

# HIS HEIRESS ;

OR, LOVE IS ALWAYS THE SAME.

## CHAPTER XII.

"Well met," she says, airily.  
"That of course, if you allow it," returns he, gallantly.  
"Yet you scarcely seemed overjoyed to me a moment since, smiles she in her swift, curious fashion.  
"Natural enough. You startled me. Bye the bye, I nearly ran you down, didn't I?" carelessly but cautiously.  
"Very nearly."  
"Not a nice thing to be run to earth, eh?" says Staines, meaningly. "But you see I was in a hurry, and didn't expect you would have taken up a position in this solitary spot."  
"You seemed in hot haste, indeed," returns she. "Quite as if you were running away from something. What was it?" glancing at him from under her sleepy lids.  
"A second disappointment?"  
"Madame," replies he deliberately, "you speak in parables. A second disappointment implies a first. You allude to—?"  
"Whatever half-formed plan Madame had in her head, takes shape and color now. She leans forward, elevates her shoulders, and makes a little graceful gesture toward the hall where Staines has just had his interview with Lady Brankmere.  
"Madame is beautiful!" she whispers, throwing out her exquisitely shaped hands with an expressive movement. "Ah! I believe it or not as you will—I have indeed felt sorry for you," she murmurs.  
"A fellow feeling," quotes Staines, with an ugly sneer, "makes us wondrous kind." My disappointment, as you call it, was hardly greater than yours. Seven years is a long time in which to strive only to be at last undone!"  
Her color fades. She steps back involuntarily, and a dangerous light creeps into her dark eyes.  
"Come! that was hardly fair of me," laughs Staines, in a conciliatory way. "But it was your own fault—you led me up to it, you know. Sorry if I appeared unchivalrous, but you would have it, you know."  
"You mean—?" exclaims Madame, forcing the words from between her clinched teeth.  
"Pshaw! Nothing to make you look so tragical," returns Staines, moving a step or two. Madame following, lays a firm hand upon his arm.  
"You do not leave this," she declares, fiercely, "until you have explained what it was you meant."  
"That Brankmere was as good a parti as there is in England," retorts he, contemptuously. "Take it then as you insist on it."  
"You know nothing—nothing," cries she, with an angry sob.  
"Why should we quarrel over the fact that we have each made a discovery of the other's secret? Let us be comrades rather. A common grievance such as ours, with a short laugh, should have the effect of creating between us a link of sympathy."  
He holds out his hand to her as though desirous at once of forging this link, but Madame declines to see it.  
"Think," he whispers, impressively, "whether I can be of no service to you in this matter?"  
"In what way, sir?"  
"That I leave to your woman's wit to answer," returns he. "You can't make up your mind, then? Perhaps you think I overestimate my powers of usefulness."  
"No. I don't doubt you there." She lifts her head and looks at him steadily.  
"And yet you shrink—you hesitate. I tell you there is no need for compunction. They are less than nothing to each other," says the tempter, slowly.  
"It is of him alone, I think," she breaks in, vehemently. "As for her, let her go. I owe her nothing but hatred for a studied course of insolence since the first hour we met. But there is his happiness to be considered."  
"Pshaw!" scornfully. "Is it not open to all the world to read between the lines? It was a caprice—a mere passing fancy on his part—a desire for a pretty face, of which he has already tired. The fancy, the caprice, are dead."  
"I am not so sure of that. If I were—"  
"You would feel more free to act? Why, look into it, as it stands. Would a man who loved, neglect the object of that love, as he does her? Would he deliberately and openly betray in a thousand ways his preference for another?"  
"There is no such preference as that of which you hint," returns she gloomily.  
"There you wrong yourself. Yet, granting you are right, does that make it any the easier for you to prove his love for her? When does he seek her side? When does a tender glance, a kindly word pass between them? Has he even forced a smile for her?"  
"No—And yet—" she hesitates, grows suddenly silent, and Staines plays his trump card.  
"Had he even the last lingering remnants of a wretched love for her," he says with cold contempt, "would he have invited me here?"  
"He was ignorant of your former relations with her. He knew nothing," cries she, eagerly. "Nothing! I have it from his own lips."  
"Then he lied to you," declares Staines, coolly. For he had the whole story from my lips, before ever I accepted his invitation. Some absurdly quixotic impulse drove me at that moment to mention it."  
"Is that the truth?" asks she, in a terribly eager way.  
"If you doubt me, ask him," returns he boldly.  
She sighs deeply, and throws up her head as if suffocating, and he knows he has won the day, and gained an ally who will—who shall be—of incalculable service to him in the gaining of the abominable end he has in view.  
"You love her!" she asks, hurriedly.  
"I have not asked you if you love him," retorts he, coldly.  
"True." She winces a little.  
"It is then a bond between us, to help each other when we can?" demands he.  
"A bond—yes. But remember I pledged myself to nothing," answers she, thoughtfully.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Meanwhile Muriel, going slowly up the

