

HIS HEIRESS;

OR, LOVE IS ALWAYS THE SAME.

CHAPTER I.—(CONTINUED.)

Sir Mutius, stepping through the open window into the school-room, looks laboriously around him. He is not, perhaps, aware that there is a young man behind him who is following his footmarks as fast as his legs can carry him.

"So," says Sir Mutius Mumm, with a sniff, "this is how you comport yourself, Margery, when the eyes of your relatives are not on you."

"As—as I am now, uncle?" demands Margery, who is sitting in the demurest attitude possible to her, with her hands crossed dutifully before her. "I—I am very sorry to disappoint you in any way, but I would not abuse your trusting nature, uncle, and conscience compels me to confess that I don't always sit like this. Sometimes I—stand."

"And sometimes you halloo at young men out of a window," stutters Sir Mutius, angrily. "How dare you be so impertinent, miss? D'ye think I haven't got eyes in my head, eh?"

"Even if you had I don't see how you could hear out of them," says Margery, who is in a mutinous mood.

"What I want to know is," returned old Grumpy, striking his stick savagely upon the carpet, "how you, who probably call yourself a respectable young woman, can explain away the fact of having yelled an invitation to a young man across an acre of grass, and of having used in my hearing such a low term as 'Drat it.' I only wish your aunt Selina has heard you."

There is somewhere in the dim recesses of Mumm's Hall a gaunt spinster, sister to Sir Mutius and aunt to the young Daryls, whose name has been transmogrified into Selina by Sir Mutius.

"That's very unbrotherly of you," says Margery, "You should be anxious to spare her all the pain you can."

There is a touch of open mischief in the lovely broad little smile that accompanies this wilful speech.

Sir Mutius swells with rage. He is a short, stout little man, with a corporation, an overweening opinion of his own importance, a fiery eye, and a sandy wig. Besides all these qualifications, he has a temper that knows no control. What the crushing remark he is preparing for Margery may be is never known, because at this moment the young man behind him comes into full view.

It is plain, however, to the Daryls that he had not known he was following Sir Mutius, because of the fall of his ingenuous countenance as his eyes meet those of the irate old baronet. He is a tall, indeed a splendidly built young man, with a figure that Hercules need not have sneered at, but with a face, alas, that falls far short of the figure. His eyes, perhaps, are above reproach, so clear, so blue, so straight-looking, they are, but as for the rest of him! his nose is impossible, his mouth huge, his cheek-bones distinctly on evidence. As for his moustache, it is not worth speaking about at all, and his hair is abominably void of curl. He is ugly! There is no doubt about it, he is distinctly ugly, but with this saving clause—that nowhere, under any circumstances, could he be taken for anything but a gentleman.

The presence of Sir Mutius seems to freeze him in part. He pauses with his foot midway between the balcony and the school-room, and looks anxiously at Margery.

"Come in, young man, come in," says Sir Mutius, in an odious tone. "What are you afraid of, eh? Seems to me that a young fellow like you must consider himself almost one of the family to enter a house through a window like a burglar, as you have done."

"And as you have done," says the newcomer, smiling.

"Never mind me, sir. An uncle may come in by a window, I suppose, when a young jackanapes—Is there no hall-door to this house, I ask, that you must needs charge through a casement, as though you were a mounted dragon, or the most intimate friend of the family?"

"After all, Sir Mutius, perhaps I am that," says the tall, ugly young man, with a conciliatory smile. "Intimate, I mean. I've been coming here, off and on, ever since I can remember anything."

"Then the sooner you put a stop to your eternal comings the better," says the baronet, angrily. "Margery evidently expects your visits, and—"

"Uncle!" exclaims Meg, rising to her feet with a face suffused with indignant shame.

"I assure you you are wrong. I did not come to see Margery. I came to see Peter about a terrier pup," interposes Mr. Bellow, with a haste that might be termed agonized.

"You remember, Peter?"

Peter doesn't but, with a noble desire to succeed the weak, declares at once that the Irish terrier in the yard shall be Curzon's without any further delay. There is no Irish terrier in the yard.

"Thanks, old man," says Mr. Bellow, heartily. At this moment he is indeed intensely grateful.

"I don't believe a word of it," declares Sir Mutius, with true grace. "Terrier! What terrier? Which terrier? I tell you, young man, advancing on the astonished Curzon. But Angelica, who has been terrified all along, here rushes to the rescue.

"Oh! Uncle Grum—Uncle Mutius, she corrects herself, nervously, "are we not unhappy enough without your adding to our misery? Mrs. Daryl, Billy's wife, is coming to-night."

