coast. We exchanged penury for luxury—shabbiness for splendour."

Erica paused for a moment to mark the effect of her story on Grace Auvergne. That young lady laid down her embroidery for an instant; her eyes shone.

"And you were so sorry, were you not?—you hated all the pomp and finery, and pined after your absent parents?"

"No," said Erica, calmly. "We have sometimes cried to think how little we seemed to care for, or fret after our parents. The truth was they were so wrapped up in each other that they only gave us a second place in their hearts, and we had been so much thrown together that we were sufficient for each other. Then the lovely rooms, the beautiful books and toys, the pretty clothes, the nice cakes and fruit, the gardens full of flowers, the ponies that we rode, all the pleasures of rich children which fell to our lot, so delighted us, that we forgot, or almost forgot, our parents. They used to write to us every mail, and we wrote dutifully to them. Then we had governesses and masters, and we received the education of young ladies. Kate went in for examinations and certificates; I am an artist at heart, and I lived a life apart from the outward life of every day. Our uncle was kind, and we loved him. Of course, everyone thought that he would leave us his fortune, or a great part of it. Still, he had a married nephew, a Mr. Francis Wittaker, who had several grown-up daughters; so it was foolish, perhaps, to think that he would leave much money to Kate or myself.

"Only last Christmas, my father and mother came back from Africa, having been absent ten years. My father has now a fixed income of three hundred pounds, but he is somewhat broken in health, and so is my poor mother.

"When they came back, they wished to see us, naturally; but Mr. Wittaker had taken a vow never to speak to his niece again, and he would not break it. He sent Kate and me on a visit of six weeks to our parents, who had taken a small house at Norwood. We felt like strangers when we met. It was the most extraordinary experience. Love wanting to grow up on either side, and cold fear checking us. We tried to be happy; we began to like our parents very much; we were on the point of loving them, when one morning came a telegram to tell us our poor old uncle was dead—suddenly, of heart disease."

"And he had not left you or your sister money?"

"Not one shilling!"

"I should have gone mad, my dear!" cried Grace, speaking now with a genuine sympathy and excitement.

"It seemed hard," said Erica, gravely; "and since our uncle had appeared very fond of us, we could not understand it. We do not even now understand it; only we know that we must earn our living, and add to the comfort of our parents, if possible. Kate is a morning governess in a family, and she gets seventy pounds a year. I make copies of good pictures in the galleries; and I sell them generally, but not for great prices. I have never, as yet, earned half as much as Kate. So, when it came to pass that the Countess of Dallas asked me to come to her country house, and give lessons in drawing to her little daughter, and when she offered me twenty pounds for the two months, I was delighted at my good fortune."

"So this is your tale, is it?" asked Grace. "But I am sure you have only shown me the shell, you have hidden the kernel."

"What do you mean?" asked Erica, and her cheeks grew of a lovelier pinkness.

"I mean—simply love; you have a lover; I know him, I think. Do you mean to marry soon, and starve? Or have you learned wisdom from your mother's story?"

Erica turned pale, an angry light came into her eyes.

"I have nothing more to tell you, Miss Auvergne. I will not answer questions of that sort."

"Don't be angry. I know everything, but do not believe one word that your lover speaks."

At this juncture a step, loud and firm, sounded in the adjoining drawing-room; and then came boldly forward, under the arch of palms, that tall, athletic, broadly-built, young nobleman, Lord Frederick Grenston.

"Hullo!" said his lordship, and he seated himself without ceremony, staring desperately at Erica.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GRACE MAKES ANOTHER ENEMY.

Lord Grenston's blood was of the "bluest" that runs in Anglo-Norman veins.

His ancestors had been "noble" at the time of the battle of Cressy. One of his lordly forbears had been actively instrumental in bringing the Maid of Orleans to the stake in the market-place at Rouen.

During the height of the London season, if Frederick Viscount Grenston chose to put in an appearance at the most brilliant of the "balls," "at homes," "receptions," or "dances," he was graciously received by the Belgravian mothers, sweetly smiled upon by the fairest of their daughters.

There was rivalry amongst the fashionable beauties as to who should ultimately win this great matrimonial prize. True, Lord Grenston had a reputation for "fastness," but that reputation actually added spice to the admiration in which he was held.

The truth is there are many young men now in society who consider that they have a mission to reform the world in some manner or other. These gentlemen "go in" for literature, art, politics, philanthropy, or philosophy, and many of the fashionable damsels said that it was refreshing to meet with a splendid looking, athletic young man, who had been captain in a crack regiment, who was heir to a huge fortune, an earldom, an historical castle, a fine estate in Welsh mines, and London ground rents, and yet who did not pester his partners with his views on books, schools of thought, music, painting, politics, or the education of the masses.

A young man who cared very much for horses, and liked the society of pretty women, a dashing, handsome, careless, young man of the world, whose object was frankly pleasure, and who sought it anywhere and everywhere upon this habitable globe. And yet Lord Grenston was not always a gentleman, in spite of his very blue blood and his title.

Erica Martineau hated him as much or more than she had ever hated a human being in her short life of nineteen years. There he sat smiling, strong, square-jawed, his clear pale skin seeming to testify to his sobriety and simplicity of life, while in reality he never went to his bed until deep into the small hours; never drank water, and, seldom, the lighter wines—brandy was one of the delights of his life; but as yet his potations had not discoloured his complexion or dimmed the clearness of his blue eyes.

Grace Auvergne, looking at him, felt her envy of the drawing-mistress swell into a tempest.

Good Heaven! had this gay, daring, insolent, young man of the world, come all the way from Dolgarth Castle to Ravenscroft only to stare in that idiotic manner at his little sister's governess? Certainly everybody knew that he meant nothing, that he never did mean anything, except to please himself, and pass the time pleasantly. He would go away and forget all about Erica Martineau in a week, even if he should declare to her this morning that he loved her better than his life.

All this Grace was sure of. Still his infatuation must (for the time) be deep and strong. He had often followed Grace about when he had met her in the park, and he had tried to make love to her in his coarse fashion; but he had never come over on purpose to see her; and then Grace had always been

pleasant towards him, while Erica's beautiful lip was curled with an expression of angry contempt.

"You did not expect to see me here to lunch, did you, Miss Martineau?" asked his lordship.

"I did not," the girl answered, shortly.

"The unexpected, you know, is the only thing that is morally certain to occur, is it not, Miss Auvergne?"

"Wherever your lordship is concerned," returned Grace, stiffly.

"Oh, hang it all, that's not the way to put it," said Lord Grenston. "I'm not the only person who does an unexpected thing. I know a fellow worth twenty thousand pounds a month."

"What!" cried Grace, sharply.

"Oh, I'm not imposing on your credulity, my dear Miss Auvergne, believe me or not as you like, but I do know a fellow worth twenty thousand pounds a month."

Grace smiled in scorn.

"And this fellow," pursued his lordship, crossing one of his long legs over the other, and leaning back luxuriously in the cushioned chair where he had ensconced himself; "this fellow, who is six feet six, and remarkably good-looking," the young lord stroked his own fair moustache complacently, "well, he is going to marry—whom do you think?"

"A ballet dancer?" suggested Grace.

"No. Guess again."

"A barmaid, Lord Grenston?" with a raising of her delicate eyebrows.

"Wrong. Why all you women persist in pitching into ballet-girls and barmaids, just as if there were no other frivolous damsels to be met with, puzzles me awfully. Won't you guess, Miss Martineau?"

"I do not take the smallest interest in the subject."

"Humph! Disagreeable, most disagreeable, to be snubbed in that manner," said the young man, making a wry grimace. "So you don't take any interest in the marriage question, I suppose?"

"Not in the marriage of a person whom I never heard of until this instant."

"Well," said Lord Grenston, "I shall have to tell you, so as to awaken your interest a little. This rich, splendid-looking fellow, is going to marry his mother's cook."

"I suppose she is beautiful?" said Grace.

"She is forty, fat, red-faced, vulgar, and too fond of beer."

"I don't believe it," said Grace.

"Don't you? Can I smoke a cigarette here among the plants? It will do them good, and you don't mind it, I know; but perhaps Miss Martineau does?"

"Not in the least," Erica answered, coldly; "but I am going upstairs. I suppose somebody will show me the way to my room? I have a letter to write."

She went under the arch of palms, and out of sight of the other two, who stared at each other, and then they both broke into laughter.

"She does it very well," said Lord Grenston; "acts the indignation dodge, and all that. She is a little humbug."

"Yes," assented Grace, heartily, "so I have judged her."

"Awfully pretty," said his lordship, beginning to smoke; "almost as pretty as you are!"

Grace took this compliment for what it was worth. She would have been delighted if she could have seen Erica plunge into a mad flirtation with this unscrupulous young lord. Anything to estrange her from Ravenscroft; but the girl seemed obdurate.

"Do you know if she has a sweetheart?" pursued Lord Fred, slowly puffing away at his cigarette.

"I believe she has."

"Where is he?"

"He has followed her down from London, I think."

"That's exactly what I thought, and, moreover, I believe the fellow is a man whom I used to know as well as I know my own father—a fellow supposed dead. Now comes the unexpected. Who do you suppose is lurking in this neighbourhood, not much changed in four years' time—guess?"

"Derrick Ravenscroft," Grace answered, quietly.

Lord Grenston almost started from his chair.

"The dickens!" he said. "I think you are a witch."

"Other people have thought so," Grace answered.

"I am positive it is he," continued Lord Grenston. "I was at Cambridge with him. He is four years younger than I am. I left soon after he came, still I know him. We were never very intimate as boys."

He paused. The fact was that, in his boyhood, Lord Grenston had earned a reputation for enormous physical strength and a cruel habit of using it on lads younger and weaker than himself.

Derrick was strong and courageous, but no lad of ten or eleven willingly seeks the society of a strong tyrant and bully of fifteen or so.

"No, he and his brother kept well out of my way when they were boys," pursued his lordship; "and I think they were wise, for I should certainly have licked them—all cubs require it, and now I dare say I shall have to teach this fellow a lesson. He shall not marry that girl!"

Lord Grenston spoke with a force that almost amounted to passion.

"Does your lordship contemplate marrying Miss Martineau yourself?" asked Miss Auvergne, scornfully.

Lord Grenston felt considerably nettled at the slight impression he seemed to have made on his sister's wonderfully pretty drawing-mistress. He was more nettled, indeed, than he was at all aware of himself. He fancied that he held the slender artist girl in a good-tempered, easy-going, contemptuous admiration.

In reality there was no contempt whatever in his sentiments towards her. Her hazel eyes haunted him with their innocent yet searching light.

He could not feel superior to Erica, notwithstanding his heirship to a huge fortune and an earldom, notwithstanding his bluest of blue blood, notwithstanding those stone knights with crossed legs, and the escutcheons and coats of arms emblazoned on painted glass windows, which testified to the pomp of his descent, in the cathedral of the adjacent county town.

Feeling angry then, Lord Grenston lost his temper and his coolness for a moment, and he became rude.

"When I marry it will be a transaction in business, don't you see? I must have beauty and family, and all those indispensable things, but I should not dream of transforming a governess into a countess. Transformations take place in a pantomime and in fairy tales, but I don't go in for them in real life!"

But Grace was ready for him.

"There are some men," she said, sweetly, "that not all the necromancers, enchanters, and magicians that ever lived, nor all the riches of Golconda, nor even the fact that their ancestors were noblemen, can transform into that noblest created being, an English gentleman. Now if you turned some governesses into countesses, they would take their places superbly among the established peeresses."

"I shall never give one of them a chance of proving that," said Lord Grenston, spitefully; "you are awfully pretty, Miss Auvergne, but, upon my word, you are talking trash."

"Oh, we all do," said Grace, with a silvery but bitter laugh. "I can't compliment your lordship on the possession of much originality as expressed in your remarks."

"The ——," said his lordship, using an ugly word and turning red; "you had better be civil, my good lady; you see I may know a thing or two about you. My chum, Le Rouge, has told me a tale."

"Has he?"—she turned very white, but she smiled —"he has told you—what?"

"Yes," said his lordship, slowly, looking attentively at his cigarette, which he held between his finger and thumb—"yes, he has, as you so pertinently observe, told me—what?"

Then he raised his rather fine blue eyes, and stared insolently at beautiful Grace.

She saw at once that her old lover had not really as yet betrayed the painful story of herself and her parents to this good-for-nothing Viscount, as she called Lord Grenston in her heart; but she saw that he had thrown out hints, that the young noble's curiosity was piqued, also that he was waiting for her to make a confession, and entreat his silence. Instead of that, she said, coldly:

"Evidently you know a great deal, and I will make you a present of the information he has given you. Use it in any manner that you think may redound to your own honour and glory."

It is impossible to convey an idea of the scorn with which these words were spoken. Disappointed love was gnawing like a wolf at the heart of Grace Auvergne; foiled ambition too was stinging her like a serpent; thus the insolent coolness of this man, who, if he admired her beauty, did not respect her, or consider her his equal, irritated her beyond bearing.

Lord Grenston, too, was irritated. Long ago, in his college days, some young Cambridge undergraduate had been heard to declare that Grenston was more like the son of a cattle drover than the son of an earl, and that he should think he must have been changed in his infancy, for he had not the feelings of a gentleman. Now Grace Auvergne had said very much the same thing, and pretty as she was, he really fancied that he should like to strangle her.

"I shall use it, madam, if I see a chance, depend upon it," said the young man, with a very ugly scowl.

At that instant a step sounded in the drawing-room, and the pair who had been exchanging spiteful remarks in a low, monotonous tone, hastened to force false smiles to their lips as they both rose to welcome Mrs. Ravenscroft.

Mrs. Ravenscroft looked young and charming, and she hastened to welcome Lord Grenston, and to apologize for not having been present to receive him.

"I only this instant heard that you were here, Lord Grenston. I heard the children playing bagatelle, so I went into the morning-room, and Lucy told me she had seen you ride past the window. I trust Lady Dallas is well."

"Oh, yes; the mater is always well; it runs in the family, a constant condition of the most robust health."

"And the Earl?"

"Oh, he is likely to live another forty years, I should say; he wanted me to go to Norway with him this autumn; but, after all, my mother is just going to stay on at the Castle, and we shall fill it with a lot of men and women for the rest of this month and October, then we are all going to the Riviera."

"So delightful," said Mrs. Ravenscroft. "I wish I could persuade the Colonel to be of the party, but he has such a dislike to the Continent. I suppose we must be content with Brighton, where there is a little life to be seen; but really, our own sea coast is quite as healthy."

"It's the same coast, isn't it?" asked Lord Grenston, with a smile.

It was these little, snappish speeches of Lord Grenston, that made people observe that, although he was a nobleman, he was not a gentleman.

Grace rose, with the gentlest of her smiles, and addressing Mrs. Ravenscroft, she observed that she would go to "that darling Lucy," and see that she did not over fatigue herself. One look she darted at Lord Grenston, as she passed him. It was a half-contemptuous, half-amused expression; it seemed to say:

"Tell all you know, and injure me in the estimation of my employers, if you like. I don't care; I am above you and your silly spite." And Lord Grenston did not mention Miss Auvergne to Mrs. Ravenscroft.

When Grace was alone, she began to think that she had acted most foolishly in provoking Lord Grenston to wrath, and giving herself an extra foe in this false and cruel world. Good Heaven! had she not enough enemies even here in this country neighbourhood? First, there was the revengeful young Frenchman, Le Rouge, whom her father had ruined, whom she had deceived with promises of love, and then had refused even to speak to, when his money was gone.

Next there was the insolent gipsy boy, who had overheard the whole conversation, and who had told her that he would tell everybody that her name was Pattison. Then there was Derrick, late her devoted slave, and now the slave of another woman—Derrick, who would never be her lover again, and who looked at her more with the eyes of an enemy than with those of a friend.

And to this list of ruined gamester, outcast heir, wandering gipsy, all her enemies for sufficient or insufficient reasons, she must needs add a wealthy and powerful English noble; only because his joke about his objection to transform a governess into a countess had struck home to her pride.

"I shall have to leave," she said, as she sat down once more in her own room, having shut the door. "I shall have to leave and begin the world all over again. There are some of us in this world, who are continually beginning life, *i.e.*, the foundation of a fortune or settlement, for our future years—over and over again."

Grace, young as she was, had certainly "begun life," as she called it, more than once already; and now the spite of a discarded lover seemed likely to be the means of overwhelming her with confusion and humiliation.

"And nothing that I myself have done, either," she said to herself, "only that my father kept a gaming saloon, at Boulogne; and that I have changed my name, and that I was not educated for a governess, but for another profession. Well, I shall have to leave, not for my wrong doings, but for the wrong doings of others. I will not cast myself characterless upon this world; I will not return to the hateful profession which my father taught me in my childhood, 'a healthful and honourable one,' as he used to call it, in his canting voice; anyhow, I loathe it, and will not return to it; and if this wretched Le Rouge really tells all he knows, I cannot be a governess.

"I thought that I was handsome enough to do anything with the male members of a household, if I once entered it as a governess; and so I am. Have I not made the Colonel, notwithstanding that he is called a man of 'high moral tone,' and although he is under his wife's thumb, think that I am angelic? and for my sake he is ready, anxious, I believe, to forgive that cruel Derrick. Oh, but he must not do that now! Mrs. Ravenscroft and I will be at one in that matter; and then, life is most uncertain. Why should not Eldred step soon into the possession of everything?—Eldred, who really adores me; and whose love will not cool, because my coldness will always provoke and stimulate it to fever heat.

"If you don't care for a man, he always cares ten times more for you. Oh, I have proved that. Now I must act. I must marry Eldred, keep it secret, of course, and then wait the issue of events; marry, and still live on here at present, as Lucy's governess; that is what I should wish to do, because then I can still win over the Colonel more and more; and life is uncertain, and Eldred must inherit one day. Meanwhile, my love, my heart, all that is best within my being, is given to that false-souled Derrick! Oh, I have read of strong love turning to a deadly hate, and I have laughed at the idea as at a fable. Now I see that it is true, quite true. Le Rouge hates me, and I—yes, I believe that I hate Derrick."

[To be continued.]

"*Jupiter's Tower*" *commenced in No.* 1,361 *and Part CCCXXXVII.*

"I ONLY WANT THE RIGHT TO LOVE AND CHERISH YOU THROUGH LIFE," SAID CLIFFORD, EARNESTLY.

A RECKLESS WAGER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT MAN'S SECRET," "SEEN IN A MIRROR," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LADY EYRESDOWN'S OPINION OF IT.

LADY EYRESDOWN drew Jesuita's hand into her own, and said, in the kindest, most serenely assured way:

"Of course, my dear, you will come to town for the winter season?"

The other glanced at her searchingly, and asked, gently:

"Why do you say 'of course,' Lady Eyresdown?"

The Marchioness smiled.

"Because you have very forcibly proved that you are not the woman to sink quietly down under a weight of undeserved shame without a struggle. You will fight to the last to live it down."

"Yes, I will!"

"But you cannot do it alone, you know," added the Marchioness, composedly.

A pause. Then Mrs. Revelle said, between her teeth, with a sort of desperation:

"I will involve no one in my outlawry; more than all, one who has a daughter."

"Ah, I see; you are thinking of charming Mrs. and Miss Conyers," returned the elder lady, easily; "and there is no denying, as women of the world, that daughters' prospects, and so forth, make a great difference, even where there is much wealth and rank to make scandal bow to Mammon. I don't pretend to say that any of us who live in society can run dead against its canons, without suffering in some way. I am candid enough to admit that, if I had daughters out, I should have to move very cautiously; although, naturally, the accident of rank places me in a good deal more independent position with Mrs. Grundy than Mrs. Conyers—not having any daughters at all. I am, therefore, tolerably able to—if I may be so colloquial—rather take the bull by the horns. How you look!" She smiled outright at the girl's wide, half bewildered gaze. "My dear girl, it is no wonder those violet eyes did such execution on poor Delmar and others—forgive an old woman, old enough to be your mother," as the violet eyes fell, and the soft cheek flushed.

"Nay, forgive me, dear Lady Eyresdown; but I—I am a little dazed, I think. I don't quite see your drift. We are on such utterly opposite planes now," she glanced off, nervously, towards the distant groups on the Esplanade. "You should not be here! They will have glasses, and recognize me."

"My dear child, I shall say, when I return," was the cool reply, "that I have had the pleasure of a chat with Mrs. Revelle."

"No, no! Oh, Lady Eyresdown!" she stopped, choking.

"Ah, you are so young to have such a bitter trial," said the Marchioness, sadly; "but, well the thing is done, so it is no use attempting to offer consolation where there can be none. We can only try to work back as best we can. Delmar has done all it is possible for him, the man, to do; and it will, in time, certainly have its effect, but naturally only the women can at all reinstate a woman so darkly clouded."

"Exactly; but who? Why should any? How can any be the first to disperse such a cloud? I shall go to town in late October; ride, drive, walk, go about as heretofore, to various public resorts—alone, of course."

"Equally, of course, that would go on for ever," put in Lady Eyresdown, quietly; "but in your right and generous anxiety not to involve your truest friends and well wishers, who range into a wider circle, believe me, you must not be morbidly sensitive, and hurt them—and every human being has some claim, after all, on his or her neighbours—without going to anything at all Quixotic. The Conyers will visit you as before."

"At my house, yes; but I will not go to theirs, for people to shun them lest I should be met. So with the Mowbrays—if they call again."

"They will. Mr. and Mrs. Langly, too, I hear, have openly avowed they mean to call; and I—well, here I am, my dear, as a beginning," said she, smiling, as Jesuita looked at her. "Those four ladies will certainly not cut you in public, but bow or speak openly to you—as they ought! For myself, I intend to take the fullest advantage of my position. I am Marchioness of Eyresdown, a wealthy dowager, the mother of a very eligible son; one of the most favourite hostesses in the *beau monde*, whose *salons* few would readily shun—a beauty in my day. Ah, you smile at what seems the retrospective vanity of fifty years, you wicked girl."

"No, no, indeed! I smiled at your so relegating to the past that which is existent still; forgive my rude frankness, dear Lady Eyresdown, but you are still a beauty, if changed in character. I told your son so, long ago, as he will remember; and he agreed."

"Oh, but that counts for nothing; Everard is so fond and proud of his mother. Well, to come back to my position of advantage, Mrs. Revelle. Whensoever and wheresoever I see you, I intend to markedly bow, or speak to you, if near enough; to call on you, and take care that it is known and noted; then we shall see how far my lead is followed. I shall next ask you to a dinner-party with those four ladies we have named, and as many men as I please. After that step, my dear, I expect there will be a few more bows; and I, or another of your friends, may venture a bolder blow on your behalf, and so by degrees make some head against the scandal."

Poor Jesuita, she sat looking straight out before her to sea for minutes, silent, still, desperately trying to curb the wild tears that must have come if she had spoken one word of her deep gratitude, as the first dim ray of almost a hope gleamed on her soul. Then at last, in a whisper deep and quivering:

"I shall never, never forget your goodness, or those other friends; whether I am ever even partially cleared or not, makes no difference."

"Oh, we will hope for much better days, my dear," said the Marchioness, cheerily. "I shall tell Everard I have seen you when he arrives from Eastbourne to-day, or to-morrow. Don't start so, child," smiling, "he has had no hand whatever in my actions, though, of course, he is a staunch defender, and would naturally wish me to take my present course; but I have not seen him since we left town, and in his letters he has never hinted a word. Now, when did you come to Brighton, and where are you staying?"

"I came a few days ago, Lady Eyresdown, and I am in apartments——" She paused.

"You won't tell me where, then?"

"Ah, please forgive me"—the violet eyes were so pleading, so pathetically beautiful. "I am leaving shortly."

"Going abroad?"

"No," answered Jesuita, bitterly; "they would say I had joined Delmar."

"Yes, some would, doubtless. Well, I suppose I must be going back to those gossiping fools," added my lady, contemptuously, as she rose; "but even if you and I do not meet again before, we shall in town, be sure, so only *au revoir*, my dear."

"How can I ever thank you?" Jesuita said, unsteadily, as the Marchioness held her hand. "You are so generous, too, when I could not give your son what he asked—could not make him happy."

"My dear girl, you were quite right in what you told him, that you are not at all suited to each other; you see his mother has his confidence, and he told me last year all you said. He is too young

for you, not masterful or experienced enough for such a nature as yours, and his adoration, as you clearly saw, was more that of such a young fellow for an exceptionally beautiful woman than a very deep heart affair."

"Yes, I know it, thank Heaven," came under breath from Mrs. Revelle; "it hurts me so to wound others."

"It must always hurt a true woman, my dear; but I think he quite feels now that his suit is hopeless, though I admit his hopes revived a little after you first refused Delmar, his rival; but they soon fell to zero again. Now once more good-bye."

Then they parted; and Jesuita Revelle stood watching the dignified figure as it receded towards the Esplanade. Halfway the Marchioness turned and markedly waved her handkerchief; then went on to those she had left.

As expected by her, she was greeted with, from several:

"Who *is* that you have deserted us for, dear Lady Eyresdown?"

"Quite a long confab," laughed an elderly *beau*; "none of us could imagine who the lady could be?"

"Piqued all your curiosity," serenely replied the Marchioness. "I had no idea she was here—such a pleasure to see her. Guess now, some of you?"

"Oh, we can't, indeed!" chorus.

"She looked tall and slight," said another. "Anyone we know, Lady Eyresdown?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Not Di Bentinck, surely?"

"Oh, no; and she is at Scarborough, I fancy. Guess again if you are so curious."

"Twenty-question game?" cried a girl, affectedly. "Is it anyone you like, Lady Eyresdown?"

"Very much, Miss Calcotte, else I had scarcely walked off to talk to her when I recognized her through my glass."

"Is she handsome," from a young man, "and young?"

"Yes, both."

"Married, or single?"

"Well, neither."

A merry laugh went round.

"Neither!—but—oh, a widow, then!" cried one, enlightened.

"Yes, a widow."

"Oh, we give it up, Lady Eyresdown," came the chorus. "Please tell us who the unknown is?"

A cynically amused smile came over Lady Eyresdown's fine face, as she said, quietly:

"Mrs. Revelle."

You felt rather than heard the "O—h," that was one of breathless amazement as each looked at the other, taken aback, confused, and for a moment the Marchioness enjoyed the effects of her bombshell silently; then she added, serenely:

"Yes, no other, and very much to my satisfaction, for I don't believe in the scandal at all; never did, you know, when I first heard of it; and I do believe the confession Delmar has, in truth, publicly made."

"Oh, my dear Lady Eyresdown," half-remonstrated the elderly *beau*, "really, you know—well, aren't you a *leetle* credulous? He would shield her now, of course—young scamp though he is."

"To abduct her—yes," replied the unmoved Marchioness, "but beyond that I am old enough, and, I think," sarcastically smiling, "quite clear-sighted enough to know gray from very black when I see them, and——"

"I beg your pardon—yes, certainly—but still——"

"I should think we might wait a little, don't you know," said a married lady with daughters, in a mildly suggestive way, not liking to run dead counter to the mother of an eligible, but mortally afraid of beautiful Mrs. Revelle in the field.

Lady Eyresdown's shrewd eyes twinkled.

"Oh, I don't want to interfere with anyone else's opinions or credulities as to scandal," she said, contentedly; "I only say what I believe, or do not believe, and what I shall do. Wherever I see Mrs. Revelle I intend to bow to her or speak to her, whether I am alone or with other ladies. So I believe do a few others intend. You see I frankly hoist my colours."

"You are very brave, are you not?" murmured the materfamilias, aside, "considering your son—are you not afraid?"

"Oh, dear, no!" with a lofty smile, and then a shrug, "not the least—on either side."

"No? But she has every motive now to marry well, and so regain a footing."

"Now really, Mrs. Brudenell, forgive my smiling, but you surely do not really think any marriage could reinstate her name or position? She can only live the scandal down before she could or would marry—if she cares to at all. No man, at present, could force her on society just because she was his wife, you must know."

"She never will live it down—it is impossible! She ought to have married Delmar directly she found her position," said Mrs. Brudenell, harshly; "any woman who valued her honour would."

"Ah! that is where I differ with you and many," replied my lady, coolly; "she proved her honour and his unstained by daring to leave him, *I* consider. Now I am going in to luncheon. Sir Gilbert, stroll my way."

She bowed, and moved away with the elderly *galant*, well pleased with her morning's work.

And that afternoon her son arrived to hear it all from her, and tell her how he had defended the deeply injured woman at whose feet he had only a year ago laid his own coronet.

"You dearest, best of *maters*," he exclaimed, "to take her part so openly. By Jove! that was hitting out straight from the shoulder; and of course, cavil at you as they may, what you say and do must have considerable effect on our world."

"Exactly, my dear; it is one of the advantages of a good position—certain independence of Mrs. Grundy's frowns and tattle. Have you heard anything of Delmar's whereabouts?"

"No, mother, and don't want to yet awhile, at any rate; I feel too savage with the fellow. He is abroad, and had better stop abroad a good time, for he would get deu——very coolly treated by a good many of us, I can tell him, favourite though he was."

"Doubtless; and yet, my dear, one cannot help—at least, at my age, not at yours, for youth is hasty and hard to others—but I cannot but deeply pity the man for the very guilt that has brought such misery into two lives. He must be maddened with remorse and with anguish for the loss of the woman he loves, by his own deed too."

"He doesn't care for her one jot," exclaimed the young man, hotly. "I believe he only cares because he is beaten. That maddens him; nothing else, I'll warrant."

"Chut, chut, Everard," his mother said, gently. "Try not to be unjust because personal feeling is involved. Delmar suffers, and heavily, believe me, a very heavy punishment."

"Serve him right; he deserves all he gets," said the young man, still rather savagely.

"Fully granted, my dear boy, but remember that he has done all he possibly could to make reparation; he wished to surrender to the law even, and was going to do it, but Mrs. Revelle refused to allow him, and her friends agreed with her. Neither has he, desperately wrong though he was, lost all right to a place amongst men of honour."

"Mother, do you think Mrs. Revelle will ever quite regain her place?" said Eyresdown, abruptly.

His mother looked at him keenly.

"It is impossible to say decidedly, you know, but I hope so, with the aid of her friends. Why do you ask, dear, in that way?"

"Ah, mother! you think that I have still hopes, if the cloud of shame quite passes away?"

"I fancied the thought might have crossed you, my son, for a second," she answered, straightly.

"No," he said, soberly, shaking his head a little; "I did when—when she first refused—well, my rival, but after that I got to feel sure that it was no use hoping, that last year she was right, and—and I've thought since—that after all, perhaps, she did in the beginning get to care for Delmar a little, though, of course, now she must hate him." His mother smiled slightly at that. "But, anyhow, she will never care for me, and so, heigho! it is no use breaking one's heart!"

Again the mother smiled, but tenderly kissed her son. She knew she was right; his adoration had scarcely reached more than the heart's surface.

"My brave boy," she said, fondly. "Yes, she may have cared for him—may now even, I don't know; but we women are queer creatures proverbially, and probably Mrs. Revelle is no exception. Only I am not in her confidence, so my remarks are purely general, and don't count personally."

Else none had been made, of course.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CUPID.

All the time Folkestone, like other fashionable resorts, had been at the height of its autumn gaieties, and amidst it all, and in their constant intercourse, certainly Trevanian and lovely Ruby Conyers would have been supremely happy, but for the heavy cloud on their two dearest friends.

"If only my darling Jesuita would come with us to some secluded place, as we wanted," said Ruby, one evening when Clifford Trevanian had rather artfully drawn her on and on from the Lees to the heights beyond, where they seated themselves on a quiet bench. "She writes to-day from Dover; and when at Brighton, two days ago, she was out on the beach, quite beyond the Esplanade, when she was suddenly accosted by no other than Lady Eyresdown!"

"Lady Eyresdown!" exclaimed Clifford; "how very jolly of her."

"Wasn't it? She spied Jesuita, it seems, and joined her on purpose to show 'the enemy' her opinions; told Jesuita she entirely believed Delmar's explanation, and meant to notice her everywhere, and call on her."