stairs to the dowager's room, feels as though her feet are clad with leaden wings. That last accusation of her rival smitten her sore. Had she wronged him? Had she betrayed her? Her mind wanders back in a true line to the old days, when she had strayed with him through meads and bowing tracts, days when she had thought of him as the one man in all the world for her. If she had then shrunk from a life of poverty, sweetened even though it might be by love, why, so had he!  
She had quailed indeed when she thought of years filled with a sordid care, but it was he who had carefully pointed out to her those cares. No earnest pleading had been used to give her strength to endure for dear love's sake alone. Even that letter, so replete with angry reproach, had contained no entreaty to cast aside her allegiance to Lord Brankmere, and fling herself with honest abandonment into her lover's arms. Some hidden strain of knowledge whispers to her that she would not now be Lady Brankmere had Staines been stancher, more persistent in his wooing; that there might have been a moment when she would have counted the world well lost for what is now lost to her forever!  
At this point in her meditations Muriel drops into a low cushioned seat in one of the staircase windows and laughs aloud, softly but with an indescribable bitterness. A steady barrier should, and must, be placed between her and Staines forever; Brankmere should be that barrier!  
And now? She rises wearily from her seat in the great painted window, and goes on her unwilling way to the dowager's apartments. Now, she has neither lover's nor husband's love!  
She shivers a little as she reaches the heavy hanging curtain that hides the entrance to the corridor that leads not only to the dowager's apartments, but to those of Mrs. Von Thirsk. She stops short. Beyond her lies the other curtain that hides the large door that leads to Madame's own rooms; those rooms that no one may enter save Madame herself, and—  
She draws a heavy breath. A sense of suffocation weighs her down. It is the first time she has been here since that afternoon when Mrs. Stout had escorted her through the upper parts of the house in the character of a cicerone. She rises herself, however, and turning resolutely toward old Lady Brankmere's room, knocks gently at the door.  
It is opened to her by a tall, gaunt woman, with a peculiarly bloodless face, and eyes deeply set and colorless.  
She drops back a step or so in respectful fashion as Muriel enters, and then returns to her station beside the bed.  
The room is semi-lighted, the curtains being closely drawn, a fire is burning in the huge grate, and a black cat, gaunt as Mrs. Brookes—who had opened the door for Muriel—sits upon the hearth-rug. As Muriel advances, this brute turns its head slowly round and spits at her in a malevolent fashion.  
"Be quiet, then, my beauty, my sweetheart!" she murmurs, absurdly, to the creature.  
The dull flames emit a duller light; through the closed curtains a feeble ray is struggling; Muriel, peering anxiously into this obscurity, finds at last the occupant of the room who has desired her presence.  
In a huge four-poster of enormous dimensions, lies a figure, a mere shell of our poor humanity! A wizened, aged, witch-like face looks out from the pillows; a face that but for the eyes might well be mistaken for a piece of parchment.  
Two gaunt hands, delicately formed, but inhuman in aspect, are resting on the faded but gorgeous counterpane. The lips fall to conceal the toothless gums within; and the scant and hoary locks, are bound by a funeral band of black velvet that serves to heighten the ghastliness of the half-living picture.  
The dowager seems unaware of her presence until Mrs. Brookes, stooping over her, lays her hand upon her shoulder.  
"It is Lady Brankmere, madam. She has come to see you—at your request."  
"Ay—ay. I know. I am sick of her name," returns the old woman, querulously. "There are so many of them. My Lady Brankmere of to-day—and she of yesterday—and she of the day before! Why don't some of 'em die—eh?"  
"I don't know, madam. Time will do it, perhaps," returns the attendant, doubtfully.  
"Slaves count time," quarrels the miserable wreck, vacantly. "It has nothing to do with us. Who spoke of my Lady Brankmere? Was it you, Brookes? You should know better. She will never be my lady now—no—never!"  
"Hush, madame!"  
"But what of her—the little one? She had ought to have been my lady, but wasn't. What of her, Brookes? Is she coming to me? Tell me, woman, or I'll strike you!"  
"Not to-day, madam," soothingly.  
"She should, then. Memory is quick within me. All, all comes back to me to-day. Seven years ago, Brookes. Seven years. My poor little boy! my poor fellow!"  
"Your ladyship will excuse her," entreats Mrs. Brookes, turning to Muriel with a sedate courtesy. "It is not one of madam's good days."  
"What is that you are saying, Brookes?" cries the dowager, shrilly. "And who is that lurking behind the curtains? Let 'em stand forward! D'ye hear? What are they hiding for, eh?" Here, catching sight of Muriel, memory again takes fire, and she knows her. Old habits return to her—old dignity.  
"You do an old woman much honor. I am very pleased to see you, my dear," she says proudly but sweetly. "Pray be seated, Brookes! a chair for my Lady Brankmere. It is a gracious action of yours, my dear, to grant the dying a few minutes out of your young life!"  
Here, alas! the vital spark grows dull again, and returns to its sad flickering that is but the prelude of its death. The touch of strength the worn-out brain had received dies away, and stooping forward the old woman twines her bony fingers round Muriel's white wrist and breaks into futile mumblings.  
"Have you seen her yet? The little thing in her white gown?" she asks.  
"Such a pretty creature. It isn't you I'm talking of, you will know, because you are

