

HOW I BECAME THE FASHION.

I was born a beauty; from the time I could talk and understand, it was instilled into me as a fact. When I could toddle about, some injudicious person, probably a nurse, gave me the name of "Beauty," and it stuck to me ever after. I don't think I was inordinately proud of my distinction, although even in childhood it makes a difference, but it seems to me as I look back that my attractions were made use of by my brothers and sisters for their own benefit. They were always sending me to beg a holiday on the plea that "Papa won't refuse Beauty," or later on to get leave to go to this or that place of amusement, for "Mamma is sure to let Beauty have her way."

It's a wonder I wasn't quite spoiled, but I don't think I was; at least no such accusation was ever made, even when sisterly civilities were being interchanged. We were a large family, principally girls, all presentable except my eldest sister, Matilda; she had no looks to speak about, but she made it up by a superabundance of brains—she was the family head-piece, a sort of plateau to be relied upon on all state occasions. She certainly was a remarkable woman; her one idea was to push one's self forward in life—an English adaptation of "Aide toi, le ciel t'aidera."

How angry she was when I married Charley! She was in Gibraltar settling my brother Edmund in his appointment, and I was Mrs. Redcar before she came back. Charley was a captain with good prospects of getting on, but Matilda made him sell out and put his money into a new company started to provide Venice with tram cars; after this we came up town, because Matilda said that with my beauty and Charley's connections London was the place for us. We were sure to push our way; but curiously enough we didn't. Charley's connections belonged to the Plymouth brothers and sisters, and my good looks were quite thrown away on people who wore poke bonnets. There was one old man, a granduncle of Charley, who had lived in the Regency days, and said I was the image of Dolly Bloomfield, whoever she might be.

A year or so passed very quietly, and then Matilda came up to see how we were getting on. She was very indignant when she found that we had made no way, and scolded us roundly for our supineness.

"I have no patience with either of you," she said. "With Beauty's looks and Redcar's connection you ought to be at the very top of the tree." And then we explained to her about the Plymouth brethren.

"But there's Charley's godfather's wife; she has nothing to say to trade or meeting-houses, because I see her parties every other week in the Morning Post," said my sister, with a look which meant: "You can't impose on me; if Beauty were only seen there she'd soon push her way."

Charley looked at me and I looked at Charley, and then we both burst out laughing. It was a mortifying confession, but the truth was we had been at Charley's wife's godmother's—no, I mean Charley's godfather's wife—more than once, and nothing had come of "being seen there" but the bills we had to pay for the dress I wore and the carriage.

Matilda looked very glum when we told her this. "I don't see what you are laughing at," she said crossly. "No one but a fool would find amusement in their own failure." This was very severe, but Matilda was awfully put out, and in the evening when Charley had gone to the "Rag" to have his smoke, she spoke very seriously to me.

"I don't like the looks of things," she said. "I shouldn't be at all surprised if those Venetian tram shares don't come to much. The people there are so silly, they prefer the gondolas, and if they go down where will you be?"

"Good gracious! Matilda, I thought you recommended them, and said they would double our income."

"And haven't they done so, you silly thing? All you have to do is to put your shoulder to the wheel, and push Charley, and that will make it all right. As for him, he is a regular stick in the mud. So you must do it yourself."

"I? Why, what in the world can I do?"

"Make yourself the fashion!" said my sister oracularly.

The next day Matilda, Charley and I went to see the pictures at the R. A. It's a long way from Iverness terrace to Piccadilly, particularly on a hot day, so we went in an omnibus, but Matilda thinks it's a disgrace to be seen in one. She has a provincial idea that every one knows her. She sits far back with her veil drawn in a tight little ball over her nose, which makes her ever so much more remarkable. This day in particular she was in a great fright and was very indignant with Charley and me, who were laughing at the faces she made.

When she got out she said: "To think that our Beauty should be brought down to sit with washerwomen in an omnibus!"

Charley flushed up. He's the most good-humored fellow in the world, but he doesn't like Matilda. "She should drive in a coach with six horses, if I could give it to her," he said; "but she knew I was a poor man when she took me."

"And liked you all the better," cried I gaily, as I pressed his arm affectionately; but Matilda only snorted. I heard her mutter: "A pair of fools!"

