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TITLED FOLKS.

As Well as Merely Notable People—Their Ways.

THE African explorer, Major Serpa Pinto, has a classical nose, broad brow, dark eyes, and a daring expression, which all combine in a countenance of great attraction.

THE young Count Andrassy and his party, some of whose members are editors of Austrian papers, are now in California, having visited the West and South with an eye to colonization.

THE six bridemaids at the wedding of Lord Colin Campbell and Miss Blood were attired after Sir Joshua Reynolds, in pale blue nun's veiling over skirts of white lace, with India muslin fichus. The bridegroom's gift to each was a merry-thought brooch, with the gemmed initials "G. C."

A fan of fifty ostrich tips, mounted on tortoise-shell sticks, with the fair owner's monogram and coronet in pearls and diamonds on the outside, the whole affair large enough to hide the figure to the waist, is the nine days' wonder in fashionable London, and a present from Lord Lonsdale to his wife.

FASHIONABLE life seems arranged solely for display and effect. At the recent wedding of Mr. Auriol Barker and Miss Cockerton, the bride carried a bouquet more than two feet in diameter. The seven bridemaids completed a color-harmony in rich material, the first bridemaid wearing the palest shade of old gold, and the tint deepening, until it became a bronze in the seventh lady.

HISTORIC places seem to change hands as often as in this country do political offices. Newstead Abbey has had two masters since Byron's death; Abbotsford has been advertised for a "desirable autumn residence"; Strawberry Hill, which Horace Walpole tied up in order to keep it in the Waldegrave family, is to be sold shortly; careless tenants have injured Rydal Mount; while Gadshill has been sold, and its contents scattered to the winds.

Mr. Victor Drummond, First Secretary, and at present Charge d' Affaires of the British Legation at Washington, who is engaged to Miss Lamson of New York, is a relative of Lord Strathallan, and son of a former member of the great banking firm of Drummond & Co., of Charing Cross, London. That house started early in the last century, and became custodian of the finances of the Scotchmen connected with the Jacobite cause; but as Jacobitism died out the Drummonds formed other associations, and at length became bankers to members of the house of Hanover. Messrs. Drummond, whose commercial standing is of the highest, have lately rebuilt magnificently their place of business on the old site which is situated at a coigne of vantage on the road from Pall Mall to the Parliament houses, thus making it specially convenient to legislators. Mr. Drummond's mother is sister of Lord John Manners and of the late Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, one of the first ladies of rank who travelled in and described this country.

PEOPLE do not tire of reading of the personal tastes and surroundings of Lord Beaconsfield, whose house in Curzon Street, London, is thus described: "The first room into which the visitor enters is the library, the front room on the ground-floor. This has a handsome Indian carpet, and the furniture here is Chippendale. The dining-room, which leads out of the library, has polished oak furniture, including a sideboard, evidently made to fit a recess. A very handsome Turkish carpet covers the floor. Next to the dining-room and library interest will centre in the late statesman's bedroom. This is on the first floor, and is remarkable for the hangings. The walls are covered with blue silk, having roses in bloom spread gracefully over it, and the same material forms curtains alike for the window, for the bed, and coverings for the chairs. The anteroom to the bedroom is similarly decorated. The drawing-rooms, on the same floor, are in great contrast, so far as color is concerned, to the bedroom and anteroom, the curtains, chairs, ottomans, sofas, and tables being covered in brilliant crimson satin damask for all except the tables, for which velvet is used.

A London correspondent of the New York *Times* describes William Black, the novelist, as "slight, and not very tall, with a fine head, dark hair, and expressive dark eyes. He is courteous and genial in manner, with a little trick of looking down as he talks, and suddenly raising his eyes with a quick, keen expression at any remark that interests or amuses him. In conversation he is charming, and in his own house and at his own table a most gracious and kindly host. His fund of story, anecdote, and repartee is inexhaustible, while to be with him is but constantly to recall Dick Steele's tribute to the Lady Elizabeth Hastings, that 'to know her was a liberal education.' He has slender and well-formed hands, and he is always a *preux chevalier* in his appearance. Mrs. Black is, as according to the law of contrasts she should be, a blonde, with blue eyes, a fair complexion, and soft, plenteous golden hair that waves about her head most artistically. She is clever and interesting beyond most women, all the more so perhaps because of the little air of sadness that surrounds her. She has a sweet voice and pleasant manners, is an intense admirer of her husband, though thoroughly capable of criticising keenly and impartially his work, only desirous that he shall not lose his position with the public that he has so honestly won." Mr. Black is forty years old, and was born in Glasgow.

INTERESTING FACTS.

Items to Please and Instruct Most Everybody.

A St. Louis physician says that the gum exuded from the linden produces a most deadly poison, known as "lindoline." A cat inoculated with a needle dipped in "lindoline" died in eighteen seconds. The doctor thinks that a pin scratch touched with it would kill a man in less than two minutes. It is an antidote for morphine poisoning, but must be very largely diluted. It is from the linden that most of our wooden toothpicks are made.