Lady Brankmere, and she isn't. She can't be now, they tell me. But she was the prettiest little soul, and all in white—in white."  
"Recollect yourself, madam!" whispers Mrs. Brookes, severely.  
"Go away, Brookes. Go away, I say. Nobody understands me but Thekla. Where is Thekla? Ah! she knows the little one! Thekla knows!—she will tell you!" she whispers, leaning toward Muriel, who has grown very pale. The old woman's strange words—the evident desire of the attendant to silence her, have suggested to her strong confirmation of doubts that are already at work within her. Seven years ago Madame had said! Seven years ago was Madame von Thirsk a pale, slender maiden? Did she wear a white gown? Was it she who should have been Lady Brankmere in her—Muriel's place.  
A sensation of faintness creeps over her as she sits still and motionless beside the four-poster, hearing but not heeding the idle wanderings of its occupant.  
A longing to escape—to get away from her immediate surroundings, to be alone—takes possession of her. She rises precipitately to her feet.  
"Stay, stay!" cries the dowager. "You haven't told me yet if you have seen her. She, who ought to be you, you know! But it is seven years ago. Seven years! No, Brookes," testily, "I will not be silent; I will ask her. Why should she not be told? It is a sad story, and my Lady Brankmere here seems to me to have a tender heart. Ah! it would melt a harder heart than hers to hear the story of the little one. Such love—such devotion and all for naught. Now is too late! You, need bear no malice, my dear; it is, indeed, too late, as you know. Nothing could make her Lady Brankmere now! Yet that is what she craves—what she cries for night and day. Sometimes I hear her in the dead of night. I don't ask you if you see her now!" she whispers, wildly clutching at Muriel's arm. "I can see for myself. Look! Look, I say. She is there. There! in her little white frock, with—What is that, Brookes? What is that?" she shouts she violently. "It is blood—his blood? D'ye see the red spots upon her gown? They are his—his, I tell you—his heart's blood! Drops drawn from his pierced breast! Oh Arthur! Oh, my pretty boy!"  
"You must not heed her, my lady; she is not herself to-day," says Mrs. Brookes hurriedly. "My late lord's death made a terrible impression upon her. She sees visions at times, or fancies she does. There is not truth in anything she says! I pray you remember that, madam! He was her favorite grandson, you see, and his sudden death, caused by such awful means, unsettled her poor brain."  
"I know—I understand," murmured Muriel, in a stifled tone. Releasing herself gently, from the dowager's grasp, she rushes from the room.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Finding the hall door lying hospitably open he enters the house without the usual rattle and traverses the hall without meeting a soul.  
The library is reached and found empty. The schoolroom is invaded with a sinking heart; but here, too, desolation reigns. Good gracious! Where are they? What on earth has happened? The piano is lying open, and Mr. Pauly, seating himself upon the music-stool looks mournfully down upon the yellow keys.  
"I hope the new importation isn't playing the very dooce with 'em all, he scolded, quizzing, plaintively; it looks bad. No yell; no skirmin'ish. Not as much as a cushion aimed at a fellow's head from behind a half-opened door. It does look poor! It is one of two things—either they have all succumbed to the plague of the cholera, or Billy's wife is an out-and-outer." "Well, I'll solve the riddle at once. If any of them are still in the land of the living, this will fetch 'em."  
He lays violent hands upon the long-suffering instrument, whereupon thunders up from it fulfilled with that touching melody commonly known as "Tommy Dodd." Mr. Bellew, making his usual entrance into the house by means of the school-room window, is so staggered by it that he pauses midway, with one foot on the balcony still and one on the carpet inside. And Margery darts like a swallow into the old room and literally flings herself into the musician's arms.  
"Dear old thing!" she cries. "To think you're really come! Oh, Tommy. I say, how nice it is to see you again!"  
"Why, there you are, Margery, old girl—and how are you?" returns the Honorable Tommy. "Pretty well, eh? Bearing up, eh? That's right. Never say die in your motto, I take it; and let me tell you I admire your spirit."  
"You ought to," says Margery, gayly. "You have had plenty of time to study it. What brought you down at this ungodly period? You, who are so fond of your 'Pail Mall'?"  
"I'm not sure, unless it was to see you," returns Mr. Pauly, gallantly. "I met Brankmere one day in Piccadilly, and he seized hold of me as though he was a policeman. 'Come alonger me,' said he, and I hadn't much of an excuse ready, so I comed."  
"It doesn't matter a bit how or why you came, so long as you are here," declares Margery, lovingly.  
All this you may be sure is creating pure rapture in the bosom of the young man who is still standing transfixed between the room and the balcony. His eyes are glittering by this time his brow is black! He brings the leg that has been lagging on the balcony into the room, with a resounding thud that rouses the two at the piano.  
"There you are, Curzon," she says quite carelessly—  
"Ah, Bellew! Glad to see you. How are you, old chap?" asks Pauly.  
"Quite well thank you." In a freezing tone, and with a glance full of deadliest hatred.  
"That's all right! So am I," declares Mr. Pauly, cheerfully. "Oh, by Jove, here's Angelica."  
Like a pale lily she stands, erect, slender, half child, half woman. Mr. Pauly, who is doubtless a person of good taste, seems delighted with her, and kisses her warmly in consoling fashion.  
"Well, she hasn't starved you at all events. You were always slight, you know," says Tommy. "Indeed, I might even go further and say she has fattened you," continued Tommy holding back the twins, at arms' length.  
"Well, how does she treat you?" asks