"That is good of her, and right, too. And does Mrs. Revelle accept her advances?"

"Evidently. So why," said Ruby, indignantly, "should she so obstinately have refused us—mother and me?"

"Lady Eyresdown has no daughter, you see, Miss Conyers," said Trevanian, smiling; "and, beside, she is the Marchioness of Eyresdown, and can go a good way without finding her *salon* shunned—which Mrs. Revelle knows your dear, generous mother's would be were she to be met there; and of course, being your friend, Mrs. Revelle will not injure you, the more because you so eagerly, nobly wish to ignore yourself; and if her few real, staunch allies lose caste at all, how can they restore hers so well? Call on her, recognize her openly, yes, and bide the time for the rest."

"But she is all alone in her bitter trouble," exclaimed the girl, struggling against tears; "it seems as if everyone had deserted her when she most needs love."

What lover could see that distress and sit unmoved? In that moment Clifford's arm stole round Ruby's waist, and drew her close, unresisted for all the tremor that the sudden movement sent through her.

"Ruby, my dearest, my own! I can't bear to see your tears," he said, passionately; "you know I love you, darling, and only want the right to love and cherish you for life. Won't you give it me now, Ruby?"

Ruby gave one fleeting look, the crimson flushing her fair face as she whispered one word:

"Yes."

And then her lover's rapturous kisses were on her lips.

"O, happy hours, O, golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!"

And for a long time, I ween, they thought no more of the lonely outcast at home, nor of the guilty heart-stricken wanderer abroad—no, nor of the gentle mother left patiently waiting on the parade till her strayed one should return.

When they did get back mamma was gone, tired of waiting for lovers, of course; it really did not need Trevanian to tell her later, and ask the precious gift already won.

"Yes, Cliff., you may have my child," said Mary Conyers, smiling; "I saw it all months ago, my children."

At which Clifford laughed, and Ruby hid her bonnie face on her mother's breast, so happy—ah! how happy!

Of course the engagement was at once made known, and everybody congratulated warmly.

"And Trevanian," added lively Mrs. Langly, "if you are writing to Delmar——"

"Certainly I shall, at once, dear Mrs. Langly, for I know it will be bright news for him," said Clifford.

"Poor fellow, and he needs some, I'm sure," added Mrs. Langly; "you know where he is, then?"

"I don't, indeed, for he is ever on the move; his lawyer forwards all letters. A week ago he was in Algiers, for he wrote to me from there, but was leaving next day—not then sure where to."

"Well," said the little dame, "he won't mind hearing that he is still kindly thought of at home, so would you please send him my very kindest regards, and tell him that I mean to do all in my humble power for Mrs. Revelle."

"I won't fail, be sure, Mrs. Langly; it is sweet of you to send such messages."

"No, it isn't. And the last will please him more than anything strictly personal," said she, confidently. "Is Ruby writing to Mrs. Revelle?"

Trevanian smiled.

"I think she means to tell her in person, Mrs. Langly."

"Oh, how jolly of her! and of you not to mind—a good many lovers would, as matters are at present," added Mrs. Langly.

"I am going to take her over to Dover myself, to-morrow," said Clifford Trevanian, "and I suppose I may take Mrs. Revelle a kind message from you?"

"I should think so. I'd come too, only for being a bad third; but I wrote to her at the first, you know, and told her straight what I meant to do—and my husband too. Now you may go and write to Delmar."

"Thanks, but I shall not send the letter till after to-morrow," answered Trevanian.

* * * * *

That next morning, Mrs. Revelle had been out early, but when the visitors began to show up afar, she had retreated; and, about twelve, gone in and seated herself by the window of her *salon*, which faced the sea. The book in her lap she now scarcely even tried to read; the poor heart was too full of one living image, her every thought too afar with the exile, to be bent on things present—so completely away, that the door opening made her look round with a start, and instantly spring to her feet.

"Ruby!"

Ruby almost threw herself into Jesuita's arms, clinging to her with excited, exuberant joy.

"You darling!—you darling! Don't be angry with me for coming! They both were so glad, and—and Cliff. brought me!"

"Cliff.," repeated the other—then her loving clasp tightened. "My dear—oh, my dear! I am so glad, so more than glad, of your happiness! And you have come to tell me yourself!—you

should not—not to me now, Ruby; and yet—yet, how can I chide you?"

She drew the girl to a seat beside her, asking:

"But where is your knight, then?"

"Oh," said Ruby, with the prettiest colour, "he said we two girls would have a lot to say, and he would go and smoke a cigar on the beach before showing up. He left me at the door, which being open, seaside fashion, I stole up and peeped in here. I guessed you would have the best rooms."

"And you are going to stay to luncheon, I hope, since you are both here, dear?" asked the poor outcast, with, perhaps, unconscious eagerness.

"Till quite the evening, if you'll have us, Jesuita. If we get the last train, mother won't mind, of course. She sent her fond love, and Mrs. Langly all sweet messages; and said she would have come, but couldn't be gooseberry," said Ruby, laughingly.

"She is a dear little soul, and not half as volatile as most people think her," said Mrs. Revelle, gratefully; "but you must tell her, Ruby, that I cannot let her get into shadow for me—a mere society friend. Now tell me about yourself, dear?"

There was, indeed, not much to tell, but the fact of her engagement; for, long ago, Jesuita had seen how matters stood—before Ruby herself knew it; but for all that, she found much to pour out to so loving a listener.

"And when is it to be?" asked Mrs. Revelle, presently.

"Not till you will be present," said Ruby, impulsively.

Jesuita leaned back, looking at her.

"That, Ruby, means for you, never," she said, slowly.

"Jesuita!"

"Ruby, you don't realize—how should you?—the utter shame of my position; or that it is all but impossible for me to ever again stand as clear to the whole world, as I was before that fatal fortnight of solitary captivity with Albany Delmar. Therefore I cannot, will not, be a guest at your wedding—at best to be icily endured by the rest of your mutual relations and friends. When I refused to be forced by Albany to be his wife, I accepted social disgrace as the price of conquest. If I ever partially recover name—well; if not even that——"

"You shall, you will regain all completely yet," broke in Ruby, vehemently; "it is not so impossible as you think, now, in your morbidly-depressed state, darling! Mother says so, and Cliff., too. Why, Lady Eyresdown's countenance is a host in itself."

Jesuita was gazing at her with dilating eyes.

"Oh," she said, under her breath, "if I could but see one ray of such hope!—could but dare look beyond the blackness of despair!"

"Won't you try, dear?" pleaded Ruby. "Won't you come with us to some place—quiet, if you choose?"

"No, my sweet pleader," interrupted Jesuita, gently, but unflinchingly; "that is impossible; but I will so far compromise, you may sometimes come over to me here, whilst I remain in Dover."

Ruby clapped her hands in her joy.

"That is a gain! and here comes Clifford, I think."

"Mr. Trevanian" was announced, and as Jesuita rose quickly to meet him, a swift flush crossed her beautiful face; all was so sadly changed since last they had met.

"Dear Mrs. Revelle," he said, holding her hand closely, "what a pleasure this is—a rather coolly taken pleasure, too, on our part, I am afraid."

"Ah! no, no!" the rich, low voice was not quite steady for a moment, "it is too good of you to come—of you to bring her to me. Don't look reproachful—so few would have done so. Let me wish you both the utmost happiness."

"Thank you so much. I suppose Ruby has delivered all the messages," added Clifford, brightly, "and all the news from Folkestone—such as it is—and that we mean to stay till late, and take you out this afternoon?"

"No, not that last," said Mrs. Revelle, with almost her old bright smile for a moment; "that is news to me, Mr. Trevanian."

"And not unpleasant news, I hope, this lovely day," said he. "We'll walk, drive, or sail, as you shall choose."

"Nay, you are my guests—you should choose."

"Not this time, anyhow, Mrs. Revelle. Please make your own choice."

"Well, then, we'll walk, please. I will ring for luncheon at once."

Insensibly their bright presence for so many hours seemed to lighten a little the gloom and crushing sense of desolation and shame that weighed so heavily on Jesuita Revelle.

"You almost," she said, whilst they were out—Ruby had lingered behind picking flowers—"make me feel as if I might dream of hope—of some recovery."

"Of entire recovery, dear Mrs. Revelle," said Trevanian, gently, "and I perhaps, after Albany himself, feel more deeply concerned, as being in some sort guilty on the original wrong of—forgive me—of that reckless wager, which in truth laid the foundation of everything."

"I—I know it did."

Her lips quivered, her heart thirsted so for news of the wanderer, as Clifford well knew, and added, as if continuing his own train of thought:

"Yes, he said so himself, in his last letter, from Algiers, before he left there."

"He does write, then?" she said, quickly, with a catch of the breath—what matter? Clifford must know at least that Delmar believed she had cared for him—doubtlessly so believed himself—and did she not? "Where is he? how is he?"

"Where, just now, I don't know at all, Mrs. Revelle," Clifford answered; "of himself he says little, except that he 'is right enough in health, of course;' all his burthen is yourself—if only all his own endless suffering and loss could right the wrong to you—if there be any other sacrifice left for your sake, any expiation still possible, he will seek and do it. But you know his heart," added Clifford, "and will forgive me touching such ground."

She made no answer—could not, he knew—but just put her hand within his arm, and presently said, very low, but steadily:

"Thank you. When you write, will you tell Albany to remember what I said to him that day in the Gardens?"

"I promise. Ah!" said Trevanian, earnestly, "such a message, any message, from you, will save him from the madness of despair—save him from going to utter ruin."

But the woman who loved Albany knew that for her sake he would strive against moral wreck; only without one ray of hope of pardon he might fail. If he had given her up, lost her, he might still strive to be worthy of forgiveness in his long exile.

After that day Mrs. Conyers came, then a week after the other two again, and so on as long as Jesuita stayed at Dover.

And meanwhile Trevanian's letter, a long one, was written and posted to Delmar's lawyer, thence forwarded to follow its intended recipient, whom it did not reach so quickly owing to his restless movements from place to place, where posts were not quite as clockwork.

So September passed and October took its place, growing old too, and towards its end town began to fill somewhat and watering-places to empty. The *Morning Post* had each day a veritable list of names as returned to town, amongst them Mrs. Revelle, the Marquis and Marchioness of Eyresdown, the Conyers, and many more.

"And now," said Flo Moresdale, viciously, "we shall see what that impudent, brazen-faced Mrs. Revelle will dare to do."

"Everything, my dear, depend upon it," returned her mother, "since that Lady Eyresdown is foolish enough, under her son's thumb, to have noticed the woman as she did. Scandalous, I call it; but I declare, if ever I am in her *salon*, and Mrs. Revelle comes in, I walk out. One must draw a line at a woman who coolly goes off with a fellow like Delmar for weeks, and as coolly walks back when they've quarrelled, and expect the world to accept her version of the affair."

"Yes, indeed; as if she wouldn't have married Delmar if he would have had her, after it all," said Miss Flo, with that disagreeable laugh that has ruined many a woman's name. "I suppose now she'll try to entrap Eyresdown. What the men see in her I can't imagine, except that she throws herself so at their heads!"

If that was not the mote and the beam what was? Just what Mrs. Revelle never had done—just what bold Flo Moresdale did always, *ad nauseam*.

Then November set in with a bright sunny "summer of All Saints," which brought folks out to the Row and Parade almost as in the earlier summer season.

And one morning, amongst the riders in the Row, went beautiful Mrs. Revelle.

[To be continued.]

"A Reckless Wager" commenced in No. 1,357 and Part CCCXXXVI.

Mr. Justice Butt says that a person once asked him to send a divorce by return of post. Evidently the lady or gentleman who made so hurried a request innocently thought that divorces were sent out by parcels post, like half-pounds of tea or boxes of liver pills. Perhaps the "person"—why do her Majesty's judges call everybody a "person?"—had a hazy idea that divorces were supplied by a firm, and that "all commissions, whether in town or country, were promptly attended to."

At the present moment there is a regular manufactory of old oak furniture conducted with some antiquarian knowledge and skill. Mottoes of the old families are carved in rough letters on a panel, and rudely executed carvings, artistically chipped, adorn the backs of settles or the doors of massive wardrobes and chests. "A valuable collection" of such furniture often finds its way into the auction-room, where the purchaser does not usually stop to inquire how it is that these relics of noble families, many of them still flourishing in our midst, have come to the ignominious arbitrament of the hammer.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Perhaps the secret regrets of life are of the most weight, and on this account not communicable.

It is a dull pleasure to have to do with people who admire us, and approve of all we say.

Never purchase love or friendship by gifts; when thus obtained they are lost as soon as you stop payment.

The grandest and strongest natures are ever the calmest. Restlessness is a symbol of weakness not yet outgrown.

Spiritual life is strong just in the proportion in which it can propagate itself and inoculate others with its essential power.

If your heart is larger than your head you injure yourself, and if your head is larger than your heart you injure your neighbours.

PAST DAYS.

Only some soft, sweet days
Beyond recall;
Only some dear old lays,
Ay, that was all;
But in my restless heart
They ever live,
And to my lonely life
Solace they give.

Bringing again—ah! me,
In subtle grace,
Back to my memory
A perfect face,
Calling those eyes and lips
Within my ken,
Making the dream so sweet,
And passing then.

Ah! my dear love, my queen,
Why should I sigh
For days that once have been
And may be nigh?
Are we to part for aye,
Thro' joy or pain?
No—no! the face I love
Is mine again!

Cecil Lorraine.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

Man proposes, God disposes, and the gossiper supposes.

Who pays the highest price for a home? The woman who marries for one.

A contemporary says the most difficult surgical operation of all is to take the cheek out of some of our young men.

A physician in New York has written an article in which he states that a person's disease may be detected by his or her handwriting.

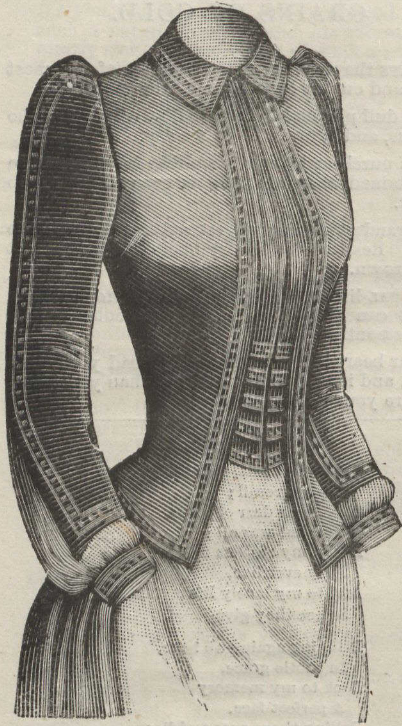
Johann Strauss is credited with the statement that, though his family have been writing dance music for three generations, not one of them could dance a step.

A machine has been devised which goes by electricity and has a capacity of cutting and buttering seven hundred and fifty loaves of bread an hour. The butter is spread very thin by a cylindrical brush—so thin that a large saving of butter is guaranteed.

A medical authority offers the world the benefit of this information, namely, that it has been discovered there is nothing that so quickly restores tone to exhausted nerves and strength to a weary body as a bath containing an ounce of aqua ammonia to each pail of water. It makes the flesh firm and smooth as marble, and renders the body pure and free from all odour.

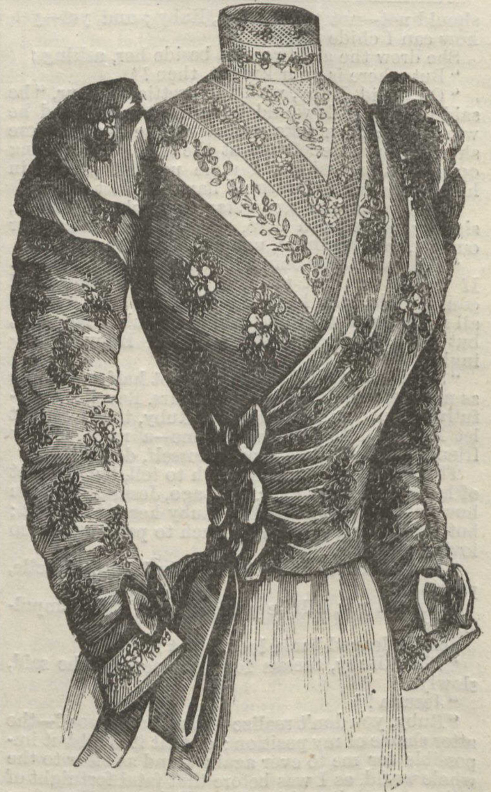
None for Him.—Monsieur Matthieu was at a church wedding, when, as is the custom in Paris, one of the bridesmaids passed about a velvet pouch to receive donations from the charitable for some charity. As she held it to Monsieur Matthieu, he smiled most bewitchingly, and, with the air with which one declines a box of bon-bons, said: "Not any for me, thank you."

Parisian authorities have been debating whether the host or the guest should enter a carriage first. After much argument the following conclusions have been reached. If the host be a woman, she should enter first, and should seat herself so that her guest shall sit at her right, but she should not neglect to explain to her guest that she wishes her to occupy the seat of honour at her right. If the host be a man, the guest enters the carriage first, and takes the seat to the right of where the host is to sit. In entering a carriage, a gentleman should never pass in front of a lady seated within; he should rather walk around to the farther side of the carriage and enter by the outside door.



NO. 1.—BODICE FOR HOME-DRESS.

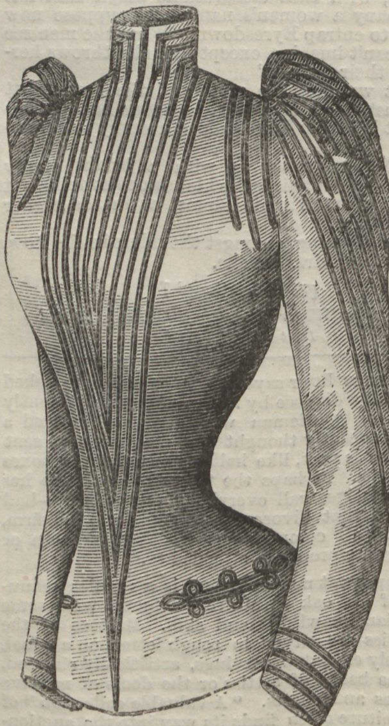
NO. 2.—DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL FROM SIX TO EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.



NO. 3.—BODICE FOR AFTERNOON-DRESS.

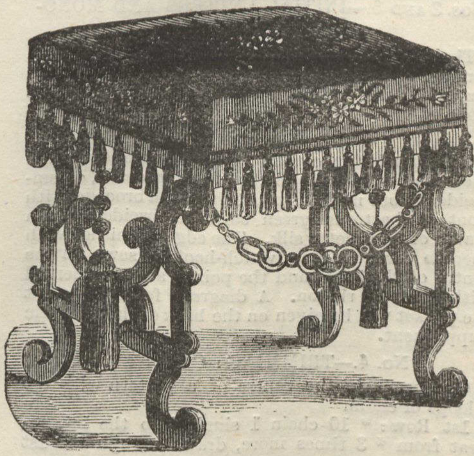
NO. 4.—HAT.

NO. 5.—WALKING-DRESS FOR YOUNG LADY FROM FOURTEEN TO SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

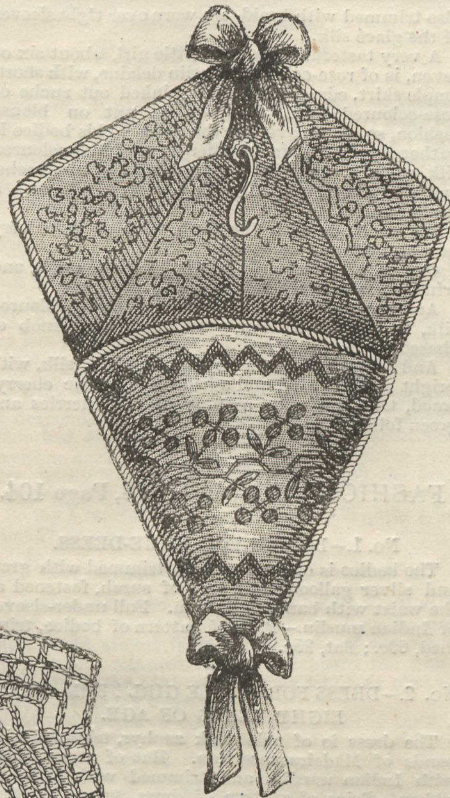


NO. 6.—WALKING-JACKET.

NO. 7.—WALKING-DRESS FOR YOUNG LADY FROM FOURTEEN TO SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

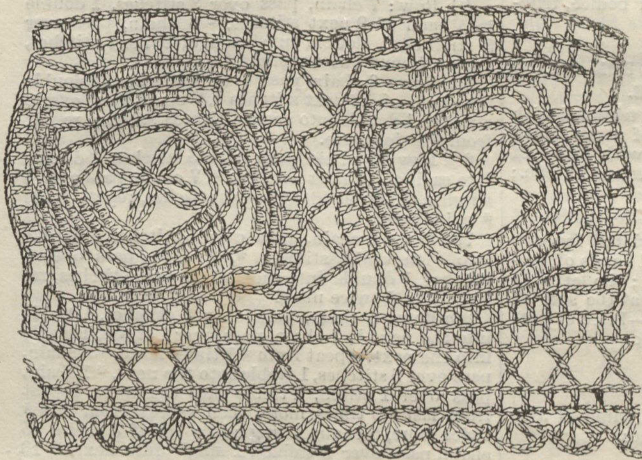


NO. 1.—PIANO-STOOL: EMBROIDERY.

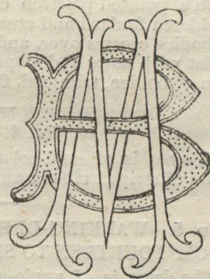


NO. 3.—WATCH-POCKET.

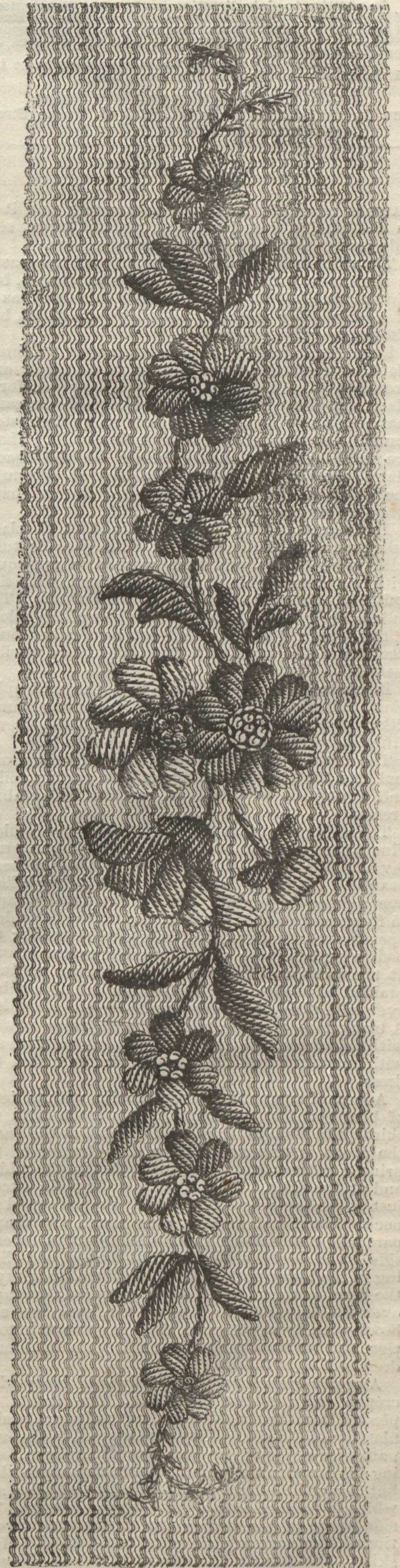
NO. 2.—INITIAL LETTERS: EMBROIDERY.



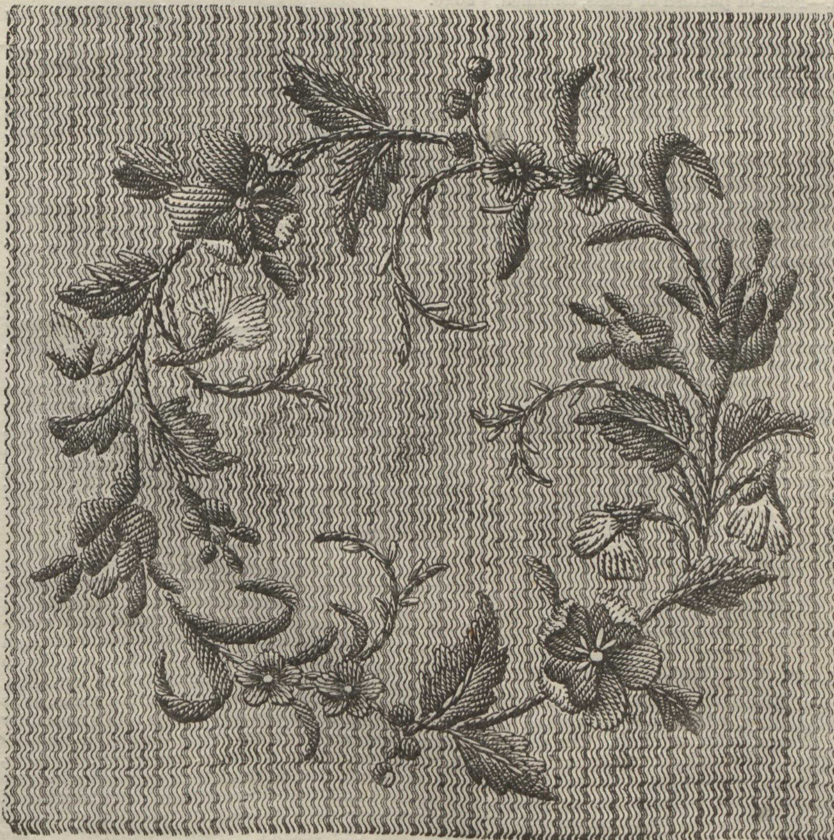
NO. 4.—TRIMMING: CROCHET.



NO. 5.—MONOGRAM: EMBROIDERY.



NO. 7.—DESIGN: EMBROIDERY FOR SIDES OF NO. 1.



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PARIS FASHIONS.

PARIS is now deserted by our *beau monde*, and it is in fashionable watering-places and favourite seaside resorts that we must seek new fashions.

The chief trait in the new costumes of the season is the sleeve, which is cut of different shapes, but always very full at the top, and is generally made of a contrasting material, not only for dresses, but also for mantles.

Even black jackets, in the tailor style. of fancy cloth or cashmere, have sleeves of surah or embroidery. The most tasteful style, however, for a black out-of-door jacket is the sleeve of the same material, finely braided all over in gold or steel soutache, sometimes mixed with black silk. These are fashionable for cool evenings on the beach. Many ladies prefer them to the Carrick, although the latter is also much in vogue. But we have already described it at length.

The latest novelty in sleeves is that of black tulle over silk. Tulle speckled with chenille, tulle with velvet spots, and tulle worked in appliqué, with patterns of black gauze, outlined with fine soutache, are all fashionable for the purpose. The tulle is lined with silk, either black or of the colour of the dress. The dress need not be of silk. Such sleeves are also worn with dresses of fancy woollen material.

Black lace dresses are made with the skirt quite plain, falling over an under-skirt of black or coloured silk; the bodice matches the skirt, and the sleeves differ in colour, but are also covered with lace.

The black lace dress is always useful in summer, and has the great advantage of not getting soiled and crumpled as easily as muslins or cambric dresses.

The latter are made much after the same fashion. Fine Alsace cambric in floral patterns are in great favour. We have taken note of one which has a beautiful design of large roses with green foliage over a chocolate ground. The skirt is slightly draped in front, and pleated at the back; on the left side it opens over an under-slip of thin chocolate silk; the bodice is plain, with narrow pleated revers crossed at the waist in front, showing a plastron of finely braided chocolate silk; the sleeves are of cambric over silk, plain, with deep puffs on the shoulders. A black lace capeline, trimmed with roses, is worn with this dress, and the sunshade is of chocolate silk with an embroidered border of roses to match the dress.

A dress of anemone-coloured muslin, with patterns of blue cornflowers *à disposition*, is made with the skirt quite plain in front, and pleated at the back; the front is trimmed with a deep border of the printed pattern coming up in spikes in the middle and at the sides. The bodice is quite plain except just at the top, where it is slightly draped round the neck. The floral pattern goes round the draped part and comes down in two long sprays on each side. The sleeves are very full at the top, and clinging in the lower part, over which there is a spray of the floral pattern. Two small panniers are draped over the hips, and finished at the back into sash lapels with floral patterns. This is quite an innovation, and we shall probably see it again in summer dresses of light fabric.

A pretty dress for a young lady is of ivory-white crépon and iris-blue glacé silk. The fronts are pleated from the shoulders and crossed over a peaked plastron of the silk. They are trimmed in the lower part with strips of iris-blue brocaded galloon, forming V's down to the waist. The back is made plain, but also opens over a peaked plastron of glacé silk, which is finished into a short draped basque. The side-pieces of the bodice are of silk, and are continued into narrow plain panels on each side of the skirt. The front part only of the dress, between these two panels, is trimmed with five rows of brocaded silk braid. Short puffed sleeves of crépon, also trimmed with braid, are worn over tight sleeves of the glacé silk.

A very tasteful frock for a little girl, about six or seven, is of rose-coloured muslin delaine, with short, ample skirt, edged with a full pinked out ruche of rose-coloured silk. Full bodice, put on blouse fashion, so as to overlap the skirt. This bodice is gathered on to a plain shoulder-piece of rose-coloured silk, edged round with a narrow, pinked out ruche, and has short, puffed sleeves, also edged with a similar ruche.

We conclude with the description of three very new and elegant sunshades.

One is of green silk, spotted with chenille, and trimmed with black lace insertion.

Another is of black lace, lined with straw-coloured silk, handle of natural olive wood, with knob of chased silver.

And a very unique *en tout cas*, of black silk, with bright plaid border, and a handle of rustic cherry-wood, trimmed with a spray of red cherries and green foliage.

DESCRIPTION OF

FASHION ENGRAVINGS, Page 104.

No. 1.—BODICE FOR HOME-DRESS.

The bodice is of gray veiling, trimmed with gray and silver galloon; full vest of surah, fastened at the waist with bands of galloon. Full under-sleeves of Indian muslin.—Price of pattern of bodice, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 25c.

No. 2.—DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL FROM SIX TO EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.

The dress is of pale pink zephyr, trimmed with bands of Madeira insertion. Hat of straw, lined with Indian muslin, and trimmed with bows of ribbon.—Price of pattern of dress, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 25c.

No. 3.—BODICE FOR AFTERNOON-DRESS.

The bodice is réséda and pink printed foulard, with a pointed plastron composed of bands of embroidered foulard and cream étamine; the left side of bodice crosses over, and is finished at the side of waist with bows and loops of ribbon.—Price of pattern of bodice, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 25c.

No. 4.—HAT.

The hat is of gold-coloured straw, trimmed with bows of striped ribbon and marguerites.

No. 5.—WALKING-DRESS FOR YOUNG LADY FROM FOURTEEN TO SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

The dress is of apple-green spotted delaine, with a deep band of green pongee at the foot; revers and full vest of the same; deep belt of pongee, fastened in front with a silver buckle. Hat of straw, lined with velvet; it is trimmed with marguerites and bows of ribbon.—Price of pattern of dress, trimmed, 80c.; flat, 30c.

No. 6.—WALKING-JACKET.

The jacket is of fine biscuit cloth, trimmed with bands of very narrow dark brown braid.—Price of pattern of jacket, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 25c.

No. 7.—WALKING-DRESS FOR YOUNG LADY FROM FOURTEEN TO SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

The dress is of slate-gray veiling, trimmed round the foot with passementerie; waistband of ribbon velvet, finished at the side with loops; pleating round the neck and sleeves of poppy-red Indian silk. Hat of gray straw, trimmed with gray feathers.—Price of pattern of dress, trimmed, 80c.; flat, 30c.

