

SIR GUY'S WARD.

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER XXI.—(CONTINUED.)

It is rather a long march to commence, with a young woman, however slender, in one's arms. First comes the corridor which is of goodly length, and after it the endless picture-gallery. Almost as they enter the latter, a little nail half hidden in the doorway catches in Lillian's gown, and, dragging it roughly, somehow hurts her foot. The pain she suffers causes her to give way to a sharp cry, whereupon Guy stops short, full of anxiety.

"You are in pain!" he says, gazing eagerly into the face so close to his own.

"My foot," she answers, her eyes wet with tears: "something dragged it: oh, how it hurts! And you promised me to be so careful, and now—but I dare say you are glad I am punished," she winds up, vehemently, and then bursts out crying, partly through pain, partly through nervousness and a good deal of self-torturing thought long suppressed, and hides her face childishly against his sleeve because she has nowhere else to hide it. "Lay me down," she says, faintly.

There is a lounging chair close to the fire that always burns brightly in the long gallery: placing her in it, he stands a little aloof, cursing his own ill luck, and wondering what he has done to make her hate him so bitterly. Her tears madden him. Every fresh sob tears his heart. At last, unable to bear the mental agony any longer, he kneels down beside her, and, with an aspect of the deepest respect, takes one of her hands in his.

"I am very unfortunate," he says, humbly. "Is it hurting you very much?"

"It is better now," she whispers; but for all that she sobs on very successfully behind her handkerchief.

"You are not the only one in pain,"—speaking gently but earnestly: "every sob of yours causes me absolute torture."

This speech has no effect except to make her cry again harder than ever. It is so sweet to a woman to know a man is suffering tortures for her sake.

A little soft lock of her hair has shaken itself loose, and has wandered across her forehead. Almost unconsciously, but very lovingly, he moves it back into its proper place.

"What have I done Lillian, that you should so soon have learned to hate me?" he whispers: "we used to be good friends."

"So long ago"—in stifled tone from behind the handkerchief—"that I have almost forgotten it."

"Not so very long. A few weeks at the utmost,—before your cousin came."

"Yes,"—with a sigh,—before your cousin came."

"That is only idle recrimination. I know I once erred deeply, but surely I have repented, and—tell me why you hate me."

"I cannot."

"Why?"

"Because I don't know myself."

"What! you confess you hate me without cause?"

"That is not it."

"What then?"

"How can I tell you," she says impatiently, "when I know I don't hate you at all?"

"Lillian, is that true?" taking away the handkerchief gently but forcibly that he may see her face, which after all is not nearly so tear-stained as it should be, considering all the heart-rending sobs to which he has been listening. "Are you sure I am not really distasteful to you? Perhaps even,"—with an accession of hope, seeing she does not turn from him—"you like me a little, still?"

"Where you are good,"—with an airy laugh and a slight pout—"I do a little. Yes,"—seeing him glance longingly at her hand,— "you may kiss it, and then we shall be friends again, for to-night at least. Now do take me down, Sir Guy: if we stay here much longer I shall be seeing bogies in all the corners. Already your ancestors seem to be frowning at me, and a more dark and bloodthirsty set of relatives I never saw. I hope you won't turn out as bad to look at in your old age."

"It all depends. When we are happy we are generally virtuous. Misery creates vice."

"What a sententious speech!" He has taken up his fair burden again, and they are now (very slowly, I must say) descending the stairs. "Now here comes a curve," she says, with a return of all her old sauciness: "please do not drop me."

"I have half a mind to," laughing.

"Suppose, now, I let you fall cleverly over these banisters on the stone flooring beneath. I should save myself from many a flout and many a scornful speech, and rid myself forever of a troublesome little ward."

Leaning her head rather backwards, she looks up into his face and smiles one of her sweetest, tenderest smiles.

"I am not afraid of you now, Gurdy," she murmurs, softly; whereas his foolish heart beats madly. The old friendly appellation, coming so unexpectedly from her, touches him deeply: it is with difficulty he keeps himself from straining her to his heart and pressing his lips upon the beautiful childish mouth upheld to him. He has had his lesson, however, and refrains.

He is still regarding her with unmistakable admiration, when Miss Beauchamp's voice from the landing above startles them both, and makes them feel, though why they scarcely know, partners in guilt.

There is a metallic ring in it that strikes upon the ear, and suggests all sorts of lady-like disgust and condemnation.