IRELAND will have, if the reports are true, an excellent harvest this year. An unusually large area of the island is under cultivation, and the outlook has has not been so favorable for good crops since 1872. The tillage at Leinster comprises a million and a half of acres, and the barley there is fine, while the hay crop is the most abundant on record. Hay is also a large crop in Ulster, and much of it will probably find its way across St. George's Channel, to supplement the falling off in the English production.

YOUNG ladies who dance themselves into a fever in strange houses will do well to make a note of the fate of a young Irish lady and an officer of the Forty-seventh British Regiment, who walked out of a window at Kingstown, Ireland, the other evening, fancying there was a balcony in front of it, and were instantly killed. A similar accident happened to a lady named Pennefather, at Thomastown, about the same time. She walked out of a window at Thomastown Castle, and fell thirty feet to the ground, but, strangely enough, escaped without any serious injury.

THE apparent cause of the recent insubordination in the Army of Egypt is a disposition on the part of the Khedive to yield less to their demands than heretofore, or possibly to restrict certain of the privileges which they already enjoy, and of these some are extraordinary. Outside observers have long foreseen how this dangerous and ignorant power was growing up in Egypt, and it will be a blessed day if the Khedive ever sees it and puts himself to work for its overthrow. About a fortnight ago he ordered a court-martial trial of certain unruly soldiers at Alexandria. Their ring-leader was condemned to hard labor for life, and eight of them were sentenced to three years' hard labor each at Khartoum, to be followed by service as recruits in the Soudan. This is heroic treatment.

HETTY.

A STORY.

I wish the hoarse dog at Number Nine were a better sleeper.

He always seems to have something on his mind. He is not content to keep it there either, but must forever be taking the moon—when there is one—into his confidence.

He is a dog who has a keen sense of his own responsibilities, too, and feels called upon to bark at every boy who whistles as he passes, and at every dog who peeps in through the various gaps in the wooden palings of his house.

So he does a good deal of barking, take it altogether, and is looked upon by the inhabitants of Paradise-place in general as a safe and sure protection against burglars and all evil-doers.

Still, when working hard at "copy," for which I know the printer's devil will be howling at my gates in the morning, I am sorry the hoarse dog is of such a conscientious disposition.

When I say "howling at my gates," I speak metaphorically. As a matter of fact, I have no gates. As a matter of fact, I have only a share in a front door. You knock three times, and that means the little, plain-looking, shabby, woman in the second floor front.

I am only a lodger, you see, in Number Eight Paradise-place, and ours is not an aristocratic neighborhood. Yet we have an odd sight or sound that is pleasant in its way, for all that.

I really don't think I ever saw finer mignonette than grows in the window of Number Twenty, over the way; and, dear me! how sweetly the perfume steals across the narrow street when the weather is still and warm.

Then there is the lark fastened outside the attic window of Number Ten. Did ever one hear such melody as he makes when they put him out first thing in the morning? He squats on the square of turf in the bottom of the cage, presses his speckled breast to the bars—and I shut my eyes, and am back in my old country home. The furrows of the freshly turned fields have a fresh, pungent smell. I hear my young brother (long since laid to rest in a far-off land) whistling as he comes home from work, with our blue-eyed baby sister toddling along by his side holding bravely on to one finger of his strong, sunburnt hand. The farm door stands open; the passage inside is pied with gently stirring leaf shadows from the ivy that clusters all over the old porch; and—yes—there is the mother I shall never see again, knitting in hand, peeping from the doorway at those two approaching figures—the stalwart lad and the blue-eyed bit of a lassie.

These are the visions I see as I listen to the lark, and hope he doesn't mind very much being doomed to live in a small wire house and cheer us poor toilers with his song.

Yes; even Paradise-place has its pleasures. As to the stories I write—why, they are full of lords and ladies, and everything is on the most genteel scale imaginable. I take in a fashion paper to study the dress of the upper circles; though on this point I am forced to admit that the artist who "does" the illustrations is a trial to me, and often astonishes me with the look of my own creations—on paper.

I am strangely, marvelously alone in the world.

The old homestead, father, mother, big brother, blue-eyed sister—all are gone.

But that is not the story I am going to tell you now.

Suffice for you to know that I am a lonely woman, gray-haired, sad-eyed; almost penniless, save for what a busy pen can earn; inclined to be querulous with the hoarse dog at Number Nine, but yet ready to bask in a ray of sunshine; thankful for the lark's song and the scent of the mignonette; thankful that there is work to be done, and money to be earned thereby, sufficient for my simple wants.

It seems a very small story I have to tell, but yet it had a keen interest for me at the time it happened, and I often look back upon it. I have often wondered I had the courage to do as I did, but I have never repented of what I did.

Well, just as the Spring was passing into Summer; just as the fresh green leaves of the trees in the People's Park, that lay within a stone's throw of Paradise-place were beginning to get a bit dusty, and the primroses and violets were going out of season, a pretty sight caught my eye one morning and kept me from my work longer than it ought to have done.

It was a woman's face, framed in an open window—the very one where the mignonette box stood, and whence came the whiff of the many-blossomed flowers in Summer.

Just now nothing was visible in this long green box except a vast crown of tiny two-leaved plants, that might have been baby cabbages, or cress, or anything—if one hadn't known they were mignonette.