The academy was very full that day, and I thought it a great bore. Neither Charley nor I care much for pictures, but Matilda says she understands "color." She goes round religiously with her catalogue and pencil and marks the good ones. She leaves it on the drawing-room table when she goes home, and holds forth to the country people upon the "flesh tints" of Millais, and the "deep impasto" of Burne Jones.

I soon got tired, so I sat down near the passage leading to the refreshment-room. I always think the lunch is about the best thing at pictures. But they seemed never to be coming. For sometime I amused myself looking at the people; they were a shifting mass of face and dresses, and I was greatly diverted. By-and-by I began to observe that the crowd when they came to a certain picture stood there, forming a regular line, as they did for Miss Thompson. It was awfully hot, and I had taken off my veil and pushed up my hat, for my forehead was burning. Suddenly I noticed that a great many people turned their backs upon the picture, and looked at me, and then faced round again to the canvas wall. In my character of Beauty I have been all my life pretty well accustomed to the sort of homage conveyed by what is

called "hard staring," so that it must have been an undue amount of it which attracted my attention; but surely I had never seen any like this. Groups of two, three, six at a time would stand before me, calmly surveying me, and I could gather by their gestures, talking of me. But I didn't hear what they said. I became very anxious to see the picture which attracted such attention, but the block round it was too great. The next best thing was to ask for information. It was sometime before I could pitch upon a person who seemed fitting for this purpose. At last a very quiet-looking lady came near me. She had a catalogue in her hand. I addressed her. "May I ask you to tell me the name of the picture at which every one is looking?" She turned to the book, but first glanced at me, then hurried on, and I saw her a few minutes afterward pointing me out to some of her friends. I felt extremely uncomfortable. I looked about anxiously for Charley and Matilda, but there was no sign of either. Then I did a very foolish thing; I got up to go and look for them, principally to escape from the numberless eyes fixed upon me.

To my surprise the crowd made way at once, and, as I walked, followed me, pressing very closely upon me, but not discourteously. I could hear some of the remarks, which were of the most flattering description. Just then I saw in the distance a brother officer of Charley's, a certain Captain Winton. He was a hanger-on and toady of the great, and a most conceited, tiresome little creature. I disliked him, although I'm bound to say he never absolutely cut us.

He now stopped to speak to me; of course, he was politely indifferent as to the loss of my party.

"I would help you to look for Charley," he said; "but the fact is the Duchess of Cranberry is here, and she's quite on the qui vive. Some one has told her that the original of the picture is actually in the room, and, of course, it would be everything to secure her for the 20th, and—"

Here I interrupted him rather rudely, but he is such a bore.

"I wonder," I said—but here I was in my turn interrupted. Two gentlemen on one side, two on the other, tapped Capt. Winton on each shoulder.

"Will you kindly introduce me?" said one.

"And me?" said another.

"And me?"

Little Winton stared, but did as he was bid.

"Lord Snappington—Mrs. Redcar; Colonel Frothingham—Mrs. Redcar; Sir John De Tabley—Mrs. Redcar; Major Beaulieu—Mrs. Redcar; Beaulieu, I think you know Charley Redcar: he was one of ours."

In right of this acquaintance Major Beaulieu walked on my right hand; Lord Snappington fought hard to keep his place on my left, but the crowd, which persistently followed in my wake, would not let him. Hardly any conversation was possible. At the first convenient pause, little Winton darted forward.

"My dear Mrs. Redcar, how silly you have been! And Charley, too, never breathed a word of this! Now, you must come at once to the duchess; I have her positive orders." And, before I could take in what he meant, I was being introduced to a very large lady, with a high nose, and most charming manner.

"I am so pleased to know you, Mrs. Redcar," she said. "I am obliged to hurry away; but you will come to me on the 20th, won't you? I haven't time to say half the pretty things I ought; but really, without flattery, it isn't equal! There, now, I'll not say another word. Stay; could you come to me this evening? It's shockingly informal, but you don't look formal. Eh? What?"—in answer to a whisper from little Winton—"Of course, Captain Redcar, by all means—that is, if he will give me the pleasure. I have to run away—so sorry. My carriage, Captain Winton, if you please. Good bye." And, with a pretty smile and bow, she vanished.