"I am sure, Guy, if Lillian's foot be as bad as she says it is, she would feel more comfortable lying on a sofa. Are you going to pose there all the evening for the benefit of the servants? I think it is hardly good taste of you to keep her in your arms upon the public staircase, whatever you may do in private."

The last words are uttered in a rather lowered tone, but are still distinctly audible. Lillian blushes a slow and painful red, and Sir Guy, giving way to a naughty word that is also distinctly audible, carries her down instantly to the dining-room.

CHAPTER XXII.

For sweetest things turn sourest by their decays; that foster small far worse than weeds.

This thought is a sad death.—SHAKESPEARE.

The next day is dark and lowering, to Lillian's great joy, who, now she is prevented

by lameness from going for one of her loved rambles, finds infinite satisfaction in the thought that even were she quite well, it would be impossible for her to stir out of doors. According to her mode of arguing, this is one day not lost.

About two o'clock Archibald returns, in time for luncheon, and to resume his care of Lillian, who gives him a gentle scolding for his desertion of her in her need. He is full of information about town and their mutual friends there, and imparts it freely.

"Everything is as melancholy up there as it can be," he says, "and very few men to be seen: the clubs are deserted; all shooting or hunting, no doubt. The rain was falling in torrents all the day."

"Poor Archie, you have been having a bad time of it, I fear."

"In spite of the weather and her ruddy locks, Lady Belle Damasene has secured the prize of the season, out of season. She is engaged to Lord Wyntermere: it is not yet publicly announced, but I called to see her mother for five minutes, and so great was her exultation she could not refrain from whispering the delightful intelligence into my ear. Lady Belle is staying with his people now in Sussex."

"Certainly, 'beauty is in the eye of the beholder.' She is painfully ugly," says Miss Beauchamp. "Such feet, such hands, and such a shocking complexion!"

"She is very kind-hearted and amiable," says Cyril.

"That is what is always said of a plain woman," retorts Florence. "When you hear a girl is amiable, always conclude that she is hideous. When one's trumpeter is in despair, he says that."

"I am sure Lord Wyntermere must be a young man of sound good sense," says Lillian, who never agrees with Florence.

"If she has a kind heart he will never be disappointed in her. And, after all, there is no such great advantage to be derived from beauty. When people are married for four or five years, I dare say they quite forget whether the partner of their joys and sorrows was originally lovely or the reverse: custom deadens perception."

"It is better to be good than beautiful," says Lady Chetwoode, who abhors ugly women: "you know what Carey says."

"But a smooth and steadfast mind, gentle thoughts and calm desires, hearts with equal love combined, kindle never dying fires; where these are not, I despise lovely cheeks or lips or eyes."

"Well done, Madra," says Cyril. "You are coming out. I had no idea you were so gifted. Your delivery is perfect."

"And what are you all talking about," continues Lady Chetwoode: "I think Belle Damasene very sweet to look at. In spite of her red hair, and a good many freckles, and—and—a rather short nose, her expression is very lovable; when she smiles I always feel inclined to kiss her. She is like her mother, who is one of the best women I know."

"If you encourage my mother she will end by telling you Lady Belle is a beauty and a reigning toast," says Guy, sotto voce.

Lady Chetwoode laughs, and Lillian says,

"What is every one wearing now, Archie?"

"There is nobody to wear anything. For the rest, they had all on some soft, shiny stuff like the dress you wore the night before last."

"What an accurate memory you have!" says Florence, letting her eyes rest on Guy's for a moment, though addressing Chesney.

"Satin," translates Lillian, unmoved.

"And their bonnets?"

"Oh, yes! they all wore bonnets or hats, I don't know which," vaguely.

"Naturally; mantillas are not yet in vogue. You are better than 'Le Follet,' Archie; your answers are so satisfactory. Did you meet any one we know?"

"Hardly any one. By the by,"—turning curiously to Sir Guy, "was Trant here today?"

"No," surprised: "why do you ask?"

"Because I met him at Traston this morning. He got out of the train by which I went on,—it seems he has been staying with the Bulstrodes,—and I fancied he was coming on here, but had not time to question him, as I barely caught the train; another minute's delay and I should have been late."