The upper half of the window was shaded by a shabby sort of green blind; the lower, open, framing, as I have said before, a woman's face.

The profile was toward me first. Rather large and massive in outline, but wonderfully Madonna-like, with sleek-brown hair drawn simply back and folded round a comb.

We had a pretty face or two in Paradise-place, but daintiness and neatness were not qualities common among us. But this woman was exquisitely neat, and I could see the little snow-white collar round her throat.

Presently, still loitering at my window, she turned, and I saw her full face.

A broad, noble brow, disguised by no disfiguring fringe or tousle of hair of any kind; lambent eyes, clear and steadfast; and the very sweetest smile I had ever seen before, or have ever seen since.

How did I know this?

Why, because she looked across, as I did, and smiled at me.

That moment, out burst the lark at Number Ten into a madness of trills and roulades, and somehow the sound seemed a sort of excuse for that silent greeting. Of course I returned the smile—nay, I am not sure I did not give the least bit in the world of a nod as well. Then I sat down to my desk, giving all my energies to the task of extricating a young and beautiful Countess out of a tangle of most trying circumstances into which I had carefully led her the previous evening.

Somehow the face at the window opposite seemed a sort of inspiration. Never had my thoughts flowed in a clearer stream; never had the agony of a suffering heroine piled up more thrillingly; never had the inevitable "happy ending" foreshadowed itself so delightfully.

I began to weave a romance in my own mind round that Madonna-faced woman. The Countess was safely landed on the matrimonial shore after her struggles through the waters of affliction, so I could afford to be idle a bit.

If kept waiting for "copy," the printer's devil was apt to scandalize the neighborhood (which, though poor, was eminently respectable) by singing low songs and whistling in an impudent and distracting manner, hanging himself on to the area rails in impossible attitudes the while; but to-day his bundle of manuscripts were ready long before he appeared—a state of affairs that I am perfectly sure disappointed him extremely as curtailing his opportunities of harrowing the little world of Paradise-place.

There was no more "copy" due for nearly a week to come.

I would be idle for a while; I would stroll into that park of which we were all so proud, sit on a seat under a tree and watch the shabby children turning somersaults and standing on their heads in the grass; take a glance at the rhododendrons beginning to break out into a blaze of color; watch the laburnum shaking its golden locks out in the soft, warm wind; meditate on future difficulties into which to lead aristocratic feet, future depths of unspeakable bliss upon which to let the curtain drop.

A single chop and a rice-pudding in a breakfast saucer for our dinner are simple fare, but they do not preclude the needy author from telling of magnificent banquets and festivities in dazzling halls of light. In the same way the homely and occasionally sordid details of my daily life in no way clipped the wings of my imaginings, and these flights of fancy always seemed to have fuller scope in the open air, when green boughs waved in slow and stately fashion between me and the blue sky beyond.

Yes, I would go commune with nature, first ordering the chop and pudding to be ready an hour hence.

I would weave an intricate and exciting plot—a plot that would hold my reader breathless, and cause my editor to greet me, on my next visit to the editorial sanctum, with his blandest smile; and my heroine should be limned after the pattern of that sweet-faced calm-eyed woman, my new neighbor.

I had chosen a delightful seat, quiet and retired, yet within earshot of children's voices and the quacking of many ducks, (for we had a pond—quite a large pond, too—in our park,) when, moving slowly, and in strange timid fashion, my new neighbor came along one of the side walks.

I confess to experiencing a shock. I confess that Pegasus, just about to soar aloft, floundered pitiably.

The Madonna-faced woman was what is called in homely parlance, a crook-back.

A simple brown bonnet was tied over her brown hair, the two nearly matching each other. Her blue eyes—wonderful eyes they were in very truth—full of a sort of pathetic pleading, as if asking all the world to be tolerant of her deformed shape and awkward, shambling gait—looked at me as she passed. I almost fancy she would have stopped and taken a place upon the bench beside me but for the fact that she was on her way to keep an appointment. I came to this conclusion unhesitatingly, because I have learned to read people's errands from the way they go about them and know the look of a person on the way to a business interview off by heart.

Poor people do not wait for introductions to make each other's acquaintance. It is one of the advantages of poverty that it is untrammeled by conventionality.

A week later I knew Hetty Deacon to speak to as we passed each other in the street; to nod to as we looked at each other from opposite windows. A month later I seemed to have known her all my life. I wondered how I had ever managed to get on without her sweet companionship—her ready sympathy.

For you never saw anyone so interested in the beautiful young Countesses and wicked young Dukes as Hetty was! She would laugh right merrily over the funny bits of my stories, and I am sure I have seen her eyes quite bright and tearful over my death-bed scenes. You know people always die at great length, and very much more picturesquely, on paper than they do in real life, and I was a great hand at that sort of thing. I am a very old woman now, and an unexpected legacy has made it quite unnecessary for me to write "fiction for the million," as we called our weekly paper. I may say that much without laying myself open to the charge of being vainglorious.

Yes, I was a good hand at the pathetic parts. I often brought the tears to my own eyes, and my voice quite fluttered as I read aloud to Hetty about pale faces on white pillows, and wan hands that clasped those that fain would never let them go.

"How clever you are!" she would say; "I should never have thought of that."