It was all so sudden I felt quite stunned. "I don't understand it," I said. "I don't know her, or what she wants with me."

"That's the Duchess of Cranberry. She's a great friend of Masse's, and her wonderful party is to be on the 20th."

"But what does she want with me?" I repeated.

They all smiled, and Winton, who had just come back, said "Capital!" He volunteered to go and look for Charley, and suggested to one of the gentlemen to see about my carriage.

"The duchess is delighted," he said, "and thanked me so much for the introduction. No wonder, it makes the whole thing complete. Didn't I do well about Charley? It wouldn't do at all for him to be in the background. But listen, I have a hint for your private ear. I shouldn't be at all surprised if a certain person is there this evening."

"Where?"

"Oh! at the duchess's of course. I just give you the hint. Throw over any engagement, do you hear? And mind you bring Charley." And with a grave face he went.

For a minute or two I felt inclined to cry. I had had no luncheon, and this extraordinary adventure puzzled me. I looked around at my escort of four gentlemen. "I should like to go home," I said.

Lord Snappington immediately offered me his arm. Major Beaulieu brought my parasol—the other two ran for my carriage. "I haven't any, indeed," I went on; "I think you take me for some one else."

At this they all laughed, and Lord Snappington said would I honor him by making use of his? He didn't want it for the rest of the afternoon, if I liked to drive. He was so pressing that I really couldn't refuse to go to Iverness terrace in it, although I hardly expected the wonderful footman to know where it was.

I declare when I found myself in the carriage quite alone I rubbed my eyes and pinched my fingers. I could hardly help thinking that I had fallen asleep and had dreamt all this, but just as I was pinching myself hard I saw Charley and Matilda standing on the pavement in Piccadilly, looking very hot and uncomfortable. I put my head out of the window and called to the grand coachmen to stop.

The man looked at me very wickedly, but I didn't care. I jumped out, and never felt more pleased than when I got hold of Charley's arm and the fine carriage had driven away empty.

Anything like the amazement of Charley and Matilda, when they heard my adven-

ture, I never saw. They couldn't make head or tail of it any more than myself; only one thing was clear to me, that I must get home and have something to eat. I was so faint with excitement and hunger. We all made up our minds that it was a mistake of some kind. We went carefully through the catalogue, but there was nothing there. Charley proposed running into Mrs. Smithers at No 10 (she sets up to be artist), but Matilda said no—not on any account—the thing was to keep our own counsel. Matilda was all for our going to the duchess.

She said it didn't matter, mistake or no mistake. She had asked me to her house in my own proper person and under my own proper name, and there was no imposition or forcing myself in on my side. Charley said the same, and added that at all events it would be fun—so we went. Charley burst out laughing in the carriage—he said his godfather's wife would get a fit when she heard that we had been to Cranberry house. But I think he got nervous when we were actually inside. I know I felt ready to sink into the earth when we walked up to the grand staircase through lines of powdered footmen. It seemed to me so utterly absurd. The first person I saw was Lord Snappington near the door. He seemed like an old friend; and presently Colonel Beaulieu joined us. He seemed to know Charley very well, although Charley says they haven't done more than nod these ten years; but he was very friendly, and asked us to drive down on his coach to the Orleans next day. I was very pleased, for Charley had been wishing to go and—so had I.

After a time little Winton came up in a great fuss and said the duchess was asking for me and that I was to go into the boudoir. I didn't, of course, know where that was, but Lord Snappington gave me his arm and said he would take me there. As we walked along, I heard a great many people whispering together: "There she is, on Lord Snappington's arm." I was dying to know what it all meant and I would have asked Lord Snappington then and there only that Matilda's last words had been: "Mind you ask no questions. Just take everything as it comes." Still I think I would have said something, but just then we got into the boudoir, and there was the same lady I had seen in the morning, only looking much grander and with the most lovely diamonds on her head. She had about twenty other ladies and gentlemen with her, and she was talking to a personage whom I recognized at once and my knees knocked together with fright.

"Oh! here is Mrs. Redcar!" cried the duchess; "now we have her we shall be all right."

The certain Person put a glass in his eye and looked at me:

"Fond of swinging, Mrs. Redcar?" much in the manner Charley would have said it. And then every one began to laugh. I laughed, too, although I had no idea why.