Archibald rambles on about his near escape of being late for the train, while his last words sink deep into the minds of Guy and Cyril. The former grows singularly silent; a depressed expression gains upon his face. Cyril, on the contrary, becomes feverishly gay, and with his mad observations makes merry Lillian laugh heartily.

But when luncheon is over and they all disperse, a gloom falls upon him: his features contract; doubt and a terrible suspicion, augmented by slanderous tales that forever seem to be poured into his ears, make havoc of the naturally kind expression that characterizes his face, and with a stifled sigh he turns and walks towards the billiard-room.

Guy follows him. As Cyril enters the door-way, he enters too, and, closing the door softly, lays his hand upon his shoulder.

"You heard Cyril?" he says, with exceeding gentleness.

"I heard what?" turning somewhat savagely upon him.

"My dear fellow,"—a affectionate entreaty in his tone,— "do not be offended with me. Will you not listen, Cyril? It is very painful for me to speak, but how can I see my brother so—so shamefully taken in, without uttering a word of warning."

"If you were less tragic and a little more explicit it might help matters," replies Cyril, with a sneer and a short unpleasant laugh. "Do speak plainly."

"I will, then,"—desperately,— "since you desire it. There is more between Trant and Mrs. Arlington than we know of. I do not speak without knowledge. From several different sources I have heard the same story,—of his infatuation for some woman, and of his having taken a house for her in some remote spot. No names were mentioned, mind; but, from what I have unwillingly listened to, it is impossible not to connect these evil whispers that are afloat with him and her. Why does he come so often to the neighborhood and yet never dare to present himself at Chetwoode's?"

"And you believe Trant capable of so far abusing the rights of friendship as to ask you—you—to supply the house in the remote spot?"

"Unfortunately, I must."

"You are speaking of your friend,"—with a bitter sneer,— "and you can coldly accuse him of committing so blackguardly an action?"

"If all I have heard be true (and I have no reason to doubt it), he is no longer any friend of mine," says Guy, haughtily. "I shall settle with him later on when I have clearer evidence; in the mean time it almost drives me mad to think he should have dared to bring down here, so close to my mother, his—"

"What?" cries Cyril, fiercely, thrusting his brother from him with passionate violence. "What is it you would say? Take care, Guy; take care, you have gone too far already. From whom, pray, have you learned your infamous story?"

"I beg your pardon," Guy says, gently, extreme regret visible in his acute face. "I should not have spoken so, under the circumstances. It was not from me alone, but from several, I have heard what I now tell you,—though I must again remind you that no names were mentioned: still, I could not help drawing my own conclusions."

"Thy lied!" retorts Cyril, passionately losing his head; "you may tell them so if you like. An 'I you,'—half choking,— "you lie too when you repeat such vile slanders."

"It is useless to argue with you," Guy says coldly, the blood mounting hotly to his forehead at Cyril's insulting words, while his expression grows stern and impenetrable: "I waste time. Yet this last word I will say: Go down to the Cottage—now—this moment—and convince yourself of the truth of what I have said."

He turns angrily away; while Cyril, half mad with indignation and unacknowledged fear, follows to his final piece of advice, and almost unconsciously leaving the house, takes the wonted direction, and hardly draws breath until the trim hedges and pretty rustic gates of the Cottage are in view.

The day is showery, threatening since dawn, and now the rain is falling thickly, though he needs it not at all.

As with laggard steps he draws still nearer the abode of her he loves yet does not wholly trust, the sound of voices smites upon his ear. He is standing upon the very spot—somewhat elevated—that overlooks the arbor where so long ago Miss Beauchamp stood and learned his acquaintance with Mrs. Arlington. Here now he too stays his steps, and gazes spell-bound upon what he sees before him.

In that arbor, with his back turned to Cyril, is a man, tall, elderly, with an iron-gray moustache. Though not strictly handsome, he has a fine and very military bearing, and a figure quite unmistakable to one who knows him: with a sickly chill at his heart, Cyril acknowledges him to be Colonel Trant.

Cecilia is beside him. She is weeping bitterly, but quietly, and with one hand conceals her face with her handkerchief. The other is fast imprisoned in both of Trant's.

A film settles upon Cyril's eyes a dull faintness overpowers him, involuntarily he places one hand upon the trunk of a near elm to steady himself; yet through the semi-darkness, the strange, unreal feeling that possesses him, the voices still reach him cruelly distinct.