Success I had had in a certain small way of my own; success that meant a due and regular supply of chops and pudding, and a cheap trip to the sea once every Autumn; but this, I felt, was fame—this was incense—this was a sip out of the intoxicating cup of glory!

It was such a help to me having some one near at hand to take an interest in the webs I spun with my busy brain.

Some while back I had tried the landlady's daughter; but the attempt was a failure. She ate surreptitious sweets while I read to her, and made nasty sucking noises over them. I caught her once, in the most thrilling part of a most thrilling story, making vulgar signs with her fingers to her younger brother through the clink of the room door. Then I gave the thing up, convinced that the higher education of the masses was a hopeless affair. But it was different, quite different, with Hetty.

And I grew to love the girl (she was but eighteen) with all my heart. There had been black and terrible troubles in my past life. All I loved had been reft from my hold; worse still, those I trusted in most blindly had proved untrue. Mine was a sad story enough; grief and disappointment had seemed to wither me; I had made no ties, formed no friendship in these latter years. But now, I was like an old tree that suddenly sprouts out into little fresh green branches of leaves all about its hoary trunk. I let Hetty creep into my heart of hearts and nestle there.

Hetty was an artists' model.

"I only sit for the face and head, of course," she said, a faint flush rising in her cheek, as she alluded to her deformed and twisted frame, "it seems I suit for Saint Cecilias, and that sort of thing."

"So I should fancy," I answered, glancing at the beautiful spiritual face opposite to me.

"Of course, with mother to keep, it has been hard work sometimes, and the sewing for the linen shops is a good thing to have at hand when studio work chances to be slack. I was getting very hopeless just when first we came here, though I said nothing to mother. I never do. Do you remember the morning I passed you sitting under the laburnum tree in the park? Well, I was on my way to see an artist then."

"I knew you were on your way to see somebody; you looked like business all over."

"Yes, I dare say I did. I felt like it. I never made a better bargain than I did that day. I was afraid that I should break out singing as I came along the streets home—my heart was as glad as the lark over there at Number Ten."

"I thought so," I put in here; "I heard you singing next morning at your work."

"Patience, I think we always loved each other, even before we ever spoke to each other. I used to peep at you across the street, and then the milkwoman told my mother you were 'the lady who wrote stories,' so I peeped oftener than ever, I think I was a little frightened of you at first."

"But not now?"

"Ah, no!"

Hetty's mother was nearly blind, and yet it was wonderful how much she manag do in the way of "settling up" their shabby little room. It was the very picture of cleanliness and tidiness. The last tenant had been a musician at one of the minor theatres, a man who devoted himself to two things in this life—his violin, and the rearing mignonette in the box outside the window. The sun of prosperity seemed to be beginning to shine upon him, for when he left, with much pomp and ceremony, he presented the box to the landlady, and now, full of sweet-scented greenish and yellow flowers, it flourished exceedingly under Hetty's care.

"Cousin Jack likes the smell of flowers like those," she said to me one Sunday afternoon as she and I stood together by the window. "He's coming, is Jack, this evening, and he and I are going to church together."

I am naturally rather a fluent woman, but there was something in Hetty's face—something in Hetty's voice—that held me silent, as she spoke of this expected visitor of hers.

If you have any intuitive perceptions at all, you can scarcely mistake the look in a woman's eyes, the smile on a woman's lips, as she speaks of the man she loves.

Apparently Hetty was surprised at my silence, for she gave me a quick glance, folded her hands lightly one in the other, let them fall upon her lap, and with a sort of child-like wonder in her great soft eyes, said slowly:

"Why, Patience, you never saw Cousin Jack?"

I read her heart like an open book. She pitied with all her gentle soul that belighted being who had "never seen Cousin Jack." It was difficult to her to form an idea of what the world must seem like to that person whose world did not contain Cousin Jack.

"No, I have never seen him, Hetty. May I see him to-night, dear? Will your mother give me a cup of tea, and then I can sit with her while you and Jack are at church."

So it was settled like that. We carried over my nice fresh bunch of watercresses and my glass bee-hive full of marmalade, and made a sort of joint feast of it.

"He's a bonnie lad is Jack," said Mrs. Deacon before he came. "He's a sailor, you know—getting on well, too—in the merchant service. Never a voyage he comes home from but he brings me some pretty gift or another; nor he don't forget Hetty, neither. Why should he, indeed? He used to carry her about when he was a strong chap of ten years old, and she a bit weakly-like lass of five. He was handy, too, and made a go-cart—aye, that did he. 'She shall ride in her carriage like a queen!' he'd say, laughing so as you might hear him a mile off. My poor husband was alive then, and we were well-to-do."

Here Hetty, ever watchful of her mother's moods and fancies, cried out that Jack was coming down the street, and that he had a posy in his coat. So he had; and I hardly knew which was brighter and more bonnie, the young fellow's face or the posy of summer flowers at his breast.

He was a sailor, every inch of him, strongly built, sunburned, curly locked, dark-eyed. He had a ringing happy laugh, and was fond of watercresses and marmalade; indeed, he complimented me on both articles, Mrs. Deacon having explained that they were my contributions to the entertainment.

