

THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS.

"Good-by, Clarissa," she says, a little sad imploring cadence desolating her voice.

"Until to-morrow," replies Clarissa, with an attempt at gayety, though in reality the child's mournful face is oppressing her. Then she touches the ponies lightly, and disappears up the road and round the corner, with Bill, as preternaturally grave as usual, sitting bolt upright beside her.

The next morning is soft and warm, and, indeed, almost sultry for the time of year. Thin misty clouds, white and shadowy, enwrap the fields and barren ghost-like trees and sweep across the distant hills. There is a sound as of coming rain—a rushing and a rustling in the naked woods. "A still wild music is abroad," as though a storm is impending, that shall rise at night and shake the land, the more fiercely because of its enforced silence all this day.

But now, at noon, Upon the southern side of the slant hills, And where the woods fence off the northern blast, The season smiles, resigning all its rage, And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue, Without a cloud; and white without a speck, The dazzling splendor of the scene below.

The frost has gone, for the time being; no snow fell last night; scarcely does the wind blow. If, indeed, "there is in souls a sympathy with sounds," I fear Georgie and Cissy and the children must be counted utterly soulless, as they fail to hear the sobbing of the coming storm, but with gay voices and gayer laughter come merrily over the road to Gowran. Upon the warm sultry air the children's tones ring like sweet silver bells.

As they enter the gates of Gowran, the youngest child, Amy, runs to the side of the new governess, and slips her hand through her arm.

"I am going to tell you about all the pretty things as we go along," she says, patronizingly, yet half shyly, rubbing her cheek against Miss Broughton's shoulder. She is a tall, slender child, and to do this she has to stoop a little. "You fairy," she goes on admiringly, encouraged perhaps by the fact that she is nearly as tall as her instructress, "you are just like Hans Andersen's tales. I don't know why."

"Amy! Miss Broughton won't like you to speak to her like that," says Cissy, coloring.

But Georgie laughs. "I don't mind a bit," she says, giving the child's hand a reassuring pressure. "I am accustomed to being called that, and, indeed, I rather like it now. I suppose I am very small. But" (turning anxiously to Cissy, and speaking quite as shyly as the child Amy had spoken a moment since) "there is a name to which I am not accustomed, and I hate it. It is 'Miss Broughton.' Won't you call me 'Georgie'?"

"Oh, are you sure you won't mind?" says the lively Cissy, with a deep and undisguised sigh of relief. "Well, that is a comfort! It is all I can do to manage your name. You don't look a bit like a 'Miss Anything,' you know, and 'Georgie' suits you down to the ground." "Look, look! There is the tree where the fairies dance at night," cries Amy, eagerly, her little, thin, spiritual face lighting with earnestness, pointing to a magnificent old oak tree that stands apart from all the others and looks as though it had for centuries defied time and storm, and proved itself indeed "sole king of forests all."

"Every night the fairies have a ball there," says Amy, in perfect good faith. "In spring there is a regular wreath of blue bells all around it, and they show where the 'good folk' tread."

"How I should like to see them!" says Georgie gravely. "I think, in her secret soul, she is impressed by the child's solemnity, and would prefer to believe in the fairies rather than otherwise."

"Well, you ought to know all about them," says Amy, with a transient but meaning smile; "you belong to them, don't you? Well" (dreamily, "perhaps some night we shall go out hand in hand and meet them here, and dance with them all the way to fairyland.")

"Miss Broughton,—there—through the trees! Do you see something gleaming white?" asks Ethel, the elder pupil. "Yes?" "Well, there, in that spot, is a marble statue of a woman, and underneath her is a spring. It went dry ever so many years ago, but when Clarissa's great-grandfather died the waters burst out again, and every one said the statue was crying for him, he was so good and noble, and so well beloved."

"I think you might have let me tell that story," indignantly. "You knew I wanted to tell her that story." "I didn't," with equal indignation; "and, besides, you told her about the fairies' ballroom. I said nothing about that."

"Well, at all events," says Georgie, "they were two of the prettiest stories I ever heard in my life. I don't know which was the prettier."