"Do not grieve so terribly: it breaks my heart to see you, darling, darling," says Trant, in a low, impassioned tone, and raising the hand he holds, presses his lips to it tenderly. The slender white fingers tremble perceptibly under the caress, and then Cecilia says, in a voice hardly audible through her tears,—

"I am so unhappy! it is all my fault: knowing you loved me, I should have told you before of—"

But her voice breaks the spell: Cyril, as it meets his ears, rouses himself with a start. Not once a pain does he even glance in her direction, but with a matter of course at his own folly, turns and goes swiftly homeward.

A very frenzy of despair and disappointment rages within him: to have so loved,—to be so foully betrayed! Her tears, her sorrow (connected no doubt with me early passages between her and Trant) because of their very poignancy only render him the more furious.

On reaching Chetwoode he shuts himself into his own room, and leigning an excuse, keeps himself apart from the rest of the household all the remainder of the evening and the night. "Knowing you loved me,"—the words ring in his ears. Ay, she knew it—who should know it better?—but had carefully kept back all mention of the fact when pressed by him, Cyril, upon the subject. All the world knew what he, poor fool, had been the last to discover. And what was it her tender conscience was accusing her of not having told Trant before?—of her flirtation, as no doubt she mildly termed all the tender looks and speeches, and clinging kisses, and loving protestations so freely bestowed upon Cyril,—of her flirtation, no doubt.

The next morning, after a sleepless night, he starts for London, and there spends three reckless miserable days that leave him wan and aged through reason of the conflict he is waging with himself. After which a mad desire to see again the cause of all his misery, to openly accuse her of her treachery, to declare to her all the irreparable mischief she has done, the utter ruin she has made of his life, seizes hold upon him, and leaving the great city, and reaching Traston he goes straight from the station to the cottage once so dear.

In her garden Cecilia is standing all alone. The wind is sighing plaintively through the trees that arch above her head, and thousand dying leaves are fluttering to her feet. There is a sense of decay and melancholy in all around that harmonizes exquisitely with the dejection of her whole manner. Her attitude is sad and drooping, her air depressed; there are tears, and an anxious expectant look in her gray eyes.

"Pining for her lover, no doubt," says Cyril, between his teeth (in which supposition he is right); and then he opens the gate and goes quickly up to her.

As she hears the well known click of the latch she turns, and, seeing him, lets fall unheeded to the ground the basket she is holding, and runs to him with eyes alight, and soft cheeks tinged with a lovely generous pink, and holds out her hands to him with a little low glad cry.

"At last, truant!" she exclaims, joyfully: "after three whole long, long days; and what has kept you from me? Why, Cyril, Cyril!"—recoiling, while a dull ashen

shade replaces the gay tinting of her cheeks,—"what has happened? How oddly you look! You,—you are in trouble?"

"I am," in a changed harsh tone she scarcely realizes to be his, moving back with a gesture of contempt from the extended hands that would so gladly have clasped his. "In so far you speak the truth: I have discovered all. One lover, it appears, was not sufficient for you, you should dupe another for your amusement. It is an old story, but none the less bitter. No, it is useless your speaking," staying her with a passionate movement: "I tell you I know all."

"All what?" she asks. She has not removed from his her lustrous eyes, though her lips have turned very white.

"Your perfidy."

"Cyril, explain yourself," she says, in a low, agonized tone, her pallor changing to deep crimson. And to Cyril hateful certainty appears if possible more certain by reason of this luckless blush.

"Ay, you may well change countenance," he says, with suppressed fury in which keen agony is blended: "have you yet the grace to blush? As to explanation, I scarcely think you can require it; yet, as you demand it, you shall have it. For weeks I have been hearing of your tales in which your name and Trant's were always mingled; but I disregarded them; I madly shut my ears and was deaf to them; I would not believe, until it was too late, until I saw and heard beyond dispute the folly of my faith. I was here last Friday evening."

"Yes?" calmly, though in her soft eyes a deep well of bitterness has sprung.

"Well, you were there, in that arbor"—pointing to it—"where we"—with a scornful laugh—"so often sat; but then you had a more congenial companion. Trant was with you. He held your hand, he caressed it; he called you his 'darling,' and you allowed it, though indeed why should you not? doubtless it is a customary word from him to you! And then you wept as though your heart, your heart"—contemptuously—"would break. Were you confessing to him your coquetry with me? and perhaps obtaining an easy forgiveness?"