"I'm delighted to hear it. I hope she'll prove a woman with a character," says Sir Mutius, with a withering glance at Margery. "You all require a person who would keep you in order."

"To-night! Nonsense! Why, when did you hear?" asks Curzon, in a low tone, of Margery.

thought that he is stricken to the earth, and advances on her uncle.

"Now that you have made us all unutterably miserable," she says, tearfully, "I hope you'll go away. If that horrid woman is coming to night, there are things that must be looked to. See?" with a little stamp.

"Dear Uncle Mutius, you will understand how busy we are, and have been, all day, and how many things have still to be done, and you will forgive Margery for seeming a little overdone," puts in Angelica, with her soft smile, squeezing the impetuous Margery's arm just a little. "You are going now? Ah, that is good of you. Good evening, dear Uncle Mutius."

There are moments when the youthful Angelica, who is yet only half child, half woman, seems older than Margery, who is quite nineteen. Peter is twenty, Dick seventeen. After Angelica there was quite a pause until the twins came—and the mother went. There was a pause, too, after the birth of Billy and Muriel, who are four and three years older than Peter, but after that the children seemed to tread upon each other's heels, so fast they came.

The mother's death had been hardly felt, they were so very young. But with the death of the father—an event now two years old—there had come the sad knowledge of money's value, and all the petty miseries that accompany straitened means.

Sir Mutius—Mrs. Daryl's only brother—an old bachelor who lived at Mumm's Hall, a place situated about four miles from the Manor where the Daryls reside, had looked after his dead sister's children in a snappish, unsympathetic fashion when the last blow fell, and death of Mr. Daryl been followed by the certainty that he had been living considerably beyond his means for many years, and that nothing but debts and a very insufficient income was all he left behind him—except the eight children.

That was—as I have said—two years ago, and the sadly-lively, merry-mournful family had up to this struggled through all difficulties with a strength that only youth could grant; but now to-day fresh trials have seized upon them. The eldest brother, Billy, to whom, indeed, the house and land (such of it, at least, as is not mortgaged up to the hilt) belongs, is bringing home a bride. A stranger! Horrible word! And who is to greet her? Who? There is no one at all to go forward and face the enemy's guns, now that Muriel is away. Now that Muriel is married! And so strangely!

CHAPTER II.

"When you come into any fresh company—1 Observe their humors; 2. Suit your own carriage thereto; by which insinuation you will make their converse more free and open."

"There's a ring at the door-bell; did you hear it?" cries Angelica, rising to her feet, pale and nervous. "They have come! I feel it; I know it, by the cold thrill down my back."

It is some hours later, and the Daryls are waiting *en masse* in the rather shabby library, and in the very lowest spirits, for the expected coming of their brother and his wife. Now, at last, all is indeed over!

"Yes! and there is the knock. The twins come to a moral," says Peter. The twins grow pale. All in a body move solemnly toward the library door.

"Good heavens! why isn't Muriel here to receive them?" gasps Margery, hanging fire on the threshold. "Why am I to be the victimized one? I feel as if I should like to faint."

"Peter? a pin," says Dick, with stern determination in his tone.

"No, no. I'll go, of course," declares Meg, hastily. "Only—" She pauses, and looks as though she is on the point of tears.

"Don't be a goose," puts in Peter, not unkindly. "She won't eat you! She can't even blow you into fine dust on so short an acquaintance. Here! step out. Put your best foot foremost. Quick! march! And, for goodness sake, take that lachrymose expression off your face. It would hang you anywhere. If she sees she is unwelcome, she'll make it hot for us later on."

"She'll do that anyhow," says Dick, grimly, to whom there is evidently a *soupe* of enjoyment in the whole affair. "Go on Meg. You shouldn't scamp your duty."

"I'm going," whimpers Margery. She takes a step forward with what she fondly, but erroneously, believes to be a valiant air, and tries to think what Muriel would have done on such another occasion as this—Muriel, with her calm, haughty face, her slow movements that she hastened for no man's pleasure, and her little strange smile, so cold, so sweet, that could attract or subdue, as its owner willed. There is a dignity about Muriel that she wishes she could copy, if for "this occasion only"—a *savoir faire*—a sense of breeding, a—

"Blanche, if you tread on the tail of my gown again," breathes Miss Daryl at this point of her meditations in an angry whisper. "I'll tear you limb from limb."

"This awful threat being received by the culprit with the utmost indifference, the train once more advances. The hall is reached.