Orders and Remittances for Patterns or Subscriptions to THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL, addressed to
J. GURNEY AND CO.,
No. 4, DECATUR STREET,
CORNER TOMPKINS AVENUE AND FULTON STREET,
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK,
P.O. Box 3527, NEW YORK CITY,
will receive immediate attention. Canadian Stamps cannot be received in the United States. All payments for Patterns must be made by Post-Office Order or United States stamps. 10c. extra should be remitted on all Canadian orders for cost of postage. Should replies be required, payment for postage of letter must be forwarded thus: 3c. for the U.S., 6c. for Canada.

DESCRIPTION OF

FANCY-WORK ENGRAVINGS, Page 105.

Nos. 1 AND 7.—PIANO-STOOL: EMBROIDERY.

The stool is of American walnut, the top is covered with embroidery, which may be worked on plush, velvet, Roman satin, or cloth. The design for the top will be given on back of Gigantic Supplement. The design for the sides is shown in No. 7. The marguerites may be either white or yellow, foliage three shades green, and the forget-me-nots in the blue, with yellow centres. The sides are finished with handsome tassel fringe and brass chains.

Nos. 2 AND 5.—INITIAL LETTERS AND MONOGRAM: EMBROIDERY.

These letters are suitable for marking under-linen, handkerchiefs, house-linen, &c., with Harris's flax thread, ingrain cotton, washing silk, or cotton à la croix.

No. 3.—WATCH-POCKET.

The foundation of the pocket is cardboard; the back is covered with pieces of old brocade, or embroidery; our model is pale terra-cotta brocade, with front of chartreuse-green satin, embroidered with shades of terra-cotta silk. The edge is finished with chenille cord. A brass watch-hook is sewn in the centre of the back, and the points are ornamented with bows of ribbon. A diagram for cutting-out the pocket will be given on the back of the Gigantic Supplement.

No. 4.—TRIMMING: CROCHET.

Commence in the centre of a pattern with the 4 loops of chain.

1st Row: * 10 chain 1 single into the 1st, repeat from * 3 times more, draw through the 1st chain.

2nd Row: * 9 chain 1 single into next loop of chain, repeat from * 3 times more, 1 double treble into 5th of 1st 9 chain.

3rd Row: 6 chain, pass over 3 stitches, 1 double into each of 6 next stitches *, 5 chain, pass over 3 stitches, 1 double into each of 6 next stitches, repeat from * twice more.

4th Row: 7 chain, pass over 3 stitches, 1 double into each of 9 next stitches, * 6 chain, pass over 3 stitches, 1 double into each of 9 next stitches, repeat from * twice more.

5th Row: 8 chain, pass over 4 stitches, 1 double into each of 12 next stitches *, 7 chain, pass over 3 stitches, 1 double into each of 12 next stitches, repeat from * twice more.

6th Row: 8 chain, pass over 5 stitches, 1 double into each of 15 next stitches *, 7 chain, pass over 4 stitches, 1 double into 15 next stitches, repeat from * twice more.

7th Row: 8 chain, pass over 5 stitches, 1 double into each of 18 stitches *, 7 chain, pass over 4 stitches, 1 double into each of 18 next stitches, repeat from * twice more.

8th Row: 8 chain, pass over 6 stitches, 1 treble into the next *, 1 chain, pass over 1 stitch, 1 treble into the next, repeat from * 9 times more, * 9 chain, pass over 5 stitches, 1 treble into the next, * 1 chain, pass over 1 stitch, 1 treble into the next, repeat from last * 9 times more, then repeat from 2nd * twice more, 5 chain, 1 single into 6th of 8 chain; 15 chain, pass over 2 trebles, 1 single into next, * 13 chain, pass over 3 trebles, 1 single into the next, repeat from * twice more, 9 chain, 1 quadruple treble into 7th of next 9 chain, break off the cotton and fasten it neatly at the back of the work.

The patterns are joined to the last 4 loops of chain by drawing through when working the row of trebles on next pattern (see design). Work and join as many patterns as are requisite, then work the edge.

1st Row: 1 treble into a stitch, 1 chain, pass over 1 stitch, and repeat.

2nd Row: Cross trebles; for a cross-treble work as for a double treble into a stitch, work off 1 loop, pass over 2 stitches, work one treble into the next, work off all the loops, 2 chain, work 1 treble into the centre of the cross, 1 chain, pass over 1 stitch, and repeat from the beginning of the row.

3rd Row: 1 treble into a stitch, 2 chain, pass over 2 stitches, and repeat.

4th Row: 4 trebles each separated by 2 chain into a stitch, pass over 4 stitches, and repeat.

For the heading on the other side, work a row like the first row of edge.

No. 5.—See No. 2.

No. 6.—DESIGN FOR CENTRE OF LAMP-MAT, &c., &c.

The design may be worked on satin, Roman satin, plush, or velvet for centre of lamp-mat, cover for album, top of pincushion, &c., &c. For the foliage, three shades green will be needed; for the pansies, purple and mauve, with yellow for the centres. For the rosebuds, two shades pink, and for the forget-me-nots, two shades light blue, with knot-stitch of yellow for the centre.

No. 7.—See No. 1.

TEMPERAMENT.—Temperament has much to do with health preservation. The sound and good-tempered resist disease, and pass unscathed through many dangers, as the stiff craft, bending steadily to the breeze and well under the control of her helm, may thread a narrow passage among the rocks, or as the horse that bears equably on the rein grasped by a firm hand can be driven safely through a crowded thoroughfare. The variable, uncertain, irritable, and, above all, the sullen of temper, are a misery to themselves and those around them; the troubles of life fret their strength, and the perils that lurk in their path can seldom be certainly and pleasantly avoided.

THE HOME.

COOKERY.—ECONOMICAL DINNERS.

Baked Gurnet.—1 gurnet, breadcrumbs, suet, minced parsley, sweet herbs, pepper, salt, the yolk of an egg.—Cost, 1s. Clean and dry the gurnet, make a stuffing of the above ingredients, stuff the fish, put in a baking-dish with pieces of dripping; bake in a quick oven for 1 hour, basting constantly.

Haricot of Veal.—2 lb neck of veal, ½ pint gravy, 1 pint green peas, 2 lettuces, 3 green onions, seasoning.—Cost, 2s. 6d. Take the middle of the neck of veal, cut into chops, and fry a rich brown; put into a saucepan with the gravy, simmer for 1 hour, then add the peas, lettuces cut in pieces, onions, and seasoning; stew gently for ½ hour.

Steak Rolled and Stuffed.—2 lb steak, 2 oz lean ham, ½ lb suet, the rind of a lemon, 1 teaspoonful of parsley, 1 teaspoonful mixed sweet herbs, 6 oz breadcrumbs, 2 eggs.—Cost, 2s. 6d. Cut the steak rather thin, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and lay on a stuffing made as follows: Chop up the ham, suet, lemon rind, parsley, sweet herbs; add a little seasoning, breadcrumbs, and the eggs well beaten; mix well, spread the stuffing over the steak, roll up, tie it, and skewer firmly; roast before a clear fire for 1½ hour, basting continually.

Stewed Vegetable Marrow.—2 small marrows, ½ pint gravy, ½ oz butter, flour.—Cost, 8d. Divide the marrows into four, lengthwise, put them into a saucepan with the gravy and some seasoning; stew very gently, till the marrow is tender; put the marrow in a hot vegetable dish; thicken the gravy with butter and flour, pour over the marrow, and serve.

Friar's Pudding.—Slices of stale bread, ½ pint of milk, 2 oz moist sugar, a stick of cinnamon, flour, ¼ lb lard.—Cost, 4d. Cut some stale bread into slices half an inch thick; put the milk, sugar, and cinnamon into a bowl, dip each piece of bread in it several times, but do not allow it to break; roll it in flour; put the lard in the frying-pan; when thoroughly hot, put in the bread, and fry a golden brown on each side; take them out with a fork, place on blotting-paper to absorb the fat, sprinkle white sugar over, and serve.

PASTIMES.

CHARADE.

My first's in the stable,
Find me, if you're able;
My whole is my second,
If I'm rightly reckoned.

REBUS.

Two words there are—the first will tell
What may be found in many a soil,
Where varied treasures buried dwell;
And if you know their nature well,
The second may reward your toil.
Unite them, and you'll quickly guess
What I have tried in vain with you;
'Tis what I us'd, I must confess,
But I am doubting my success
To hide my meaning from your view.

SOLUTIONS OF PASTIMES IN No. 1,366.

Decapitation.—Slaughter, laughter.
Charade.—Humdrum.

A Belgian newspaper recently published an advertisement to the following effect: "A good-looking young man wishes to meet with a rich and beautiful young lady with a view to matrimony. He would consent, if required, to live with his mother-in-law."

The Complexion.—Ladies who indulge in boating, lawn tennis, or other outdoor sports, should always keep Rowland's Kalydor at hand. It removes sunburn and freckles; is most useful at the seaside, where many ladies really suffer from exposure to the hot sun and salt air. Kalydor is very comforting and soothing to a skin that is at all inclined to be irritable; it softens and beautifies the complexion, and is warranted by the makers to be perfectly free from any deleterious drugs. Rowland's Kalydor can be purchased of chemists and at stores generally in half bottles 2s. 3d., or whole bottles 4s. 6d. each.

Gregory's Invisible Hair Curlers.—A desirable addition to a lady's toilet will be found in this excellent invention, that is, if ladies curl or fringe their hair. The curlers patented by the above maker are soft and light as well as invisible, and are simplicity itself to use; there is no fear of their breaking or injuring the hair, nor of making the head feel uncomfortable. They are made in a variety of shades to match the hair, and are sold in boxes of eight curlers for 1s., for large size curls, and 6d. for small size. They are supplied by hairdressers generally, or can be had by post for 3d. extra, from the maker's depôt, 51 and 52, Frith Street, London.

[Complete in this Number.]

MY LAST CHANCE.

I was nearly at the end of my meagre resources, and growing desperate, despairing, and, I fear, on occasions, suicidal. Every day for weeks I had fruitlessly studied the advertisement columns, answering those requiring ladies' help, mothers' help, governesses, even to that of the nursery, though, as some say, a fortune had been expended on my education.

The truth was, I was almost penniless, without a soul to help me, and I was ready to accept absolutely anything rather than starve.

As a final effort, after much consideration, I sold my last piece of jewellery, save a brooch, and with a portion of the money—the whole was not twenty shillings—hazarded another advertisement.

"It's a forlorn hope," I thought, in a very slough of despondency. "It is only throwing good money after bad, and money I sorely need. I shall not have one answer. I never do. Still, 'Nothing venture, nothing have.' It will only hasten the final catastrophe by a day or two."

So my advertisement appeared. It is quite true what Pope says:

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

I told myself about once every half hour that I didn't hope; but I did. I could not help it, and felt I could almost have jumped out of my shoes when, a few minutes after I had heard the postman's knock the next morning, my landlady pushed a letter under my door.

I literally pounced upon it. Yes, it *was* an answer to my advertisement. My heart in my mouth, or feeling so, I tore off the envelope, and read "Gordon Square"—that sounded well—"London. Mrs. Octavius Smythe would like to see F. H., whose advertisement she has just perused. Mrs. Smythe will be at home and see F. H. between six and seven tomorrow evening."

London! I was living at Gomshall, where my last engagement had been. The return fare, third-class, was four shillings. I thought of my poor little hoard, and, taking it from my purse, arranged it on the table.

"It's a lot to spend upon a chance," I reflected. "I wish Mrs. Octavius Smythe had been a little more definite, that is, explanatory, also a little more thoughtful in respect to time. Between six and seven! If I'm delayed at all, I shall only catch the last train. But the money! Were it twice as much I must not miss a chance. There."

Putting back the silver into my purse, I consulted the time-table. I fear, during the interval, I often began to reckon my chickens before they were hatched; such as concerning whether my engagement would be nice, and my new home pleasant. My new home—for I carried it about with me, having neither kith nor kin that I knew of to care for or to care for me.

I had been so very near despair that this little blink of hope quite excited me, and my pulse was beating at nearly double its normal rate, when I knocked at Number——, Gordon Square.

The door was opened by a hybrid, that is, half footman, half groom, who regarded me somewhat superciliously, which increased when he learned my business.

"Could I call again? Mrs. Smythe was not at home. She had gone to a *matinée*."

At that moment I hated Mrs. Smythe. What did she mean by telling me she would be at home, and not keeping her word? Of course I would call again. Very indignant, I walked about for half an hour, then returned. The footman showed me into a room where I waited nearly three quarters of an hour, Mrs. Smythe being engaged in dressing for dinner.

At last she appeared, tall, stout, as supercilious as her footman. She required a governess for her two children, aged four and five. She loaded me with questions; was sorry I had not acquired my French in Paris, my German in Germany, and that I was not a R.A.M., and was I able to cut out and renovate dresses?

Finally, she informed me she would think over it, and if she decided to try me she would write. I took my leave sick at heart, as well aware as Mrs. Smythe herself that she had no intention of writing. Some tears would force their way despite my effort at control. My journey, the expense, all useless!

"Ah," I half sobbed, "if she only knew the thin line between me and absolute want. Pshaw!" bitterly, "the knowledge would only make a woman like that despise, not pity me."

A clock told me I had ample time to walk to the station, and though tired from sad heart weariness, I determined to save the omnibus fare.

"All my eggs are smashed, my milk spilt," I thought, hurrying on, absorbed by my own troubles, when suddenly I found myself amidst a rush of people. For a moment, as they swirled round the corner, they bore me along with them; but I managed to force my way to the railings and let them pass. There had been a fight, and the police were taking the men to the station. Very soon the street was clear, and I hurried on. If I lost the train there was no other.

It wanted yet ten minutes to the hour when I entered the station, and put my hand in my pocket for my purse wherein was my ticket.

My purse had gone!

The first moment I believed it, the next I didn't. It was impossible. The terror of what its loss meant to me made me say it *couldn't* be.

But it was. Here were my handkerchief, my keys; but purse there was none. When I had been surrounded by that surging crowd it must have been stolen. I felt indignant, humiliated at being made a victim. Then the real horror of my position broke upon me. How was I to get home? How was I to pay my fare, for my return ticket had, of course, gone with my purse? I was literally without a penny, without a friend who could assist me, alone in London.

For a moment I could do nothing. I felt too sick and dazed even to think. Then what must I do—what could I? Whom could I ask where all were alike strangers? Who would lend me the money? Would they believe I had lost the purse? I had not a card, not even an addressed envelope to prove who I was, and assure them the loan would be returned. I felt ready to cry, but by an effort restrained my tears, and, the booking-office being at the moment empty, determined to try the booking-clerk.

"Where for?" he asked, sharply, as I appeared at the pigeon-hole, and, before I had half got through my nervous, hesitating recital of my position, coolly walked away and began casting up figures in a ledger.

Oh, what *was* I to do? I would, I *must* try the ticket-collector.

"Lost your purse, eh? Stolen! Don't you know anyone to borrow from in London? That's bad. Please stand aside."

A train had come in, the people were crowding down the stairs. I had to move. I drew into a retired corner, then raised my eyes to the clock. Oh, Heaven! it did not want five minutes to the starting of the last train. If I missed it what was I to do?

Do! What could I do? Treble the money then could not take me home. I should have to wander about the streets until morning—the London streets. What hotel would take me in without payment? Who would run the risk of a stranger's forwarding the sum afterwards, if it were lent?

I began to feel faint, hysterical; and my terror, no doubt, showed on my white face, as I stood leaning against the wall in that retired corner, when I became aware, like one waking from a dream, of somebody speaking to me. It was a young man, handsome, pleasant-looking, and respectably dressed, though his clothes were not of the newest.

"I beg your pardon," he said, raising his hat, his voice low and musical; "pray believe I mean no impertinence in addressing you, but you seem in some trouble. If I can be of any service, please do let me be?"

I think I must have looked very piteous; I know my eyes were brimming with tears, as I raised them to his face. What a pleasant, kind face it was. I did not hesitate an instant in answering him, and explaining my position.

"Ah, London is a very bad place," he smiled. "Its thieves could almost steal one's head without one's knowing it. Have you far to go?"

I told him.

"Will you permit me to assist you?" he asked. "Remember, it might be my own case."

What could I do but thank him, tell him the amount, third-class, and promise to enclose it to him immediately I reached home? He did not give me the money. He was too much of a gentleman to do that. He went and got me a ticket—not a third, but a second. Gratefully I received it, and asked, in a tremor of delight, where I was to send back what I owed him.

"There is no haste about that," he smiled; then, as he perceived me draw back: "I beg your pardon, Stanley Greville, Newman Street, Oxford Street."

As he raised his hat in farewell, these words, spoken fervently, leaped from my lips:

"Heaven bless you; you have been, sir, a friend indeed. If ever you are in such a need as I was, may you find as kind and generous assistance as I have."

The expression of his face abruptly changed; it became grave to earnestness, and he said, impressively:

"Thank you—thank you very much. Ah, that is your train."

The ticket-collector had shouted it out. I could not wait. I ran up the stairs as the train stopped.

All the way home, as we rushed through the darkness, and through the night, I could do nothing but think of Stanley Greville's face. It was a strange support to me, and produced a sensation of comfort that dominated my gloomy reflections upon my really now penniless position.

Next morning, I was wondering from whom I could borrow the money to send to Newman Street, when another letter was pushed beneath my door. Was it a second answer to my advertisement? No, for on the blue, oblong envelope, my name was in

full. I broke off the envelope, and, as I looked at the contents, uttered a loud cry.

"MADAME" (it ran),

"We beg to inform you that, as the next-of-kin to Samuel Bridby, who died recently in Australia, intestate, you are the inheritor of his wealth, about two thousand a year in shares and real property. If you will favour us with an early call, we shall have the pleasure of explaining more fully.

"Your obedient servants,
"CLOD, TENNES & SHAM."

Inheritor to two thousand a year! The inheritor to my mother's cousin, Bridby, who had run away years ago to Australia, and never been heard of! How the next half-hour passed, I don't quite know. I believe I fainted, or lost my reason, for of it I remember nothing.

* * * * *

"Now, this room, my boudoir, I require to be panelled, and with hand-painted scenes of English scenery."

Two years had elapsed since my accession to Samuel Bridby's money. I had just purchased a charming house in old Kensington, and was informing Mr. Lampton, the art furnisher, what I wished done.

"Six months ago, I knew the very man for that," replied my companion. "A clever young artist, a good, noble, hard-working fellow; yet fate seemed ever against him. Try as he would—as he did, he never got on, while heaps of mere daubers did. I fancy it almost, at last, broke his heart, or his spirit, which is about the same thing."

"Why not give him this panelling to do?" I asked.

"I wish I could, madam," replied Mr. Lampton; "but for six months I've quite lost sight of him. I heard once that he had been desperately ill. I sent round to Newman Street, to inquire, and word was brought back that poor Greville had left there three months previously."

"Greville!" I ejaculated. "Not Stanley Greville?"

"That's the man, madam. You know him?"

"He once, though a stranger," I answered, my heart beating and throbbing most foolishly, "did me a very great service, one I shall never forget. Mr. Lampton, I would give I know not what to find him—to be of service to him. Is it not possible you could assist me? You say—nay, from the manner you speak—I am sure you are his friend."

"I am, indeed, madam!" he ejaculated, fervently. He was a dark, brisk, impulsive little man. "And trust me, I'll not leave a stone unturned that may help you."

But all the stones, metaphorically turned, brought no news of Stanley Greville, of whom, from the night of our acquaintance, I had thought constantly. Over and over I had almost prayed to see him again, and a feeling, a whisper, like a still, small voice, had ever come to me that I should, and—well, let me confess it—that thought or belief had made me happier than the possession of my wealth. But the months had sped by without a sign, until Mr. Lampton had mentioned him.

How many more months were now to glide on without sign, for all our efforts failed, leading to no result, save failure; and known to myself alone, like Clara Vere de Vere, though from a different cause,

"I pined among my halls and towers,
The languid light of my (poor) eyes,
(Were) wearied of the rolling hours."

Another year, yet no news of Stanley Greville, when one day, about dusk, I was hastening home through the park, thinking of him, as I was ever doing. That part of the park seemed deserted, save for myself, when I became aware of a man sitting upon a seat I was approaching—a shabby man, with that air of hopeless despair and dejection, the outcome too often of want, one sees so often. Yet there was something more than pity that attracted my attention in this case. My inner self was conscious, by its keener, subtler essence, of that which my grosser outer self was not.

But suddenly he arose, and a quick electric thrill ran through me.

He hurried swiftly on, as one who had arrived at a sudden resolve, and I, perplexed what to do, followed, full of much joy, for I knew I had found Stanley Greville at last!

Through the shadows under the trees he went, I scarcely able to keep near him. Where was he going? I *must* speak before he left the park. What was this? A gleam, a sudden shine of pale light before him—the gleam of water.

It was to that he was hastening. I knew, then, the truth.

My heart stood paralyzed with terror, with fear; a weight felt on my limbs. But as he reached the fatal edge my strength came, and with a cry I ran forward, and with both hands clasped his arm, clinging to him.

"No, no!" I cried. "No, no; not that, Stanley Greville. Be a man, fight and live. Oh! Heaven! not *that!*"

He looked down at me, startled, and I saw how thin, pale, and haggard he was. He knew me, even in the dusk, for he exclaimed:

"Is it you? How did you come here?"

He did not speak as if years had divided us, but as though we had parted but yesterday. Had I been in his thoughts, as he in mine?

"Heaven and gratitude sent me," I answered, hysterically, "I think, to save you. What you contemplated doing was through despair. Ah! I know what *that* is. But you need despair no longer. There is work to be done. Mr. Lampton—you know him?—he has work for you. Oh! for months we have been seeking you."

"We!" he repeated.

"Yes. Mr. Lampton told me all, and I am no longer poor. Oh, yes, there is much for you to do, and you shall make a name yet."

"How good and kind you are," he said, fervently.

"I have but taken a leaf from your book," I laughed.

"Ah! you do not know."

"I know," I answered now, gravely, "that no one has a right to give up hope. At the eleventh hour, when all appears darkest, the silver lining of our black cloud will show. It was so with me. It shall be so with you. Come with me; trust me. I will prove it."

He seemed half bewildered, but came with me as I bade, and I have kept my word. Of those English landscapes in my boudoir Stanley Greville was the painter; now he is their master—and mine!

E. W. P.

A RED DAWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RIFT IN THE LUTE," "PRINCESS THEKLA," "EVEN THIS SACRIFICE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LII.

THE BITTERNESS OF IT.

CLAUDE soon gained the Brompton Road, where she was sure soon to find a cab.

She saw a hansom approaching almost at once, and, as she raised her hand, she went suddenly hot and cold with the knowledge of what the man must think when she gave him the address.

"Cab, miss?"

"Yes, please." She mounted the step. "No. —, Pall Mall, and drive fast. I'll pay you well."

"Right, miss."

The man's tone showed, or Claude thought it did, that he "understood;" but she did not seem to care much now; her brain was too busy with other thoughts; and, after all, what a cabman imagined was of small consequence.

She worried herself, as people always do when worrying is quite useless, with conjectures as to where Lochmohr might be. She was pretty sure he was not going out to any ball or assembly; but he would very likely be at one of the clubs, and probably no one would know which; and she would have to look for him; and through all she was wondering what Fancourt could want Stewart for. Was it to tell him about Julia Davenant? How absurd, if it was. Lochmohr did not wish to hunt the wretched woman down. But she looked out anxiously for all the landmarks. Only the Green Park now. The time seemed long; yet the horse was making capital running. He seemed quite fresh, and the small traffic at this time enabled him to run free.

St. James's Street.

Claude began to draw her breath hurriedly. The hansom rattled merrily past the still lighted-up clubs into Pall Mall, and pulled up sharp, the girl's heart leaping into her throat.

"Wait," she said, as she sprang out.

There was a light in the window of the first storey, but that would mean nothing, one way or the other.

She went up to the door, and rang the bell. How it clanged and echoed through the house!

The door was immediately opened by a hall-porter, who stared at the beautiful young face on which the broad glare of the gaslight within fell. She knew how her very dress was against her, for she, of course, had not stopped, when she was summoned by Benson, to change the picturesque robe in amber shades of soft silk she was wearing, and she had caught up the first cloak that came to hand, which happened to be a very handsome one, lined with swansdown.

She felt her colour rise as she asked, quickly:

"Is Captain Stewart at home?"

"I don't know, miss; I'll see." The man's manner was perfectly respectful; but he looked puzzled. He rang a bell near. "Step inside, miss," he added.

Claude did so, though she would far rather have avoided the light.

"If he is in," she added, "please send word to him to come down at once. He is wanted very urgently."

"Very well, miss."

Claude—it is unlucky, sometimes, to know too much of the world—did not fail to notice the man's "discretion" in omitting to ask for her name.

With Lochmohr, she knew, such "discretion" was needless; but the porter, of course, acted on general principles.

A liveried servant appeared, and looked curiously at Claude.

"Stephen," said the hall-porter, "go and see if Captain Stewart is in, and tell him there's a lady waiting to see him particularly."

The servant vanished upstairs. There was a minute of breathless suspense for Claude, and then her heart leaped up as she heard the quick, light step so well known, and Lochmohr, in Newmarket coat, and hat in hand, came downstairs, and straight across the hall to her.

"My child!" he said, in a low tone, in German, clasping her hand in his, "what has brought you?"

She answered in the same language:

"Fancourt sent me; he is dying. He wants to see you."

Without another word Lochmohr led her out and handed her into the cab.

"Drive to the corner of Cranmore Road, Brompton," he said to the cabman, and sprang in after Claude.

Then he bent down to her, clasping both her trembling little hands passionately in his.

"My darling!" he said, "I would not for worlds this had happened! What does it all mean?"

Then Claude explained how she had been sent for to Fancourt, and how Fancourt had sent her on for Lochmohr; and Lochmohr listened, setting his teeth.

"You're not vexed with me?" she said, glancing up, wistfully, into his stern face.

It softened instantly into infinite tenderness. He stooped and kissed the quivering lips.

"My precious one! How could I be vexed with you? You did right; but it cuts me to the heart that you should be about by yourself at this time, and, worst of all, have to suffer, as you must have suffered, in coming to my chambers." He stopped, biting his lip hard, and drew her close to him. "It is so bitter," he added, in a whisper; "so bitter!"

She knew what he meant; it maddened him to think that any man should even passingly doubt her; to know that such doubt was only to be expected from the circumstances; maddened him that she must have felt shamed and humiliated; and if he had been able to protect her, the conditions that made her suffer could never have occurred.

"Don't fret for me, *carissimo*," said the girl, sweetly. "I didn't mind so much; and, after all, I have you with me again."

"Heart's dearest!" He pressed the hand he held to his heart to his lips. "I seemed," he went on, "to leap to the thought that it was you, even before I asked the man what the lady was like. Then what he answered made me feel sure. The idea of Fancourt flashed into my head, I hardly know why. I cannot imagine what he can have to say to me. If he is, as you state, in his full senses, he can hardly send for me at midnight to tell me about Julia Davenant's past life. What is that to me?"

"He kept on saying it was 'life and death,'" said Claude. "I think it must be something more than about Julia Davenant. Here is Cranmore Road."

The cabman pulled up, and Lochmohr sprang out, lifted Claude down, and giving the man gold, told him that if he were wise he would wait about, as he might be wanted again.

Cabby said:

"Thank ye, sir," in high delight; and probably thought that the "sprees" of swells were often the bread of honest men.

Stewart and his young companion walked quickly down the fifty yards of road to The Ferns, and Claude opened the house door and admitted them.

"This way," she said, in a low voice. "I had best go in first and tell him you are here."

She led the way upstairs, and Lochmohr paused on the landing, while Claude entered the sick man's room. He started up from the pillow.

"Have you brought him?" he asked, eagerly.

Benson, sitting near the bed, rose up, looking very much surprised.

"Yes," Claude said, "he is here—outside."

"Let him come in—alone!"

Claude turned to Benson.

"Come," she said. "You can lie down a bit. I will call you if I want you."

They went out together. Benson saluted Lochmohr respectfully, very much amazed to see him, and hurried away. Claude laid her hand on the Highlander's arm.

"He wants to see you alone," she said. "I will wait in this little study," pointing to a door near.

He kissed her hand, and entered Fancourt's chamber. The sick man was leaning on his elbow, his face turned towards the door, and the lamp-light fell full on it. Lochmohr started violently, and staggered back a step, going white to the lips.

CHAPTER LIII.

RICHARD ARNOLD.

Where had Esric Stewart seen that beardless face, those close-set eyes, the nose just out of the true line—"out of drawing?"—who had said that? What momory was struggling within him, while that man's haggard eyes gazed on him? But the face he knew was younger, fuller; then this was worn and wasted by added years of dissipation, and death was close at hand.

A photograph? Where seen? When? The man's heart stood still—his brain reeled—the room, the sick man's ghastly face, were all blurred and dim; it was a drawing-room—a picture face downwards; then the face looking up to him—the close-set, sinister eyes!

Suddenly he sprang forwards, he was at the bed-side, his hand grasped the feeble, withered hand; but gently; even in this supreme moment, he remembered that the man was dying.

"In the Name of Heaven!" he said, hoarsely—was it his own voice that spoke? "*Who are you?* Tell me your name!"

The sick man looked into the other's burning eyes. The intense passion that quivered in the Highlander's features, in his whole frame, seemed, by electrical *rapport*, to give the wasted, dying creature something of new life. He raised himself quite up into a sitting posture.

"You know me, then?" he said, in a strange, eager way. "You have seen me before?"

"Don't trifle with me! For Heaven's sake, answer me. Why am I here?"

"Because I wanted to tell you what you'd give a good deal to know. I am Richard Arnold, the 'Ace of Spades!'"

"Richard Arnold!" Lochmohr started erect, like a man shot, pressing his hand to his heart; then he dropped on his knee by the couch; in the agony of his hope and dread the drops started out on his brow, his breath came like a sob; his dark eyes searched the ashen face, no paler than his own, as if he would drag forth the dying man's soul and bare it to his own. He had no voice in this terrible moment; it was only a whisper that fell from his lips.

"I know your face—I saw it once; but I dare not trust—it might be some strange likeness. As you are a dying man, is this true—are you Pauline Arnold's husband?"

Fancourt put his hand on the other's arm.

"I'm her husband," he said, "as truly as you are *not*. I've got nothing to gain by a lie. I don't want your money. I shall be a dead man in a few hours."

He stopped; the brief energy of excitement was beginning to ebb. Stewart bowed his head down in uncontrollable emotion; his whole being was shaken, convulsed by this revelation; it was for him the upheaval of the universe; nay, it meant so much for him, the truth would be so glorious, that in very terror his spirit questioned. It could not be—it was not possible! He looked up—he struggled for self-command.

"You have proofs?" he said.

A half mocking smile came over the sick man's face.

"Proofs enough," he said; "if I were to go out in the streets as I am now I should be better known than I cared for. That's why I shaved. I thought you might know me."

"I do know you. I saw a picture of you, not yourself; but I dare not trust my senses."

"There are all my papers yonder," said Arnold, or Fancourt, pointing to a cabinet opposite the bed. "But look here; send for Major Langdale, Mrs. Westmore—*they* know me. I've met 'em in society, before I made society quite too hot for me. She'd know me. Stay! She's not in this—she thought me dead as much as you did. Get me some brandy. I don't mean to die yet—maybe I'll live a few hours longer."

Lochmohr rose like a man in a dream, and poured out the brandy—his hand was steady now—and gave it to the sick man, who thanked him, and lay still for a minute; then he began again:

"Of course I was in that business about Claude Verner and Tollemache. You knew all about that—I'm downright sorry; I was all the time; but it'll be all right now. She was the only one in this house who had any feeling for me, and you'll make her happy. You'll want a magistrate to take down my dying deposition, eh?"

"Yes," Stewart answered, in a suppressed way. "But tell me all first."