"Now look at that tree," breaks in Amy, hurriedly, feeling it is honestly her turn now, and fearing lest Ethel shall cut it before her. "King Charles the Second spent the whole of one night in that identical tree."

"Not the whole of it," puts in Ethel, wisely.

"Now, I suppose this is my story, at all events," declares Amy, angrily, "and I shall just tell it as I like."

"Poor King Charles!" says Georgie, with a laugh. "If we are to believe all the stories we hear, half his lifetime must have been spent 'up a tree.'"

A stone balcony runs before the front of the house. On it stands Clarissa, as they approach, but, seeing them, she runs down the steps and advances eagerly to meet them.

"Come in," she says. "How late you are! I thought you had proved faithless and were not coming at all."

"Ah! what a lovely hall!" says Georgie, as they enter, stopping in a child-

ishly delighted fashion to gaze round her.

"It's nothing to the drawing room: that is the most beautiful room in the world," says irrepressible Amy, who is in her glory, and who, having secured the unwilling but thoroughly polite Bill, is holding him in her arms and devouring him with unwelcome kisses. "You shall see the whole house, presently," says Clarissa to Georgie, "including the room I hold in reserve for you when these children have driven you to desperation."

"That will be never," declares Amy, giving a final kiss to the exhausted Billy. "We like her far too much, and always will, I know, because nothing on earth could make me afraid of her!"

At this they all laugh. Georgie, I think, blushes a little; but even the thought that she is not exactly all she ought to be as an orthodox governess cannot control her sense of the ludicrous.

"Cissy, when is your father's concert to come off?" asks Clarissa, presently.

"At once, I think. The old organ is unendurable. I do hope it will be a success, as he has set his heart on getting a new one. But it is hard to make people attend. They will pay for their tickets, but they won't come. And, after all, what the—others like, is to see the country."

"Get Dorian Branscombe to help you. Nobody ever refuses him anything."

"Who is Dorian Branscombe?" asks Georgie, indifferently, more from want of something to say than any actual desire to know.

"Dorian?" repeats Clarissa, as though surprised; and then, correcting herself with a start, "I thought every one knew Dorian. But I forgot, you are a stranger. He is a great friend of mine; he lives near this, and you must like him."

"Every one likes him," says Cissy, cordially.

"Lucky he," says Georgie. "Is he your lover, Clarissa?"

"Oh, no,—with a soft blush, born of the thought that if he is not the rose he is very near to it. "He is only my friend, and a nephew of Lord Sartoris."

"So great as that?"—with a faint grimace. "You crush me. I suppose he will hardly deign to look at me?"

As she speaks she looks at herself in an opposite mirror, and smiles a small coquettish smile that is full of innocent childish satisfaction, as she marks the fair vision which is given back to her by the friendly glass.

"I hope he won't look at you too much, for his own peace of mind," says Cissy, at which Clarissa laughs again; and then, the children getting impatient, they all go out to see the pigeons and the gardens, and stay lingering in the open air until afternoon tea is announced.

CHAPTER XIV.

Where music dwells Lingering, and wandering on, as loth to die, Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof That they were born for immortality. —Wordsworth.

The parish church of Pullingham is as naught in the eyes of the parishioners, in that it is devoid of an organ. No sweet sounds can be produced from the awful and terrifying instrument that for years has served to electrify the ears of those unfortunate enough to possess sittings in the church. It has at last failed.

One memorable Sunday it groaned aloud,—then squeaked mildly: cr-r-rk went something inside; there was a final shriek, more weird than the former, and then all was still! How thankful they should have been for that! I believe they were truly and devoutly so, but love for the "heavenly maid" still reigned in all their hearts, and with joy they hearkened to their vicar when he suggested the idea of a concert to be given for the purpose of raising funds wherewith to purchase a new organ, or, at least, to help to purchase it. The very thought was enough to raise high jubilee within their musical hearts.