"Mary Jane is just opening the door, and her back hair is all down," telegraphs Peter over his shoulder. He is with the advanced guard, and has, besides, an eye like a gimlet. "It is sticking out like a furze bush," he goes on, excitedly. "To the front, Meg—and don't give Mrs. Daryl time to notice it, or our reputation is lost forever."

"And the time I took over that girl's get-up," groans Angelica, despairingly.

"If you could manage to throw yourself into Mrs. William's arms and lean heavily on her, all will be well," whispers Dick. "You're a well-grown girl, and weight always tells. Do anything—hurt her, even—but don't let her see our Mary Jane."

"Oh, why wasn't Muriel here?" returns Margery with quite a shiver of nervous horror.

"Go along—you'll do well enough at a pinch," says her brother, noble encouragement in his tone, as he gives her a friendly push that sends her—with what the newcomers imagine to be most flattering haste—right into the glare of the lamp.

Here, at the hall-door, there is a slight confusion. A little bundle, apparently made up of Eastern shawls, is standing near the hat-stand. A young man is fumbling hopelessly with these shawls, and Mary Jane,

who has now finally got rid of the small amount of wits that once were hers, is courtesying profoundly and unceasingly.

"After all, she isn't Irish, she is a Hindoo," whispers Dick; "she thinks she is once more in the presence of Vishnu, the Pervader. See how she mops and mows. Poor thing. She is very mad."

Margery takes the final step.

"You have come, Billy," she says, timidly advancing toward the young man who is trying so hopelessly to disentangle the little parcel of soft goods.

"So we have, so we have," cries Mr. Daryl, in a cheery voice. He is a man of middle height, the very image of Margery, and he now abandons his efforts to unravel the little form, to go to his sister and give her a hearty hug. "Oh! there you all are," exclaims he delightedly, seeing the other figures drawn up in battle array in the background. "Look, Willy! Here they all are in a body to bid you welcome."

"Look!" laughs somebody from beneath the mufflings. "Oh! how I wish I could wonder if I'll ever look with living eyes on anything again! I'm just smothered."

Billy having kissed the children, who are frightened, and shaken hands with his brothers, who are stolid, now once more attacks the bundle and finally brings out from it his wife with quite a flourish as distinctly proud of her.

"He is new to it," says Peter, with fine contempt, turning to Angelica.

"She's—she's pretty," returns Angelica, slowly, and as if just awakening to something.

The meetings, the introductions, have been gone through. Mrs. Daryl is quite a little woman, with clear eyes, that have looked with leisurely keenness at each of her new kinsfolk in turn. Her mouth, if firm, is pleasant. There is no self-consciousness about her, and no shyness whatever.

"Nice old hall, Billy," she says, smiling, when she has spoken to every one, and is at last at liberty to look round her.

Nice! All the Daryls exchange covert and furious glances at each other. Nice, indeed! when they have been accustomed to pride themselves upon it as being (which it really is) the finest hall in the country.

"I should just like to see the one she has been used to," mutters Peter, with extreme disgust.

"Dinner will be ready in about five minutes," says Margery, suggestively. "You must be very tired, and—"

"Dinner! Ah, you should have mentioned that, Billy," says Mrs. Daryl, brightly. "We dined at Watton about two hours ago, and to dine again so soon would be dreadful. As to being tired, I never felt fresher in my life. But you must all go to dinner, and—"

"We dined early. It makes no difference at all," says Margery, slowly. "You will like a cup of tea instead, perhaps?"

"Presently. When I have talked to you all a little," arranges Mrs. Daryl, promptly. "I think in the meantime—Ah! what room is this?"

Margery had led the way into the drawing room.

"A charming room," declares the newcomer, briskly, with a swift but comprehensive glance round her. "But what ghastly furniture! We must turn it all out of doors or else relegate it to the garrets, and get something light—something—satisfying, eh?" with an airy wave of her hand. Indeed, all her ways seem to be specially airy.

"That's the prelude to turning us out of doors," whispers Meg, gloomily, into Angelica's ear. "Well, nothing like knowing the worst at once!"

"What's outside?" asks Mrs. Daryl, pushing wide a window-curtain, and gazing into the still darkness of the spring night.

"The garden."

"Ah! I wish I could see that!" cries she, eagerly. She seems thoroughly untiring and full of vivacity. "Is it too dark, Billy?"

"Much too dark and too chilly, besides," returns he.

"How careful he is of her!" says Peter, in a moody aside. "Seems to me she's as strong as a—"

He is evidently on the point of saying "a horse," but some innate breeding forbids him.