But what struck me about him most was his marvellously tender, gentle ways to his cousin Hetty. She, on her part, seemed more silent than usual; but the beautiful Madonna face was all alight with a quiet radiance—a calm and restful joy—a look as if she were forever saying to herself, "He is here, here beside me," like a bird singing a sweet song of content over and over again.

The cousins went to church together, and I staid with Mrs. Deacon meanwhile, listening with quiet yet keen attention to reminiscences of by-gone days—of Jack's boyhood—of Hetty's girlhood.

"Jack was the orphan son of Mr. Deacon's only sister, and was never grudged nothing no more than if he'd been our own," said my informant with a certain air of pride in the late Mr. Deacon's generosity toward his wife's kin.

Jack had not been unmindful of these benefits received, and when the evil days came many a welcome bit of gold did he send to his more than mother.

"Never forgetting Hetty," added Mrs. Deacon, complacently. "He's main fond of Hetty, is Jack, I can tell you."

This last remark was made with a certain gentle defiance, and the dim eyes were turned to me with a sort of wistful hope that I might make some further comment. But I had none to make.

I read the mother's hopes and tears; I read my dear girl's heart; but I kept silent.

The evening was warm and still; from the far distance came the sound of churchbells pealing; from somewhere near at hand the sound of an organ and of hymn-singing. Mrs. Deacon had fallen into a doze, and as I sat there waiting for the cousins to come home, a mist came over my eyes, something rose to my throat and tried to choke me, and a voice in my heart cried out:

"Oh, Hetty, Hetty—what can I do for you, my dearie?"

The summer was at its height. In Western London the great folks were setting themselves to think where they should go for their autumn outing. We folk at the East End just had to make the best of things, and be grateful for small mercies, such as water-carts to lay the dust, and the peripatetic ice-vendor with his truck and little tumblers of lemon and strawberry.

I had got to know Cousin Jack quite well by this time. I was able to read "between the lines" in my dear girl's heart-story.

Hetty was very dear to her sailor cousin; dear, as things weak and helpless are apt to be dear to the strong; dearer because of her affliction; sacred, in his eyes, as a suffering child is sacred to all of us who know the beauty of tenderness and pity. Hetty was all this to her cousin Jack, but nothing more.

Of what Jack was to Hetty I cannot speak. I dare not try to gauge it at the time. I put the thought of it from me, as we put aside a thing we dare not look upon—that is, for a time.

The day came when I had to take my courage by both hands, and face all the cruel truth; for the sailor youth took a great fancy to me, though I was a little old woman with a Quakerish cap and a shabby gown. Not only so, but he opened his heart to me.

We were walking side by side in the park, where everything looked parched and dried up with the baking heat, when Jack first told me that after the voyage upon which he was just about to start, he was going to be married.

"I hope Aunt Ann and Hetty won't take it unkind that I havn't told them all about it from the first," he said, doubtfully; "but to say the truth, Miss Heath, I find it a difficult thing to tell. I want them to be quite sure I shall never be any different to them; that I shall always be the same Cousin Jack. I am so afraid they will fancy—all kinds of things."

"I don't think they will fancy anything that is not true," I put in, perhaps with more warmth than wisdom.

"Do you mean to say that you think so meanly of me as to suppose I shall forget those two dear, gentle women, just because I have a home and a wife of my own?"

"No," I said, looking up into his brave and bonnie face—"No, you will not forget them; but, it cannot be the same—it never is."

We paced up and down and talked together a long while after this. It was dusk and gray when we went in, I to my own lonely room, Jack to supper with Mrs. Deacon and Hetty. Once alone, I sat down in the dark, untied my bonnet-strings and flung them back, unfastened my shawl and let it fall over my chair.

I was stifling—choking; I felt like the veriest coward that ever drew breath.

I had a task before me from which I shrank with every nerve of my poor little shivelled body—the hardest task that had ever been set me yet; to wound cruelly the one creature which I loved on earth.

And yet it must be done.

The womanly pride and self-respect of a sister-woman is dear to any woman worth the name. Jack must not tell this thing to Hetty. The girl's secret was safe so far. It should be my work to keep it so.

It was the following night. Hetty had come to pay me a visit. I had been listening to the account of a grand historical picture in which she was to figure.

I let her talk on till the room grew dim and shadowy with the coming of the summer night, which was but a picture done in grays at its deepest, and had no black shades at all.

I let its misty blue-gray veil fall on my girl's sweet face before I told my sorry tale, before I redeemed the pledge made to my own heart the night before.

She played up to my hand herself.

"You and Jack had a long talk last night, Patience."

"Yes. Sit down here in this low chair by my knee while I tell you what it was all about."

Hetty was between the window and me. The perfect profile showed like a silhouette against the dusky gloom outside.

"We were talking about you."

The silhouette was turned away from me. Hetty's voice was faint and breathless.

"About me?"

"Yes. Jack was telling me about you when you were a little girl—how he used to carry you about; how dearly he loved you."

My task was even harder than I though it would be. I dare not touch Hetty's hands—those meek hands—long, slender, helpful, folded in her lap, and my own were cold and trembling.

"He was very, very good to me always."