Now the one good thing still belonging to Mrs. Redmond is the remains of what must once have been a very beautiful voice. With this she possesses the power of imparting to others her own knowledge of music,—a rather rare gift. With her own children, of course, she can do nothing; they are veritable dead-letters in her hands,—she being one of those women who spend their lives admonishing and thrusting advice upon the world, yet find themselves unequal to the government of their own households. But with the village choir all is different; here she reigns supreme, and is made much of, for Pullingham is decidedly musical, and all its young men and all its young women either sing, or think they sing, or long after singing.

Tenors, sopranos, and basses are to be met with round every corner; the very air is thick with them. The Pullinghamites will sing whether they can or not, with a go and a gusto that speaks well for their lungs, if a trifle trying to the listeners.

Vocal music being the thing held highest in favor in the Methodist chapel, where Mr. Leatham, the "Methody" parson, holds unorthodox services, many were the seceders from the parish church to join the choir in the white-washed chapel and shout the hymns of Moody and Sankey, just at the commencement of this story.

Such secessions went high to breaking Mr. Redmond's heart. The organ had failed him; it had wheezed, indeed, valiantly to the last, as though determined to die game, but a day had come, as I said, when it breathed its last sigh, and the ancient bellows refused to produce another note.

What was to be done? The villagers should and would have music at any cost, and they never could be brought to see the enormity of worshipping in the whitewashed chapel that was, and is, as the temple of Belial in the eyes of their vicar.

It would take some time to procure funds for another and more satisfactory organ. In the meantime, the whilom choir was falling to pieces. The late organist had accepted a fresh and more lucrative post: there was literally no head to keep the members together.

What was to be done? In desperation the vicar asked himself this, while looking vainly round for some one to help him drag back his flock from the vicious influence of the "American songsters," as he most irreverently termed Messrs. M. and S.

And it was then, when he was at his wits' end, that Mrs. Redmond unexpectedly came to the rescue. It was the first and last time in her life she ever rose to the occasion; but this one solitary time she did it perfectly, and coming boldly to the front, carried all before her.

She would undertake a singing-class; she would arrange, and teach, and keep together a choir that should raise to insignificance the poor professions of a man like Leatham! The vicar, dazzled by all this unlooked-for energy, gave his consent to her scheme, and never after repented it; for in three short months she had regulated and coached a singing-class that unmistakably outshone its Methodist rivals.

And then came the question of the new organ.

"We have some money, but not enough money," said the vicar one evening, to the partner of his joys, "and something should be done to bring the want of an organ before the public."

"I should think it must be sufficiently brought before them every Sunday," said Mrs. Redmond, triumphantly laying her tenth mended sock in the basket near her.

"The parish is all very well, my dear, but the county ought to hear of it, and ought to help. I insist upon the county putting its hands in its pockets."

"I think you are quite right to insist," said Mrs. Redmond, placidly; but how are you going to do it?"

"Let us give a concert," said the vicar, at last bringing to the light of day his great project, that fairly took his wife's breath away. "Yes, a concert, to which the whole country shall come and hear my—may, your—choir surpass itself."

Mrs. Redmond was struck dumb by this bold proposition, but, finally giving in, she consented to teach the choir, assiduously twice a week, all the quartettes and trios and solos she knew; while still declaring, in a dismal fashion, that she knew the whole thing would be a dismal failure, and that the great cause would lose by it more than it would gain.

Many days, many hours, has Mr. Redmond spent arranging and disarranging all the details of the proposed concert.

The idea is in itself a "happy thought,"—far happier than any of Burnand's (so he tells himself); but a concert, however unpretentious, is a prodigious affair, and not to be conducted by half a dozen raw recruits.

Besides, the county admires the county, and would prefer seeing the vicar presented on the boards to listening to the warblings, be they never so sweet, of an outsider. It is so far more delicious to laugh behind one's fan at the people in one's set than at those outside the pale of recognition. And, of course, the county must be humored.

The vicar grows nervous as he masters this fact, and strives diligently to discover some among the upper ten who will come forward and help to sweeten and gild the "great unwashed."

The duchess, unfortunately, is from home; but Lady Mary and Lady Patricia are at the Castle, and Lady Mary, when she can be heard, which, to do her justice, is very seldom, even in a very small room—can sing nice little songs very nicely. Indeed, she is fond of describing her own voice as "a sweet little voice," and certainly all truth is embodied in the word "little."