"Do you swing much?" the Personage went on, still surveying me through the glass earnestly.

I hadn't swung since I was a child, and I thought it a very odd question, but before I had time to answer, the duchess struck in.

"My swinging party comes off on the 20th, and I have given directions to have a rose-colored swing put up for Mrs. Redcar."

There was a general chorus of approbation, and I really began to think I had got among a set of lunatics. Just then some music began in the next room, and there was a move toward it. The certain Person lingered a moment:

"Duchess! I shall certainly come to your swinging party on the 20th for the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Redcar in the rose-colored swing." He smiled pleasantly at me as he spoke, did this great man and strolled lazily out of the boudoir.

When he was gone every one crowded around me. I'm sure I made twenty acquaintances and had twenty invitations in as many minutes.

All the rest of the evening was one whirl of pleasure. Charley enjoyed it quite as much as I did, and we both agreed that after all good company is nicer than and quite as cheap as any other.

In the middle of the night Charley awoke me by another loud fit of laughter. "I can't help it, Beauty," he said, "but I can't get over godfather's wife when she hears of our being on easy terms with the best in the land."

It was most surprising. There was certainly no doubting that point.

The next morning we had just done breakfast when, to our surprise, Charley's godfather's wife drove up. Matilda had just time to give us a word of caution when she came in, all laces and ribbons, bangles and chains—so unlike the duchess. She made straight at me. "My dear," she said, and kissed me on both cheeks; "how silly of you!" and then she kissed me again.

Just then there came another knock at the door, and one of Charley's uncles (a very great manufacturer, with works at the east end) was announced. He was a good man, and I liked him, but his face was extra long this morning. He took Charley and me aside.

"Is this true?" he said, and he thrust a copy of the Whitehall Review into my hand, pointing to this paragraph:

"I am glad to tell my readers that the charming original of Monsieur Henri Masse's famous picture of 'Love in a swing' is among us. She is not a Frenchwoman, but English born and bred—Mrs. Redcar, wife of Captain Charles Redcar, late of the 10th regiment; and we may well be proud of our lovely countrywoman. This puts an end to the countless stories which have been floating about since the picture appeared. It is to the Duchess of Cranberry (Monsieur Masse's old friend) that we owe this addition to the ranks of the Beauties. Mrs. Redcar appears under the duchess's wing. She made her debut at the Cranberry House soiree last night, and was hugely admired."

So much for the truth of report. After all, then, there was no harm in it, and although at first I didn't like sailing under false colors, still Matilda persuaded me it would be foolish to make a fuss; I had only to hold my tongue and let the fashionable world and the fashionable newspapers tell as many lies as they pleased. I did so. I became the fashion. After the duchess's swinging party on the 20th of June, 1879, my position was assured. No one can be more fashionable than I am. Under Matilda's directions I am trying hard to push Charley on. If I succeed I will tell you all about it.

"TROUBLOUS TIMES."

Fenianism, Fanaticism, Agrarianism and Boycottism.

MORE TROOPS FOR IRELAND.

Possible Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act.

LONDON, Nov. 24.—Mr. Kennedy, a landlord near Loughrea, who recently refused to accept Griffith's valuation, was fired at last night while walking in his garden. Three shots were fired, all of which missed.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin announces that in consideration of the fact that only £2,000 has been raised of the £10,000 necessary to defend the Land Leaguers, he has transferred to that fund £108, being the balance of the political defence fund, of which he is the sole surviving trustee.

It is stated that Mr. Forster said the Government may, in anticipation of Parliamentary action that would authorize such a step, suspend the Habeas Corpus Act and imprison all the leading Land Leaguers. The World says Earl Beaconsfield will move for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act when Parliament meets.

Last week thirty-nine new branches of the Land League were organized in different sections of Ireland.

The Marquis of Conyngham's Clare estate was put up for sale the other day, but some portions no one would buy at any price, and the prices offered for the other portions were so small that the sale abruptly terminated.

Mr. Healy, secretary of Mr. Parnell, who was recently committed on a charge of intimidating a tenant farmer, has been elected member of Parliament for Wexford borough without opposition, to fill a vacancy.