the Honorable Tommy, sinking his voice to a mysterious whisper. "Is she supportable, or the very devil, eh? I'm afraid it's the latter. But you'll have to bear up, you know. 'A frog he would a-wooing go, whether his mother would have it or no! Old song! Member it? That's your case with Billy, don't you see?"  
"But—" begins Margery, eagerly.  
"Yes, of course, I quite understand all that. Beastly hard work upon you all. But what I say is—don't give in to her too much! Hold up your heads. March! Give yourselves airs! There's a lot of you, and only one of her, and I don't see why the crowd shouldn't win the day."  
"There isn't any day to win," declares Angelica, lifting her penciled brows. "It's won already."  
"Then more shame for you—a poor spirited lot!" exclaims Mr. Pauly, scornfully. "To be sat upon at the very first assault. 'I'm disgusted with you all. I believed there was some sort of go amongst you, and now? That kind is she, eh?' you, and now? That kind is she, eh?' with a startling drop from the highfalutin to the ordinary gossipy tone."  
"She? Who, on earth, Tommy, are you alluding to?" asks Margery, with some asperity.  
"Why, to Mrs. Daryl, of course," very justly aggrieved. "Who did you think?"  
"How often have I warned you that your incoherency will be your ruin! From the way you spoke one might quite as easily believe you were talking of the man in the moon as of Billy's wife."  
"If you exert your brain a little bit, you will remember that I said 'she,' retorts Mr. Pauly, who is now deeply incensed. "And I never heard of a woman in the moon. Did you?"  
"Here she is!" cry the twins at this moment in a breath. All turn, in a slightly awed manner, to the door.