Then there is young Hicks, the surgeon's son, who boasts a good baritone, and is addicted to Molloy and Adams and all of their class, and who positively revels in Nancy Lees, and such gentle beings as those to whom the "Lar's Farewell" may be gently breathed.

Then there is the long gawky man staying with the Bellevues, who can shout from afar, and make music of his own that will probably, nay, surely, go a long way toward bringing down the house, as far as the farmer class is concerned; and with him will come Miss Bellew, who can produce a very respectable second in any duet, and who is safe to go anywhere with the long gawky young man, if report speaks truly.

Mrs. McConkie, from the neighboring parish, will lend a helping hand, her husband being a brother clergyman; and there is, besides, Mr. Hendley, who plays the violin, and Mr. Johnson, who can recite both comical and melancholy pieces with such success as to bring tears or laughter, as the case may be, into the eyes of any one with half a soul!

As nobody will confess to anything less than a whole soul, everybody in Pullingham laughs or cries immoderately whenever Mr. Johnson gives way to recitations.

And Sarah, but not least, there is also Mrs. Martin, the leader of the village choir, and the principle feature in it, whose strong if slightly ear-piercing soprano must prove her worth of a new organ.

To the vicar's intense chagrin, Dorian Branscombe is absent,—has, indeed, been up in town since the day before Georgie Broughton's arrival, now a fortnight old.

Dorian would have been such a comfort! Not that he sings, or plays, or fiddles, or, indeed, does anything in particular, beyond cajoling the entire neighborhood; but, at that, as it happens, in this case, every one is to be cajoled, to entreat, to compel the people to come in and fill the empty benches, is all the vicar would require at his hands.

And Dorian could do all this. No one ever refused him anything. Both old women and young women acknowledge his power and give in to him, and hardly feel the worse because of their subservience,—he having a little way of his own that makes them believe, when they have been most ignominiously betrayed into saying "yes" to one of his wildest propositions, he has been concurring a favor upon them, more or less, for which he is just too generous to demand thanks.

But this invaluable ally is absent. The vicar, in the privacy of his own sanctum,—where no one can witness the ungodly deed,—stamps his feet with vexation as he thinks of this, and tells himself he is unlucky to the last degree, and acknowledges a worth in Dorian Branscombe never learned before!

Clarissa is perfectly delighted with the whole idea, and somewhat consoles him by her ready offer of assistance, and her determination to step into the absent Dorian's shoes and make love to the country in his stead.

"She persists in calling it the 'first concert of the season,' which rather alarms the vicar, who is depressed by his wife's prognostications of failure, and sees nothing but ruin ahead. She declares her intention of publishing it in all the London papers, and offers the whole of the winter conservatories to decorate the school-house (where it is to be held), so that those accustomed to the sight of its white and somewhat

barren walls will fail to recognize it in its new-born beauty.

"Then, shall we name the 4th as the day?" says the vicar, with some trepidation. It is now the end of January, and he is alluding to the first week in the ensuing month. "I wish you could sing, Clarissa! I dare say you would help me."

"Indeed I would. But Nature has proved unkind to me. And, after all, you want no one else. The choir, in itself, is very efficient; and if you must call for 'out-door relief,' why, you have Lady Mary, and the others. That fearful young man at Bellew is a fortune in himself; and Mr. Johnson makes everybody cry—and it is so nice to cry."

"Yes,—yes,—I dare say," says the poor vicar, who is somewhat distraught, and, to say the truth, a little miserable about the whole undertaking. "Now, there is Sarah Martin. Do you think she will pull through? On her I build all my hopes; but some inward doubt about her oppresses me. Willie Bealman has a capital tenor; but he and Sarah don't speak,—she refused him, I think,—and so they won't sing their duet together. Then there is Lizzie Bealman, she might stand to me; but she loses her voice when nervous, and has a most uncomfortable trick of giggling when in the least excited."

"Put her in the background," says Clarissa. "She is of no use, except in a chorus."