A Limerick correspondent says the Government in consequence of representations made in connection with the late attempt to murder a bailiff at New Pallas, and the determination of the people to hunt the bailiffs out of town, ordered an iron barrack, for the temporary accommodation of the special police, to be erected in the neighborhood where the outrage took place. The structure was removed by rail to New Pallas to-day, but the police were unable to get any one to remove it to its intended site, and the barrack still remains at the railway station.

A Dublin despatch says the date of the trials of the indicted Land Leaguers has been fixed for the 17th of December.

A Loughrea correspondent says Edward Kennedy, who was shot on Monday evening, is a most popular landlord. He recently subscribed liberally to the Parnell Defence Fund.

A Dublin despatch says the commander of the forces in Ireland received a sudden summons on Wednesday to meet Mr. Forster, Chief Secretary, at the Castle.

The five persons arrested near Loughrea, county Galway, for assisting to reinstate a family in a house from which it was evicted, and who were remanded for trial, have been discharged, the magistrate stating there was no case for the jury.

The Dublin merchants and other citizens declare that they will not serve on the jury in the state trials for fear of severe injury to their businesses or murder. As the merchants have business with all parts of the country, they fear being "Boycotted" if the traversers are convicted. Boycott has received a threatening letter bearing the London postmark.

The town of Ennisworthy, where eight months ago Parnell was rotten-egged, has subscribed £800 for his defence.

Telegrams from Dublin and Cork state that large quantities of arms and ammunition are received daily and distributed throughout Ireland. The invoices are principally from America. They escape the vigilance of the police in some way, and but few seizures are reported.

It is stated that the Irish Executive intends to station a military force permanently at Claremorris, and also to increase the garrison at Castlebar, so that it will be easy to send troops from these two centres to any part of the west of Ireland.

The great trials are about to begin, the Crown having yesterday joined issue on the defendants' pleas. An eight-day notice of trial may be served, which would bring the case on next Monday. The only delay which can arise is by motion of the Crown with reference to the mode of trial.

A Limerick correspondent telegraphs that the Land League is assuming proportions little dreamed of when it started. The leaders in Limerick have developed a new course which strikes at the very root of the legal system. Not content with preventing tenants from paying more than the Government valuation and preventing other tenants from taking farms from which one of their number has been evicted, the League is now about to "Boycott" the local attorneys to keep them from serving ejectment processes in the county courts. An eminent local solicitor a few days ago was accused by a prominent member of the Central Land League, who brought him to book for daring to serve ejectment processes for his clients. The representative of the Land League informed him that his case would be brought before that body at the next meeting, and warned him and his brethren of the consequences of what they were doing. The legal gentleman, in the mildest manner, told his interrogator that there were twenty-two solicitors in Limerick, and that if they ceased to serve processes all the ejectment business would be transferred to Dublin attorneys, who would serve them with writs, which would be a more costly procedure than the civil bill ejectment. This was unsatisfactory to the League representative, who intends at the next meeting of the League to denounce the attorneys and warn them against serving processes.

DUBLIN, Nov. 25.—The camp at Lough Mask will be evacuated to-morrow. The troops and Ulstermen will sleep at Ballinrobe on Friday night, and will proceed next morning early via Claremorris and Ballinascloe. Father John O'Malley has issued the following proclamation: "Men of Mayo.—In the name of the Lough Mask tenants, and for the sake of the cause which they are so manfully upholding, you are earnestly entreated to permit the Orangemen and the English army to take themselves away out of this outraged county unharmed and unnoticed."

LONDON, Nov. 25.—The Daily News, in a

leading article, insinuates that the Cabinet may to-day decide concerning the Irish coercion measure, and says that if Mr. Forster shows that the Irish executive requires some reinforcement of its powers, neither the present nor any other Cabinet that is possible in England will refuse to discharge what may be a painful duty.

In connection with the foregoing the morning papers report an attempt to shoot Captain John Mitchell, who is renting a large farm in Roscommon; an attempt to shoot a Protestant clergyman in Tipperary, the prosecution of sixty persons in Westport for illegally assembling to resist an eviction, besides various incendiary speeches, houghings of cattle, etc.

All members were present at the Cabinet Council to-day, previous to the assembling of which Mr. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, conferred with the Marquis of Hartington, and Lord Granville went to Windsor Castle and had an interview with the Queen.