"There's a magistrate quite close, in Grantley Road, Mr. Nelson," said Arnold, bursting into a sudden reckless laugh; "he'll know me. I've been had up before him half a dozen times—drunk and disorderly. There was a jolly row at the Cri. one night——"

Lochmohr's hand pressed his shoulder.

"Man! for the love of Heaven——"

"All right! Well, I'll tell you why I got 'killed.' I couldn't stand Pauline any more—you'll understand that—and I was over head and ears in debt, here and in America; also, I had been up to some tricks here that might get me into penal servitude if I was nabbed. So I slipped the leash by getting myself killed in a railway accident.

"I had gone by the train—that was right enough; but I hopped out, left my baggage behind; the train came to smash, cars were burnt, and one of the charred bodies was thought to be mine; that was the company's doings, I couldn't foresee a smash. There was my baggage to prove I was in the train; so the thing was done for me neatly. She thought I was dead; she's not too good for bigamy, but she's too cunning, though she's fool enough in some things. Now you get the magistrate here, and," he half started up, "fetch Dr. Gibson, from the Brompton Road. Claude knows the number; he'll know me; he's got letters of mine. I can tell him lots of things he'll remember—plenty to remember the 'Ace of Spades.' Let Claude come in while you're gone. I won't say a word to her, I swear. You see I sent for you!"

Lochmohr pressed the wasted hand, and rose.

"Keep quiet," he said, "and rest."

He went out to the study, where Claude was waiting. He had no distinct comprehension of there being any change in their relations; to that first blinding sense of joy had succeeded a kind of stunned feeling. He knew, without realizing; that would come later. At present it all seemed dream-like; it could not be true, it could not! He dared not give his spirit scope. It had grown "rounded to despair;" and it was like the prisoner of years, abruptly, without warning, released, and plunged into the glare of the sun.

"Claude," he said, as the girl started up, "go in and keep watch for a little while. I am going for a magistrate and a doctor. Give me the key, and tell me Dr. Gibson's address."

How strange he looked; how strange his manner was! But she told him the address, gave him the latchkey, and went quickly into the sick-room.

The hansom which had brought Lochmohr and Claude from Pall Mall was still waiting about. Lochmohr drove first to the magistrate's. He could rouse up Dr. Gibson, who was quite near, on the return journey. He did not want either man to reach the house before he did.

Mr. Nelson knew Lochmohr's name, and, quickly dressing himself, he accompanied the Highlander, who said not a word as to the character of Richard Arnold's confession; but only that there was a dying man who wished to make a deposition.

Calling at Dr. Gibson's only caused a minute's delay.

The doctor promised to come at once; and, two minutes later, Stewart and Mr. Nelson entered The Ferns.

The former asked the magistrate to wait in the drawing-room while he went up to Arnold's room.

Claude rose from her seat near the bed to meet him.

"Go into the study, dear," he said; "and, if you can, lie down a little."

He did not even touch her hand; he was putting a tremendous tension on himself. He needed, and must keep, all his self-control.

Claude went out to the study; and then Lochmohr returned to the drawing-room and fetched Mr. Nelson.

Meanwhile, all this time Julia Davenant had not stirred from her room; she knew that Fancourt was dying; and, holding her door open and listening, she discovered that there was going to and fro in the house; and by-and-by she became aware that Lochmohr had come.

What for? Had Fancourt sent for him to disclose the secret of her (Julia's) past? If so, she was powerless.

She feared to meet Lochmohr; she could not brave him; and, after all, what value would such knowledge possess for him? He was the last man to hound a woman down. So Mrs. Davenant wisely chose the better part of valour, and pretended to ignore what she could not prevent.

If Fancourt had any other confession to make it would not concern her. Her career in London was practically closed; indeed, she felt a certain apathy about anything that might happen to her. The only certainty was that Lochmohr would at least be a generous enemy, though she was forced to see that he was not likely to go out of his way to show her mercy, considering her share in the conspiracy which might have cost Claude Verner so dear.

CHAPTER LIV.

FREE!

A strange group was gathered by the bedside of Richard Arnold. Mr. Nelson, the magistrate, sat, paper in hand, slowly and carefully reading aloud the deposition which he had just taken down. The doctor, seated a little in the shade, glanced alternately from the face of the patient to the pale, handsome features of the man who stood with folded arms at the foot of the bed.

What did all this mean for him? Both doctor and magistrate had recognized Arnold at once. He had reminded the former of episodes in the past that could not be known to a third person. There was no possible question of the man's identity; and, after all, though the disclosure might have such tremendous issues, it had been a very simple matter for the "Ace of Spades" to pass himself off as dead.

And now, in his dying moments, he was "making reparation," or dealing a terrible blow. Which was it?

Was it a mercy or a cruelty to tell Captain Stewart that his wife was no wife; that he was free, if he chose, to repudiate her?

The doctor could make nothing of the Highlander's face or manner; he was strangely calm, keeping himself under a stern self-control; and Dr. Gibson, not being in the fashionable world, and a busy man, knew little or nothing of what went on in it.

He was aware that Richard Arnold's widow had married Captain Stewart of Lochmohr, and that was all; but since the woman was innocent, surely Stewart, as a man of honour, would marry her over again.

"Yes, that's right," said the feeble voice from the bed. "Let me sign."

Dr. Gibson raised him up, and put the pen in his hand.

Lochmohr held his breath as he watched him sign.

He wrote slowly, but his hand, though he was failing fast, was steadier than it had been for years. He finished, and let the pen fall.

"You know my writing, eh, Gibson?" he said.

"I would swear to that signature anywhere," said the doctor, looking, not at the dying man, but at Lochmohr.

"Now, will you sign, Captain Stewart?" said the magistrate, "and you, Dr. Gibson?"

Lochmohr bent over the little table. For a second his hand trembled; but he mastered that weakness, and wrote his signature in his usual clear, bold characters:

"Esric Allan Ivor Stewart."

Then the doctor signed, and, as he laid down the pen, glanced at Arnold, who was lying back with closed eyes, and breathing heavily.

"Give me the brandy, Captain Stewart," he said. And Stewart obeyed.

"He hasn't another two hours," said Dr. Gibson, in a whisper.

Lochmohr turned to the magistrate.

"There is no need to detain you, sir," he said. "Thank you for coming."

"I only did my duty, Captain Stewart."

He shook hands silently with both men, and went out.

The dawning light was creeping through the closed shutters, mingling with the yellow light of the lamp.

The dying man opened his eyes, and looked round vaguely. They rested on Lochmohr's face, and a quick, eager look came into them. He tried to speak, and Lochmohr bent down to him.

"Th' girl," he babbled. "She's only one ever spo' kin'. She pitied me. Le' come."

"She shall come."

He went to the door, and called her name, "Claude," softly.

She came out directly.

"The man is dying," Stewart said. "He wants you."

She entered the room at once, and passed straight to the bedside.

Dr. Gibson looked up at her with a flash of surprise in his face, of involuntary admiration at her beauty.

She stooped over the dying man.

"I am here," she said, gently, her sweet young voice full of tenderness and pity.

He opened his eyes; they had grown dim and filmy, but he seemed to know her. He made a feeble movement with his hand. She clasped her soft, white fingers round it.

"Only one who ever——" he began; then a pause. "Ma' you—happy."

The struggling upward breath rippled out over the ashen lips.

The doctor bent forwards, and looked a moment intently.

"He is dead," he said. He rose.

Claude drew back from the bedside; her eyes were full of pain; to her such a death as this was very terrible.

Dr. Gibson was naturally case-hardened; he saw many such death-beds; perhaps, too, he did not think so much as Claude did about that "dim unknown" beyond the grave. He drew Lochmohr aside, and gave him the address of a woman who could be sent for to attend the dead; then he added, in a low tone:

"Of course I am at your service, if you need my evidence."

"Thanks, doctor."

They shook hands; Dr. Gibson shook hands with Claude, and took his departure; Lochmohr turned to Claude.

"Will you send Benson to me, my child, and then go to the study and wait for me? I will come to you in a few minutes."

The girl left the room, and in a few moments Benson came in. Lochmohr gave her the address he had received, and bade her go at once, and when Benson had gone, he, too, quitted the death-chamber, shutting the door behind him.

But in the passage he stood still. The need for

self-command was gone, the tension snapped; the mad tide of joy rushed and leaped through his veins; he knew it fully now, felt it in every throbbing pulse, in every thrilling fibre. Free!—free!—free to claim all, to crown love with honour, free to look the future in the face, to enfold within his own the life that could only live in his. What was liberty to the captive, fatherland to the exile, compared with this freedom? Body and soul was he bound, and now he was free—no dream, no fancy, but blessed reality. His brain was dizzy; he caught at the balustrade of the staircase for support, and so stood, drawing his breath in quick throbs, doing battle with those leaping fires of ecstacy, that passion that consumed him, that was madness. He could not meet her so; he must be a little calmer.

"Heaven help me!" he tried to pray, "give me a little strength—I am blinded and dazed; it seems more than I can bear!" Then he thought: "She will wonder what keeps me so long—she will come to look for me—my darling! my darling!"

He turned to the study, opened the door, closed it; Claude, sitting in a low chair, her face hidden in her hands, lifted her head quickly; but before she could rise, Lochmohr had flung himself at her feet, wrapping her to his breast with a passion that almost terrified her, for never, even on that day when he had first avowed his love, pleaded for hers, was there such passion as this; then at least there was so much in it of appeal; he clung to her in his despair; in his very clasp, in his kiss, there was the prayer of his lips:

"I need your strength—I must have your love! Don't cast me back on myself!"

But this passion was masterful, it claimed her, held her for its own—gave her no right of denial; yet she did not fear the man himself. She was bewildered. She made no effort to strive with him; she had no will for the effort, had she possessed the strength; nay, she clung to him—she could not do else, for he made her whole being yield to his; and so close he held her she scarcely seemed to tremble in his arms, so close the pressure of his lips on hers that their quivering was stilled.

Was it, perhaps, something in her eyes that could not meet his, which startled him, warned him? He lifted his head, and made her give him one fleeting glance—in the tenderness of his downward look there was still that consciousness of possession.

"Dearest," he said, under breath, "you are not afraid of me? No, I understand; my passion frightened you—I could not help it—I was mad. But you did not doubt me, Dieudonnée?"

"Oh! Esric; no, no!"

"My own love—ay! my own—all my own now! Don't look at me so. How shall I tell you? While you are here—on my heart—I can only hold you to me, and draw your soul into mine through your lips. Once more!"

Again his kiss was on the trembling mouth; then he tried to loose her a little, but drew her close again with a passionate movement.

"I cannot!" he said. "Oh! Dieudonnée, does no thought come to you what change it is that has been wrought in our lives?—this passion of mine that startled you—why was it? You felt the change—I knew that you did—felt that I claimed you; and yet you did not doubt my honour."

Claude was clinging to him convulsively.

"Esric," she hardly whispered, "yes, yes! that was why—oh! tell me what it is—what has happened?"

He pressed her head against his heart. His voice quivered, faltered:

"The man—who sent for me to-night—he said—it was life and death—it was more than that—a thousand times more—to you and me. Can you divine—what he had—to tell me?"

The girl lifted her eyes to her lover's face with an almost wild look—that strange arrested gaze when some swift impression leaps beyond reason, and the mind halts, as it were, and dare not think what the heart feels.

Lochmohr's lips were trembling, his eyes drooped before that look of hers; his next words were only whispered:

"He was Pauline's husband—Richard Arnold!"

"Esric!"

[To be continued.]

"A Red Dawn" commenced in No. 1,353 and Part CCCXXXV.

WOMEN'S rights are now being recognized in all directions, and there are few professions in which ladies do not compete with men on something like equal terms. They still have a grievance in connection with church work, and up till now lady vocalists have, it is said, experienced much difficulty in securing positions in cathedrals and church choirs, even for special services and performances with a charitable object in view. There is a grand scheme now on foot for meeting this difficulty, by the introduction of lady choirs under the patronage of cathedral and church dignitaries. It is said that the ladies and boys who accompany them are to be robed in cap and gown, and decorated with a sash and badge, which will no doubt have an impressive effect.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS GENERALLY.

All Letters should be addressed to Merton House, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London.

As our Correspondence has greatly increased with the increased popularity of our Journal, we purpose from this date to answer questions of immediate importance by post within a few days of their receipt from all English and Foreign Subscribers. 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.

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.

American Subscribers must please to remember to put five-cent stamps on their letters, or we shall not be able to take them in in future, as we so frequently have twopence to pay in consequence of insufficient stamping. American stamps are of no use here for return letters.

KITTENS.—We are sorry we are unable to say; we have never heard of such a thing being done.

E. CLARK.—You failed to enclose a stamped envelope, so we reply through the Journal. (1) You cannot clean it successfully yourself; you had better send it to a cleaner's. (2) We are afraid that nothing but time will remove the scar. (3) Dark brown. (4) You can get one for about 15s. (5) It needs improvement. (6) The *Hairdressers' Weekly Journal*, price 1d., published by Osborne, Garret and Co., 51, Frith Street, Soho. (7) We can send you either "Ernest Maltravers" or "Alice" by post for 4s., "The Mysteries of Udolpho" for 1s. 3d.

A. B. L.—Wash your face in very hot water, allowing 3 drachms of tannic acid to a pint of water, and use the following powder: Salicylic acid powder 1½ parts; talc, powdered, 3½ parts; starch, powdered, 45 parts; mix together, and apply to the face.

E. A. T.—(1) Alpaca; write to the Bradford Manufacturing Company for patterns. Their materials are always good and cheap. (2) Tan, gray, or hay colour. (3) Any kind you like. (4) Use Rowland's Kalydor; it is excellent for the face.

H. M. M. M.—(1) February 24th, 1871, was a Friday. (2) No, we think it impossible; if you like we can express our opinion of the features, but we do not undertake to tell the character from either the handwriting or photograph. (3) Maud signifies "brave girl."

GREAT TROUBLE.—See reply to "Crosshill," in No. 1,365.

MARRIAGE.—It is the custom in Scotland and the North of England for ladies to supply the house and table linen. Of course there are many pretty and useful things in the way of fancy work and ornaments, which make home attractive, that a gentleman would not think to provide.

MIRRIE YOUNGLOVE.—We can send you a small box of Golden Ointment to the States for 11d. = 22c. When sending please remember American stamps are of no use here; forward payment by means of a money order. If money is enclosed in a letter, without registering it, we have to pay 8d. = 16c. before we can receive it; and American notes, payable only in America, are not exchangeable here.

CLEVELAND (O.).—(1) Steam your face three times a day. Rub the following lotion over the parts affected: Sulphur præcip. 2 drachms, spirit rectificati 2 oz; mix well, and apply with a piece of soft rag. (2) Use the following lotion for your hands: Chloride of lime ½ oz, soft water ½ pint; mix by shaking in a bottle for two or three hours, then filter and add 4 drachms crystallized carbonate of soda, previously dissolved in ¼ pint soft water; shake well for fifteen minutes, and strain through moistened calico. On going to bed rub cold cream into the hands, and powder thickly with violet powder. Sleep in gloves. (3) Use Golden Ointment. See reply to "Mirrie Younglove."

YANKEE.—(1) See reply (1) to "Cleveland (O.)." (2) See reply to "Mirrie Younglove."

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.—(1) See reply (2) to "Cleveland (O.)." (2) Thuja Occidentalis will remove moles and warts. We can send you a bottle by post, to any part of the United Kingdom, for 1s. 2d. (3) Quite proportionate. (4) Yes. (5) Very legible.

L. B.—See reply (2) to "Cleveland (O.)"

WHITE ROSE.—(1) Take Lake's Complexion Pilules, price 1s. 1½d. per packet. They are excellent for clearing and improving the complexion. You can obtain them from the makers, E. Lake and Co., 3, Adelaide Place, London Bridge. (2) See reply (2) to "Cleveland (O.)." Also use Vaseline camphor ice.

VIVA.—(1) We can send you by post, for 8d., some powder that will be very serviceable for your hands. Possibly you require a course of tonic medicine, as excessive perspiration is generally the result of weakness. (2) We do not undertake to do so.

A CONSTANT READER.—(1) We strongly advise you not to attempt to dye the blouse yourself. If you send it to Messrs. P. and P. Campbell, Perth, you will get it well done for little more than it will cost you to do it yourself. (2) We know of nothing but dye that will considerably darken the hair.

H. F—R.—(1) To tighten the skin, use a lotion made as follows: Alum ½ drachm, tannin ½ drachm, glycerine 2 drachms, rectified spirit 1 drachm, water 4 oz; mix, and use three times a day. (2) Use Rowland's Kalydor.

NELLIE.—(1) It is very apt to loosen the setting. (2) No. (3) It would not hurt it, but you can obtain diamonds, set in styles made especially for the purpose of cutting glass. (4) Diamonds are said to be of the first water when very transparent. A brilliant is a diamond of the finest cut, with a flat surface, and the facets below; a rose diamond is entirely covered with the facets on the surface, and is flat below. (5) Yes, if trodden on it will break. (6) See reply (1). (7) The dark, rich blue sapphires are most valuable. (8) Diamond is an emblem of innocence; sapphire, heavenly faith and hope. (9) Your best course would be to consult a dentist, and have your teeth properly stopped. (10) There are both gold and silver mines.

MONICA.—(1) Yes. (2) If the scalp is at all tender, the hard brushing is apt to irritate it, and thus cause the hair to fall. (3) If possible, take more exercise, and do not sit still more than you can help. (4) You can only do so by regular, careful practice. (5) Very good.

INK.—(1) Take plenty of out-door exercise, bathe frequently, if possible take a Turkish bath twice a month, also conform to the rules given in "Hot Water as a Remedy," which we can send you by post for 5d. (2) To make Everton toffee: Put 3 oz butter in a small preserving pan, and when just melted add 1 lb sugar, stir gently over a clear fire for 15 minutes, or until a small portion when dropped in cold water will break without sticking; pour into buttered dishes. We do not quite understand what other recipe you require. (3) Yes. (4) Emily signifies "winning in manner;" Gertrude, "maiden trusted and true;" Julia, "soft-haired;" Lizzie is the diminutive of Elizabeth, meaning "a worshipper of God;" Edward, "guardian of happiness;" Moses, "drawn from the water." We can send you our "Language of Christian Names" by post for 1½d.

LOT.—Yes, the peroxide of hydrogen will give the hair the shade required; the hair must be thoroughly washed with borax or salts of tartar, rinsed with clear water, and dried with soft towels. Pour about 2 tablespoonfuls peroxide into a saucer, and rub into the hair with a piece of soft sponge, afterwards brushing with a perfectly clean brush to distribute the liquid equally; dry in the sunlight or before the fire; if not light enough, use more peroxide till it is the shade required; apply once a month. We can send you a good-size bottle by parcels post for 1s. 8d. to any part of the United Kingdom.

MRS. F. (Hants).—Very broad-brimmed hats are fashionable, and would, we think, be useful. Try cuticura soap, and bathe your face daily with Rowland's Kalydor. It is very comforting to a tender skin. You should wash in rain water, hot, if possible.

MAUD BRISTOL.—The following, if used daily, will make the hair fluffy, and tend to give an auburn shade: Powdered bicarbonate of soda ½ oz, powdered biborate of soda ½ oz, eau-de-Cologne 1 fluid oz, rectified spirit 2 fluid oz, tincture of cochineal ½ fluid oz, distilled water 16 oz; mix, and agitate till solution is complete.

C. B. R.—(1) It is perfectly harmless; if you experience any irritation from its use, double the quantity of glycerine. The lotion is used for promoting a colour in the cheeks.

LIZZIE D.—Take Lake's Complexion Pilules, and use Rowland's Kalydor; it is an excellent cooling wash.

PAMELA.—The following lotion may give you relief: Carbonatis ammoniæ 2 drachms, plumb. acetatis 4 drachms, aquæ rosarum 16 oz; mix, and use twice daily.

BLOSSOM.—(1) Mr. Alex. Ross, 21, Lamb's Conduit Street, Holborn, supplies an Astringent for toning down a too florid complexion, the price of which is 3s. 6d. (2) Fairly good; it needs improvement.

FLORIDIOUS.—See reply (1) to "Blossom."

J. B.—If you like to send a stamped envelope, repeating your request, we will forward addresses of a few work societies where work may be exhibited for sale on payment of an entrance fee.

MAY (Illinois).—American stamps are of not the slightest use to us here; if you wish us to forward you the prepared pumice you must send us a money order for 1s. 6d. = 36c.; 9d. is the price for British readers only. We had to pay 1d. for your letter, and you only enclosed three 2c. stamps, which would not even be sufficient for postage to America of the article you require. We can return your American stamps when you send the money for the pumice. The hairs must first be cut as close to the skin as possible; dip the pumice in cold cream or cold water, and rub the hairs with it as often as possible, commencing gently at first, to prevent any irritation of the skin, then increase the friction gradually; persevere, and the hairs will entirely disappear.

CHERRY BLOSSOM.—(1) Make a nice lather, wash the handkerchiefs in it, then wash in a second lather, rinse in clear water, pass through a wringing machine, and iron at once. (2) *Dolce far niente*, "sweet idleness;" it is pronounced as if spelt *Dolt-che far ne-en-te* as near as we can give it.

ALICE.—(1) Paint the bunion daily with iodine. (2) Use Rowland's Kalydor; it is excellent. (2) They generally proceed from a disordered state of health; a little cooling medicine is beneficial. (4) We believe Edward's Instantaneous Harlene to be good for the purpose.

POPPY.—(1) The "Bournemouth Visitors' Directory" is published by W. Mate & Sons, Commercial Road, price 1d. (2) If you are likely to be living in Bournemouth for any time your best plan would be to insert an advertisement for what accommodation you require in the *Bournemouth Observer*, published by Stevenson & Waters, Albert Road, Bournemouth; you would also, no doubt, be able to get the other information you require through the editor of this paper.

A YOUNG BEGINNER OF MUSIC.—It is almost impossible to say how the bar should be played without seeing how it is written, but we should say from your description that the triplet would be played with the first quaver.

QUERIES.

B. will be glad if any reader of the *Y. L. J.* can inform her of the name and composer of a song in which the following words occur:

"Looking backward into times of gladness,
Looking backward into joyous years,
Looking backward from my life of sadness,
Heart with sorrow laden, eyes with tears.
Oh, to live again one golden hour,
Oh, to pluck again one glowing flower,
Oh, to welcome to this heart of mine,
Something, something of my childhood's time."

A REGULAR READER will be grateful if any subscriber of the *Y. L. J.* can give her the words of the song "Fiddle and I," and one in which the chorus commences:

"And the lights flashed to the music,
The stage was all aglow."

MAY will be glad if any reader will give her the words of the song "To-morrow will do," and one in which the following line occurs:

"But now I'm growing older I'm placed upon the shelf;"
also the recitation, "The Palace of Splendid Silence."

HEALTH & PERSONAL ATTENTION.

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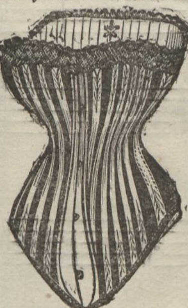

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Ped. segue.

f

fz

fz FINE

scherzando.

segue.

TRIO. Ben marcato.

D.C.

f

f

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>f

Repeat first part of TRIO, then al segno.

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THE YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL
AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
OF
FASHION, FANCY WORK, FAMILY READING, ETC., ETC.

LORD GRENSTON RELEASED ERICA, AND THEN STOOD STILL.

JUPITER'S TOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LARGE FORTUNE," "VELVET SNOW," "FATE OR FOLLY?" ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN UNWELCOME INTRUDER.

ERICA MARTINEAU was afraid of Lord Fred Grenston—there was a look in his blue eyes, there was a meaning in his bold face, that made her dislike being in the same room with him.

She had only seen him a few times—not more than four times altogether—but already he had made love to her in a daring, insulting fashion. Erica, artist in soul and by nature, was much of a thinker. Although she had been reared in the luxurious mansion of her mother's uncle ever since her eighth year, and had heard very little respecting the rights or the wrongs of humankind, she had espoused the cause of right against might before she was sixteen, had read much history, had thought earnestly, and even deeply, for her years. This kind of reading led her to study human faces with intense interest; and even before she had read Lavater she was something of a physiognomist.

When she heard that her kind old uncle had died, leaving her and her sister penniless, she was not disheartened, but she set to work with all the enthusiasm and confidence of youth to make a career for herself. The first time that she saw Derrick Ravenscroft she was standing at a crowded part of Fleet Street, waiting for an opportunity to reach the other side, for she was new to London, and not accustomed to the dangers of the crossings.

The beautiful girl seemed to the outcast heir, who was passing, like a being from a higher sphere, surrounded by all the prosaic commonplaces of everyday City life.

The reader may remember the incident; how Erica at once accepted the respectful offer of Derrick to pilot her to the other side of the way, and how, on reaching the opposite pavement, she asked him to direct her to Somerset House.

Derrick had not supposed for an instant that he

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would ever again see that exquisitely pretty damsel. At the time he was desperately fascinated by Grace Auvergne. He had never cared seriously for any woman until he met Grace, and she had excited his imagination and quickened his pulses.

For the first time in his life he knew what it was to dream dreams about a woman.

Grace seemed to him an enchantress. Thus it did not strike him as a painful fact that he should never see Erica again—a girl whose name he did not know.

When next he met her a great change had swept through his whole being. The disappearance or death of Berry Sims he had been aware of, even then; and the accusations of Dr. Cassel were still ringing in his ears. He was tortured, besides, with the fear that the girl, in a fit of jealousy, might have flung herself into the deep water by the weir. Still, he loved Grace, and rejoiced in the belief that Grace loved him.

But when he saw Erica for the second time his love for Miss Auvergne was dead as the forest leaves of the past summer.

Something had happened. That letter which Grace had herself enclosed in one she had written to him had acted on him as a spell, had enabled him to tear his passion for Miss Auvergne from his heart; to pluck it out by the very root. He had suffered much. He had gone to the point of effacing himself, so that his lady-love's letters should not reach him in the future, so that she should lose sight of him altogether, and forget him herself, if that were possible. Cassel, too, had failed him, and Derrick had begun to make up his mind that it was folly for him to dream now of ever possessing Ravenscroft, or reinstating himself in his father's favour. So he threw up his situation on the staff of his paper, gave himself a new *alias*, and set to work to write a play.

He called himself Walter Chelsea, removed to new lodgings, and during the time he was engaged on his literary work he lived mostly upon his scanty savings. His play was not a comedy dealing with the fashions and follies of these last years of the nineteenth century.

It was a drama of the eighteenth century, that time when Goldsmith wrote his "Vicar of Wakefield," and Sir Joshua Reynolds painted his life-like portraits. Derrick went to the National Gallery on one of the students' days to study the costumes and the interiors of the days of Sterne, and Smollett, and Fielding. He meant to make a sketch or two, for he had some skill as a draughtsman.

Sitting before one of Sir Joshua's famous paintings, "Portraits of two Gentlemen," was the wild-rose beauty whom he had met in Fleet Street. She was engaged in making a clever and spirited copy of that work.

She looked up at Derrick. Their eyes met. The colour deepened on her cheek. She smiled a smile which made her beauty glorious. We know that there is an old saying that marriages are made in Heaven.

This cannot be true of all marriages; but there are some, Heaven be thanked, which, in the daily course of this chequered episode in the existence of our immortal spirits, this chequered episode which we call human life, seem to bear the stamp and mint mark of the heavenly courts wherein they were fore-ordained.

To any impartial observer, ignorant of the dark and terrible secrets that were connected with the life of Derrick Ravenscroft, it might have seemed as if a marriage between that young man and Erica Martineau had been planned by intelligences higher than those of mortals.

They were made for each other—thought met thought, or so it seemed—heart went out to heart. After a while the two began to walk together in the summer dusk. Derrick, poor, sometimes rather shabby in attire, and yet in love.

In love now with a girl who raised the tone of his thoughts, and fired his soul with a lofty ambition. He called upon the Rev. Martineau, and received a cool reception. He was not angry. What could be more natural than that the good clergyman, who had no fortune to leave his daughter, should have looked askance on an unknown, if handsome and cultivated, young man, who lived in some garret, which he honestly confessed he was ashamed to name, and who had nothing to live on, at present, but a few pitiful shillings which he earned by making researches and catalogues for other authors in the British Museum?

And yet in the face of all these circumstances beautiful Erica had promised to marry Derrick so soon as their joint earnings should produce an income of three hundred pounds a year, promised to marry him in spite of the grave looks of her parents, and the half-contemptuous, half-kindly expostulations of her practical sister, Kathleen.

When the unsought introduction to the Countess of Dallas had led up to the offer of Erica's going to the country seat of the Earl, to teach Lady Adela drawing, for the space of two months, and when the young artist joyfully accepted the proposal, and told Derrick of it, that young man had felt his heart stir wildly at the news that his beloved was going down into his country, among his neighbours, close to his home, for after all it was his home.

Ravenscroft was the house where he was born, where his mother died, where his father still lived, the house which he had forfeited, not because he had been vicious, but only because he had been imprudent, and his stepmother had been cruel and crafty.

Derrick had asked Mr. Martineau to allow him to take Erica down to Carrigstone; then he had seen her into the Earl's carriage; after that he had engaged rooms at a farmhouse for a week that he might have a chance of seeing his beloved at least once or twice more before he left again for town; and here he was, walking about in the lanes and woods, undisguised by false beard or false name, for he gave no name at the farm where he was staying.

On the second evening after her arrival at Ravenscroft, Erica Martineau went across the park towards Jupiter's Tower, to meet Derrick, and to take one farewell walk with him along the cliff-path. She had dined early in the schoolroom with the children and with Grace, and the rest of this evening was hers to spend as she chose. Her heart was brave, light, full of hope, and the rapture of youth and love.

* * * * *

The sun was sinking into the sea when Erica reached a path that led from the right of Jupiter's Tower, and towards the town of Carrigstone; the whole of that side of the cliffs was clothed with the loveliest ferns and a rich growth of underwood; the path was narrow, broken in some places, dangerous even, after dark or in the fog; but now the whole descent was bathed in a ruddy light, and the sea sparkled with a thousand fires.

Erica wore a gown of pure white, and a white straw hat; the only spot of colour in her attire was a deep crimson rose which she wore in her belt. She stood, drinking in, as it were, the beauty of the scene; such beauty spoke volumes to her.

She was neither alarmed nor annoyed at the delay in her lover's coming; she had perfect faith in Walter Chelsea, which was the name by which she knew Derrick Ravenscroft. Even if the evening should pass and he should not appear, she would know that it was not his fault, that some circumstance had interposed, some imperative duty called him elsewhere, that he was longing to be with her at that very moment.

She stood in a rapt wonderment, her beautiful eyes looking out over that wide sparkling sea on fire under the ruddy sunset. To the right of her was a long sweep of grassy hillside dotted with gorse, some of which was still in golden bloom. In the near distance lay the small summer resort called Carrigstone, an old-fashioned place, which had never donned London airs, nor assumed the fashion and style of its sister towns on the same coast, but had gone on in simple guise, scarcely adding a terrace to itself in the course of a dozen years; a slow-going, picturesque little place, with red-tiled roofs on most of its houses, and an old Norman church in one corner, half smothered in ivy.

From where Erica stood it seemed to her as if one long row of red-tiled houses sloped down swiftly from the side of a cliff, and ran right out into the sea. Studying this peculiar effect from the vantage ground of the hillside, its quaintness struck Erica forcibly.

Suddenly she heard footsteps; she did not stir or alter her attitude; if by any chance the faintest shadow of pique rested on her for an instant, she may have said to herself:

"Well, he is coming at last; I will wait till he comes up."

A young man approached her rapidly; her back was towards him.

"She might be an angel in that white dress, and the sunset bathing her all in gold, only I don't believe in angels, and that pose is studied, of course; still, she does it awfully well, and she is the prettiest girl in that style I ever met."

He was quite close to Erica now.

"Good evening, Miss Martineau."