"So she is," whispers Margery back, who, perhaps, understands him. And, indeed, there is something suggestive of strong and perfect health in Mrs. Daryl's small elastic frame, and fair face and eager eyes.

"It is rather late for the children to be up," says Margery, addressing her new sister. "I think I will take them away now, and give them their tea. Billy can show you everything," with a faint smile.

"Of course. If they want to go," says Mrs. Billy, cheerfully. "But perhaps they'd like a holiday from their beds in honor of me. Would you, mites?"

But the mites are too impressed by the solemnity of the occasion to do ought but hang their heads and behave abominably.

"Just like ill-bred little brats," declares Margery, afterwards, with an access of wrath that descends upon the luckless twins.

ave even this poor room to ourselves," utters Dick, indignantly. "All or none is her motto. Anything so indecent—All his preterse at bonhomme is a mere dodge to prove that she is mistress of everything. That all the rooms belong to her."

"Well, so they do—so they do!" returns Angelica, with a fine justice. Then her feelings grow too much for her. "But of all the mean actions—" she says, tears rising to her dove-like eyes.

"There were hot cakes in the library," says Mrs. Daryl, who has seated herself at the table, and is plainly waiting for her tea. "Couldn't we have them in here? I'm certain the children would like them. Eh?" She pulls May toward her. Fat little May is not proof against this promising offer.

"I should," she says, shyly. She is staring at Mrs. Billy with her finger in her mouth, so does not see the concentrated glances of wrath showered upon her by the entire family.

"Good child!" laughs Mrs. Daryl. At this moment Billy crosses the threshold.

"Billy, this little sister wants the hot cakes in the library," says his wife, looking up at him. And after half an hour or so Blanche and May are at last dismissed for the night with as many scoldings on their conscience as size will permit.

The new-comers follow them very shortly—Mrs. Daryl having at last confessed to a slight sense of fatigue. She bids them all good-night in an airy, cheery fashion, and leaves the room, in spite of the tired sensation to which she has acknowledged, in a breezy energetic fashion, suggestive of a mind that governs the slight body and is not easily to be subdued.

As she goes the storm bursts.

"Well!" says Peter, when the last sound of their footsteps had ceased upon the air, "well! I never!" He might have said more. He could never have said anything that conveys so expressively to his listeners the real state of his feelings.

"It isn't well. It is ill," retorts Margery. "It—is it disgraceful. She is determined to sit upon us."

"She'll have something to do, then, that's one comfort," exclaims Angelica, hysterically. "And she can't do it all at once either, there's such a lot of us."

"Don't be a fool," says Peter, who is in no humor for jokes.

"Peter, don't be rude to Angelica," interposes Margery, indignantly, whose nerves are by this so highly strung that she feels it a necessity to quarrel with somebody.

"Who's rude?" demands Peter. "I only advised her gently not to jest on solemn subjects."

"Very gently! You told her not to be a fool."

"Well! Would you have me tell her to be a fool? You're all fools together, it strikes me. There isn't a grain of sense in any girl born."

"I say, look here! Have it out to-morrow, you two," cries Dick, "but let us discuss the new madam now, as she no doubt is discussing us at this moment."

"That is most unfavorable."

"She is no doubt abusing us like a pick-pocket," mutters Peter, dejectedly.

"She is arranging with Billy for our immediate dismissal, with a character, having paid all wages due."

"Perhaps, after all, we weren't very nice to her," says Angelica, doubtfully.

"What's the good of being nice? In books they always do the correct thing, at first and get kicked out afterward for their pains. I've read a lot about people-in-law. We have done the incorrect thing, and we shall be kicked out, too, but we shall carry our self-respect with us."

"That's about all," puts in Dick, grimly.

"She is—didn't any one think her eyes lovely?" hazards Angelica. "And her hands very small? Small as Muriel's."

"No, no," declares Margery, shortly. "Come, let us go to bed and forget our misfortunes for a time, if we can."

Meantime another scene is taking place in the room over their heads.

"After all, Billy," says Mrs. Daryl, with a jolly little laugh as she closes the bedroom door firmly behind her, "you were wrong. They didn't fall in love with me at first sight. You are a false prophet."

"They—they were a little queer, eh?" returns Billy, thoughtfully. "I noticed it. But you mustn't mind that, you know. It'll wear off, and—when they come to know you and understand you, there won't be a difficulty anywhere."

"It is natural, I suppose," muses Mrs. Daryl, gravely. "They must look upon me as a female Jacob. A supplanter, a usurper."

"They mustn't be allowed to harbor that thought," says her husband, turning quickly toward her: "you are mistressing here. The house is yours."

