

# A CLOSE RELATION.

## CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

"Be calm and confident!" it seemed to say. "Around your quaking form I draw the awful circle, not of the Church, but of my personality. With my touch upon the helm of your life, you may dismiss your forebodings. I could steer my way between rocks, reefs, and sand-bars with my eyes shut."

He usually cast them down and lowered the lids, a flash of fine contempt for the adversary that thought to outwit him touching his well-out mouth and dilating his nostrils. The flash was an indulgent smile by the time he had counted thirty beats. He let Mrs. Upton's hand down reverently, yet caressingly, upon the arm of her chair—another touch of genius,—and laughed low and lightly:

"I hope I may always have as good a pulse as yours is at this moment. My dear wife is more learned than I in many—in most—things appertaining to our profession, but her sympathies run away with her judgment sometimes. Had I not understood this so well, I should have rushed up-stairs just now, expecting to find you in articulo mortis, instead of—as you are—likely to outlive all three of us. The seizures which alarm Mrs. Wentworth are symptomatic merely. They represent one of the many phases of hysteria. Their name is legion, and not one of them ever proved fatal."

"You do not think, then,"—her eyes meeting his without a shade of fear,—"that they may indicate organic disease of the heart?"

He laughed again, in amusement that could not have been simulated:

"I gave you credit for too much common sense to nurse that notion. The heart gets a vast deal of blame that should be laid upon other organs which popular sentiment rates as less dignified,—why, I cannot say. Ninety-nine hundredths of the cases diagnosed as affections of the heart are dyspepsia; fifty per cent. of the remainder may be set down to the credit of lungs or spleen. If you stay with us until you die of heart-disease, Dr. Parr will be but an infant of days by comparison."

His manner and smile were engaging to fascination. The patient's eyes gleamed gratefully; she lifted herself as a drooping flower revives in dew-laden air.

"And you believe that, after a week or two, these foolish attacks will be as though they had not been, and this over-tired body as nearly good as new as is compatible with the weight of forty-seven years and the memories of past infirmities?"

"I know it!"

Handsome and commanding as one born to rule the realm of disease, he beamed benignly upon her. After all, the secret of his professional success was not so occult as I may have made it appear in the telling. It is the way of the average human being to take a man at his own self-valuation, provided he stands up fiercely to his guns, be they Quaker cannon or veritable munitions of war. It is a truism that anything is bound to succeed and bring wealth to the owner, if advertised long and loudly. Dr. Wentworth's every gesture, tone, and pose advertised him. He was applauded and placarded by nature and by art with certificates of popular power. His wife regarded him now as the single-minded devotee his enshrined saint. He had, within the hour, hurt and humbled her in her own sight and in the presence of others. He made light of the skill she had spent years in acquiring; he set the foot of masculine supremacy—because masculine—upon her queenly neck; he belittled her before her child, and swept aside, as he might a puff of smoke, that upon which she believed might hang a human life, and she remembered it no more in the pride and joy with which she claimed this august being as her very own. In spirit and in letter she called him "lord." Blind adoration gilded for her feet which one side of her nature knew to be clay.

I made an opportunity to lure her into my room while physician and patient chatted together. A trunk must be packed and sent to me since my visit here would be prolonged. I broke right into the middle of our enumeration of the contents of this:

"Mamma, are you and Doctor"—my one name for him—"to have no other assistant than this nurse? Would it not be safer to have Dr. Barker or some one of equal eminence. Is it not customary?"

"Mrs. Upton is unwilling to have more persons present than the state of the case absolutely requires," she answered, readily. "You have seen how sensitive she is on this point. I could have wished for the presence of a third physician; but there is really no need of it and we have Dr. Barker's opinion as to the feasibility of the operation and her fitness to undergo it. Were she a charity patient, I should not hesitate to do the work myself, with no help except such as a tolerable nurse could render. I have done it, and more than once. In at least five cases your father had no assistant except myself, and the patients recovered. No! there is no risk on that head."

She seemed to say it to herself rather than to me, and I caught at the slight emphasis I thought pressed upon the relative pronoun.

"Where, then, does the peril lie?"

The tremor in my voice recalled to her now much I had at stake in the matter she was trying to weigh with professional dispassionateness.