That was not the voice she had expected to hear. She looked round. There stood Lord Grenston—and that hillside was very lonely.

CHAPTER XXX.

ERICA'S PERIL.

LORD GRENSTON wore a shooting costume of fearful and wonderful pattern. He liked to be eccentric, and unlike other young men in many respects. He delighted in wide plaids, loud-coloured ties, grotesque hats. Being tall, and finely moulded, and possessing a certain "air," all these *bizzare* costumes were not only pardoned, but admired by numbers of young and fashionable women.

Lord Grenston was of opinion that he looked splendid in anything, and that the world, and most of the people in it were made chiefly for his own accommodation and convenience.

Erica was alarmed; she had always been afraid of Lord Grenston; she hoped that in another moment Walter would appear.

"Splendid view, isn't it?" observed his lordship, coolly; and he stood still, with one hand in his pocket, and looked out to sea.

"Splendid," echoed Erica.

"So you come here for a solitary stroll, to study the views for a picture?—only I thought you were a figure painter."

"So I am."

"What's the use, then, of the sea, and the sky, and the cliffs, and all the rest of them?"

"The sea is useful in manifold ways; it is the highway between the continents, islands, and peninsulas of this globe; and, by means of it, the argosies of the world carry the treasures of the earth, and the merchandize thereof, from one nation to another. The sky has its uses, no doubt, but its distance is so infinite that I am unable to tell you anything definite respecting its practical service towards us. It seems like the dome, or roof, of this round world; it is beautiful, mystical, and suggestive of a higher state of existence than the best of us can hope to attain to here below. Then the cliffs are picturesque. I do not know what purpose they serve in creation, but I am willing to take that on trust!"

She did not exactly smile while she was giving this long and extraordinary answer to the young nobleman's question; but as he scrutinized her beautiful face, and strove to read the meaning in her dreamy eyes, he was painfully aware, by a certain subtle instinct, of the deep scorn that underlay her manner. No, he had not fascinated or even interested this mere nobody of a girl in the very least; not even with the aids of his title, prestige, and the romantic possibilities of becoming some day—who knew?—a countess, rolling in wealth and leading the fashions. Possibilities which, in his experience, never failed to present themselves as probabilities to the young women of all ranks to whom he had hitherto made love.

He felt nettled, but he would not show it; he laughed:

"You know that I was not asking you for a lesson out of a 'Child's Guide,' Miss Martineau; but I suppose you fancied yourself in your schoolroom, giving lessons?"

"Oh, no; I do not give lessons of that kind. I teach drawing!"

"Quite so; and you are an artist, and ambitious, no doubt. What I meant was, that if you paint figures, I did not see the use of studying the sea and sky."

"Oh, every beautiful thing teaches me—teaches all of us, if we will learn."

"You are a female philosopher."

He came closer to where she was standing; he had an impertinent, bold expression in his blue, prominent eyes; a half-mocking smile on his rather coarse, yet handsome mouth; his square, white teeth gleamed. There was something in his aspect that made Erica's heart beat faster. Lord Grenston was so strong, so insolent; and the hillside was so lonely.

Something like a tremor thrilled through the girl's veins when she recollected that there was a sheer descent of several hundred feet from the cliff-path, on which she stood, to the rocky beach below. That descent was hidden, for the cliffs hung over the shore.

"Do you know that I came here on purpose to have the great pleasure of a little talk with you, Miss Martineau?"

"Pleasure!" she echoed, though her colour faded, and there was an expression of startled terror in the hazel eyes. "I am not agreeable or pleasant. I am rude and uncompromising towards you, Lord Grenston, because you have been rude to me; and I don't wish to talk to you; there can be no pleasure, I think, in talking to me."

"Oh, but there is," he answered, with an incomprehensible little smile. He gathered a long piece of grass, and began to chew the end of it absently, as if he scarcely knew what he was about. "There is pleasure for me because you are awfully pretty, and I can't think what makes you dislike me so much; and I wish to alter your bad opinion of me."

"I dislike you, my lord, because you have been rude to me."

"You mean that I tried to kiss you, that evening, in the schoolroom?"

"It was rude, unmanly, hateful of you." Erica spoke with some heat, and Lord Grenston laughed.

"Darling little spitfire, I should like to see you in a real temper; as for kissing you, I have said I will do that, and I always keep my word."

"You must be a paltry coward," she said, passionately.

"Oh, indeed, must I?"

Erica did not know that she was rousing the dangerous temper of a dangerous man; one with a strong will, a selfish nature, a man accustomed to the fawning of his fellows; a wealthy, powerful heir to a splendid and powerful title; a young man who had never cared in the least for anybody save himself, since first he had known his right hand from his left; an unscrupulous unbeliever in everything high, noble, and exalted; irreligious, with a cold heart and fiery passions, and with so little of the divine element mingling with his humanity, that hitherto nobody had been able to discover it, if it existed!

Erica was the second human being who had openly told Lord Grenston what she thought of him. The first had been a brother officer of his in the crack regiment out of which he had sold; the

said officer had called him harder names than Erica called him, and had tried to put a bullet through his heart, at so many paces, in a wood near Rouen. The shot had missed, and so had Lord Grenston's; and then the brother officer had gone to the other end of the world, and nobody had ever heard of him since.

His life was spoiled, his home ruined, all to please the passing fancy of Lord Grenston. His wife died of a broken heart, while Lord Grenston went over to New York for change of scene.

He did not care for any of these things; only, when Erica called him a paltry coward, he thought of the man who had called him worse names, and he said to himself that this girl should pay for her insolence.

All the while, Erica was longing for the arrival of Walter. Where was he? How was it that he had not arrived? How had Lord Grenston known that she had come to the cliff-path alone? While all these questions were agitating her, she heard Lord Grenston answering some of them aloud.

"You know nothing whatever of the world, my dear. You are very young, wonderfully pretty, and romantic, and all that nonsense, and you fancy that you are in love, and that a fellow (I don't know what name he gives you, not his own, I think), a fellow who lodges at Barton's Farm, the Crease, it's one of ours, that that fellow is in love with you? Well, he isn't!"

Erica's heart was now beating to suffocation; her blood boiled in her veins. Lord Grenston was trampling, in his rage, upon her very heart, his aristocratic tones vibrated with spite. There was a horrible sting in his words, and they filled her, for the moment, with a sickening fear.

She had never doubted the truth and nobility of her lover; but she had dreamed that there was a secret in his past; and he had said something quite inadvertently which made her suspect that Chelsea was not his real name. Now this villainous lord throws this statement at her as a certainty!

"How dare you interfere with me and my friend?" she said.

For a moment she had felt tempted to defy him and to tell him that Walter Chelsea was her betrothed; but she resolved to tell Lord Grenston nothing that she could conceal from him by any means.

"He is a rascal, and I mean to publish his story to everybody in this neighbourhood, and to spoil his little game; and I believe that if he had what he deserves he would be in prison now, and in danger of being tried for his life."

"You must be telling falsehoods."

"Thank you, my dear; but I am speaking the truth. It is a queer thing that I have taken such a fancy to you, but I have; I would do anything for you. You don't know how many well-born girls in my own set would rejoice to make me care as much for them as I care for you—you are throwing away all your chances in life in making me your enemy."

Yes, he had been drinking. It wanted a considerable time to the dinner-hour; but Lord Grenston had been drinking, and when he had been drinking he became dangerous. He made a step nearer to Erica, who drew back, for there was a threat in his blue eyes and on his thick, red, smiling lips.

"I am determined to make you kiss me, my dear white-robed saint," he said, with a short laugh. "I made a pretty nun kiss me when I was in France. Shall I tell you how it happened?"

"If you come a step nearer I will scream out louder than you will like."

"Will you? I like to hear a pretty girl scream. Your Mr.—whatever his name is—Chelsea, is it?—has gone away."

CHAPTER XXXI.

ERICA BEGS FOR THE WHOLE TRUTH.

Erica turned in the direction of Jupiter's Tower; but in an instant Lord Grenston was upon her heels, and he caught her round the waist, encircling her with his strong arm, breaking into an unpleasant laugh.

"Now," he said, "what can you do? Call me a coward?—box my ears? But you cannot do that, for I will hold both your pretty hands."

As he spoke he caught both her slender wrists in the strong clasp of his right hand and held them as in a vice. Then Erica called out suddenly, in a piercing voice that rang over the cliffs and reached out to sea in the stillness of the autumn air, "Help! help! help!" and a faint cry answered her, faint by reason of the cliffs that interposed between her and her deliverer.

"Now or never," said Lord Grenston; and before she could resist him he had fastened his lips to hers, and impressed several kisses upon them. She would have swooned with fear had it not been for that repeated cry from below the cliffs. There was that in Lord Grenston's manner which seemed to tell her that he would have thought very little of flinging her over them; indeed, he saw that she was afraid, and the fact seemed to amuse him.

"Suppose we waltz to the edge," he said, "and then take a leap? One of us, that is. I don't think I am tired enough of life yet to jump quite so far; but you will have a nice tale to tell the Countess and all the people, and I don't like tales told."

"Help—help!" shrieked Erica; and then rose a cheer from below the cliff.

Whoever it was that was coming to her rescue was climbing up the sharp and dangerous rocks from the beach below. Lord Grenston heard the voice at last, then he released Erica, and he stood still. Erica stood still likewise. She was trembling so that she could not stir or even speak.

Lord Grenston began to laugh.

"You are a silly little girl," he said; "very silly. You seem to think that I intend to throw you over the rocks? Do you know that it's not more than two months since a girl was flung down from the top window in Jupiter's Tower? Her neck was broken. She was flung down by some fellow who had been in love with her, and I have heard it hinted that the daring individual who adopted that mode of getting rid of a troublesome sweetheart was none other than the gentleman on whom you deign to smile so sweetly, the fellow who is staying at Barton's Farm."

Erica felt as if he had stunned her with an actual blow. She almost reeled. She had heard the story of the mysterious and fatal fall of a young woman from the upper window in Jupiter's Tower, and she had heard that although a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown had been returned at the inquest, that the general opinion in the village was that the girl had committed suicide. This horrible accusation appalled her, and the worst of it was that an undefined feeling in her own spirit seemed to show her that Walter Chelsea was somehow mixed up with the affair.

She scouted the idea; but then and afterwards it would force itself upon her attention.

"I will not listen to a word you say," said Erica.

Her voice trembled as much with anger as with fear.

"No? Will you tell the Countess what a naughty boy I have been?"

He made another step towards her, smiling that mocking smile which enraged Erica almost more than his insulting words. The sea, and the cliffs, and the red-tiled roofs of the quaint little town of Carrigstone, all seemed to whirl round in the light of the sinking sun, and she was about to call out again for help when she saw the head of her lover above the grassy edge of the cliff.

Another moment and he had scrambled up; and now he stood erect, facing her and the drunken heir to an ancient earldom and a huge fortune.

Derrick stood, dazed and confounded, for an instant.

He had climbed up the steep cliffs at the risk of his life. He had recognized Erica's voice, and had taken the shortest road to the place whence the sound proceeded. He was white, by reason of a certain deadly fear that possessed him; but he had not expected to see Lord Grenston. Another individuality had haunted his imagination during that frantic and desperate ascent of the steep cliffs.

Now he stood stock-still, spellbound by sheer astonishment; and, odd as this may seem to the reader of this strange history, he experienced a species of relief.

Lord Grenston broke into a harsh laugh.

"Good evening, Derrick Ravenscroft," he said. "So you have come into the neighbourhood under an *alias*, and are trying on the dodge of the repentant son, in disguise, hoping to melt the old man's heart, and get back your heirship, eh? You'll never do it. The old lady is too clever for you, don't you see? And, besides, there have been some queer things going on in this sylvan retreat of late. A couple of murders in the course of nine weeks. I should advise you to skedaddle!"

Derrick's dark face glowed crimson, and his eyes flashed.

"Now that you have said that, Lord Grenston, I shall come forward and announce myself; take up my own name, drop all *aliases*, and defy my slanderers—you, the foremost of them!"

"Thank you," said Lord Grenston. "I don't in the least mind being defied by a person of your sort. I will set to work and get evidence together which will result in your committal to the county jail, if you remain in this neighbourhood."

"Then I shall remain and set a watch, in my turn, upon your movements. Answer me, have you been insulting that young lady?"

"Not a bit of it. I have been paying her all sorts of compliments. I have kissed her several times, and hope to kiss her many more times, when we have got you lodged in jail for flinging the girl from the window in Jupiter's Tower."

In an instant Derrick sprang towards him, and, with one scientific blow of his powerful fist, he stretched Lord Grenston senseless on the grass. There he lay, with ghastly face and half-closed eyes, not stirring, helpless, inert, pitiable.

Erica did not scream. She looked at Derrick, her eyes full of horror and womanly pity.

"What can we do for him?" she said. "I have my smelling-salts," and she handed the scent-case to Derrick, who took it and knelt on the grass by the side of his fallen foe.

He opened the case, and held it to the nostrils, but Lord Grenston still lay like a dead man.

Derrick Ravenscroft lifted Lord Grenston's hands, and rubbed them between his own.

"Was he dead?"

Erica did not put the question into words, but she did all in her power to restore Lord Grenston to consciousness. She had seen a little stream trickling over large boulder-stones at a short distance from where she stood on the hill-side. She went swiftly to this place, soaked her handkerchief in the ice-cold water, returned and laid it on the forehead of the heir to the earldom of Dallas, and then a faint stir of the limbs was followed by the opening of the bold, blue eyes; but as yet there was no consciousness in them.

"My head's on fire," said Lord Grenston.

Derrick, pale, anxious, and angry, looked at the man who had insulted him, and whom he had punished, with mixed and puzzling feelings.

Repugnance and repentance filled his heart—repentance, as regarded the savage nature of the blow that he had dealt to this man. He might have punished him without putting his life in danger, and he began to fear that he had fractured the nobleman's skull.

All at once, partly to the satisfaction and partly to the discomfiture of Derrick and Miss Martineau, Lord Grenston sat up, flinging away the hands of Derrick, and scowling at him angrily.

"I will be even with you," he said, in a voice broken by rage and pain. "I won't fight with a coward who took advantage to strike a man when he was off his guard; but *I'll see this out* as sure as my name is Grenston. As for you, Miss Martineau, well, I will make terms with you. If you choose to hide this episode from the Countess, and to treat it as a joke, so will I. I will not tell her that her daughter's governess is carrying on an intrigue with Derrick Ravenscroft, who is here living under a false name at Barton's Farm."

"An intrigue, Lord Grenston? Miss Martineau is my promised wife."

"Oh, indeed! Then I wish her joy of her bargain," said Lord Grenston, with a short, sneering laugh. "It is something to be the promised wife of a man with two or three *aliases!* A man who can't show his face in his native place! A fellow whose father has disowned him and turned him out of the house; a fellow who is in danger of going to jail and getting hanged!—yes, hanged, and serve him jolly well right!"

"You are safe in speaking these insults, because you are too much hurt to fight, and you know it," said Derrick, in a low tone of concentrated rage. "Still, you shall pay me in some manner for this insolence. I know you as you know me. I know you for a tyrant, too mean to be worth my quarrelling with, were you ten times Lord Grenston, and heir to the United Kingdom, instead of the mere estates of Dolgarth."

"You talk big," said Lord Grenston, still speaking with his scoffing laugh; "but you will sing small long before I have done with you."

"You see, Erica," said Derrick, who was white with passion, and whose eyes flashed—"you see a specimen of the English peerage; let us hope that this is an exceptional case, not a type of the class."

"Ha, ha!" laughed his lordship. "You think yourself wonderfully clever; you always did at college, yet you never did anything."

The sneer was as an arrow barbed with poison. Derrick had not distinguished himself at his college; he had read hard for the latter half of a term without going in for the examination. He had postponed that, and then had come the quarrel with his father, and he had never returned to college.

He felt humiliated before Erica—humiliated to the dust, and if he had not put a curb upon his anger, he would have flown at the very throat of Lord Grenston—that round, muscular throat of the athletic noble, which he wore bare and exposed above the low, white collar.

"You will have to get home, Grenston," said Derrick, abruptly. "Can you do it after the tumble you have had?"

"After the coward's blow you dealt me, you mean?"

"How do you propose to reach home? You are five good miles from Dolgarth."

"I must go, as I came, in my dog-cart, which is waiting for me at the Falcon, outside Carrigstone."

"That is a good mile from here."

"I must walk there."

"Can you?"

"Does it matter to you?"

"Only because I am human and you are human. I have knocked you down, and you can't stand," Derrick answered, with an uncourteous brevity.

"Very well, leave me here, and send a fellow from the Falcon with a horse saddled, and I can ride down to the inn, and someone must drive me home. I do feel shaky."

"You had better lean on my arm."

"I'll see you hanged first!" said his lordship, savagely.

"Let us leave him," said Erica, interposing for the first time. "Leave him, and send people to him."

Lord Grenston heard what she said, and the implied dislike in the words stung him into yet more savage rage.

"If you tell the Countess that I kissed you," he said, "I shall tell her what I choose, and she will believe me, never fear!"

"I shall tell the Countess everything, my lord," said Erica, coldly; "I shall throw up my engagement, and tell her my reasons."

"And you think that will answer your purpose, do you, my dear girl? Allow me to assure you that it won't in the least. You will do better if you will compromise the matter; if you will hide the fact that I have been foolish enough to take a fancy to you, just because you are impertinent and cheeky, I will say nothing of your being in love with this man who lives under false names, and is in danger of arrest."

"Let there be no compromise," said Derrick, speaking slowly, and with emphasis; "let the whole case come forth—let the village and the county, and the world generally, know the story of my disinheritance, and my assumption of another name!"

"Two other names," said Lord Grenston, with a triumphant sneer.

"Two other names!" echoed Derrick. "Let all be explained, and let my father hear the whole story, and then you may bring your accusations and witnesses forward, and tell us what you knew of the murdered woman who lies in her nameless grave in the village churchyard."

"Come away from him," said Erica, in a clear voice; and Derrick, yielding to the clasp of the hand that was laid upon his arm, suffered himself to be led away over the grassy hill path towards Carrigstone.

"Now, tell me the truth—the whole truth, Derrick," said the girl, still speaking in clear and steady tones. "Did you know anything at all of the poor woman who fell from the window in Jupiter's Tower?"

CHAPTER XXXII.

NOT THE WHOLE TRUTH.

DERRICK did not reply in words to that impassioned question. He wound his arms round the slender waist, and he looked into the lovely eyes with a deep and troubled meaning in his own.

"Darling," he said, "do you mistrust me?"

"No!" she answered. "No; only you have not told me the truth about yourself. Not even your true name. Now I understand some things that have puzzled me; but tell me all the truth, will you not?"

"All my own story I will tell you."

"And the woman who was—who fell down from Jupiter's Tower—what was her name?"

"I do not know to a certainty. I may have a half guess."

"Oh! but you speak in riddles, Walter. Shall I still call you Walter?"

"No!" he answered, speaking with a certain passion of earnestness. "No; let me drop all disguise and mystery henceforth, and tell the whole story to the world. I have done nothing, my best-loved, that I would not do again under like circumstances."

"Tell me all, then," she said, "while we walk towards that Falcon Inn. Down there, is it not, in that road at the end of the cliff-path?"

"Yes; a good three-quarters of a mile from here. I shall be able, no doubt, to tell you a great deal; I will only speak truth."

Arm in arm the lovers went along the grassy path in the gathering shadows which followed in the red footsteps of the departing sun.

Then the moon shone out suddenly, and cast a mystic sheen upon the sea. Erica clung to the strong arm of the man whom she loved, and still trusted, in spite of the whispers of his enemies, in spite, even, of the unpleasant fact that he had wooed her under a false name, and hidden from her the story of his life.

She listened while he related the pitiful tale of his unhappy boyhood, a boyhood passed without love, or even the semblance of love, so far as his stepmother was concerned. His schooldays followed, and his holidays, and then he had been happy enough, for he was the heir to great wealth, and the world had been his friend in those days. Then he had began to learn to do without love. His brother, younger than himself, had always been set against him.

Jealousy, envy, and ill-feeling had been cleverly sown between Eldred and himself by Mrs. Ravenscroft. His father had been severe and cold towards him, always.

He had made a playmate, in his childhood and boyhood, of a girl called Berry Sims, the daughter of the man at the mill. This girl's mother had been a *protégé* of his mother's.

"And the silly, romantic child fancied that I was in love with her," Derrick went on.

"And you were not, Derrick?"

"Never for an hour. I think, though, that when I was a boy I talked of making her my wife, just because she was such a faithful little friend to me, attending to my fishing-tackle, and rambling with me in the woods, blackberrying and nutting. Well, my stepmother told my father that I meant to marry Berry, and that was just as I was going to Cambridge.

"The poor girl had worked me a pair of very gorgeous slippers, and I gave her a little gold watch.

"There was a frightful row. I was in such a rage at their thinking I was such an idiot; and then I think, somehow, that my stepmother made my father believe something worse of me than that I meant to marry Berry.

"I went to college, and the first half of the term I led a life of idleness, pleasure, and extravagance, not vice." He paused. "The last half of the term a better spirit came over me, and I set to work to read for a degree.

"Still I had not time, so I did not go up that term, but put it off to the next; and I never did return to Cambridge. When I came back to Ravenscroft, the heir to an estate of forty odd thousand a year, I came home as an independent, light-hearted, and, perhaps, even slightly arrogant, young man.

"The world was all before me, in spite of my stepmother, my petted younger brother, and my estranged father.

"I was the heir to Ravenscroft, and I had a handsome allowance. Yet when I found that Eldred, a boy not seventeen, was allowed a hundred a year pocket-money, and that he squandered it and exceeded it, and when I remembered that at his age I had not been allowed ten pounds a year to spend as I liked, I flew into a desperate rage."

"That was not heroic, was it, dear?"

"You know it was not, dearest moraliser. I dare say I was selfish and headstrong. But now came the real tug of war. I had much exceeded my allowance, and my college bills came in to my father—some hundred pounds—which had to be paid.

"He sent for me to his study, and, in the presence of my stepmother, he accused me of vices and follies of which I was wholly innocent. He said I was a disgrace to the name of Ravenscroft. I knew that my young brother Eldred was far more extravagant than I had been. I remembered, also, the career of that fellow whom I knocked down just now, Lord Grenston, a scamp who led a bad life, and yet was made an idol of at home, while my little foibles were called crimes. I lost my temper, flew into a violent rage, turned upon my stepmother, and, am afraid, said many things that I should not.

"Anyhow, my father turned upon me. He disowned me, disinherited me, sent for his lawyer, and made Eldred his heir; turned me out of my home with my books and wardrobe, and about fifty guineas in the world as my whole fortune!"

"It was enough to madden you."

"It did, for a time. I was boiling over with indignation, so that I could make no sort of plans for my own career. My father and my stepmother both said that I should go from bad to worse, and end my days in disgrace, perhaps in a jail. Those were Mrs. Ravenscroft's words, and instead of saying to myself that I would make the name of Ravenscroft more honourable than it ever had been; that either as a soldier or a scholar, or, who could tell? as a statesman, I would make myself known in the years to come as Derrick Ravenscroft, I said that I would drop the name for ever—drop my identity, ignore the past, become another man. I felt and wished—I was vengeful enough for that—I wished that Eldred might do something to disgrace the honours which had been torn from me, and given to him. Well, darling, I did not begin to write books, or to read them; I did not try to get into the army. I just went abroad, and joined myself to a gang of well-born, reckless young fellows like myself, and we went through a host of dangers and adventures in the Australian bush. I was away three years. We did not make our fortunes, by any means. We thought of going to the gold-fields; but other thoughts and aspirations awoke in me after a time, and I resolved to become an author, to write out my experiences of life, in the form of essays or fiction. I knew that I had the power and the desire to write, and that I felt I must write. So I left the bush, and I obtained employment on an Australian journal called the *Free Lance*. I called myself Mark Hazlett. Somehow my writings were liked, and I received double pay, and then a great yearning for my own country came over me. I began to dream of fair faces; once I saw yours in a dream; you were my ideal then, Erica, while the wide sea was tossing between us, and you were leading your pleasant young life in your uncle's country mansion. Well, I did come home, but I don't think that I should have come to the neighbourhood of Ravenscroft had it not been for a faithful friend of mine—he was a friend—who lives here, and who was always writing to me, for I kept him cognizant of my movements, writing to tell me that Eldred was going the pace, that he was far more extravagant than I had been; that he was in love with his sister's governess, a beautiful, questionable lady; that any day he might marry her, and offend his father mortally, and that if I came home all would be well. I listened to my friend, and I came back, wearing the disguise of a thick beard, so that nobody who met me casually recognized me, and I went to lodge at a little inn, called the Travellers' Rest, kept by new-comers to the neighbourhood, who had never seen me in their lives. I met my friend, who was 'watching the case for me,' waiting for a favourable opportunity to bring my name before my father."

Hitherto Derrick had told his story fluently, and with an air of truthfulness, that carried conviction to the heart of Eric; but now a hesitation came into his manner.

"After that, Erica, things happened which altered my friend's feelings towards me. The girl, Berry Simms, recognized me; and she made love to me; told me that I had made love to her, and I told her the truth, that I had never had any other feeling towards her than kindness and friendship. At last she saw things in their true light, but she disappeared; she has not been seen since one night some two months ago. She had left all her clothes in her room, all her money and little articles of jewellery. It looks as if Berry had been murdered; but although they have dragged the canal and the wells, and made all search, no trace of her has been found. My friend thinks that, for some reason, I——"

Derrick paused. Erica stood still, and looked at him; the glory of the moonlight fell upon her face, and made its beauty almost divine in his eyes.

"Who is this man, who can so accuse you?"

"Erica, why do you ask?"

"You know that I am staying at your home at Ravenscroft, with little Lady Adela, who is invited to spend a few days with your half-sister, who has been ill? We arrived to-day, and at lunch Dr. Cassel walked in, and asked to feel Lucy's pulse; and the child would have me go with her into the library to see the doctor, instead of her own governess, Miss Auvergne, and I went. And while there, this large silver locket fell off my chain, and Lucy picked it up, unfastened it, and called out, 'My bad brother Derrick!'

"I turned hot, and I felt annoyed. I had not the remotest idea, then, that the child was in the right; still, it is a speaking likeness, as you know, and Lucy showed it to Dr. Cassel before I could prevent her. Afterwards he took me out on the balcony, sending Lucy away on a pretence, and he said to me:

"'Miss Martineau, under what name have you known the gentleman whose likeness you wear? I know that he is staying at Barton's Farm, but has he told you his real name?'

"'His name,' I said, 'is Chelsea.'

"'So he tells you,' he said; 'but the child is right; he is her half-brother, disinherited, as I used to think, unjustly. But I have had reason to reverse my decision. Let me warn you, young lady, of that man. I say no more,' and then he bowed to me, and took his leave."

"And he was my friend; and he it is who thinks that I have, perhaps, killed Berry Sims. Do you think so, Erica?"

"True love never doubts," said Erica. "If it does, it ceases to be love. I did not feel so much surprised, after all, as you would have thought. I always had a vague feeling that you were the son of a great house, outcast for no fault of your own, and the thought of evil in connection with you never entered my head. I fancied that Dr. Cassel was a narrow, prejudiced man; I did not fancy that you were wicked."

[To be continued.]

"Jupiter's Tower" commenced in No. 1,361 and Part CCCXXXVII.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

NEVER borrow trouble. The interest you have to pay for the accommodation is excessive.

GOOD temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.

WHO would succeed in the world should be wise in the use of his pronouns; utter the "You" twenty times where you once utter the "I."

MAKE all good men your well-wishers; and then, in the years' steady sifting, some of them grow into friends. Friends are the sunshine of life.

How much trouble he avoids who does not look to see what his neighbour says or does or thinks, but only to what he does himself, that it may be just and pure.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

IT was at a great dinner in Boston, and a well-known woman writer sat beside W. D. Howells. Some one called on her for a speech, and, womanlike, she refused to respond.—"Oh, you must say something," Mr. Howells insisted; "get up and say the first thing that comes in your head."—The lady rose at his instigation, and said, slowly: "I can't make a speech, I never could; but Mr. Howells told me to say the first thing that came in my head, and so I will say, Mr. Howells, where in the world do you find the perfectly atrocious women you give us in your books?" And under cover of the laugh which followed, the embarrassed lady escaped.

"IS THE WEDDING FIXED YET?" JESUITA ASKED.

A RECKLESS WAGER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT MAN'S SECRET," "SEEN IN A MIRROR," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HERCULES AND THE HYDRA.

YES, that fine morning, in the Row, attended only by her groom, rode beautiful Mrs. Revelle, and to the proud and sensitive woman this first appearance in public was a terrible ordeal.

Would even the men dare to notice her, if they were with ladies? she thought, as she came on reining to an easy pace her high-spirited mare, who, almost restively fresh, strongly objected to the rider's firm control, and would caracole rather than walk.

Captain Netherby and Pemberton were both talking to several ladies, and keeping an "eye lifting" for anyone they knew, when the former exclaimed:

"Pardon the interruption, but do look how superbly that lady sits her horse." Then, quickly, "Why, by Jove! Yes, it is Mrs. Revelle." Both men instantly lifted their hats to the rider, who bowed and smiled. "Didn't know she had returned to town," added Netherby, carelessly, ignoring the frowns or averted faces of the indignant ladies, or some of them, and Mrs. Brudenell's aside (stage) to another lady:

"A downright insult to bow to that woman, with us here."

Pemberton, with secret amusement, followed suit with another pat to the enemy:

"Oh, yes! Saw it in the *Post* yesterday; and Eyresdown told me his mother had mentioned that Mrs. Revelle would be in town this week. A great many people have returned."

Here Miss Chester made some remark about the weather, and wondered if there would be so many people as usual at Lady Mowbray's first "at-home" next week; but the gentlemen only said:

"Oh, of course," indifferently; and several more people strolling past there was diverted attention and greetings after the holidays, and then Sir Gavan Mowbray was seen to canter by, which, of course, brought Mrs. Revelle on the *tapis* again, and then quite a little excitement got about in speculating what course this one or that would take if a certain *coterie* really persisted in the declared intention of flouting such scandal and trying to float its object or victim.

Meanwhile, Sir Gavan rode on somewhat in a brown study, thinking sadly of his self-exiled brother-in-law, and, so musing, he had just passed a rider on his left hand before the mere optical impression penetrated his mental cognizance of her identity, and he instantly wheeled to her side with outstretched hand of cordial friendship.

"My dear Mrs. Revelle, I am truly delighted to see you. Fancy me passing you by before my mind recognized you! Tut, tut, such a brown study—do forgive me, in charity."

"If you think you need it" said Jesuita, lightly, as he kept at her side, walking his horse. "Not intent on boring committees yet, I hope, Sir Gavan?"

"Oh, no; they would be easily disposed of in comparison to some things," returned Mowbray, and she half guessed where his thoughts had been—where her's and her heart were always. "Have you been out long?"

"No, only just come out, Sir Gavan. How is Lady Mowbray?"

"Oh, Ida never ails, you know. She may be out presently, but was not sure. A good many people in town, are there not?"

"Yes; you must not let me monopolise your kind company, Sir Gavan," she added. "That would be encroaching."

"As if a lady ever could 'encroach' on my company!" returned Sir Gavan, bowing. "No; I am too pleased to have met you, and will, by your leave, keep my good quarters."

"You have not forgotten to flatter, Sir Gavan."

"Not flattery, Mrs. Revelle. Shall we have a canter to the end, and then turn? And as to flattering, you know, I think that at fifty years old it is I who am flattered by the company of a young and handsome woman," said he, smiling again; and then they were off at a smart hand-gallop, which brought a soft flush to her cheek, and made her look more beautiful than ever, more like her own self, too, her companion thought, as they presently turned, and were riding easily back eastward.

Constantly they were saluted by passing riders—men, some with one or more ladies, the latter, mostly, interested in the far distance; but twice the feminine riders also bowed, though slightly; but both the women were of position, and one was unmarried.