"No, I was not," quietly though there is immeasurable scorn in her tone.

"No?" slightly. "For what, then, were you crying?"

"Sir,"—with the first outward sign of indignation,— "I refuse to tell you. By what right do you now ask the question? yesterday, nay, an hour since, I should have felt myself bound to answer any inquiry of yours but not now. The tie between us, a frail one as it seems to me, is broken; our engagement is at an end: I shall not answer you!"

"Because you dare not," retorts he, fiercely, stung by her manner.

"I think you dare too much when you venture so to address me," in a low clear tone. "And yet, as it is in all human probability the last time we shall ever meet, and as I would have you remember all your life long the gross injustice you have done me, I shall satisfy your curiosity. But recollect, sir, these are indeed the final words that shall pass between us."

"A year ago Colonel Trant so far greatly honored me as to ask me to marry him; for many reasons I then refused. Twice since I came to Chetwoode he has been to see me,—once to bring me law papers of some importance, and last Friday to again ask me to be his wife. Again I refused. I wept then, because, unworthy as I am, I knew I was giving pain to the truest and, as I now know,"—with a faint trembling in her voice, quickly subdued—"the only friend I have! When declining this proposal, I gave him my reason for doing so: I told him I loved another! That other was you!"

Casting this terrible revenge in his teeth, she turns, and, walking majestically into the house, closes the door with significant haste behind her.

This is the one solitary instance of inhospitality shown by Cecilia in all her life. Never until now was she known to shut her door in the face of trouble. And surely Cyril's trouble at this moment is sore and needy.

To disbelieve Cecilia when face to face with her is impossible. Her eyes are truth itself. Her whole manner, so replete with dignity and offended pride, declares her innocent. Cyril stands just where she had left him, in stunned silence, for at least a quarter of an hour repeating to himself miserably all that she had said, and reminding himself with cold-blooded cruelty of all he has said to her.

At the end of these awful fifteen minutes, he bethinks himself his hair must now, if ever, be turned gray; and then, a happier and more resolute thought striking him, he takes his courage in his two hands, and walking boldly up to the hall door, knocks and demands admittance with really admirable composure. Abominable composure! thinks Cecilia, who, in spite of her stern determination never to know him again, has been watching him covertly from behind a handkerchief and a bedroom curtain all this time, and is now stationed at the top of the stair case, with dim eyes, but very acute ears.

"Yes," Kate tells him, "her mistress is at home" and forthwith shows him into the bijou drawing room. After which she departs to tell her mistress of his arrival.

Three minutes, that to Cyril's excited fancy lengthen themselves into twenty, pass away slowly, and then Kate returns.

"Her mistress's compliments, and she has a terrible headache, and will Mr. Chetwoode be so kind as to excuse her?"

Mr. Chetwoode on this occasion is not kind. "He is sorry," he stammers, "but if Mrs. Arlington could let him see her for five minutes, he would not detain her longer. He has something of the utmost importance to say to her."

His manner is so earnest, so pleading, that Kate, who scents at least a death in the air, retires full of compassion for the "poor gentleman." And then another three minutes, that now to the agitated listener appear like forty, drag themselves into the past.

Suspense is growing intolerable, when a well-known step in the hall outside makes his heart beat almost to suffocation. The door is opened slowly and Mrs. Arlington comes in.

"You have something to say to me?" she asks, curtly, unkindly, standing just inside the door, and betraying an evident determination not to sit down for any consideration upon earth. Her manner is uncompromising and forbidding, but her eyes are very red. There is rich consolation in this discovery.

"I have," replies Cyril, openly confused now it has come to the point.

"Say it, then. I am here to listen to

you. My servant tells me it is something of the deepest importance."

"So it is. In all the world there is nothing so important to me. Cecilia,"—coming a little nearer to her,— "it is that I want your forgiveness; I ask your pardon very humbly, and I throw myself upon your mercy. You must forgive me!"

"Forgiveness seems easy to you, who cannot feel," replies she, haughtily, turning as though to leave the room; but Cyril intercepts her, and places his back against the door.

"I cannot let you go until you are friends with me again," he says, in deep agitation.

"Friends!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE NILE'S OVERFLOW.

A Description of "One of the Most Exciting and Spectacular Scenery in Nature."