"Her people wouldn't stand it. They look upon her as a rising prima donna. I assure you, my dear Clarissa," says the vicar, furtively wiping his brow, "only for the sin of it, there are moments when I could wish myself beneath the sod. The incessant worry is more than I can bear!"

"Oh, now, don't say that," says Miss Peyton, patting his arm lovingly. "It will be a great success, this concert; I know, I feel it will!"

(To Be Continued.)

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Interesting News About Some of the Great Folks of the World.

The Princess of Wales plays the organ, harmonica, piano and zither.

Signor Crispi, the Italian Premier, is expected to pay a visit to England during the coming spring.

Mrs. Ernest Leveson, who writes so amusingly in Punch, is a very pretty woman, quite young, and always beautifully dressed.

Zola, who cordially despises Englishmen, will pay another visit to England next spring. He thinks of writing a book dealing with industrial life as it exists in Birmingham and Manchester.

Danjero, the most famous tragic actor in Japan, has received and declined a flattering offer for a series of performances in Europe. He writes that he is too feeble, and adds:—"Sixty-four autumns have whitened my hair and weakened my memory."

The Russian novelist Stepiak is preparing a work called "King Stork and King Log," which is said to be a true picture of national conditions in Russia as they are to-day—the names of his title standing respectively for the late Czar and the present one.

Among the memoirs soon to be published are those of Admiral Lord Clarence Paget, now 84 years old. The Admiral has seen a good deal of British public life, having served in the Crimean war and been Secretary of the Admiralty under Lord Palmerston.

Annie Besant was a religious enthusiast in her early years, and was inclined to become a nun, but compromised by marrying a clergyman. It was after her divorce, and after her association with Charles Bradlaugh, that she became a Theosophist. She was for a time a pupil of Huxley.

Isabella Bird Bishop is regarded as one of the most valuable members of the Royal Geographical Society. Being skilful both as a photographer and a descriptive writer, she has sent home to England from the Orient much novel and interesting material from the remote regions of China, Tibet, and Persia.

Miss Kingsley, who is conducting some extraordinary explorations in Africa, writes that she has been associating with cannibals for months, and that one of the strange things she has seen recently was a number of human corpses hung up in a Twage house like hams, to be eaten by the occupants!

Mme. Oyama, the beautiful wife of the Field-Marshal of Japan, is a graduate of Vassar, and was valedictorian of her class at that institution. She is an accomplished linguist, holds the position of chief lady-in-waiting to the Empress, draws the highest salary of any woman at court and instructs in European manners and etiquette.

The Rev. Peter Mackenzie, who died last week in London, was once stopped by a highwayman, who demanded money. The minister offered him half a crown, and that not being accepted doffed his coat and gave him what the man now describes as a "dashed good licking." The highwayman subsequently became one of Dr. Mackenzie's converts.

According to the London World, the Duke of Devonshire does not shine in the reception of deputations. They do not, indeed, leave him as they used to leave the late Mr. Lowe and the late Mr. Ayrton—with the aspect of men who have been kicked—but they are profoundly dispirited. He manages to convey to them the impression that nothing is of any importance, and that the subject in which they are interested is, perhaps, of less importance than anything else.

Somebody recently reproached Prof. Max Muller for "wasting his time" on mythology. He replies:—"All I can say is that this study gives me intense pleasure, and has been a real joy to me all my life. I have toiled enough for others; may I not in the evening of my life follow my own taste? I see much more in my mythology than appears on the surface, and I believe the time will come when this is fully understood. And although I am glad to have lived long enough to witness the triumph of some theories which, when first uttered, were widely and fiercely condemned, I hold to my own belief that Truth is in no hurry."

His Head Was Working.

Cabby—Come along and get in, if you want to drive home.

Toots—Wait a minute; I've got to bring this lamp post along to hang on to when I try to get out.

A STUDY IN HEREDITY.

Results of the Union of a Stupid Race with One Brilliant but Tainted.