## CHAPTER XV.

After all it is only Mrs. Billy herself who meets their expectant gaze. Her bonny face is wreathed in smiles, and she accosts Margery in quite a radiant fashion.  
"See here, Meg. I've got a real good thing to—" but at this she stops dead short. She stares inquiringly at Tommy, who is generously returning the attention. At last Mr. Billy gives way. She smiles broadly.  
"You don't help me, Meg," she says with a little laugh. "The situation, I have no doubt, is full of interest, but as yet I am rather in the dark. Is this another of your young men?"  
"Certainly not," she says. "It is only Tommy. Tommy Pauly; you know."  
"Why, yes, certainly," says Mrs. Billy, and holding out to him a friendly hand.  
"When did you come, eh? I seem to have known you for centuries, the girls talk so much about you."  
"They would, you know," he says, "his shirt-collar a conceited pull."  
"They are so fond of me."  
"Isn't it true, Angelica," persists Mr. Pauly. "Don't you love me?"  
"Have I said so, Tommy?" asks she in her quaint, quakerish fashion.  
"A thousand times," replies he.  
"I will not contradict you. I will leave it to your conscience!" says the slim, tall, childlike little thing.  
"You leave it in safe quarters, then," declares the irrepressible Tommy. "You have named as umpire in this case about the best thing of its kind. Don't mind her, Mrs. Daryl, she adores me. Come over here, Angelica, and sit beside me. I have a whole budget of news to open to you."  
"No, I will not," says Angelica. "You have not said what's true—I will not go near you."  
"Then you'll be sorry presently," says Mr. Pauly. "When I'm gone I shall only be here for a week or so at the furthest, and who knows when you will see me again! I'm a bird of passage, you know; here to-day and gone—"  
The word "to-morrow" is squealed out in a stifled tone, the old sofa having given way beneath him and buried him amongst its ruins. Heels up the Honorable Tommy disappears from view.  
"Well, I'm blo— Oh, confound it!" gasps he. "What the dooce is the good of a sofa like that, eh? Regular man-trap, what? I'll take jolly good care I don't trust myself to its tender mercies again."  
"You have taken care," cries Margery, who is roaring with laughter. "It's in bits, poor old thing. And such an old friend as it was, too! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Tommy."  
"Well, I'm not," says Tommy, and then he laughs the loudest of them all at his mishap.  
"Are you staying at Brankmere?" asks Dick. "Muriel said something about your coming."  
"Yes, at Brankmere. Fine old place. By the bye," glancing round him confidentially, "I never saw anything so awful as Muriel is looking! Like a handsome ghost. White as paper, don't you know, and her eyes as big as a pond."  
"Elegant description!" murmurs Dick, admiringly. "Been getting it up, Tommy?"  
"She regular frightened me, I can tell you. I used to be spoony about that girl," confesses Mr. Pauly in a loud, clear voice. "I loved her like—like—well, like anything, you know; and now to find her so pale and—still, rather took it out of me. Somebody ought to see to it, you know. Brankmere must be treating her very queer to bring her to such a pass. I can't get her out of my head," declares Mr. Pauly, earnestly. "Kept dreamin' of her all last night."  
"You're in love with her still," laughs Mrs. Billy, gayly; "that's what's the matter with you."  
"Not a bit of it," says Tommy, stoutly. "Only she worries me. She's as good as my sister, you know. In fact, all the girls here make up the only idea of home I've ever known. And I'm certain Muriel—"  
"Is quiet happy," interrupts Margery. "Why, what silly notion have you got into your head now? Is Muriel never to have a headache? never to look pale? Is she such a favorite of the gods that all the ills of life are to be held back from her?"  
"What I want to know is," said Mr. Pauly, "why she married Brankmere. He's a good old chap enough, and I really like him, but there was that other fellow Staines; he's staying there now, by the way—dooced bad taste of him, I think—well! she was going to marry him awhile ago, eh?"  
"I'm jolly glad she didn't," says Dick. "So am I," supplements Angelica. "Dancing-master sort of a man!"  
"She married Brankmere because she