Then at last comes the inundation. "Perhaps there is not in nature a more exhilarating sight, or one more strongly exciting to confidence in God, than the rise of the Nile. Day by day and night by night its turbid tide sweeps onward majestically over the parched sands of the waste, howling wilderness. Almost hourly, as we slowly ascended it before the Etesian wind, we heard the thundering fall of some mud-bank and saw by the rush of all animated nature to the spot that the Nile had overleapt another obstruction, and that its bounding waters were diffusing life and joy through another desert. There are few impressions I ever received upon the remembrance of which I dwell with more pleasure than that of seeing the first burst of the Nile into one of the great channels of its annual overflow. All nature shouts for joy. The men, the children, the buffaloes, gambol in its refreshing waters, the broad waves sparkle with shoals of fish, and fowl of every wing flutter over them in clouds. Nor is this jubilee of nature confined to the higher orders of creation. The moment the sand becomes moistened by the approach of the fertilizing waters it is literally alive with insects innumerable. It is impossible to stand by the side of one of these noble streams, to see it every moment sweeping away some obstruction to its majestic course and widening as it flows, without feeling the heart to expand with love and joy and confidence in the great Author of this annual miracle of mercy."

The effects of the inundation, as Osburn shows in another place, "exhibit themselves in a scene of fertility and beauty such as will scarcely be found in another country at any season of the year. The vivid green of the springing corn, the groves of pomegranate trees ablaze with the rich scarlet of their blossoms, the fresh breeze laden with the perfumes of gardens of roses and orange thickets, every tree and every shrub covered with sweet-scented flowers. These are a few of the natural beauties that welcome the stranger to the land of Ham. There is considerable sameness in them, it is true, for he would observe little variety in the trees and plants, whether he first entered Egypt by the gardens of Alexandria or the plain of Assuan. Yet it is the same everywhere only because it would be impossible to make any addition to the sweetness of the odors, the brilliancy of the colors, or the exquisite beauty of the many forms of vegetable life, in the midst of which he wanders. It is monotonous, but it is the monotony of Paradise. The flood reaches Cairo on a day closely approximating to that of the summer solstice. It attains its greatest height and begins to decline near the autumnal equinox. By the winter solstice the Nile has again subsided within its banks and resumed its blue color. Seed-time has occurred in this interval. The year in Egypt divides itself into three seasons,—four months of sowing and growth, corresponding nearly with our November, December, January and February, four months of harvest, from March to June, the four months of the inundation completing the cycle."

Fire Losses.

Some interesting information regarding fire losses appears in the provincial report on insurance. The figures given are for 1891. They show that during that year there were 1,298 fires in Ontario, and that the total loss to the insurance companies was \$385,470. Lightning was the most prolific cause of fires, and gave rise to 268. Next in order comes incendiarism, which caused ninety-eight. Defective chimneys and chimney sparks started respectively seventy-six and sixty-five fires. The business done by the insurance companies in Toronto must have yielded a profitable return, for the losses in this city aggregated \$22,876, whereas Hamilton experienced losses to the extent of \$19,334.

Magdalen College, Oxford, has its magazine. It is called the Spirit Lamp. Lord Douglas edits it, and amongst its recent contributors occur the names of Oscar Wilde and John Addington Symonds.

An adjustable thimble company has recently been registered. By a very simple screw contrivance the thimble can be altered in size to adapt it to the sewer's finger.

Sea-fowls' eggs have one remarkable peculiarity—they are nearly conical in form; broad at the base and sharp at the point, so that they will only roll in a circle. They are sometimes laid on the bare edges of high rocks, from which they would almost surely roll off save for this happy provision of Nature.

There is probably not a ten-year-old child in the world who has not more or less acquaintance with the song, "The Man in the Moon is Looking," and who has not a hazy idea that there is actually some kind of a man with a bundle of sticks on his back gazing down on him from the world's satellite. But there are few indeed who imagine that the man up aloft has a partner. If a correspondent who signs himself "Amateur" is to be believed this, however, is the case. That gentleman writes:

"I may state that a decidedly handsome feminine face appears on our satellite nine or ten days after new moon. The face looks eastward and can be readily detected with the aid of an opera glass. It is formed by the mountains and valleys occupying the western portion of the moon's disc. The illuminated peaks of some of the lunar mountains can be seen at the same time standing out distinctly on the edge of the dark surface, the whole presenting a beautiful and interesting spectacle. This lady in the moon has long been observed by astronomers."