"They would not have dared even that, within view of the crowd," thought Jesuita, with cynical bitterness.

And perhaps she was right.

But somebody else did dare, and very deliberately, too—indeed, had put in an appearance, principally with a purpose; and whilst she greeted many acquaintances and conversed, kept a lookout till she saw approaching, in mid-row, as it were, two familiar figures. Then, with an "Excuse me, I see friends," Lady Eyresdown walked along the promenade a stone's throw, perhaps, and, pausing at the railing, beckoned, fully aware that breathless remarks and consternation were at once afloat. Perhaps many had thought her Brighton declarations half bravado.

The two riders at once came up, the Baronet raising his hat, and dismounting, the girl bending to give her hand into the Marchioness's warm clasp, as the latter said, loud enough to be heard by the nearest group:

"My dear Mrs. Revelle, this is a pleasure, indeed. I heard, ten minutes ago, that you were riding with Sir Gavan," bowing, with her sweetest smile, to the M.P., "and I have been watching for you both."

"How good of you, Lady Eyresdown," Jesuita said, with a look that said a volume; "but Sir Gavan overtook me, and won't let me dismiss him to other company."

"I have too good an idea of keeping a good thing when I have it," returned Mowbray, laughingly, "especially when any minute my happy monopoly may be disputed by the young fellows."

"They won't have a chance against you, Sir Gavan," said Jesuita, with the prettiest mixture of compliment and grateful truth. "But we must not keep you too long, Lady Eyresdown."

"Oh, I am in no hurry, and not at all tired, my dear. Have you seen my son, either of you? He said he should be out riding, presently."

"We have not met him yet, certainly," answered Sir Gavan, turning to look along the ride; "but that is he, I think, though, over there; he has just overtaken a lady, to whom he is speaking."

"Yes; and it is Mrs. Langly," said Jesuita, quickly. "They see us."

And in another minute had come up, and were shaking hands, and greeting all with gladness too genuine to be mistaken.

"Could not be better luck," exclaimed Mabel Langly, turning again to Jesuita. "You are just the very one I wanted to find amongst the riders, Mrs. Revelle; and I was asking Lord Eyresdown if he had seen you when we both caught sight of this distinguished group."

"Rank, beauty, and the Legislature all represented!" added Eyresdown, laughing, and for the next ten minutes they all remained chatting till the Marchioness said, smiling, she "would not keep them away longer from their exercise, but should hope to call in at Leighton Street one afternoon

soon," and, with adieus exchanged, the four equestrians rode off together, and the one pedestrian, with a serene contentment, strolled back to the group of loungers.

Mrs. Brudenell said, with a sneer, under the pretence of admiration :

"You have the courage of your opinions, it must be admitted."

"Oh, yes, I always had," returned the Marchioness, with provoking *sang froid* ; "and I thought Mrs. Revelle looking very handsome to-day; did not you, Captain Netherby?"

"Superb, as always, Lady Eyresdown," said he; and then they both heard a lady somewhere behind say :

"Well, if she can recognize her so publicly, and Mrs. Langly and Sir Gavan ride with her, to say nothing of the Conyers, there cannot be really anything against Mrs. Revelle, and I shall bow to her the next time I see her."

"Follow suit, eh?" said another feminine voice. "Still, it's an ugly business to get over, isn't it?"

"W—ell, yes, not so bad, if the story in *Atlas* is correct; and it certainly is Delmar all over—the other isn't, you know. And when you come to consider it, her leaving him is a very strong point in her favour."

"Oh, undoubtedly."

But they had not found that out till a leader of society championed the honour of the accused.

"I suppose we must take the world as we find it, though," said the Marchioness, with a shrug.

And Netherby laughed, and bowed acquiescence.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE EXILE.

AND where, all this time, was Albany Delmar? A restless wanderer from place to place, avoiding anywhere he might be known, or meet with anyone who knew him. It was the old cry of the proud, passionate heart, stricken unto death :

"Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world."

For weeks the man was half maddened with despair, the very sport of fierce agony and remorse that were the inevitable recoil of the first deadly numbness of his loss and shame—maddened with the ever deepening sense of the hopeless wreck his wild passion had brought; hopeless for his darling's recovery of the name lost by his act; and so in that crushing belief, and in his own bitter sense of utter unworthiness and humiliation, he was shut out from one hope of her forgiveness; he had no right to look for even that sweet consolation—all, even that, was at an end. He had given her up, accepting the terrible punishment as deserved beyond measure; he could never dare to ask for pardon, when his bitterest suffering and repentance could only be an expiation, never proved by restitution, because that was impossible from his hand, beyond what he had done. Poor fellow, the present and future were a dreary blank of hopeless darkness, that must have sent him headlong to ruin, but for the one rich, true chord of music in his own darkened soul, that had first touched the woman's heart, and from hers again vibrated back for ever through his whole being, holding him enthralled, unconsciously striving against a lower fall for her sake, lest it should grieve her, because she had—yes, once loved him, before he had crushed it all.

That was the one saving memory (as she had foreseen when she last let him go) to which he clung in a kind of blind, desperate way, through all the tempest of wild agony, or heavy, dazed exhaustion of suffering that often alternated with the storm of conflicting passions. Yes, he knew that blessed memory was his; had she not betrayed it when his passion had surprised her into a minute's ecstacy and surrender? Had she not, later, confessed so much? Had she not, in that last, bitter parting, suffered him to take her into his arms once more, and press his last kisses on her dear lips with such worship and reverence of love? Oh, for the sake of that one memory alone, he must not sink, but struggle and strive as best he might, to be in time a little less unworthy of, at least, her pitying memory, and a kind thought of the wanderer.

This did not get its hold firmly, till the man's fine physique and mental balance had rallied somewhat from the long strain of that battle, and the shock of his defeat and loss. And now, too, for almost the first time, the proud will of iron that had too often been his bane, came in all its strength to the aid of the nobler nature, in its still feeble struggle against the demon that had held such long and well-nigh undisputed sway.

So then, slowly, insensibly, Albany Delmar was learning at last, in heart-break and heaviness of soul, indeed, the hard lesson of self-discipline, self-mastery, often tempted sorely to break out against the fiat of punishment, in fierce rebellion of spirit often, almost failing many times. He was but human, very human; but gradually, in the very resistance heart and soul made, "for her sake" his watchword and talisman ever, his love for her he had lost grew day by day more purified of dross, more perfect and ennobled, the more so because he himself never dreamed of the change there was, for all the restless misery that was so unaltered.

One day, near the end of November, Delmar was pacing to and fro in the garden of a small *auberge*, near a quiet, romantically-situated village in the sunny south of France. He was just now watching in restless impatience for the return from the nearest post town, some leagues distant, of his faithful Gustave, who had flatly refused to be left behind in England, when his master was quitting it in sorrow and heaviness, as he knew—and Gustave was no volatile Parisian, but a true native of Royalist La Vendée, in whose very blood ran the spirit of loyalty.

There must be letters now, surely, lying at the *poste restante* at Poritichère; letters that had been sent on after him. There had been none from Trevanian since early September, and it was only from Clifford that he had any reliable news of Jesuita—never absent from her lover's heart and thoughts.

"How long he is gone!" he muttered, with that impatient frown of his, "Has the horse gone lame, or—ah! hoof-strokes at last."

He stopped in his restless walk, listening to the welcome sound that came nearer every moment along the road, then round to the front of the *auberge*, and a minute after the courier appeared in the garden at the back carrying a small packet.

"Several letters, monsieur; and see, one has followed us since more than a month, from place to place."

"Thanks, Gustave; you are a jewel. Go and get your dinner whilst I read these," added Delmar, and took his letters into his sitting-room to read them alone, for two he saw, at once, were from Clifford Trevanian, and, naturally, opened first the one first written, as the English postmark was in September, and at Folkestone, and his letter first gave, as Clifford had promised, all the gossip for and against Jesuita and Delmar, of Lady Eyresdown's meeting with the former at Brighton, and her boldly-avowed intention of championship; then of Jesuita's removal to Dover, of his (Clifford's) own engagement to Ruby, and their visit to Mrs. Revelle, and then came this :

"She wished me to send you a message, which, of course, you will understand, so I merely give her actual words: 'Tell Albany, from me, to remember what I said to him that day in the Gardens.'"

Twice he read those lines, the second time through blinding tears, then passionately kissed the words, again and again, that sent to his heart such a sudden wild thrill of new life in its ray of hope for a pardon, its assurance that at least she did not couple his name and memory with a curse, even though he had wrecked her young life and crushed her love.

Remember those words! Had he ever forgotten them? Only—only then she had never dreamed of such bitter wrong at his hands, or, perhaps, she had never said them. So, in his deep humiliation and anguish, he had thought, accepting even that hopelessness, though at times it half drove him to despair.

And now came this golden message that sent such new strength to strive into the man's often well-nigh sinking soul :

"Remember what I said to him!"

Could he not hear her very voice again, to his eagerly wistful question :

"Am I quite past praying for, St. Jesuita-Maria?"

"No, no, never! Who can be past a prayer?"

"Or forgiveness?" he had asked, still more eagerly. "Or forgiveness?"

And she had answered, with tender pity :

"No, never past forgiveness, Delmar, either of man or Heaven."

"My darling! My better angel!" he whispered, bowing his head, as if, indeed, she stood there. "I will strive to earn some pardon, to be less miserably unworthy of one kind thought, one memory of the priceless love I have lost. My heart's life, for thy sake, I will."

No other more dazzling hope came; he had given her up for ever; all that mad dream of happiness was at an end; he had crushed out the half-won love once his. She had said so—"killed it," she had added, in her captivity. She would never wed with her name stained; and what could whiten that again entirely? And even if that could or should ever come about, his own position to her would be unchanged.

She might forgive him the past wrong, but she could never love the man who had stooped his honour so low, for what she had so rightly called his "mad, selfish passion." No, there he had made shipwreck, he thought, with dreary aching of heart.

"The omen played me false, too," he muttered, with a curious, sudden reversion to his strange fancy; "my beautiful Dhalia, you did twice win with her good wishes, but I—ah! I have lost all, unless"—a sudden light flashed into the dark eyes—"unless I have misread the omen, and it means, perhaps, that my pure darling shall yet win back her name snow-white, and I—her full forgiveness. O, if that might be! if she might be but once more happy and honoured, I could bear all this agony, and a thousand more, for her dear sake—my darling! my darling! for ever loved and enshrined in my very soul!"

Then he finished that letter, and opened the second, which bore date only ten days back, and told of that first appearance in town of Jesuita, and the decided effect it had had in dealing a blow to the scandal.

"Every day almost," wrote Clifford, "the wind seems to veer more round to the right quarter. At the clubs very few, I think, ever at heart believed you capable of utter villainy, and now certainly the reverse opinions gain ground. I have been asked 'when Del. is going to show up,' and so on. The women, too, are by degrees dropping off from the worst scandal—a good many—and beginning to see that, after all, 'really Delmar's full, straightforward admission of his reckless abduction must be true, or Mrs. Revelle could not have come back, except as his wife.' In fact, we all here cannot help some real hope that, with time and patience, and the determined countenance of friends, the whole miserable evil may be lived down, and the force of truth, being so well backed, prevail at last."

The letter went on to tell all details the writer could of what had been and would be done, knowing that this theme was the one of all others the exiled reader would love to hear most of, however painful the evidence of his own ruinous work it must needs be.

Both these precious letters Albany answered that evening, and enclosed by itself a message of deepest gratitude for the one received.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SCORING HEAVILY TO THE GOOD.

LADY EYRESDOWN was not a woman to do things by halves, or lower her colours by an inch when once she had run them up to the masthead; nay, she even watched with a cynical humour the progress of the curious battle that was going on all this winter season more or less; so, indeed, did Jesuita herself. Her own quietly-dignified attitude and exquisite tact very materially aided the action of her truest friends; she simply went her way unobtrusively, however she herself suffered under the proud unconsciousness with which she bore herself when heads were turned another way in public, and other such slights and marks of ostracism as women know so well how to evolve.

It is almost needless to say that a few days after that ride in the Row the Marchioness kept her word, spoken so openly in hearing of the loungers, and called in at Leighton Street just as Mrs. Langly drove up; so the two ladies were announced together, and soon after, just as tea was brought in, Mrs. Conyers and Ruby appeared from next door, and then Trevanian and Captain Netherby dropped in.

"Quite a small at-home," whispered Ruby to the hostess, who smiled a little.

"It is very kind," she said, gently, and then turned to answer a question of Netherby's about Christmas. "Oh, it is too soon to think about that yet," said she, lightly, "but I shall probably stay in town."

"So shall we, my dear," remarked Mrs. Conyers, quietly; "so you will, I hope, spend it with us and a few friends whom I shall also ask?"

"Thanks, Mrs. Conyers!" hesitatingly.

But Ruby laughed, and exclaimed, imperatively: "Oh, we three have settled it, you know, and it is only for form's sake mother put it like that."

"Mrs. Revelle, she is too saucy," said the Marchioness, gravely. "I am afraid it is meant to give you, Mr. Trevanian, a foretaste of what you are to expect."

Clifford said he wasn't a bit afraid; and Netherby added, gallantly, "he was simply to be envied;" and after a little more talk, he and Lady Eyresdown took their leave, the latter saying she should hope to see Mrs. Revelle again soon.

Then Jesuita asked, rather archly, "if the wedding was fixed yet?"

Ruby coloured, and laughed.

"Oh, Cliff, would have an answer yesterday, tiresome fellow," said she; "so I said the end of January must do."

"Isn't she cruel, Mrs. Revelle? Two more months. I'm sure the wedding fal-lals cannot take all that time, can they?" said Clifford, appealingly.

"Mine had to be ready in a month," said Mrs. Revelle, with a half-laugh and half-sigh; "Gerald—my husband—did not leave me the choice of time."

"What a shame!" exclaimed Ruby; "but then you were only seventeen."

"And he forty, exactly. Well, Ruby, I really think you are very hard on poor Mr. Trevanian's patience."

"Hear, hear," from the lover.

"She is hoping," said Mrs. Conyers, "that by January, my dear Jesuita, you will be able to be a guest."

Jesuita started, with a shiver.

"Impossible!—it is scarcely probable!" she said, with a quick glance at Trevanian; "it is not fair to—"

"Hush! wait a minute," interposed Clifford; "if that is Ruby's reason I capitulate at once. The tide is turning unmistakably, Mrs. Revelle, and by that time we can fairly hope that all the friends we value, and wish to come, will be too pleased to meet you."

"If not," added Mrs. Conyers, quietly, "they can keep away."

Jesuita's eyes filled.

"If I may make it conditional with that contingency," she said, after a pause; "but if not, I must not promise. It would be wrong, a great wrong, after all your goodness, on which I have no claim."

"Yes, my dear, everyone has a moral claim to justice. Well, then, the promise shall be conditional—I have not much fear of its fulfilment."

Then they took their leave; but Trevanian, the last to bid good-bye, bent a litttle as he did so, and said, very low:

"My letters must have had to follow Alb to some remote place; but directly I hear you shall know."

What a grateful look from the violet eyes!

"Thanks, so much," she whispered, tremulously. "You will not misjudge me, I know."

"How could I?"

When she was alone, Jesuita sank back into her *fauteuil*, clasping her hands to her forehead for a moment.

"Albany, Albany! in misery, and shame, and utter separation, that is—is bridgeless, and yet I love you as I never did till—you gave me up. O, that last—last kiss, my darling, those last words that broke my very heart and yours—'Loved and lost for ever,' you said, and I let you go, for your own sake, because I loved you so utterly."

She dropped her hands to her lap.

"They all bid me hope that the whole world, our world, will yet write my honour and his stainless; but if such dazzling hope ever comes, what then? he will never so much as sue for pardon, I know, much less"—she paused—"for more; and I—but bah! I am mad, a fool to dream of ever being cleared again enough to think of a future that is not a blank. If only he will strive to be truer each day to his better, real self, that forced my love to him—that is all I dare to hope for of happiness."

Was it quite all? Did not that "if" of bare possibility keep unconsciously some slight hold of the human heart, so young, and passionate, and clinging to every memory of the man who loved her, that had given such glimpses of gold through the dross that had so overlaid it?

Would her message be a help to him in the lesson—the hard lesson of self-discipline he had begun in his resignation of all he had dared and sinned to get possession of? Would it be, in some measure, the one grain of hope to live on, for which he had pleaded once, and reproached her for withholding? Would he send her back a word for her, too, to live on? or would he think that she would not prize a message, deeming her love crushed out and killed, though she knew his whole heart was hers? Oh! he could not think she cared nothing when he held so fast that one sweet memory of long ago—so long ago it seemed—he could not, he must send her some message!

But none came yet awhile, no letter at all for a few days after the "small at-home."

Ida Mowbray called to carry off Mrs. Revelle to the Grosvenor Gallery, and complained bitterly.

"Albany hasn't written a line," she said, whilst Jesuita was drawing on her gloves; "and it is very unkind of him. I got my husband to call at his—my brother's lawyers—and ask if they had heard; but, no, he had gone from Algiers to some corner of Italy, and was believed to be there, intending to make his way by all sorts of horrid, dangerous, byeways through Italy and France, southwards."

"He is safe enough, wherever he may be," said Jesuita, easily. "Why, what did you do when he was out Far West?"

"Oh, I don't know; it was horrid. But then he wasn't miserably unhappy—ah, forgive me, I forgot," for the other had flushed; "and he may go into Spain, and——"

"Dear Lady Mowbray, pardon my laughing, but your brother won't get eaten in Spain."

"Ah, but it's only lately there were accounts of an English traveller being robbed and murdered just outside Valencia, or one of those cities," returned Lady Mowbray, with vague assertion; "and Albany never does or did seem to know there was such a word as danger!"

"Of course not," said Jesuita, with a glow of pride in the lover whose daring had proved so disastrous to herself. "You would not wish a man to be less oblivious of dangers?"

This as they descended the hall and out to the carriage.

"H'm—n—o; still, that fellow positively revels in risking his life! You should hear all Gustave can tell. I never get much from Albany, except incidentally, and when something chances that his wild, daring escapades have to come out; then he laughs, dear fellow, and says 'it's nothing.'"

Jesuita wondered sadly if poor Albany laughed much now?

Assuredly not.

Lady Mowbray added, erratically:

"I do hope those horrid Moresdales will be at the Grosvenor to-day."

"Why, Lady Mowbray?"

Ida laughed as she glanced at the beautiful woman beside her—she had her own hopes, by the way, as to her "invincible boy's" future.

"Why?" she repeated. "Because they will be mad to see us together. They, you know, are your bitterest enemies, most determined in keeping alive scandal—they and Blythe."

"Yes, I know."

"You see that Flo' tried hard to catch Albany, and had frantic hopes this last season; but it was too absurd, even if—well, if he had never seen you. He flirted with Flo', that's all. Then she tried Eyresdown; but, ha, ha, Mrs. Revelle again was her rival, however unwittingly."

"Eyresdown is much too good a fellow for her," said Jesuita, quickly; "and he is not at all likely to be caught by her, either."

"Perhaps he has still other hopes," said Delmar's sister, with a sharp glance, which Jesuita saw.

"Oh, no, none, Lady Mowbray," she said, quietly. "Eyresdown quite understands me now, and the position, even if it were not the basest ingratitude to his mother to entangle him into such an objectionable marriage."

"Yes, true. Ah! here we are. I hope Gavan will join us as he promised—if he can; he has gone down to the Polyglot to try and come across Blythe and give him a set down, as he can, too."

"Indeed he can, I should say. But what for?"

"That shameless scandal he spread about you; it keeps about, and is quite a drag-back, and Gavan is so angry that he declared he would stay it by a stronger measure. *I* should not like to be that slanderer Blythe, to-day."

"Nor I; but I am so sorry, Lady Mowbray—it were better let alone—and then to trouble——"

"Not a bit, my dear girl. Gavan knows best, and he does not mind. As Albany's near relative, too, he is the best person to speak out. I am delighted. I hate Blythe—viper! How well filled the rooms are, and there are those Moresdales."

Smiling triumphantly, Sir Gavan's wife and fair friend moved on; but Sir Gavan himself at the same time was sitting by a window of the handsome smoking-room of the Polyglot Club, chatting pleasantly to several men—the room was very fairly occupied—and the bright gray eyes keeping a sharp look-out all the time he spoke or listened.

"Yes, we expect a heavy session in the spring, certainly, Langly; but—ah, excuse me a few minutes!"

For in came Blythe, easy, airy, with some new scandal by his jaunty manner. He nodded to some, said "How do?" or bowed to others, but rather changed face when the tall, imposing figure of Sir Gavan Mowbray moved forward and paused before him, with a slight bow, but no offered hand.

"I have been waiting for you, Mr. Blythe," said the clear tones, mellowed and resonant, that now made every man turn to look and listen.

"Indeed, Sir Gavan?" uneasily this, though Blythe tried to be *nonchalant*. "To what do I—ahem—owe such a—er—a pleasure?"

"You are best judge of the 'pleasure,' Mr. Blythe, or will be, directly," returned Mowbray, in his cool, weighty way; "but it is simply this. There has been for months a certain story going about for which you are responsible, respecting my brother Delmar's abduction of Mrs. Revelle."

"Really, Sir Gavan, I don't understand——"

Sir Gavan waved his hand slightly, imperatively.

"Pardon me," he said, haughtily, "but you do understand, I think. You spread openly, at Folkestone—several gentlemen now present heard you—a scandalous story, that Mrs. Revelle's husband was alive, but insane, and that she had eloped with her lover Delmar; you said that no one knew her story of Mr. Revelle's death five years ago, save from herself; and that story you have persistently spread, knowing it to be your own base invention."

"Sir Gavan Mowbray!" exclaimed Blythe, scarlet to the forehead. "This is an insult!"

"A base, cowardly invention!" repeated the imperturbable M.P., used to wordy assaults of Parliamentary modern politeness (!) "Got up by your slander-loving tongue, to blacken a most wronged and innocent woman's name, and the honour of a man, who, with all his grievous faults, never stooped to such a base deed as that!"

"Of course you defend them," sneered Blythe, furious, as a "Shame!" went round.

"I defend the truth alone. Delmar is my wife's brother, and the lady impugned I have the honour to call friend; but I am the last man to defend deliberate dishonour. Mr. Langly, will you read this, please, to this—gentleman?"

The rest had all gathered closer now as Mowbray drew forth a half sheet of a *Times*, and gave it to Langly, who read out the date—the last April five years; then a heading—"The sudden death at a wedding. Inquest on Mr. Gerald Revelle."

"Good Heavens!" said Langly. "It is the report of the inquest, then; a short one, I see."

"Exactly; and refutes Mr. Blythe's slander. Read it, please."

Langly did so, amidst a breathless attention.

"Now, Mr. Blythe," said Sir Gavan, quietly, "if you are a man, you will at once retract your scandalous falsehood, and express regret and apology for ever spreading it, to the infinite detriment of the innocent lady named. If not, I, for one, shall decline to meet or recognize you at all."

"And I," from several; and Blythe, white and red with rage, had nothing for it but to apologize, say he regretted repeating what he had heard, and then became scarce.

"He invented every word!" said upright Mowbray, in contemptuous disgust. "Gentlemen, I thank you for your forbearance. I do not wish to force on anyone my own absolute belief in my brother Albany's statements, but I could not longer permit such blatant lies to be obstinately spread. Thank you all, and I shall yet hope to see public opinion fully exonerate Mrs. Revelle's name and Delmar's of a dastard act he never dreamed of."

He bowed and went out. The fine English gentleman had scored beyond measure for the cause of honour.

[To be continued.]

"A Reckless Wager" commenced in No. 1,357 and Part CCCXXXVI.

SHRIN'D IN MY HEART.

To me, thou'rt fairer than the fairest morn,
That blushes into day,
Thy smiles are like the sunshine in dark skies,
Changing to gold their gray.
Thy voice like music steals upon my heart,
Claiming a dwelling there,
Indeed, I have no words my song to start,
Thou art so very fair!

What if the world
Speaks ill of thee,
Shrin'd in my heart
For aye, thou'lt be!

So many poets praise bright eyes, red lips,
But none are bright as thine,
Thy smallest charm all others must eclipse,
For art thou not divine?
The others may call lightly on thy name,
Or speak in censure sore,
But loving thee—to me thou'rt free from blam
Both now and evermore!

And tho' the world
Speak ill of thee,
Shrin'd in my heart
Thou still shalt be!

CECIL LORRAINE.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

APT to be a blunder buss—A kiss in the dark.

THE man who had "an iron will" appointed a blacksmith as his executor.

ORANGE-PEEL is very dangerous; the least bit of it brings on physical prostration.

AMBER is replacing tortoiseshell as an ornament for the hair. It is prettier, but twice as costly.

ST. PETERSBURG has an Eiffel tower of ice, one hundred and sixty-six feet high, provided with electric lights, a restaurant, and a dancing-hall.

THERE are four metallic qualifications which help a man through the world—iron in his heart, brass in his face, silver in his tongue, and gold in his pocket.

ANGELINA: "Before we were engaged, you did nothing but talk. Now you do nothing but yawn." —Henry: "Silence is golden."—Angelina: "You must be a millionaire."

IT is said that the average height of the American woman has in the last two generations increased one inch, and that the same increase has taken place in her bust and waist measure.

FAIR ENTHUSIAST: "What a dear little picture; it's just too sweet for anything! Can you make out the name of the artist, Mr. Cadmium? It looks like 'Ochre.'"—Cadmium (recognizing picture by a rival): "Humph! Medi-ocre, of course."

A LAST will and testament, five thousand years old, was found recently in Egypt. The testator, Sekiah, executed it with his own hand in favour of his own brother, a priest of Osiris. The property disposed of in the will was to go at the brother's death to Sekiah's daughter, who, the internal evidence of the document shows, had the same legal right as a man to own and administer and dispose of property.

THE Baroness Klara von der Deckler, of Tiflis, has sent a circular letter to the beautiful women of the world asking them to forward their photos to her. These photos will be examined by a committee of artists, and those approved of will be placed in an album to be entitled "Types of female beauty of the last years of the Nineteenth Century," which is to be placed in a museum at Moscow for preservation. Women of all classes and countries who can lay claim to beauty are to be represented in the forthcoming album.

NO. 1.—BODICE FOR DINNER-DRESS.

NO. 6. NO. 7. NO. 8 NO. 9. NO. 10. NO. 11.

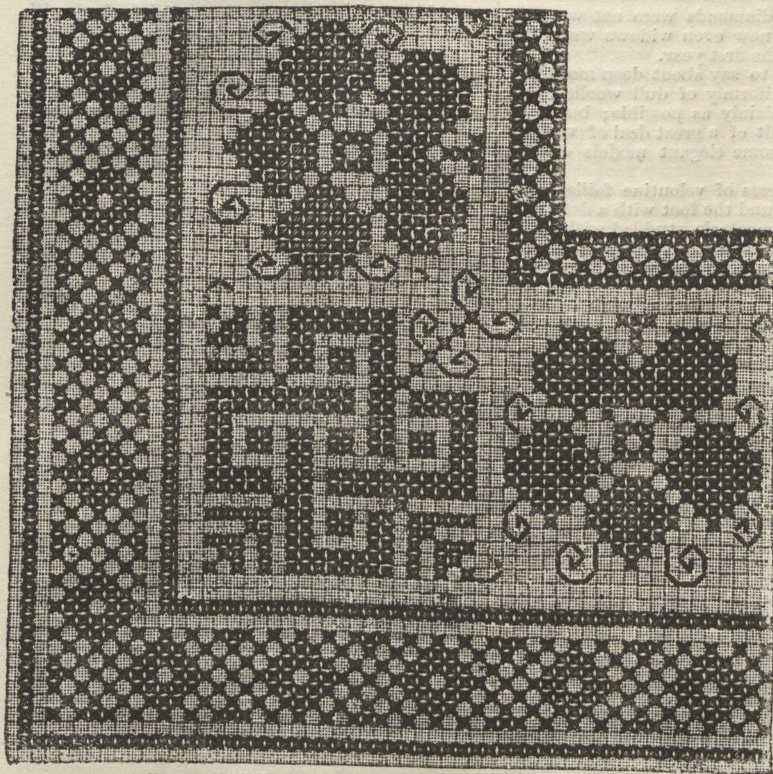
NO. 12. NO. 13.

NO. 15.—BACK OF NO. 16.

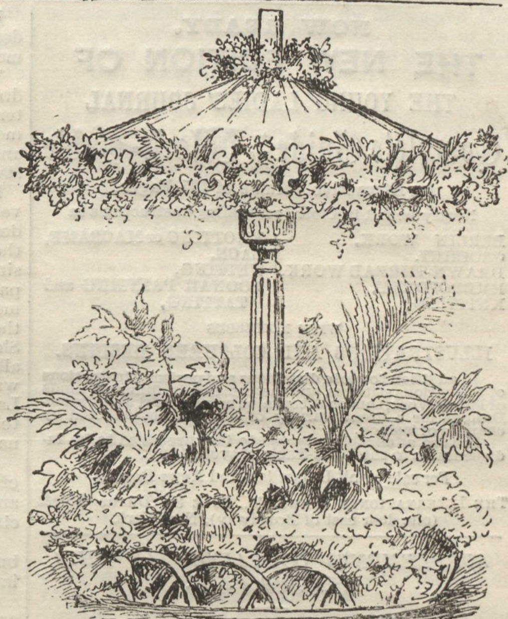
NOS. 2 TO 13.—FASHIONABLE SLEEVES FOR VISITING AND WALKING-DRESSES.

NO. 14.—BODICE FOR HOME-DRESS.

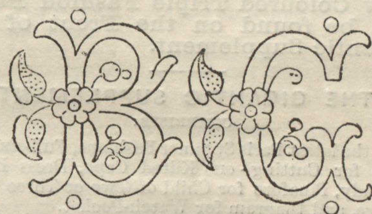
NO. 16.—CAPE.



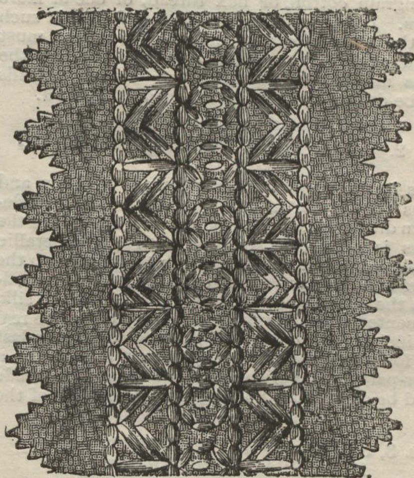
NO. 1.—BORDER AND CORNER: CROSS AND ITALIAN-STITCH.



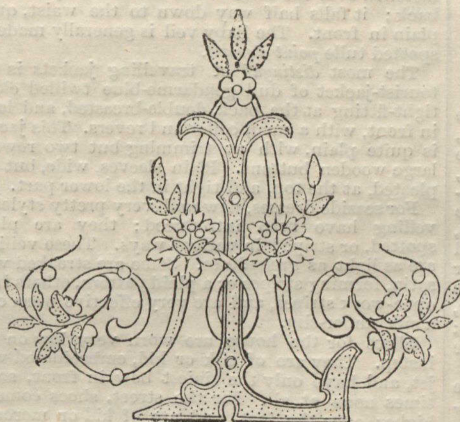
NO. 2.—LAMP WITH FERN AND FLOWER-STAND.



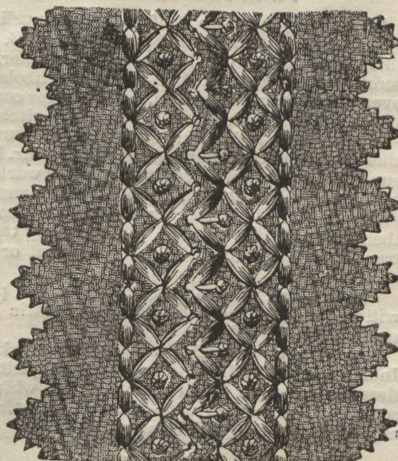
NO. 3.—INITIAL LETTERS: EMBROIDERY.