"Yes; and I am sure he always will be. He told me last night that he felt you had a stronger, deeper claim upon a man's tenderness than any other woman could have."

"Because I am—different to other women?"

"Yes; set apart, as it were; sacred; doomed to a certain extent to stand alone in the world, without those nearer ties—"

"He meant that I ought never to marry?"

I could not see Hetty's face. I saw the folding hands clasping each other closer and closer. Once I felt a shudder shake the poor misshapen frame that made my dearest girl "different to other women."

Said I not rightly that my task was hard?

"Yes; he meant that your life was different from others."

"Yes; I had forgotten."

A long, deeply-drawn breath told me my arrow had gone home.

"And so, just because he holds you in such reverence, such tenderness; just, because he is so ready to fear you might fancy he could change to you, it is hard for him to tell you—"

She turned her face—white in the gray ghastly light—fully toward me. Her eyes, wild, wide, full of fear, met mine. She threw up her hands as if to keep off some horrible knowledge that threatened to crush her to the earth.

All my courage, all my calmness, forsook me.

"Oh, Hetty, Hetty!" I cried, flinging my arms about her, gathering her to my breast, rocking her to and fro as one would a sick and weary child, "It is true what you think, what you fear. Oh, my darling! if I could suffer in your stead I would; but I cannot—I cannot; no one can."

The white face lay back against my bosom. Hetty's eyes were closed. I could see the wonderful silky length of their long lashes even in that faint and feeble light.

Had the cruel blow killed her? Had I lost the one thing I loved on earth?

No; for her arms closed about my neck; fast—fast and close she holds me.

Teers rain down her poor pale face; sobs choke her utterance.

It is better so, and I let her weep on.

At last she speaks:

"It must have hurt you terribly to say all this to me. You did it, I know, to save me from myself. How good you are to me, dear! I have been wrong; I have been selfish, thoughtless, wicked; but he grew so dear—so dear that I forgot, quite forgot that my life must be different to that of all other women forever. See," she went on, drawing a little packet from the bosom of her dress, "this is the posy he wore that happy Sunday when he and I went to church together, and the bells rang sweetly, oh, so sweetly, and all the world about me seemed full of music."

All this happened many many, yearsago. Hetty and I live together now.

We have done so a long while; ever since Mrs. Deacon died.

Jack's marriage turned out a very happy one, and his children dote upon and tyrannize over their Aunt Hetty beyond anything I ever saw.

Not only so, but their father has the same gentle, loving tenderness, the same reverential love for his old playmate—the woman who is "different from others"—as ever he had.

The withered posy still lies in a corner of Hetty's desk. I know, for I have seen it many times and oft.

It serves, I doubt not, to remind her that she once forgot—once loved but too well, and then lived her sorrow down and took up her life as it had been ordered for her—as a brave woman should.

My tale has no plot in it, after all. It is not half as full of incident as those I used to write in Paradise-place, while the hoarse dog put me out by his barking and the lark cheered me up with his song. It is only the story of one woman's heart, told by another woman who loved her dearly and loves her dearly still.

THE END

IT has been decided to sell the Great Eastern steamship by public auction early in October, unless she is previously disposed of at private sale.

The English Volunteers.

That which more than anything keeps the volunteer force together and renders it popular is rifle-shooting, which gives as much sport to the men as pheasant and rabbit shooting does to those who can afford it. During the long interval of several centuries in our history, since archery and tilting passed away, military exercises have found no place among the amusements and pastimes of the people. In no country have men been so devoted to what are called manly sports as in England; but till the volunteer movement arose, no outlet for athletic exercise was found for the youth of the country, save in cricket, rowing, football, and such-like games, together with sporting both on horseback and on foot. To these has now been added a new outlet for the energy of the country, and the line taken has the advantage of being patriotic and national, elevating what is to a great extent a relaxation and a pastime into the performance of an act of duty and citizenship which is recognized and admired by the public, and which adds to the self-esteem of those who engage in it. Among the many well-wishers of the volunteers must be included those who wish to see the youth of the country trained to those physical exercises which add so much to the graceful carriage and good appearance of young men. Englishmen of the upper classes appreciate the benefit of this form of education, and the lower orders will in time learn to value it likewise, and will be able to find it in the ranks of the volunteers. When the improvement of the health and physique of our vast working population is occupying the thoughts of our philanthropists, let it not be forgotten that in volunteer training we possess the best school for promoting these objects. The annual Wimbledon meetings have done much toward rendering rifle-shooting a national pastime—thus promoting the stability of the volunteer movement by creating a wholesale competition and rivalry between the various corps. The best marksmen in each regiment are well-known, and can be counted off as readily as the best speakers in the House of Commons. A noble Duke recently endeavored to explain in the House of Lords the cause of the temporary reverses of our troops in the Transvaal by showing that they had to encounter deer-stalkers rather than soldiers. This shows the value of skilled rifle-shooting. It is obvious that men trained in the intelligent use of their weapon are of the greatest value in the campaign. A squad of such men placed behind a bank and well supplied with ammunition could silence any artillery, as the Boers are said to have done at Laing's Nek, when they made our guns all white with bullet marks. Let us now draw attention to what is possible to be done with the modern arms of precision, supposing that the men are equal to their weapons, which can at present be only a few. A small, well trained body of 50 men, placed under cover, can easily fire 3,000 shots in a quarter of an hour, (each man firing at the rate of four shots per minute,) and can place every shot at 800 yards in a space no larger than an ordinary sized room. At this rate a battalion of 800 men could, in half an hour, pour 80,000 or 90,000 bullets into an enemy advancing against them, thus producing a shower of lead under which no troops could stand, much less advance—an instructive and consolatory reflection to a country whose Army can never be numerically large, and which should, therefore, endeavor to make amends for the smallness of numbers by the high training and superior intelligence of the men. The waste of ammunition and the consequent loss of opportunity in war are enormous. They must always be large, but might be greatly reduced.