chose to do so," declares Margery, slowly. "Who shall arrange for her her reasons?"  
"Not I, for one," says Tommy. "But—"  
"You will understand that there are to be no 'but's' in this case," interrupts Margery. "I will not have Muriel's motives publicly canvassed. Do you hear!"  
"Ah! I've discovered it," cries Mrs. Billy at this uncertain moment.  
"What?" asks Angelica, eagerly.  
"What it was I was going to say to Meg when I first came into the room. It escaped me then, but now I have it—recaptured. Margery, a word with you."  
As for Tommy, he is left upon the field in a distinctly injured frame of mind.  
"It is an odd thing if I can't discuss the girls' well-being amongst themselves," he protests, indignantly. "It is all very fine their pretending to be so independent, but I'm their cousin, and a sort of a guardian, by Jove. In fact, I feel as if they were all flung upon my shoulders now, somehow. Billy is, of course, too much taken up with his late purchase to see anything beyond his nose, and Peter" (mildly) "is about the biggest fool I know!"  
At this one of the twins bursts into a fit of inextinguishable laughter.  
"That child's not well," he says slowly. "Somebody had better look to it. If that severe paroxysm continues much longer, I wouldn't answer for the consequences."  
"What is it, May, Blanche?" asks Dick, who generally addresses each of the twins by both their names.  
"Pat her on the back, somebody, mildly but firmly," entreats Mr. Pauly generally. "Give it her strong. Now then, my poor child. Better eh? Well enough to explain?"  
"It's only this," cries May, "that what you just now said of Peter is exactly what he said of you yesterday, that you were the 'biggest fool unhung.' That was how he put it."  
"Ah! an improvement on my little speech," declares Mr. Pauly, unmoved. "Peter, if a little wanting, is still a specially nice fellow, and to think me the biggest fool unhung only proves the truth of my opinion of him. You agree with me, Bellew?" dragging into the foreground the morose young man among the window-curtains.  
"Do I?" said he, in a tone that warns Mr. Pauly it will be unsafe to follow up the argument.  
"What is the matter with you this morning, Curzon?" asks Margery, who had again joined the throng. "You look to me so sour, that I shouldn't think you would agree with any one."  
"I don't want to," returns Mr. Bellew. His wrongs burn within him, and his anger waxes warm.  
"Lucky you! as matters stand." "I wonder you have the hardihood even to address me," breaks out he in a vehement undertone—his wrath at last getting the better of him. He does not wait for her answer to this, but turns abruptly aside, leaving her amazed and indignant, and in fact, as she whispers to herself, with a good deal in her hand!

## LOTS OF ICEBERGS.

### A Norwegian Barque Gets Amongst Mountains of Ice.

A Boston special says:—The Norwegian barque Sjøkongen, Capt. Cram, which arrived last night from Wellington, N. Z., reports that on March 9, when in latitude 51, 32 south, longitude 50, 45 west, she sighted two large icebergs, each of which appeared to be 800 feet high and one mile in length. The next day saw between 40 and 50 more icebergs, ranging from 300 to 800 feet high and from 1,000 feet to one mile in length. From 4 p. m. to 8 p. m. that day icebergs were so numerous that it was impossible to count them, and for safety he was obliged to heave the vessel to, in which position it remained until daylight the next morning; when the barque was found to be completely surrounded with icebergs, extending as far as the eye could reach. Fortunately there was a good breeze, by which she managed to get clear of the ice, but only by hard work, as the crew had to steer the vessel a zigzag course. They finally managed to clear the ice on March 11 in lat. 50, 06 S. long. 48, 30 W., after sailing between the bergs all th at day.

### Expenses of English Club Life.

The life of an English club member, with say, \$1,500 to \$1,800 a year, involves economies that to the average American would be impossible, if he knew that by going to work he could earn as much more. It means lodgings in some quiet street, at considerably less than similar lodgings would cost here, breakfast at the lodgings, a luncheon somewhere else and dinner at the club or at the house of a friend. It is possible to dress decently on very little, so that the young man is able to dine at the club the year round; if need be, to have his little run in the country, his cruise on a friend's yacht or his fishing in the Highlands or in Norway. It is common in London clubs of the quiet kind to provide a table d'hôte dinner at 2s. 6d. The dinner may have in addition for thirty or forty cents a pint of excellent claret. Most of the dinners at clubs of very good standing seldom go beyond the table d'hôte and its pint of claret. Even men in comparatively easy circumstances are content with this, and anxious that the meal shall be kept within five shillings. Something better is often provided for a guest, but if one member of small income dines with another at the club or elsewhere, a return dinner becomes a matter of obligation.

### Overlooked.

Mrs. Strongmind (about to start to the Exposition grounds)—"Let me see—here are the wraps, here's the lunch-basket and here's the opera-glass, and here's the bundle of umbrellas. I guess we've got everything, and yet—children, we haven't forgotten anything, have we?"  
Husband and Father (standing meekly at the horse's heads)—"Shall I get in now, my dear?"  
Mrs. Strongmind—"Why, sare enough, James! I knew there was something lacking!"—[Chicago Tribune.