"My darling!" she said, affectionately, "if I could assure you that in any such case is no peril, I would gladly relieve your solicitude for one so dear to us all. But you are strong enough to hear the truth. The best that can be said of surgery is that it expels wrong by violence. But where there are no complications, when the subject is healthy and reasonably strong, and the surgeon skillful, as in the present case, the chances for good greatly outnumber those for disaster. Keep up a brave heart, girl! and hope and pray—as will we all—that the Great Healer will order everything aright, and for our happiness."

She never preached, and seldom talked the religion she lived. The tender solemnity of the last sentence brought me very near to her.

"I wish you were to do it!" I uttered, impulsively. "I think God would not let the knife swerve in your hand."

Her glance was keen, almost cold.

"The knife will not go wrong. Your prejudices are unworthy of your reason, Sydney. Some day, perhaps, you will do justice to one whom you have never read

aright. You would better write to Madame Voise to send your gown directly here. As to the things to be packed by your maid, I will make a list of them if you will dictate it."

She sat down at my desk. With a swelling heart I named the articles needed, a mist that stung my eyelids blurring the outlines of the calm face bowed over the paper. Having been born of her body and her soul, nothing I could say or do could alienate her, but I lost ground in her esteem, perhaps in her affection, whenever I intimated an adverse criticism of her husband. No matter how light and indirect might be the stricture, she perceived and repelled it. Praise of herself at his expense was invidious and offensive. I could not say that but for the recollection of her crouching, convulsed figure, beaten down under his unmanly assault, I should never have spoken out the wish whose expression she resented. And in that smarting moment, as ever, I honored her too truly to taunt her with the supremacy of wifely idolatry over maternal affection.

With the vehemence of youth that feels itself to be misapprehended and unjustly condemned, I hated him who had supplanted me. The influence that warped an upright nature and turned mother against daughter could be only evil, and that continually.

Yet

the sweetest soul  
That ever looked with human eyes  
Believed in her friend's husband. Over the luncheon to which she could not persuade her physicians to stay. I hearkened with more than passable patience to praises of his rare and radiant gifts, every word binding upon me more tightly the obligation of apparent acquiescence in her estimation of the paragon.

The day left a bad taste in my mouth which not even a note from Don, scribbled on the westward-bound train, could dispel. I had once overheard my step-father regret mildly to my mother my "unhappy temper." I had never been more nearly of his mind than when I found that night, that I could not pray down the boiling bitterness of my thoughts of him. He had "feared" aloud to me, upon another occasion, that I was "disposed to vindictiveness." I could not gainsay that, either. Had news been brought me next morning that the popular physician had been found dead in his bed of the malady whose existence he flouted, I should probably have been shocked; I should certainly have felt for my mother's sorrow. Sitting, sorry and sullen, over my fire, after I had risen from my knees, I said, remorselessly, that I should be relieved to know that he was out of my way forever. Through him my ideal of womanhood and motherhood was dimmed; I found it intolerable that my second mother's clear vision should be dazzled by his specious arts, and upon all these points I was muzzled by natural affection and expediency. Not even Don had fathomed the depth of my dislike for my nominal "family-connection." To his mother, with whom I was frank about everything else, I must play the hypocrite, or imperil her vital interests.

Unless a majority of good Christians lie, it ought not to be hard to pray,—"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." I went to bed without mocking Omniscience by the petition. The last thing I would have asked of Heavenly mercy was such forgiveness as my soul meted out for him whose trespasses were condoned, so far as I could judge, by everybody but myself.

If I did not grow in all fair and saintly graces during that week, it was not for want of a living example of the choicest of these. But for the one acid drop at the bottom of my heart, every hour would have been filled with tenderest comfort. For my saint comforted me, while I ostensibly ministered unto her,—comforted me for her son's absence, and for the trial the shadow of which stole closer with the going down of each sun. No outward preparation portended this. Her house, always a model of delicate and dainty "keeping," was in such absolute order as betrayed how long had been her outlooking upon dread possibilities. There was nothing to worry or fatigue her. When she had slipped into my daily letter to Don the note written at her escritoire in the sunny window, with my mignonette-sprays still living and breathing before her, and issued needful instructions for the day to her perfectly trained servants, she left herself nothing to do more arduous than a stated number of rounds upon Don's socks, our morning's sacred and secular readings, and the drives that were a part of the physician's ordinance.