A Marriage and a Mystery.

The small and old-fashioned church in the little village of Petersham, says the London *Truth*, witnessed the marriage on Saturday afternoon of Miss Cavendish-Bentinck with Lord Glamis, eldest son of the earl of Strathmore, which was celebrated by special license. The bridegroom is in the 2nd Life guards, and the non-commissioned officers of his troop lined the aisle during the ceremony, and were afterwards drawn up in the avenue. The church was crowded with friends and relatives, among whom were the duke of Portland, Maj. Gen. Burnaby, and Gen. Lord Mark Kerr.

The bride arrived a little after 1 o'clock, in the customary white satin and lace. Her wreath of orange blossoms was composed of real flowers. She wore no jewelry. The eight bridesmaids wore white llama, trimmed with coffee-colored lace, and white chip hats, with cream-colored feathers. Broad white moire sashes, were arranged over the dresses. The bride's bouquet consisted entirely of white flowers. Those of the bridesmaids were composed of pink roses and stephanotis. It was a pretty wedding. Some village school girls, dressed in white, strewed the bride's path with flowers as she left the church.

The wedding breakfast was served in a large marquee behind the House, a delightful arrangement on such a hot a hot day. Over the seats of the bride and bridegroom hung a large bell composed entirely of roses, of every color, and when the cake was cut the bell was swung. The marriage recalls to memory the mysterious chamber that is said to exist in Glamis castle. What is contained in this chamber and what is the secret connected with it is known alone to the head of the family, his eldest son, and the factor of the estate. That there is a closed chamber is unquestionable; it has no window and is reached through a hole in the ceiling. Equally unquestionable is it that there is a secret connected with it. "For my part," adds Mr. Labouchere, "I consider that a mystery like this, which has been handed down from father to son for many generations, ought to be made public in order to gratify curiosity which may fairly be said to be legitimate. Were I Lady Glamis my husband would have little peace until he confided the secret to me."

Fans and Parasols.

Extraordinary importance is just now given to fans and parasols. Each season has its "fad," and the "fad" includes both of these indispensable accessions to a successful toilet. On some of the satin surfaces of fans are seen exquisitely painted crows solemnly gazing at the broad leaves, pink, white and blue lilies of Egypt; and to correspond with the favorite color, others are of black satin showing a group of ibises or scarlet flamingoes painted by hand. A Parisian caprice, painted by a well-known French artist, shows on the edge of a wood a pretty cottage. Cupid is knocking at the door and a lovely maiden peeps at him with innocent inquisitiveness from a latticed window. Silvery gray, peach blossom, olive, almond, straw-colored, crimson satin are painted or embroidered in panels of the most elaborate beauty; some of the sticks are Oriental jet set with pearls. Some of the most elegant fans are made of peacock's eye feathers set in medallions with surrounding frame-work of gorgeous humming-birds' heads. A fan of black satin cretonne with panels of gay Watteau pictures outlined with gold thread like frame-work is so handsome that the purchaser who read the price attached $2.50, really imagined it to be $250, and her friends were deceived also.

A good speller always keeps an *i* to business.

GOSSIP FROM OTHER LANDS.

Cardinal Manning is described as spare almost to emaciation, and bald as if shorn; his appearance severely monastic. His voice and manner, however, are pleasant, and his speech is full of kindness.

SOUTH African royal households have been the scene of violent and troublesome proceedings. One of Cetewayo's attendants assaulted a wife of King Langalibalele, and King Langalibalele was exceedingly wroth at him. From fear of punishment adequate to the enormity of his crime, the young assailant concluded it was best to die by his own hands, and committed suicide accordingly.

THE statue at Folkestone to the memory of Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, has been unveiled in the presence of a large and distinguished company, many of whom were delegates to the Medical Congress in London. Prof. Owen unveiled the statue, and was presented by the Mayor of Folkestone with a volume of the complete works of Harvey. About 250 eminent persons partook of a luncheon served in the Town Hall.

Non-commissioned officers in the French Army have heretofore been virtually prohibited from entering into wedlock, but Gen. Farre, on the ground that recent legislation opens a real career to such officers, has issued a circular abolishing the prohibition. Permission to marry is given to officers who have more than five years' engagements, and whose prospective wives have at least 5,000f., or an income of 250f. a year. Such wives, however, in the interest of discipline, are forbidden to open cafes or billiard-rooms.