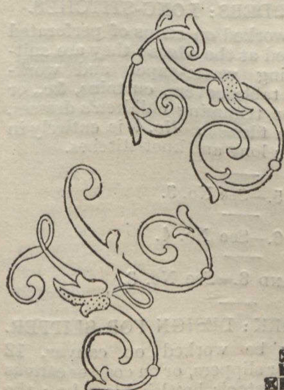
NO. 4.—BORDER: LONG-STITCHES.



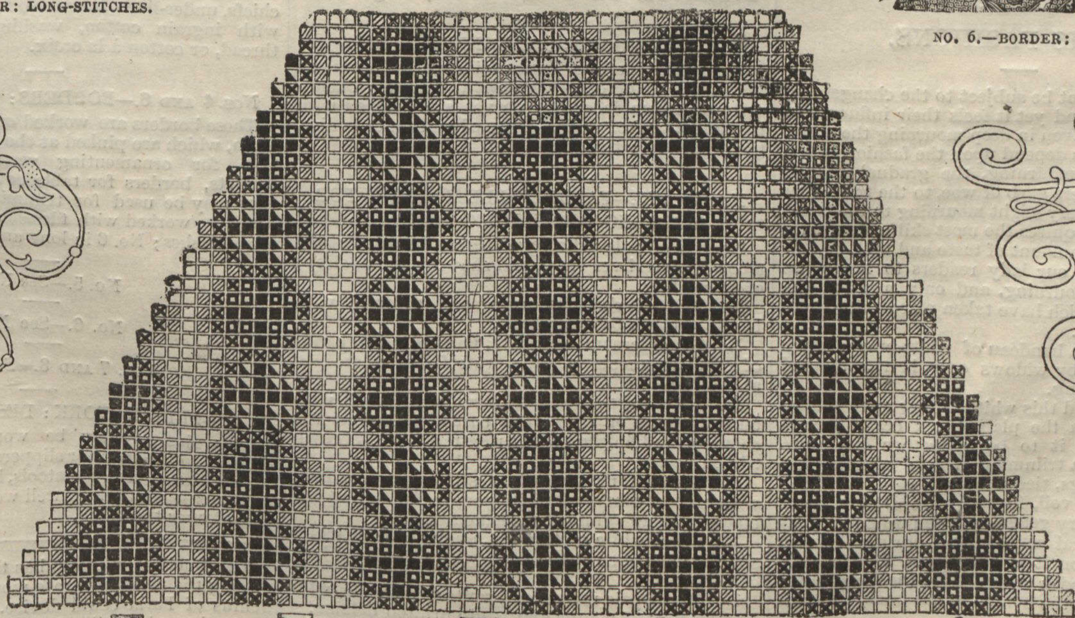
NO. 5.—MONOGRAM: EMBROIDERY.



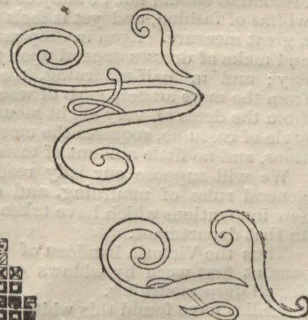
NO. 6.—BORDER: LONG-STITCHES.



NO. 7.—INITIAL LETTERS.



NO. 9.—BERLIN-WORK DESIGN FOR SLIPPER.



NO. 8.—INITIAL LETTERS.

NOW READY.

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SUPPLEMENTS CONTAINED IN THIS MONTH'S PART.

NOTICE.

The description of No. 81 of the New Coloured Triple Fashion Plates will be found on the Front of the Gigantic Supplement.

THE GIGANTIC SUPPLEMENT

COMPRISES:

All the latest Paris Summer Fashions, Full-size Patterns for Cutting-out Kilted Cape, Dress Bodice for Lady, Pinafore for Child of Two or Three Years of Age, and Diagram for Watch-Pocket.

DESCRIPTION OF COLOURED SHEET.

PINAFORE: EMBROIDERY.

This pretty pinafore is of nainsook muslin; the embroidery is worked with scarlet D. M. C. cotton, three strands of which are used together. The scroll pattern is worked in open buttonhole-stitch, over three strands of cotton, laid on as for couching-stitch; the flowers are in cording-stitch; the scalloped edge is first run out three or four times, then worked over in buttonhole-stitch. Mr. Bedford supplies the pinafore already traced for working, or ladies can trace it on nainsook for themselves as follows: Place blue tracing linen on the nainsook, then the design on the top; pin all firmly together; trace over the outline with a hard pencil or a bone knitting-pin.

The full-size pattern for cutting-out the pinafore will be found on the back of the Gigantic Supplement.

The design will also answer for working on Indian silk with silk, on coloured zephyr, with white flossette or cotton à la croix; and the white nainsook can be worked with Harris's flax thread, in any colour, as they will all wash well.

PARIS FASHIONS.

MOURNING should not be subject to the changes and whims of fashion, and yet it feels their influence in a great measure. Even in deep mourning the shape and make of dresses depend upon the fashion of the day; and in half-mourning, the gradual change from the more austere garb of woe, to the transition from the dress of very slight mourning to the usual style of costume, requires the most skilful combinations, and no little amount of taste and tact.

We will suppose our lady readers to know the general rules of mourning, and only mention the few innovations which have taken place quite lately in that department.

Thus the Victoria bandeau of white crape, which was at first worn by widows only, is now adopted for all deep mourning.

Ladies have found this white border more becoming to the face than the plain black crape bonnet, and have decreed it to be altogether *bien porté*. Some make quite a trimming of it, continuing the bandeau into strings, tied under the chin.

The long crape veil, formerly worn by widows over the face, is very generally given up now. It is worn at the funeral service, and during the first weeks, but later on it is exchanged for the tulle voilette, trimmed with crape, while the long crape veil is draped over the bonnet at the back, and falls down to the waist.

So again for the long, black shawl. At the end of five or six weeks it is exchanged for a long mantle, cape, or redingote of black woollen material, trimmed with crape.

Until quite lately, diamonds were not worn in deep mourning; but now even widows wear diamond ear-drops after the first year.

There is not much to say about deep mourning dresses, which are uniformly of dull woollen material, and made as plainly as possible; but half-mourning dresses admit of a great deal of variety, and we have noted some elegant models of this style.

First, a handsome dress of veloutine faille, made very long, trimmed round the foot with a deep border of black silk passementerie, studded with steel; the bodice is trimmed with similar passementerie, simulating a short, open Bolero jacket. The central part is filled up with a pleated chemisette of Ophelia mauve crêpe-de-Chine, the pleats of which are gathered at the waist under a long steel buckle. Sleeves full, and puffed up at the shoulders, gradually narrowing, and becoming quite tight at the wrists, finished with a band of passementerie. Large hat of black crinoline, lined with black spotted tulle, and trimmed with a cluster of white narcissi and dark purple velvet pansies.

All, or nearly all, hats are transparent, either of crinoline or chip, with open-work stripes, and they are no longer trimmed with silk or velvet, but with either plain or spotted tulle.

As for capotes, most of them have no crown at all, but only a border, which is continued at the back into a sort of *cache-peigne*.

Some capotes are entirely formed of jet flowers and foliage; this is pretty for half-mourning. A unique model is of black tulle, with no ornament but a jet serpent rolled round and round over the border, and lifting its head just in front, with two bright diamonds for its eyes.

Others are composed of flowers, forget-me-nots, cowslips, hedge-roses, or, if for half-mourning, violets or pansies; the latter are still the favourite flowers of the season, even out of mourning; irises and orchids are also extremely fashionable.

The short voilette is going quite out of fashion; with hats, at least, the long veil is *de rigueur*. The latest novelty of the kind is the Baby veil, which is fastened over the brim of the hat and draped at the back; it falls half way down to the waist, quite plain in front. The Baby veil is generally made of spotted tulle *point d'esprit*.

The most *distingué* of travelling jackets is the tourist-jacket of dull gendarme-blue twilled cloth, tight-fitting at the back, double-breasted, and loose in front, with a small collar and revers. This jacket is quite plain, with no trimming but two rows of large wooden buttons. Plain sleeves, wide, but not pleated, at the top, and tight in the lower part.

For seaside dresses, new and very pretty styles of veiling have been introduced; they are plain, spotted, or striped in various ways. These veilings are as light as grenadines. Some are streaked with satin, forming stripes or a plaid pattern, others have open-work stripes, and are very effective worn over a silk under-slip.

Shoes for the house are worn very low on the instep. They are of silk or kid, embroidered with jet, and have only the tiniest bow in front, sometimes none at all. For the street, shoes come up higher over the foot, and are of kid or morocco; some have a strap over the instep, with a small buckle, others a small plain bow of black faille.

DESCRIPTION OF

FASHION ENGRAVINGS, Page 120.

No. 1.—BODICE FOR DINNER-DRESS.

The bodice is of nut-brown faille, with sleeves and folded waistband of salmon-coloured surah; chemisette of cream lace; the sleeves are finished with lace and a cuff of faille.—Price of pattern of bodice, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 25c.

Nos. 2 TO 13.—FASHIONABLE SLEEVES FOR WALKING OR VISITING DRESSES.

No. 2 is of pale heliotrope delaine, fastened at the elbow with a silver clasp, and showing under-sleeve of cream lace.

No. 3 is of chocolate cashmere, trimmed with bands of black passementerie.

No. 4 is of cream cashmere, finished with bands of gold passementerie, and a waterfall of cream lace at the back.

No. 5 is of sage-green and brown striped silk, with an over-sleeve of sage-green barege, puffed at the shoulder, and finished with a rosette of narrow brown ribbon velvet.

No. 6 is of pink and white striped fancy surah, with an over-sleeve of white pongee, finished at the elbow with an agrafe of passementerie.

No. 7 is of white spotted net, puckered over white silk; it is finished at the wrist with a band and bow of velvet.

No. 8 is of pale mauve and white striped silk, with a treble puff of mauve and white printed delaine.

No. 9 is of white foulard, with a puff of clematis-blue and white printed foulard.

No. 10 is of slate-gray faille, with trimming of pale gray veiling forming a bow on the shoulder.

No. 11 is of biscuit and red printed foulard, with a cascade trimming of cream lace; the sleeve is finished with bows of very narrow red ribbon velvet.

No. 12 is of moss-green faille, with a puff of écru barege; it is finished with a shoulder trimming of faille edged with ball-fringe.

No. 13 is of cream lace, finished with straps and rosettes of ribbon velvet.

No. 14.—BODICE FOR HOME-DRESS.

The bodice is of Hussar-blue zephyr, trimmed with white cotton guipure at the neck, waist, and wrists.—Price of pattern of bodice, trimmed, 60c.; flat, 25c.

Nos. 15 AND 16.—CAPE.

The cape is of black faille, handsomely beaded with jet, and forming a pointed plastron back and front; the shoulder-pieces are of black lace, raised high on the shoulders.—Price of pattern of cape, trimmed, 50c.; flat, 25c.

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DESCRIPTION OF

FANCY-WORK ENGRAVINGS, Page 121.

No. 1.—BORDER AND CORNER: CROSS AND ITALIAN-STITCH.

This border may be worked on table-covers, sideboard or dinner-waggon cloths, &c.; Langdale linen, canvas, or ordinary linen damask may be used for the foundation, which may be worked with washing silk, ingrain cotton, or flax thread, of one or more colours. If the material of the foundation is such that the threads cannot be counted, canvas must be laid over it, the pattern worked through the canvas into the foundation; the canvas threads must be drawn away when the work is finished.

No. 2.—LAMP WITH FERN AND FLOWER-STAND.

This is a very pretty arrangement of lamp and flowers for the centre of a dinner-table, or for side-table in drawing-room; the stand which contains the flowers is of wicker, painted with gold metallic enamel; a glass or tin is placed in this, in which the flowers and ferns are arranged, with the lamp standing in the centre; the lamp-shade is of Indian silk, ornamented with flowers, which may either be real or artificial. Of course real flowers would only last fresh for a very short time, just long enough for a dinner-party decoration; the colour of the shade should be chosen to suit the floral decorations of the table.

Nos. 3, 5, 7 AND 8.—INITIAL LETTERS AND MONOGRAM: EMBROIDERY.

These letters may be used for marking handkerchiefs, under-linen, house and table-linen, &c., worked with ingrain cotton, washing silk, Harris' flax thread, or cotton à la croix.

Nos. 4 AND 6.—BORDERS: LONG-STITCHES.

These borders are worked on strips of perforated cloth, which are pinked at the edges; they are suitable for ornamenting waste-paper and work-baskets, borders for table covers, curtains, &c., or they may be used for trimming children's dresses. They are worked with filoselle. No. 4 is entirely in long-stitches; No. 6 in long and knot-stitches.

No. 5.—See No. 3.

No. 6.—See No. 4.

Nos. 7 AND 8.—See No. 3.

No. 9.—BERLIN WORK: DESIGN FOR SLIPPER.

This design may be worked on canvas, 12 stitches to the inch for slippers, or on coarser canvas for cushion covers, footstools, kettleholders, &c.; the light stripe would look well worked with gold tinsel thread over the black.

THE Duchess of Aosta has the distinction of possessing the most elaborate mourning-cloak that the genius of Paris could devise. It is made of very heavy lustreless silk, trimmed with flat bands of the richest ostrich-plumes, and finished at the edges with soft fringes of these plumes, headed by bands of costly dull jet.

THE HOME.

COOKERY.

SAUCE A LA ST. MENEHOULD.—Put 2 oz butter in a stewpan, dredge in some flour, stir in a breakfast-cupful of cream, and add a tablespoonful of parsley and 1 small onion cut in pieces; keep stirring over the fire till thick enough, strain it, place on the fire again with a dessertspoonful of finely chopped parsley, mushrooms cut up small, and pepper; give one boil, and serve. If preferred, half milk may be used instead of cream.

SAUCE ROBERT, FOR STEAKS, &c.—Put 2 oz butter in a stewpan, set it on the fire, and when brown throw in 3 onions cut in small pieces; fry them brown, but do not burn them; add a teaspoonful of flour, shake the onions in it, and give the whole another fry; add 4 tablespoonfuls gravy, seasoning to taste, skim off the fat, and add 1 teaspoonful of made mustard, the same of vinegar, the juice of ½ lemon, give 1 boil, and serve.

GENEVESE SAUCE.—Cut up an onion and carrot in small rings, and put them in a stewpan with a faggot of sweet herbs and some parsley, 5 or 6 mushrooms (when obtainable), 1 bay leaf, 6 cloves, and a blade of mace, add 2 oz butter, and simmer the whole over a slow fire till the onion is quite tender; pour in 1½ pint white stock, and a glass of sherry, and stew slowly for 1 hour, then strain in a clean saucepan; add a little roux, put it to the sauce, stir it over the fire until perfectly smooth, add the juice of ½ lemon, give one boil, and serve.

SAUCE À L'AURORE.—Take the spawn of a lobster and pound it in a mortar with 1 oz butter until quite smooth, and work it through a hair sieve; take ½ pint béchamel sauce, put it in a saucepan, add the pounded spawn, the strained juice of ½ lemon, and a plentiful seasoning of cayenne and salt; let it just simmer but do not allow it to boil, or the beautiful colour of the sauce will be spoiled. A recipe for béchamel sauce was given in No. 1,354.

PASTIMES.

BURIED PROVERB.

"So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him."
King Henry VIII.

"Are you good men and true?"
Much Ado About Nothing, Act III.

"Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest."
Macbeth, Act V.

"Where the bee sucks, there lurk I;
In a cowslip bell I lie."
Tempest, Act V.

"O swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable."
Romeo and Juliet, Act II.

"The better part of valour is discretion."
King Henry IV., Act V.

"These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air.
The Tempest, Act IV.

SOLUTIONS OF PASTIMES IN No. 1,367.

CHARADE.—Broomstick.

REBUS.—Strata-gem.

[Complete in this Number.]

THE CRACK IN THE WALL.

THE last stitch was set, and the tired worker, as she slipped her thimble into the work-box standing on a bracket fixed to the wall, sighed, and sank into a chair that was conveniently near.

"Thank goodness, that's finished," she said, "and I may go to bed early, and make up for last night's vigils. How glad I shall be when Kitty and Liz are able to come back and release me! I don't mind a reasonable amount of work, but really these last three days I have been overwhelmed with it."

And so she really felt, though Mary Lester was an energetic little creature, and had cheerfully resigned her excellent situation as maid to Lady Alicia Grandon, that she might hurry to the aid of her sisters.

They were children's dressmakers, and in their airy, cheerful rooms at the top of a house in Bowden Square, they supported themselves very comfortably by making the charming costumes in which the tiny darlings of aristocratic mammas may be daily seen in Kensington Gardens.

But an attack of influenza, followed by congestion of the lungs, left Kitty Lester so prostrate, that the doctor ordered her off to sea. She could not go without her faithful nurse Lizzie, and was hesitating what to do when the younger sister threw herself into the breach, and not only offered to leave Lady Alicia, and keep up the dressmakers' connection with her equally active, tasteful fingers, but did it promptly, arriving a few hours after the note that announced her intentions.

But Lady Alicia had refused to part entirely with the maid who suited her so well. Mary might stay away as long as she felt it her duty to do so, but her place should *not* be filled up in Earl Grandon's establishment.

"You must come back to me, Molly Malone, as soon as you can," said the Earl's sprightly daughter, "and, till you do, mamma's maid, Grigsby, has agreed to look after this unlucky head of mine, and put my drawers straight whenever the 'muddles' get too much for me."

And so away went Mary Lester, to stitch and feather-stitch, and cover little skirts with silken plaitings and embroideries, toiling all the more arduously lest anything should go wrong during the absence of her sisters.

In this she was cheered by good news of Kitty's progress, and substantial tokens of sympathy from her friends in Belgravia; some of the old port wine from the Earl's cellar, and a hamper of good things for an invalid, being packed by the housekeeper under the direct supervision of the good-natured but indolent Countess.

Mary Lester had lived the life of a hermit at Bowden Square for the last fortnight, but was getting on, to use her own phrase, "swimmingly," when a large box, and a note from Lady Alicia, were brought to her.

"Baron Downing's reception takes place to-morrow night, and I am in a rage." Thus wrote her ladyship. "As you will see, Madame has sent home my dress, trimmed with blue—odious blue—and my lovely sortie-du-bal lined ditto. How could she make such a frightful mistake? She ought to know by this time that teint-du-ciel makes me sallow, and I told her, when she fitted me, that I had set my heart on the exquisite shade of old-rose, of which I had sent her a pattern.

"I will not go to the reception a fright, nor trust Madame again. So, Molly, you best of Mollies, you must—*must*, MUST re-trim my gown, and re-line my wrap. I send you plenty of silk and ribbon—lovely, isn't it?—and be sure you bring them home yourself to-morrow evening in time to dress me. I have been a horror to behold ever since you left us. My room is a chaos, and I have fallen out with Grigsby."

"It was just like thoughtless, though warm-hearted, Lady Alicia to expect impossibilities," Mary protested, with a pout. "With three satin frocks to finish, how could she undertake such a troublesome job as this would be? There was nothing for it but to tell her bluntly that it could not be done."

Then Mary thought of the young lady's disappointment, and her heart softened towards her. By giving up a few hours of the night, all her tasks might, nay, should be accomplished.

So she fortified herself with strong tea, and worked, with few and brief intervals, till she had tacked the last bow on Lady Alicia's gauzy skirts, and slipped them on herself—mistress and maid were about the same height, and equally slender — to ascertain whether the effect was satisfactory.

There was only to fold and restore them to their box, when the weary girl sat down to rest, leaning her head against the wall, or, rather, the partition separating this apartment from one of two at the back of the house, which were tenanted by a couple of gentlemanly-looking men. Brothers they called themselves, and the name they had given the landlord was Smith.

Mary did not like either of these men, and with good reason. She could not reach the stairs without passing the door of their sitting-room, and one of them had a habit of lounging at it and attempting to draw her into conversation every time he saw her, accompanying these attempts with such boldly admiring glances, that she was quite annoyed.

The other, and elder man, had a furtive, scowling aspect, and if they met on the landing or the stairs, he would glare at poor Mary from under his overhanging brows so suddenly and fiercely that she disliked him almost as much as his brother; and, to avoid the pair, quitted her own apartments as seldom as possible.

But this did not utterly put an end to the annoyance, for the younger Smith would often rap with his knuckles at her door, to make some frivolous request—the loan of a book, the correct time, a button for his wristband, or, five minutes afterwards, a needle wherewith to sew it on. And on each of these occasions he evinced a provoking tendency to linger, though Mary was almost churlish in her brevity, and on the excuse of being too busy to stop talking would literally shut her door in his face.

Sleep now overpowered her as she sat against the wall, her head gradually slipping down till her face lay on a pile of Kitty's books.

Half an hour might have elapsed ere the pain of her cramped position awoke her, nor could she tell whether it was that which put a sudden end to her slumbers, or these words, spoken, or so it seemed, close to her ear:

"Be careful!—be careful! We don't want an explosion before the time."

Had she really heard some one say this?

Before she could rouse herself sufficiently to move, the same voice, in more suppressed tones, became audible again, and now she discovered that she had unconsciously dislodged a couple of the books, and her ear was close to a rent in the paper—a rent that betrayed a crack in the panelling of the partition.

It was only just wide enough to enable her to discern a gleam of lamplight, but she could hear the rustle of paper.

The brothers Smith were packing a parcel, but of what description?

"Lend me your knife to cut this string," said the voice of the elder. "There! carried under the folds of the coat thrown carelessly over my arm, who will suspect what I have?"

"Take care your nerve does not fail you at the fatal moment," he was cautioned.

"Has it ever failed me?" hissed the first speaker, so savagely, that Mary shivered as she listened. "Luck has been against us, or we should have given these boasting, sneering Englishmen the lesson they need long ago. But there shall be no failure to-night. I have, as you know, tested our invention too carefully. If to-morrow's sun does not dawn on the ruins of the Parliament House and the bodies of these vaunted lawmakers, call me a traitor to our brotherhood."

"That you will never be; but where are you going now?"

"To dine at my ease. None but a fool would enter upon an important deed exhausted for lack of food. Your own preparations are made?"

"Yes. I shall be at the foot of the bridge, just before midnight, with a cab and our disguises. I have taken our berths on board the ship you selected. But before you go I have something to say. You will not raise any objections if I bring a companion with me?"

"A female one? The dressmaking girl of whom you are always raving? Pshaw! what folly! what madness! You don't propose taking her into our secrets?"

"Of course not," was the hasty reply. "I am neither fool nor madman enough for that. But I cannot bear the idea of leaving England without her."

"Has she agreed?"

The younger man laughed under his breath, and Mary trembled with horror and disgust as she heard him.

"I haven't asked her; she might take it into her head to say 'No.' But, if you raise no objections, I dare say I can prevent her from making any."

"How? You must not risk a scene. It might draw attention upon us."

"Don't fear that," interposed Mary's admirer. "I know what I am about. If she is summoned by telegraph to her sick sister, and I get a cab and ride with her to the station—a little chloroform in my pocket—— You understand, don't you?"

"Anyhow, you mustn't fail me," was the reply.

And then the voices ceased, and Mary Lester slid down on her knees, rigid with dread.

The closing of a door, the descending footsteps on the stairs of one at least of the conspirators, made her spring up, her heart beating wildly. Thank Heaven she was forewarned, and could escape before the wicked wretch who pretended to love her could put his vile plans into execution.

Thrusting her arms into a jacket, and snatching up her hat, she was flying from the room, when a sound outside made her shrink back and listen.

He was there; that was his well-known rap. If he suspected what she was meditating!

The rap was repeated, and, by an immense effort, Mary Lester assumed the composure she was far from feeling, and answered it.

"Who is there?" she demanded, as the door was roughly shaken.

"It is I. Open! I must speak to you!" he cried, imperatively.

A pause, and then Mary turned the key, and confronted him boldly.

"Will you do me a favour, Mr. Smith?" she asked, ere he could address her. "Will you get me a cab? I must take this dress home to Morton Crescent directly, or lose my sister one of her best customers."

"I'll find you a commissionaire who can take it for you," he said.

"As if I should trust such costly goods to a stranger!" cried Mary, pettishly. "I am bound to take them home myself, so I'll thank you not to hinder me. Anything you have to say must wait till I come back."

"Why should you toil for those bloated, purse-proud aristocrats?" he growled, as she laid Lady Alicia's costume in its box, and, with trembling fingers, buckled the straps.

"My gloves! I cannot find my gloves!" she exclaimed, without appearing to hear him. "Ah! here they are! Now I can start. I am sadly late, as it is."

"But how long shall you be away?" queried Mr. Smith, standing in the doorway, and barring her departure.

"Not more than an hour, I hope, for I am tired to death."

"You look so. I shall go with you to take care of you," was the startling reply. "We can get a cab at the stand in the next street;" and, shouldering the box, he ran downstairs with it, the dismayed

Mary following, because she knew not what else to do.

There was no one near to whom she could appeal for protection. The owners of the house were a couple of feeble old maids; the tenants of the first floor were absent; not even a policeman was visible when she reached the street door, to which Mr. Smith's whistle had already brought a passing cabman.

She clasped her hands distractedly, and made use of the only subterfuge that presented itself.

"I must go back for my purse! I have left my purse in my work-box!"

"What signifies? You can use mine," she was told. "But was there much in it?"

"A cheque, a bank note, some gold."

Mary saw the covetous eyes glisten. Mr. Smith knew the value of money, and thought it would be prudent to secure this, as well as his own great coat and valise, in the event of his not returning hither.

Up the stairs he sprang; and as soon as he was out of sight Mary fled too, in the opposite direction, jumping into the cab, and bidding the cabman drive as fast as he could.

She carried with her, tightly hugged to her bosom, the street-door key. The lock must be picked before Mr. Smith could follow her, and once under Lord Grandon's roof she should be safe from his machinations.

But as Mary's personal alarms died away, others awoke.

She remembered what she had overheard. One of those atrocious plots, that on rare occasions startle and horrify the whole community, was about to be carried out this very night, unless she could interfere to prevent it.

Lord Grandon—if she divulged what she knew to him? Alas! he was a nervous invalid. Her tale must be told to some one with more energy, some person with ability and influence enough to act upon it, and that directly.

While one doubted, and another hesitated, time would be speeding on, and the conspirator, with his infernal machine concealed under his great coat——

Mary Lester could pursue the dreadful thought no further. A few moments given to wildly distracting thoughts, and her resolution was taken.

She pulled the check-string, and bade the driver of the vehicle take her to Baron Downing's; to Whitehall, instead of Tyburnia.

He stared, grumbled a little, but obeyed, his astonishment increasing when, as he drew up under the portico of the minister's stately mansion at Whitehall, his fare alighted, arrayed in Lady Alicia's elegant dress, and rose-lined sortie-du-bal.

The reception was but just commencing, the first guests only arriving, when Mary Lester boldly entered the house, following on the steps of a party of American diplomatists and journalists of both sexes, curious to witness the affair from beginning to end.

While the Baroness Downing murmured polite nothings to her American visitors, Mary Lester glided past them, and laid her hand on the Baron's arm.

She had remembered, ere it was too late, that in her own character it might be difficult, perhaps impossible, to obtain an interview with the Home Secretary; and when had delays been more dangerous than to-night? Lady Alicia, fretting impatiently at her non-appearance, would forgive her when she knew that it was to avert a terrible catastrophe her maid was masquerading in her clothes.

The half a dozen words that were whispered in the Baron's ear, and his long look at the pale, frank face, upturned to his, made him an attentive auditor to the tale Mary poured into his ears.

Drawing her shaking fingers through his arm, he hastily led her to his study. There she had to repeat her strange story to the detectives hastily summoned from Scotland Yard, and to endure a yet worse ordeal, when in another disguise, a lad's cap and ulster, she had to take up a position in one of the lobbies of the house, and point out amongst the strangers waiting for admission, the elder of the Smiths.

So quietly was his arrest effected, that few of those present were aware of it, or knew that, but for a young girl's prompt intervention, they might have been the victims of his fiendish scheme.

What became of the younger Smith no one ever discovered. He contrived to effect his own escape from England, having left nothing behind him at his lodgings that could give the police a clue by which to trace him.

Mary Lester never went back to Bowden Square. At a late hour that evening, she was sent, in Baron Downing's carriage, to Lord Grandon's, arriving there so weary, so exhausted, that the kind Countess sent her to bed directly, and refused to hear any explanations till the morrow.

Kitty and Lizzie Lester returned to their old quarters, where they are still flourishing, and Mary visits them when she is in England, which is not often. Lady Alicia having married a Spanish grandee; but she never enters her sister's rooms without glancing with a thrill and a shudder at the pile of books that once hid a crack in the wall, and revealed to her a conspiracy.

ELIZABETH.

A RED DAWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RIFT IN THE LUTE," "PRINCESS THEKLA," "EVEN THIS SACRIFICE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LV.

BEFORE THE FIAT.

LOCHMOHR folded Claude, quivering from head to foot, to his breast; he did not utter a word; he hardly seemed to breathe. Her breath rose and fell in heavy throbs; it was long before she moved or spoke; there was no need; her heart was speaking to his; she was living through some such moments as he had lately known; but, presently, she lifted her head a little, and drew her face down to his.

"Esric, can it be true? Can it be true?"

"Dearest! I, too, doubted—doubted the evidence of my own senses—though I knew him the instant I saw him; the doctor, the magistrate, both recognized him. Dr. Gibson identified his signature. Why, too, should a man lie in his dying confession? To-day, later, I shall bring Gus and Maida to see him; they knew him well. It is true, quite true, Dieudonnée! I am free to love you, to claim you; there is no peril now—no terror of the time to come. Oh, Heaven!—it is madness! I have suffered, suffered! and now the light—this dazzling light!" He bowed his head on her breast; it was more of the old clinging clasp now. "You saved me, Dieudonnée," he whispered, "braving more than death for my sake—my love, my saint!" He raised himself, and his lips pressed hers again with all the passion of a lover, the reverence of a worshipper. "My wife!"

He told her presently, when both were calmer, more of the details of that strange interview; and how Arnold had deceived his wife, as well as others. In this, at least, Pauline was guiltless; yet, could barest justice urge on Esric Stewart to make to her the reparation that might seem to be her due? Law and moral justice set him free, and, indeed, it had been a wrong to Claude Verner not to claim what the law gave, and refuse to forge anew the bonds that had been broken.

Benson now came to summon Lochmohr to the death-chamber, to see that all was as it should be.

Arnold looked even more like his photograph than he had looked in life; death, in its first hours, endows with a fictitious youth. Lochmohr paid the woman who had assisted, and locking the door of the room, put the key in his pocket. Then Benson went to prepare some breakfast, and Lochmohr returned to Claude.

"I will take you back to Lexham Gardens," he said, when they had both had some coffee, "and presently bring Maida here; and I can wire to Langdale to meet me at The Ferns. Afterwards, when I have looked through his papers, and seen the letters Dr. Gibson is to bring, I must speak to Pauline."

Maida was not up when Claude and Lochmohr reached Lexham Gardens; but Claude went up to her, and merely told her that Arthur Fancourt was dead, and that Lochmohr was below, and wished to see her.

"I must not tell you anything, Maida," she said; "only, will you come down as soon as you can?"

Full of wonder and curiosity, Maida rose hastily, and dressed; but when she saw Lochmohr he gave no explanation beyond this—that he wanted Maida to accompany him and Claude to The Ferns, and that Major Langdale would meet them there. That all this had something to do with Fancourt, Maida could divine, but she was far from remotely guessing at the truth.

But, when they reached the house, Maida was not a little startled at the request Lochmohr preferred.

"Maida," he said, "will you go with Benson, the servant, into Fancourt's room? I have my own reasons for neither Claude nor I accompanying you."

"Yes, I will go," she said, wondering more and more. "I am not afraid to look on death."

"Thanks, Maida, dear."

He rang for Benson, and gave her the key of the room, and Maida went out with the servant.