A Manchester despatch says that a London correspondent, pointing to the importance of to-day's meeting of the Cabinet, says that the state of affairs in Ireland since the initiation of the prosecution of the Land Leaguers increases the expectation that the Government will not much longer delay moving from its present attitude. It is believed that Mr. Forster has changed his views more rapidly and decidedly than any other member of the Government. He has lately adopted the opinion in favor of maintaining the law with a strong hand. It was reported he was so much in advance of his colleagues that they preferred to await the result of his trip to Ireland from which he has just returned, before deciding what course to pursue. The conviction of those in a position to be well informed is that if he has returned with his views unchanged there will be a short session of Parliament before Christmas, solely to enact coercive measures, but that Bright and Chamberlain, and Lord Spencer will undoubtedly make a strong effort to defer the assembling of Parliament until January.

A Dublin despatch states that Walter Dawson, steward of the American ship Surprise, has been arrested at Cork charged with shooting a car-driver. He was remanded.

LONDON, Nov. 26.—The Times, in a leading editorial, says: "The Cabinet have determined not to summon Parliament before Christmas, unless some unexpected emergency arises. A further prorogation to an early day in January will be declared at the meeting of the Cabinet to-morrow."

The News, in a leading article, says: "It may be safely assumed that Parliament will meet early in January, as the Cabinet have come to the conclusion that coercion is unnecessary at present. The Ministers are carefully considering an Irish Land Bill."

Cork, Nov. 26.—The assault committed by the steward of the ship Surprise was trivial. The car driver was drunk and the steward fired to frighten him.

LONDON, Nov. 26.—The report of the Irish Land Commission, appointed by Parliament to consider the relations between landlord and tenant, will render a report in favor of sixty of tenure.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Nov. 26.—An agent of the United Irishmen's Association says the object of the society is to help to free Ireland and to assist the people in every practicable way. "We accept the Orangemen as well as Catholics into the organization. Our president is Judge Brennan, of Dakota. We will assist Parnell with money, arms and men in case he is forced into revolution by the English Government. Our organization is the physical behind the moral force. At least 15,000 Irishmen belong to the organization."

LONDON, Nov. 26.—The Times says: "We fear Mr. Forster was unable yesterday to encourage his colleagues with reports of lawlessness abating in Ireland. It is too plain that the most detestable outrages daily occur and unparalleled terrorism has been imposed upon three Irish counties. The law is almost powerless to prevent crimes or punish criminals. The authorities have made every effort to protect life and property by employing ordinary forces, but the conspiracy is too strong and subtle to be so restrained. The utmost that can be done effectually at present is to defend the few persons threatened. Some eighty Irish gentlemen are under police protection. The legal enforcement of contracts relating to land is at an end in most parts of Munster and Connaught. The lawlessness of the peasantry and the masses in towns is seething and spreading. These facts continue to cause grave anxiety to the authorities in Ireland, and we may conclude the Cabinet has not resolved to set aside their views, even for a short time, without much hesitation and misgiving, but the decision has been adopted partly on the faith of hopes which spring eternal in the Ministerial breast."

LONDON, Nov. 26.—A Dublin despatch says the Court of Queen's Bench to-day appointed the 28th of December for the commencement of the trial of the indicted Land Leaguers. The 17th of December, previously announced as the date fixed for the trials, was the earliest date suggested by the Attorney-General. The court, it is stated, will be composed of the Lord Chief Justice, Judge Barry and Judge O'Brien. The Land League is energetically collecting evidence for the defence. The jury will be struck on the old system, which tells against the persons to be tried very much, as they have only a limited challenge, while the Crown can challenge to an almost unlimited extent.

Healey and Walsh will be tried at the Cork Assizes on December 7th.

Sir Stafford Northcote in a speech at Brecon yesterday said he saw signs of a Conservative reaction throughout the country. He believes Mr. Parnell has over-shot the mark, and that the Land Leaguers' position was untenable.

This is the way a young lady Sabbath school teacher in a New England town exhorted her class of boys: "Now, children, if you'll be good children, read your Bible, say your prayers, go to church, and never say naughty words—you'll go to heaven, and that will be perfectly splendid. But if you are not good children, if you don't read your Bible and say your prayers and go to church, and if you do say naughty words you'll go to hell, and that will be perfectly ridiculous."