WHEN the great hall which Henry VIII. added to the palace of Cardinal Wolsey at Hampton was opened a fortnight ago, for an amateur theatrical entertainment, it was the first time in 150 years that it had been opened for such a purpose. About 600 visitors were present. Her Majesty had given special permission for the performance, which was in aid of a convalescent home that the Princess Frederica of Hanover is about to establish for those who, by the rules of maternity hospitals, are discharged at the end of a fortnight from the time of their confinement.

COMPLAINTS are made in England that dynamite can be purchased without difficulty in any part of the kingdom, and this with unfortunate results. Grenades of dynamite are employed to kill trout, and hardly a month is said to pass without reports of poachers using the explosive as a means of catching fish. It has been used also as a means of taking one's life. A case reported from Yorkshire is of a drunken well-digger, who put an end to his days by exploding a cartridge in his mouth. His tongue, teeth, and maxillary bones were blown to pieces, although his cheeks and lips from some odd cause, suffered no harm at all.

ALFRED LE PETIT, the French caricaturist who usually employs his talents in ridiculing his own fellow-countrymen, has got him self into trouble by poking fun at the Italians. A drawing representing Italy as an beggar woman, and embellished with the legend, "Pity, poor Italy, who does not care to work," has drawn down upon his devoted head a whole budget of furious demands for retraction or satisfaction in the usual manner. He fought the first of the series of duels thus brought about at Boweresse, in Switzerland, his antagonist being Signor Manfredo. The sword was the weapon selected. The Frenchman got the better of his adversary in the very first pass, disabling him with a deep thrust in the breast.

AT Madrid has died a remarkable noble and curious personage, in the Duke of Alba, brother-in-law of the ex-Empress Eugenie. He claimed a right not only to represent an eminent family of Spain, but a historic one of Great Britain, for he styled himself "James Stuart, Duke of Alba and Duke of Berwick." By direct inheritance he had an enormous fortune, but he squandered it, chiefly in riotous living and in gambling, in which latter pursuit he is said to have lost the sum of 5,000,000f. in a single night. Some years ago, when his state was in a very bad way, he made it over to his creditors, who paid him 60,000f. a year. In order to economize he took up his home in Paris, but he was always in debt even there, and in the clubs was often known to borrow five or six louis d'or. Finally his fortunes turned, the debts were all paid, and back to Madrid he went to purchase the Palace of Lyrio, one of the finest in Madrid, and there to spend his days in princely style, keeping a hundred horses and opening his dining-hall every evening to 40 guests. Recently he was elected chief of the Madrid Municipality, an office in which he exercised a severe authority over the theatres.

A Ball at Carlton House.

Here is a description of a ball given by the last Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV.:

"On the 19th of June, 1811, the Prince of Wales gave a ball at Carlton House. The company began to assemble at 9. The royal family with the principal nobility and gentry, came early. Owing to the excessive heat of the weather there was very little dancing. Supper was announced at 2, when the company descended by the great staircase, to the apartments below and the temporary building on the lawn. The grand table extended the whole length of the conservatory and across Carlton House to the length of two hundred feet. Along the centre of the table, about six inches above the surface, a canal of pure water continued flowing from a silver fountain beautifully constructed at the head of the table. Its banks were covered with green moss and aquatic flowers; gold and silver fish swam and sported through the bubbling current, which produced a pleasing murmur where it fell and found a cascade at the outlet.

At the head of the table, above the fountain, sat his royal highness. His most particular friends were arranged on each side of him. They were attended by sixty servitors; seven waited on the Prince, besides six of the King's and six of the Queen's footmen in their state liveries, with one more in a complete suit of ancient armor. At the back of the Prince's seat appeared aureola tables, constructed to exhibit with the greatest effect a profusion of exquisitely wrought silver-gilt plate, consisting of fountains, tripods, epergnes, and other ornaments. Above appeared a royal crown, with his majesty's cipher splendidly illumined. Adjoining were other tables, running through library and whole lower suit of rooms, the candelabras in which were so arranged that the Prince could distinctly see and be seen from one end to the other. From the library and room beyond branched two great lines of tables under canvas far into the garden, each in the shape of a cross, and richly served with silver plate, and covered with the delicacies of the season. When the whole company was seated, there was a line of female beauty more richly adorned, and a blaze of jewellery more brilliant, than England probably ever displayed before. When dancing commenced, the gay throng stepped over floors chalked with Mosaic devices, and moved through thickets of roses, geraniums, and other fragrant sweets, illuminated by variegated lights that gleamed like stars through the foliage."

Travelling Costumes.

For plain, quiet tastes cheviots are the favorite fabric for travelling costumes. They are severe, and admit of no coquettish trimming, and have the temerity to be unbecoming, yet are introduced by fashion and accepted. Those who rebel use the soft, clinging camel's hair, combined with silk and admitting of all manner of dainty innovations, caprices, and colors to suit all complexions. Flannel has not lost its prestige, and very dainty travelling costumes are made of plum, mulberry, or dark claret fine flannel. Navy blue of this material retains its popularity and has a variety in the trimming, consisting of striped ribbon; sometimes it is ombre; again, of three or four contrasting colors. Overskirts are considered superfluous. Women are becoming weary of "three pieces" in one dress.