Some sudden remembrance checks him here, and drives the color to his cheek. "A barren possession," he says, laying his kindly brown hand on hers. "I wish there was something in it worth your acceptance."

INDIA'S INFINITE VARIETY.

Her Society and Her Scenery Complex and Varied to a Degree.

The grand difficulty of talking to an Englishman about India is that he always forms a picture of the place in his mind. It may be accurate or inaccurate, but it is always a picture. He thinks of it either as a green delta, or a series of sunbaked plains, or a wild region with jungle and river and farms all intermixed, or a vast park stretched out by nature for sportsmen, and sloping somehow at the edge toward highly cultivated plains. It never occurs to him that as regards external aspect there is no India; that the Peninsula, so called, is as large as Europe west of the Vistula, and presents as many variations of scenery. East Anglia is not so different from Italy as the northwest provinces from Bengal, nor are the Landes so unlike Normandy as the Punjab is unlike the hunting districts of Madras. There is every scene in India, from the eternal snow of the Himalayas, as much above Mont Blanc as Mont Blanc is above Geneva, to the rice swamps of Bengal, all buried in fruit trees; from the wonderful valleys of the Vindhya, where beauty and fertility seem to struggle consciously for the favor of man, to the God-forgotten salt marshes by the Rann of Cutch.

It is the same with indigenous Indian society. The Englishman thinks of it as an innumerable crowd of timid peasants, easily taxed and governed by a few officials, or as a population full of luxurious princes, with difficulty restrained by scientific force and careful division from eating up each other. In reality, Indian society is more complex and varied than that of Europe, comprising, it is true, a huge mass of peasant proprietors, but yet full of princes who are potentates and princes who are survivors, of landlords who are in all respects great nobles and lords who are only squires, of great ecclesiastics and hungry curates, of merchants like the Barings and merchants who keep shops, of professors and professionalists, of adventurers and criminals, of cities full of artificers, and of savages far below the dark citizens of Hawaii.

The telegraphic report of Delcommune's discovery is very brief, but gives the essential facts. Delcommune followed the Lukuga River, the outlet of the great lake, Tanganyika, far to the west, till he found its waters pouring into Lake Landji. He found also that the Lualaba and Luapula, head streams of the Congo, which gather up the waters of the southeast part of the basin, flow into the south side of Lake Landji, and that the true Congo emerges from the north side of the lake. The most surprising statement in his report is that the Lukuga River is the main artery of the Congo. It had not been supposed that the Tanganyika basin was the chief contributor to the upper waters of the great river.

Explorers have been very busy in the southeast part of the Congo basin within the past two years. Le Marinel, Delcommune, Stairs, and Bia have led expeditions across it in various directions, and have revealed many facts concerning the hydrography of the region. They have found that these upper waters of the Congo are impeded by many falls and rapids, and that most of them are shallow streams. It is doubtful if they can ever be made valuable for navigation.

The Probable Attendance at the World's Fair.

The average daily attendance at the Centennial was 62,333; the largest attendance was 274,919; the smallest 12,720. The daily average at Paris was 130,000; the largest single day's admissions, 400,000. While the circumstances and conditions surrounding the Columbian Exposition differ materially from those of either the Centennial or Paris exhibition, the divergence is not great enough to affect a very clear conclusion from the figures given. The unavoidable inference drawn from every international fair is this: The attendance is very largely drawn from the population within a limited radius from the site of the exposition. Thus, for instance the statistics of the Paris exhibition show that on days when the attendance averaged 250,000, at least 190,000 came from Paris and its environs. Allowing for the difference in national habits which makes the American regard a trip from San Francisco to Chicago with greater readiness than the Frenchman does a journey to Berlin; allowing, too, for the unlimited stimulus to travel given by the excursion system planned by the railroads of this country for the coming event—taking every possible factor into account, it seems hardly possible that more than an average of two hundred thousand non-residents will be in Chicago during the Exposition. Assuming, then, that two hundred thousand will be the largest average of strangers needing food and lodging in the city, no one familiar with the situation would hesitate to declare that the ordinary rule of supply and demand will prevail throughout the six months and that the price of living will be as reasonable as could be expected.

Couldn't Be Lost.

"So you persist in receiving the visits of that fellow Smythe," said Charles, in a melodramatic tone.

"I do. He is a very agreeable gentleman and I see no reason why I should deliberately offend him."

"Then I am lost to you forever."

"Don't talk nonsense, Charley."

"Nonsense?"

"Yes. The idea of anybody getting lost with such feet as you have is absurd. You couldn't help being found and identified."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)