Claude sat still in the drawing-room; Lochmohr walked up and down; not a word was spoken between them.

Five minutes—or was it ten?—passed; then Maida entered abruptly, her face deadly white, her eyes looking strange and scared. Lochmohr was at her side in a minute, and placed her gently in a chair; she clutched his hand convulsively.

"Was that why he sent for you?" she gasped. "Lochmohr, it is Richard Arnold!"

What a flash in the man's dark eyes! He bent down to her.

"You are sure, Maida?"

"Sure! How could I be mistaken? His was a most peculiar face—you remember my saying so to you once. That man is Richard Arnold."

"I know it, Maida," Stewart said, in a low, deep tone. "Thank Heaven that you, too, recognize him. You understand, now, of what priceless value to me is your evidence."

"Lochmohr!" she looked up to him, then at Claude, and burst into tears. Was not Pauline Arnold reaping, verily, as she had sown? No one thought of her shame and humiliation; no one dreamed of restitution to her—only rejoiced that the man whose life she had well nigh wrecked, was free to cast her off.

Langdale and Dr. Gibson, the latter bringing several letters to him from Arnold, arrived almost together; but Langdale, at Lochmohr's request, went up alone to the room where the dead man lay.

His recognition was as instant as Maida's had been; but that there might be no possibility of throwing doubt on the identity, Lochmohr sent for a photographer, and had a photograph of the dead man taken.

Meanwhile, he explained fully all that had happened, adding, quietly:

"There is but one course for me to take. Neither man's nor Heaven's justice can call upon me to marry the woman whose marriage with me was null and void. I shall claim, legally, the freedom that is mine."

"It would be a sin," Langdale said, "to act otherwise. And forgive me if I say that Pauline will feel far more the loss of wealth and position than the disgrace."

Claude went back to Lexham Gardens with Maida and Gus Langdale, and Lochmohr remained, first to see to the taking of the photograph, and, next, to see Julia Davenant, and explain to her so much as was necessary for her to know.

The dead man, he said, had made a confession to him, which in no way concerned her. He (Lochmohr) would see to the funeral. "Your wisest course," he added, significantly, "will be to get out of the country. Your career here is over. For the rest, I may tell you that should I find, among the papers Fancourt gave over to me, any incriminating you, I shall make no use of them. I should not stoop to mere revenge on a woman."

After this he searched Fancourt's rooms, but found nothing of any importance, save the cabinet containing the papers, and this, being easily portable, he took with him, in a cab, to Pall Mall.

Only a few hours since he left his chambers, and what a mighty revolution had those few hours wrought in his life!

At five o'clock that evening the papers had it that Chris Davenant and Basil Tollemache were arrested on a charge of criminal conspiracy, and through the clubs the news, with accompanying comments and conjectures, went like wildfire.

* * * * * *

It was a terrible ordeal that now lay before Esric Stewart. Pauline was soulless and wicked. She had striven to do him the deadliest wrong man or woman could do him. She had wronged him at the very beginning; not one solitary memory could he recall to soften into even a passing tenderness his thoughts of her. But she had believed herself his wife, and he must tell her that she had never been his wife; that he intended not to make her so now, but to claim his freedom.

He had threatened to hurl her down from her high place, and make her bite the dust. He was fulfilling his threat with a thoroughness of which he had not dreamed.

To her this fall would, in one sense, mean more than to a woman of finer nature; in another sense far less, though how much less Lochmohr did not fully understand.

It is beyond the province of a noble nature to perfectly comprehend the baseness of an ignoble one, the shallowness of a superficial nature. To such women as Claude and Maida the loss of wealth and position would be utterly swallowed up in the greater loss. They could only feel that they were, however innocent in themselves, shamed and dishonoured, most bitterly humiliated.

For Pauline this paramount feeling would resolve itself into mortification; the loss to her womanhood would be only felt through the blow struck at her worldly position, her unlimited command of money.

Lochmohr had known this from the beginning; yet in this crisis he could not believe, could not realize, how little he would wound her *as woman*. Maida would have said he tortured himself unnecessarily; but she might fail to quite comprehend how hard it is for a man—for this man more than many—to crush a woman.

Still, Lochmohr would not shrink from the task, would not even put it off; that moral cowardice, common to men, was not his; perhaps, too, the soldier habit of doing at once what has to be done came to his assistance.

He delayed only to search through Arnold's papers, and he found, among other important things, two photographs—one of Arnold himself, and another of Arnold and Pauline, taken together, evidently in the early days of their marriage.

There was also a copy of the marriage certificate; but this was of less value than many other papers, for the marriage was not, and could not, be disputed.

It was nearly five o'clock before he had got

through this business, and then he locked the papers away, and sent for Mac-Ian, to whom he had, of course, already told the occurrences of the night.

If he went to Carlton House Terrace now he would very likely find half-a-dozen callers; and in the evening Pauline might be going out. He must not call on chance, then, but know for certain whether he could see her or not.

He sent a brief note by Mac-Ian, saying that he must see her that evening, if she would fix her own time.

"What I have to speak to you about," he added, "admits of no postponement. Please make it convenient to see me."

He knew that Pauline, delighting in the empire of small things, would make a point of refusing the interview, unless he showed her clearly that he had no intention of accepting a refusal.

She was alone when the message was brought up to her. The tea still stood on the table by her side, and she was uneasily thinking over the news which she had just read of the arrest of Davenant and Tollemache. What did this move mean?"

"Ian Mac-Ian is waiting for an answer, ma'am," said the footman, giving her the note.

"Very well. You can go. I will ring."

She read with surprise, anger, and some alarm. Was it in connection with this arrest that her husband wanted to speak to her, or was it about a separation?

"It is that already," she muttered. "He is hardly ever here; and always imperious! I've a great mind to tell him I can't see him—I am going out—or simply refuse."

But she dared do neither. She had to content herself with the infinitely small satisfaction of keeping Mac-Ian waiting twenty minutes before she sent down the written message that she could see her husband at nine o'clock in the evening.

Mac-Ian looked at the crest on the envelope, and said to himself, grimly:

"Maybe it's the last time you'll use that crest, ma'am."

The same thought struck Lochmohr with a curious thrill when he took the little scented missive from Mac-Ian, and he tried to crush down that other inevitable thought which made all his pulses throb—of one who should have the right that, in truth, had never been Pauline's.

As he walked through Pall Mall to the house which might one day be a home, the newsboys were shouting out the news of that day's arrest. In a few days, the man thought, with a sharp pang, the world would have another sensation to talk of; he must buy freedom at some cost to his sensitive pride; and many would judge him harshly for failing to do what seemed the only possible thing for a man of honour to do!

How should they know? Still, there is inevitable bitterness to a proud man, who bears a stainless record, when his compeers judge him to have failed on a point of honour.

"Mrs. Stewart is in the drawing-room, sir," said the footman, who opened the door to him.

"Thanks." Lochmohr went straight up and opened the drawing-room door.

Pauline, attired in a rich tea-gown, was sitting by the fire, with a book on her knee; she looked up with elaborate carelessness as Lochmohr came in.

"Good evening," she said, with a half sneer.

CHAPTER LVI.

BITING THE DUST.

Lochmohr came up to the fireplace, and paused, resting his arm on the mantelpiece, and Pauline, looking at him more attentively, though she did so covertly, saw that he was perfectly colourless, and something in his face gave her a curious thrill of dread.

What was he going to say to her? Well, she would give him no assistance. She looked down at her book again, and the foolish insolence reminded him, by the very stab it gave him, that he was wasting compunction upon her.

"Please put that book aside, Pauline," he said, quietly, "and attend to me."

The request was a command. She hesitated a moment, then tossed the book on the floor.

"Very well," she said, "only don't detain me. The book is interesting, and I very much doubt if you will prove so."

"I am afraid," he said, "that you will find what I have to say more interesting than your book, though in a different way."

"Indeed!"

But the affected indifference could not hide from Lochmohr's keen perception the latent fear.

"Do you recall," he went on, not heeding the interjection, "my finding, by chance, and restoring to you, a photograph of your husband, Richard Arnold?"

"Yes." A confused idea of some pending exposure of her husband's shameful life shot through her brain; she had no conception of the truth. "What then?"

"The face," Stewart said, "owing to certain peculiarities, impressed itself on my memory. Last night, I was sent for to The Ferns. The man who has been living with the Davenants for some months, Arthur Fancourt, was dying, and wished to see me. He had something to tell me."

He paused, his eyes drooped, he almost held his breath. He was man, and Stewart, too—and the Stewarts had ever special, too often fatal, tenderness for women.

Pauline, wondering, but not seriously alarmed, asked:

"Do you mean that this man had something to tell you about my husband?"

One swift look he gave her, and his eyes drooped again, his lips paled, he spoke with an effort:

"Pauline! the man was your husband himself—Richard Arnold!"

She sprang to her feet with a sharp cry.

"You dare to say it! He is dead! This is some wretched mistake, or a vile plot!"

"It is neither one nor the other," said Lochmohr, unmoved by her almost hysterical vehemence. "I recognized the face the instant I saw it."

"Is that all your proof?" interrupted Pauline, with a harsh laugh.

"It is the least part of my proofs. Sit down and listen to me."

She obeyed him as a frightened child might have done. She looked lovelier than ever in her animal terror, but it hardly moved him now.

"Fancourt told me," he said, "that you, like others, believed him dead—in this, at least, you are blameless. He took advantage, for his own reasons, of the mistake which counted him among those killed in a railway accident, and took care that the report should reach you. The magistrate who took his dying deposition, recognized him at once; so did also the doctor who was sent for. This man has in his possession letters from Richard Arnold, and the signature is precisely the same as the signature to the deposition. Yet further to identify him, I sent separately for Mrs. Westmore and Major Langdale, who both knew Richard Arnold well. They were asked to go into the room, no hint being given as to the reason, and each instantly recognized Arnold. Among his papers, which he gave into my charge, are two photographs of him. I am having one taken of him, and this will be compared with the likenesses now in my possession. Are there any proofs wanting?"

Pauline had listened without interruption, simply because she was too stunned by the successive blows of these overwhelming proofs to utter word or cry—her face had grown livid and drawn; it looked almost old; her blue eyes stared wildly before her. Whatever she had dreaded, it was nothing like this.

"It is not true—it can't be true!" she struggled to say, but the words would not come yet.

In her inmost heart she knew Lochmohr was equally incapable of concocting a plot or of accepting insufficient evidence; but, to do her justice, she did not realize that what she had heard was true—it was too terrible.

"I won't believe it!" she said, at last, in a strained, choked voice. "I won't believe it!"

"Go and see him yourself, Pauline," said Lochmohr, gently.

She shuddered violently, and put up her hands to her head.

"Is he dead?" she whispered.

"He died early this morning."

"I can't look at death. I have never seen it!" she said, and slowly rising, steadied herself by the arm of the chair.

"Do you mean," she added, after a minute's pause, "that I am not your wife?"

Very low was the answer given. Again his heart was straitened for her.

"You are not my wife, Pauline!"

Then it seemed suddenly to burst upon her—not the shame, the dishonour, but the loss of wealth, position, credit, in the eyes of the world.

She sprang forwards, her hands clutched his arm convulsively:

"You are not going to repudiate me?" she almost shrieked. "He is dead! You can marry me now! You can make me really your wife! Esric! Esric!" For though he made no effort to free himself, his face was set like a flint; not hard or cruel, but stern and resolute. "You cannot do me this wrong—I did not know—I was innocent. Think of the shame! Esric, you are bound to make me your wife!"

"Loose your clasp, Pauline." With gentle force he released himself, and she staggered back and dropped into the chair, sobbing hysterically. "You are weeping even now for the loss of all you ever valued, not for the shame that should be your only thought. What claim have you on me, that I, being freed from you, should deliberately re-forge the fetters? You feigned the love that won me to a mad promise, repented of as soon as made; and when I came to you, and told you I could not bring you faith in heart as in act, you held me to my promise—not because you loved me, but because you loved what I could give you. What have you done since to redeem that initial wrong, boldly confessed when I had made you, as I believed, my wife? You have made my bondage so hideous to me, my life so hateful, that I sought for death. You have taunted me with the love upon which you flung me back as my only salvation; you strove to rob me even of that by a base, unwomanly intrigue in which the honour of the woman I love was to be sacrificed to a jealousy which had not even the excuse of passion. Is there even one gentle word or look, one tender action, the memory of which should move me to give you the right you claim?"

He moved a step nearer to her. She had stopped weeping, and sat staring at him blankly, with clenched hands and heaving bosom.

"You have sowed all bitterness," he said, "and you reap, as is just, confusion of face. I am free, and the law shall set its seal on my freedom. Till that time, remain here, if you choose."

"I shall remain here!" Pauline cried, suddenly and fiercely, as she started up. "And I shall fight the case. You talk of plots and conspiracies—was ever baser conspiracy than this? You prate of honour! What will the world say of your honour in refusing to do me the only justice you could offer? You threatened to make me bite the dust, and you have taken care to carry out your threat. I had nothing to do with the abduction of Claude Verner—if abduction it was! You accuse me without a shadow of proof. You want to be free, to marry Claude Verner; so you and your friends have concocted a scheme to hurl me down, and put her in my place; but if you succeed, you won't whitewash her. The world will take my part, and denounce you as dishonoured. As for her——"

"As for her!" said Lochmohr, in a voice that stayed the torrent of her fury, which, up till now, he had endured with a kind of contemptuous patience—"as to her, you have said too much already. Not one word more, or this very hour you leave this house. You can do what you please, legally, to maintain your position; but I will not suffer in my house, in my presence, any insult to Claude Verner."

"If I am not your wife," she said, with a savage sneer, though she shrank away, "I am free."

"If you are not my wife," said Lochmohr, "you are in this house on sufferance; if you are my wife, you must obey me."

She looked at him like a cowed animal, but did not utter a word. She was frightened, not only for the immediate present, but for the future. She was destroying her chances of a provision; she might be driven back to that old hand-to-mouth, adventuress existence, with vastly diminished chances, in her equivocal position, of gaining a rich husband.

"You drove me to it!" she muttered, sinking down again, and hiding her face. Stewart turned to the door.

"I shall not see you again," he said, "if I can help it. Good-bye."

And he went out. The interview had tried him far more than it had tried Pauline, although his was the gain, hers the irreparable loss; but then "loss," to her, meant things so poor and mean! Even her jealousy of Claude Verner did not blind her to the keen knowledge of all that was stripped from her.

She, who had ruled it a queen in society, to be cast out—a wife who was no wife; reduced to a mere pittance in comparison with the wealth she had commanded; and Claude reigning where she had reigned, wearing the jewels in which she had dazzled men, and even women.

"O, cursed spite!" the wretched woman, pitiable for the very poverty of her suffering, sobbed and wept, and finally went off into hysterics; and kept half a dozen servants in attendance upon her all night, to say nothing of the doctor, who, sooth to say, took matters very coolly; he knew Pauline too well to be alarmed by her hysterics.

But it was some consolation to her to make a fuss; and, in her worst "tantrums," she never said a word more than she meant to say, and raved about her wrongs and her husband's cruelty, in a manner which would have made some of her youthful admirers long to challenge Captain Stewart; but the servants exchanged glances, and the doctor said in his heart, "I wouldn't change places with Captain Stewart for three times his wealth."

The next day Pauline posed as an interesting invalid, and sent for her solicitor.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE CONSPIRACY TRIAL.

"It is said, on good authority, that a very remarkable *cause célèbre* will shortly come before the courts, in which a well-known officer, closely concerned in another pending case, will appear as plaintiff in a suit for nullity of marriage; the plea being that his wife's first husband, though since dead, was alive at the time of her second marriage."

This was the paragraph which appeared in a morning paper two or three days later, and produced a vast sensation in the clubs and society generally; for those who did not know Stewart of Lochmohr, could be at no loss to discover in him the officer alluded to. "Society" soon became aware of the broad facts of the case, and it was significant that all those who were personally acquainted with Esric Stewart stood by him, and held him blameless, in repudiating the wife to whom he was not legally bound. Some of those who did not know him, condemned him as dishonourable.

"He could marry her now; he ought to do it," said they.

"All very fine," remarked Sir James Feltham, to one such objector. "You don't know Pauline Arnold—I do. I can tell you, my boy, that some men—not ruffians either—would have shot that woman one of these days."

Both cases were set down for hearing, in their different courts, within three weeks of each other, the conspiracy case coming on first. The paragraphs in the *Vanguard* had ceased, and for a very salient reason, for Captain Stewart walked into the editor's room one morning, and first informing that alarmed person that he was hardly worth a horse-whipping, proceeded to warn him as to the future.

"If any more such scandals are published," he said, "I shall be at the pains of breaking a horse-whip across your back. Good morning."

And no more "such scandals" did appear, but it got about that the editor had been "personally" warned, and his life among his *confrères* was made very far from pleasant in consequence.

It was in the middle of November that the conspiracy charge came on for hearing, and if the court had been ten times larger, it could not have held the crowds of "smart" people who wanted to be present; and surely, not often are so many aristocratic faces seen among the general public, as that day jostled in the area of the court with the humbler sort of people.

Basil Tollemache, who had been arrested at his own place in Northamptonshire, still weak from his wound, was allowed to sit. He looked dogged and sullen, and scarcely raised his eyes.

His position was a perilous one, and he knew it.

Chris Davenant held himself erect, and tried to "bluff it out," but even he felt abashed when he beheld so many well-known faces, and, after a glance at Claude, the nominal prosecutrix, and Lochmohr, who was close by with Lady Meldune, Mrs. Westmore, Major Langdale, and Mac-Ian, he hardly looked that way again.

Claude was very white, but she bore herself bravely, and listened attentively to the able speech of her counsel; and then her name was called, and she rose up.

Maida clasped her hand for a moment. The girl tried to smile, and raised her eyes to Lochmohr's. She needed that look of his to give her courage, but the murmur of admiration that ran through the court at the sight of her youth and beauty made her quail.

She flushed, then grew deadly white again. Her voice trembled as she took the oath, but she mastered herself, and her first answer was given in clear, steady tones.

Esric's name, his presence, were her talisman; she must bear up for his sake.

Her account of the abduction carried conviction with it. It was impossible to suppose that she had gone willingly with her captors; and it was at once seen, by the cross-examination, that the defendants' counsel only intended to try for mitigation of punishment, on the ground that the prisoner, Tollemache, believed Miss Verner to be at heart well affected towards him, and that he never intended to keep her in captivity, or do her any real injury, and that Davenant joined with him on these issues.

In pursuance of that line he would try to prove that Claude had gone with Lochmohr as her lover, and Esric Stewart set his teeth and held his breath when Davenant's counsel approached the episode of the rescue, and Claude turned half sick with terror; but she never gave way outwardly.

But Mr. Green abandoned that ruffianly defence. Claude's answers to her own counsel had made her innocence so clear; her looks, her rescuer's well known character, the circumstances, were all so entirely in her favour, that not only the man felt he *could* not put such cruelly unjust questions to a sinless girl, but to do so would seriously prejudice his clients.

He did not even ask Claude any questions concerning the relations between her and Captain Stewart; but he might not deal quite so gently with Lochmohr himself.

A deep hum went through the court when Claude was released. Stewart could only feel a very passion of thankfulness that she was spared. The worst was over.

When Claude came back to her place, feeling half dizzy, for a minute or two, from the fearful tension, the unexpected relief, he managed, unseen, to get her hand into his, and press it closely; and that clasp, and his eyes, as they met hers, said what his tongue could not utter, and gave her back the strength that had almost failed her.

Then Lochmohr himself was called, and gave an account of all that had happened since his reception of Maida's telegram; and often those who knew him—especially army men—smiled as they listened; the whole proceeding was so like a soldier, so pre-eminently like Stewart of Lochmohr!

Claude's counsel passed lightly over the shooting episode; but asked more particularly—for Claude's sake—about the Raven's Tower, eliciting the answers which showed Lochmohr had no choice between that place and remaining at the woodman's cottage.

Those answers, the witness's whole manner and bearing, made Mr. Green despair of getting anything favourable to his clients out of a cross-examination.

This Highlander, true soldier and true gentleman, could not possibly be basest of betrayers. But counsel would do his best.

After a few preliminary questions, he asked:

"Now, Captain Stewart, was this very dramatic rescue undertaken by you for mere friendship?"

"I would have done as much for any woman," replied Lochmohr, quietly, "friendship or no friendship."

An outburst of applause, which made Mr. Green frown.

The witness paused; he had not spoken for effect, but he decidedly scored, nevertheless.

"But, as a matter of fact," said Mr. Green, "was it not something more than friendship that actuated you?"

"Yes."

"You admit that you, a married man, had an affection for Miss Verner?"

"Yes; but one that did her no wrong, even in thought."

Again a murmur of applause. Counsel felt he was losing, not gaining ground; even the jury did not look shocked, as a British jury should have looked, at such an admission. Mr. Green passed on to another point.

"It is admitted that the defendant, Tollemache, was wounded by you. When you fired was the defendant offering to attack you?"

"No. I entered the house, and met him face to face. I fired straight at him." (Sensation.)

"You fired straight at an unarmed man, who had not even offered to attack you?" said Mr. Green, impressively.

Lochmohr answered coolly:

"He was armed; but I didn't take that into account."

"You meant to kill him?"

"I certainly took no pains to avoid killing him. He had to take his chance."

Again sympathy with the witness, and not with his questioner, although Lochmohr owned, with stern coolness, to an act that generally shocks an English audience out of all sympathy. After a few more questions, Mr. Green gave it up. He thought it wisest not to cross-examine Captain Stewart about the Raven's Tower. He would "take nothing," and certainly discredit still more his sufficiently discreditable case by such a course.

Ian Mac-Ian's evidence was only corroborative; he was not cross-examined; and then Mr. Green addressed the Court for the prisoners. He was unable, he said, to deny the offence. Undoubtedly Miss Verner had been abducted against her will, to be forced into a marriage with Tollemache. All he would ask for was a mitigation of punishment. Tollemache was very much in love with the young lady, and there was no proof that he meant to proceed to extremities; while Davenant clearly intended to protect her against any such possibility. Furthermore, the prisoners had both received their punishment at the hands of Captain Stewart, who, taking the law into his own hands, had injured both prisoners—Tollemache, probably, for life. His own admission was that he "fired straight at" Tollemache, and, if the latter had not swerved, he would have been killed on the spot.

The present proceedings had entirely cleared Miss Verner's name from imputations which had been cast upon it, and surely Captain Stewart had had ample revenge for any injury done to Miss Verner.

Claude's counsel replied on the whole case, and the Judge summed up. It soon became evident that he did not consider the punishment the prisoners had already received as a mitigation of what they were yet to receive. The offence was one of the gravest that could be committed, and but for the prompt action taken by Captain Stewart, Miss Verner might have been placed in a very terrible position.

He (the Judge) was not going to say a man had a right to take the law into his own hands; but one could not expect any man to act in cool blood under the circumstances. Of course, Captain Stewart should have sought the aid of the police; but he preferred "Jedwood justice." However, they were not there to try Captain Stewart for shooting the prisoner Tollemache, but to try Tollemache and Davenant for conspiring to deprive Miss Claude Verner of her liberty for an unlawful purpose. The severity of the charge gave the prisoners no hope.

A curious gray look came over Tollemache's face as he listened. Davenant's courage all but failed him utterly. The verdict of "guilty" contained no recommendation to mercy, and the Judge, in passing sentence, said that the class in life of the accused aggravated instead of mitigated their crime. They were condemned to the heaviest sentence of penal servitude which the law allowed, and there was not one look, one murmur of pity for them as they were led out of court, to vanish for ever from the world that had known them.

[To be concluded.]

"A Red Dawn" commenced in No. 1,353 and Part CCCXXXV.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS GENERALLY.

All Letters should be addressed to Merton House, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London.

As our Correspondence has greatly increased with the increased popularity of our Journal, we purpose from this date to answer questions of immediate importance by post within a few days of their receipt from all English and Foreign Subscribers. 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.

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.*

American Subscribers must please to remember to put five-cent stamps on their letters, or we shall not be able to take them in in future, as we so frequently have twopence to pay in consequence of insufficient stamping. American stamps are of no use here for return letters.

JUDY AND VERA.—(1) Nut-brown and dark brown. (2) We know of nothing that will reduce one part of the body without the other. (3) Use Lake's Complexion Pilules; they are excellent. If you are unable to obtain them in America, we can get a small packet and forward to you by post for 1s. 6½d =38c. Send postal order. American stamps of no use here.

BURMAH.—Use the following lotion for your face three times a day: Sulphate of iron 4 drachms, water 4 oz; mix. Also bathe your face with cold milk with a little alum dissolved in it. We should say the discomfort arises from a defective circulation.

AN IGNORANT ONE.—(1) Yes, you can obtain our Journal almost anywhere in America, or from the International News Co., 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York. (2) You can go (steerage) to New York by the Red Star Line direct from London for £3 10s. 0d. Passengers leave from Liverpool Street Railway Station every Thursday at 4.30 p.m.

S. A. O., A LOVER OF THE *Y. L. J.*—(1) That tied with pale blue is the prettiest colour; it is chestnut-brown. (2) Pink, a darker shade of chestnut. (3) Dark brown. (4) In very good proportion. (5) You will find lait virginal an excellent wash for the face: Rosewater or elderflower-water 1 pint, tincture of myrrh 6 drops, simple tincture of benzoin ½ oz; the benzoin and myrrh must be added drop by drop to the rosewater, stirring the whole time. (6) We know of nothing harmless that will brighten and enlarge the eyes; we strongly advise you to use nothing for the purpose, as nearly all the preparations are more or less injurious. (7) Moderately good, but rather unformed.

KATE URELVILLE.—(1) See reply (4) to "A Little African," in No. 1,363. (2) Smyrna Sultana is a permanent stain; you can obtain it from Madame Purcell, 11, Shirley Park Road, Southampton.

HELEN V. G.—(1) The German for bitter apples is *Coloquinte*. We can send ½ oz bitter apples to Germany for 1s. 2d. (2) Sleep in kid gloves smeared inside with the following pomade: ¼ lb honey, 2 oz white wax, ¼ pint salad oil, the juice of 1 lemon; cut the wax in shreds, put it in a jar, which stand in a saucepan of boiling water to melt the wax, add the other ingredients, and when melted beat with a fork till cold. Persevere for 4 or 5 months with this pomade. We are glad to know that you like our Journal so much; many thanks for so kindly recommending it.

HELENA.—Dieudonnée means "given by God."

ONE IN BUSINESS.—We cannot advise you in the matter; your only course is to wait patiently till your friend returns, or get some other friend to introduce you.

MARGARET OF BRANKSOME.—(1) If you are unable to obtain it, we can send you a bottle by post for 1s. 6d. to any part of the United Kingdom. (2) Gray linnets may be fed on canary, rape, poppy, millet, and linseed. (3) Rub the bust twice daily, night and morning, for 10 minutes with equal parts of linseed oil and lait virginal; also take small doses of cod liver oil frequently.

AMERICA.—(1) You can obtain the peroxide from any large drug store in America; we could not send it by post to you, as it would probably burst during the voyage. (2) Mr. Alex. Ross, 21, Lamb's Conduit Street, Holborn, supplies a Skin Tightener in a granulated form, price 3s. 6d. and 5s. 6d.; we can get it and send it to you if you wish; the postage would be about 10d. extra. (3) We can send you the golden ointment by post for 11d.=22c. When sending, please forward payment by means of a money order; American stamps are of no use here, neither are postal notes payable in U.S.A. If coin be enclosed in a letter without registering, we have to pay 8d. before we can receive it. We had to pay 3d. for your letter, owing to its being insufficiently stamped.

NORA MCCONVILLE.—See reply (2) to "America." Use the following lotion 3 times a day: Alum ½ drachm, tannin ½ drachm, glycerine 2 drachms, water 4 oz, rectified spirit 1 drachm; mix, and rub into the skin.

ROSAMOND.—(1) We are sorry we are unable to tell you; possibly, as you mix more in society, the nervousness will wear off. (2) We can suggest nothing better for promoting the growth of the hair than the mixture of rum and bitter apples so often recommended by us: Steep ½ oz bitter apples in ½ pint best Jamaica rum for three days, then strain through muslin, squeezing with the fingers to extract all moisture from the apple; bottle, cork, and apply to the roots of the hair with a sponge-mop. We can send you the bitter apples for 9d. by post to any part of the United Kingdom. (3) Moderately good, but it needs improvement.

HOLLY.—(1) Use oatmeal in the water instead of soap; also rub the following on the face 2 or 3 times a day: Sulphate of zinc 2 grains, comp. tincture of lavender 8 minims, water distilled 1 oz; mix. (2) Lemon juice will whiten the skin; Lake's Complexion Pilules are excellent for clearing and improving the complexion; we can send them to you for 1s. 3d. per packet. (3) The cup and saucer should be at the right-hand side of the plate. (4) We can send you the prepared pumice-stone by post for 9d. to any part of the United Kingdom. (5) Yes, stamps will do. (6) Your letter is very clearly written.

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Our correspondent writes:—"When Stanley landed at Dover he was literally surrounded by Demons. I counted thirty-three of these pretty little Cameras, all loaded in readiness to take a snap-shot at him—and although I could not see any of the results, I have no doubt they were highly satisfactory, for the intense excitement on their owners' faces gave place to calm content immediately the trigger was pulled."

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"DEAR SIR,—I received the 'Demon' to-day, and can only say it is as good as a Camera that cost me £10. Please send some Photographic Catalogues, as many of my friends wish to purchase from you.

"AUBREY L. BOYD."

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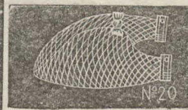

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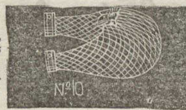

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Like the majority of the marvellous Electrical appliances which have been invented of recent years, this latest triumph, the Electric Hair Curler, hails from America, where almost every lady of the land uses it. Unsolicited testimonials, couched in the most eulogistic terms, have been received from all parts of the world by the inventor of this ingenious, time saving, and altogether admirable piece of mechanism.

By its aid, the hair, beard, or moustache can be curled in any style in two minutes. It produces any form desired by ladies wearing their hair in the fashionable "loose and fluffy" mode. Gentlemen's moustaches and beards curled for the day in a few seconds. A beautiful article; handle of rosewood, other part nickel-plated.

Entirely harmless to the hair. Saves time and trouble, and never fails to curl or crimp in the most graceful, beautiful, and artistic style.

Ladies who wear crimps, or other forms of false hair, will find the Electric Curler an article of the greatest utility. It is simple in its operation, and can be used by everybody with entire success the first time. *Sent post free on receipt of 2s. 6d. by the*

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DR. CAMERON'S Improved Pills cure Stoutness rapidly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 6d. to DR. CAMERON, Imperial Mansions, Oxford Street. London, W.

Kitty's Courtship.

(SONG.)

Words by CUTHBERT FRANKLIN. Music by H. ELLIOT LATH.

Moderato. *f* *p* PIANO.

'Twas on a love-ly sum-mer eve, not ve-ry long a-go, That you and I stroll'd thro' the fields a-bout a mile or so; He talk'd of this, and talk'd of that, of news by wire and mail, Un-til the to-pic somehow turn'd up-on the old, old tale!

rall. *scherzando.* *mf*

"Kit-ty, dear," said Tom, "just list to what I say, I've lov'd you long, and love you well, now won't you name the day? Tell me when 'twill be, that I shall call you mine, If you love me as I love you, you will not this de-cline!"

rit. *colla voce.* 1st verse. 2nd verse. cline!" D.C.

Now, what d'you think I said to him, when he had told me this?
Why, simply that I loved him too, and sealed it with a kiss;
And now 'tis known both far and near around the country-side,
That Tom will shortly married be, and I shall be his bride!

That is how it was that on a summer eve,
Our plighted troth we vowed to keep, and ne'er each other leave.
Then I named the day, the happy, happy day,
I tell you true, as you may guess, it was not far away!

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FISH NAPKINS, 2/6 and 3/6 per dozen. DINNER NAPKINS, 4/6 and 5/6 per dozen.

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