Heredity is a conspicuous feature in the theory of criminal anthropology held by the school of which Lombroso is the leader and Lombroso's Archivio di Psichiatria contains in a recent issue an article illustrating it. It is a story by Renieri di Rocchi of three generations of an Italian family. D, whose family since the early years of the sixteenth century had produced only commonplace men and women, married U, whose ancestors, immediate and remote, had been brilliant men and women, with here and there a physical taint that often took the form of ophthalmia and of a degeneration affecting the skin, while others had exhibited psycho-ethical anomalies. D was normal and undistinguished, like all his recent ancestors, and was manifestly the inferior of his wife. She inherited the brilliancy of her race, gathered about her an intellectual society, and sometimes wrote verse. Her letters to D were clever and charming, though not marked with strong evidences of affection, D's chief defect as a husband was a certain infirmity of temper, marked by occasional outbursts of anger.

Six children were born to this pair. One son showed great brilliancy and fondness, for study, so that he promised to make a name in the world of science or of letters, but he was early overtaken by blindness through the inherited taint, and he died at 60, un-distinguished. The second was a "mat-toid," in the language of Lombroso and his school. He was clever, but utterly without application. Satiric poetry was his passion. He took to drink and to play, thus exhibiting the psycho-ethical taint of his mother's family, and died at 50 from the result of overindulgence in the course of a too rapid life. The father's infirmity of temper took with this child the form of marked impulsiveness.

The third child, a daughter was distinguished for extreme sensibility and sweetness of character. She was affectionate, charitable, and self-sacrificing. She lost her husband and daughter, however, within a month, and became a mad hypochondriac, thus exhibiting the mental taint of the mother's family. Two other daughters inherited the father's normal character and apparently not his infirmity of temper which parents in a marked degree. He was warmly affectionate, and his normal sense was highly developed, but, like the father, he was irascible, and at times driven to exhibitions of great anger by trifles. He developed palpitation of the heart toward 30. The inherited literary bent of the mother's family took in him the form of graphomania. He married an unusually sweet-natured woman, not of Italian blood and died at 40, leaving a son and a daughter of tender years.

Here began the third generation. The daughter was a girl of rare intellectual gifts and amazing confidence in her own judgment. Premature old age overtook her at 20. She, too, was a graphomane, and before she was 25 years old she had written many romances, for the most part politico-religious. She wrote with no wish for fame, but merely to put into words her opinions and conceptions of life. She refused, indeed, to seek a publisher for her writings. The brother, before reaching the age of 18, had written many romances, dramas, poems, and sociological studies. He, too, was a graphomane, and he published nothing save a few occasional poems. Of four others in the third generation one was gifted, but he became a drunkard. A second showed no marked anomaly, and a third was unintelligent and abnormal.

Thus the marriage of D, the scion of a normal and stupid race, with the brilliant but tainted U, gave to the world a strange succession of brilliant eccentrics, hypochondriacs, mattoids, and drunkards.

Strange Occurrences.

These incidents doubtless have often been recounted in romances, but in this story they are fact. While walking by the river bank above Niagara Falls a little more than a year ago Joseph Kreis, of Indianapolis, rescued from death a young woman who had fallen into the river, and was rapidly being carried to the brink of the falls. The young woman's name was Effie Comstock, and she was the daughter of a retired banker of Madison Wis. Last Wednesday Mr. Kreis and Miss Comstock were married at Indianapolis, and then they went to Logansport to live happily ever afterward, as the couples in romances always do.

She Knew.

William, she said gently, and yet in accents of reproof, you remember that I gave you several letters to mail last week, don't you?

Yes; I remember it. But this is the first time you have remembered it since I gave them to you, isn't it?

I—I must confess that it is. How do you know?

I put a postal card addressed to myself among the lot, and it hasn't yet reached me. It only costs a cent, and I find that is a very effective way of keeping check on the rest of my mail. Now, dear, if you will hand me the letters, I'll run out and post them myself.

His Future.

Mrs. Bingo—I don't know what we will ever do with Bobbie. It seems impossible for him to learn how to spell. Bingo—We'll have to make a sign painter out of him.

It has recently been estimated that a November fog in London costs for electric lights, gas, accidents, delays and damages about \$500,000.

Four million lobsters were captured last season on the Maine coast. This exceeds the entire catch of all the rest of the Atlantic coast, from New Hampshire to Florida.