Her spirits never flagged; her talk was more vivacious and richer than I had ever known it, and she was always the most delightful conversationalist of her circle; her interest in whatever pertained to me, her constant companion, was evinced in a thousand ways. On the evening before Kitty Wilcox's luncheon she chided me playfully for my indifference to what she averred, occupied much of her thoughts.

"Am I growing more frivolous?" she queried. "Or are you settling down before your time? That the affair is in honor of pretty Kitty's betrothal should excite your sympathies; that it is to be the 'swellest' event of the opening season should awaken your curiosity. Now, I cannot fall asleep conveniently 'o' nights for speculating as to the probable truth of rumors pointing to liveried footmen by the pair and trio; of fabulous prices paid for chrysanthemums as big as dinner-plates, and peaches as big as cocoanuts, and ices such as the mind of Mapleton never conceived of. Why, I am credibly informed that wines are to be served in glasses blown in Venice a thousand years ago, and that not one favor is more than a week old, each having been manufactured expressly for the guest who will receive it. The chandeliers are to be crystal music-boxes, set to tunes adapted to each course—"

"Beginning with marine airs, out of compliment to the raw oysters, and concluding with 'Araby's Daughter' as coffee is brought in!" interposed I. "None of these things move me, mother mine! I would rather lunch en tete-a-tete with you, on cold chicken and bread-and-butter, washed down with a cup of your incomparable tea, than fill my place at this Aladdin-lamp feast. Perhaps I am, as you say, settling down, that implies clearness and calm, doesn't it? Stirring up suggests froth and dregs. I like to be racked off gently, without touching

the turbid deposit. And, when we are together,—just we two,—you looking like a blessed white angel, the curtain drawn, the wind sighing at the window, lamp and fire at their cheeriest, and I sitting on your foot-cushion,—thus,—smiling action to word,—my head upon your knee,—thus,—I feel the gentle run of the wine of life. There is no joy but calm,—such calm as this."

She sent me to the library-shelves for Tennyson, and made me read "The Lotus-Eaters" aloud, although both of us knew it almost by heart. And after that, still sitting at her feet, the book laid in the lap of a chair, I dipped into the leaves, as a humming-bird into flower-cups, bringing up tiny tastes of honey, reading, I remember, all of the Brook Song, and a line here and there from "In Memoriam," and talking pitifully of the bootless penances of St. Simon Stylites, and lingering wonderingly over the six strokes of the master-pencil that showed us the eagle clasping the crag with crooked hands, solitary in the ring of the azure world, watching the wrinkled sea crawling beneath him. Memory recalls with especial vividness the scene, as I have sketched it, during the interval of musing quiet that succeeded my reading of what is scarcely more than a fragment:

O sad No More! O woe! No More!  
O strange No More!  
By a moss brook-bank on a stone  
I smelt a wildflower flower alone:  
There was a ringing in my ears,  
And both my eyes gushed out; with tears,  
Surely all pleasant things had gone before,  
Low-buried, fathom-deep beneath with them,  
No More!

My companion spoke first:  
"It is an echo, faint and weird, of the mood that brought forth 'Break! break! break!' Wordsworth found the same chord in his 'mearest flower that blows.'"

Lying back in her chair, her hands crossed upon her white gown, dreamy eyes looking out upon empty air, she resumed, presently:

"I am trying to analyze the sad sweetness of the response given by human hearts to the sublime simplicity of such lines. Is it genius or feeling that finds the way so surely to the Innermost which only our dearest ones are suffered to enter, and they but seldom?"

I quote her words to show how impersonal was our chat that night, how placid were our spirits, and how natural it was that we should part happily and sleep soundly.

## CHAPTER V.

The yellow light of an October morning, reflected from my chamber-walls, awoke me to the recollection that it was a fete-day. Between them, my mother and Mrs. Upton had awakened me but lately in different self into a girlish desire to be one of the favored party selected to congratulate the belle of the village upon her engagement to a city lawyer. I was fond of society, and Kitty and I were fond of one another. She had been in several times during the past week to "talk over things." If the monster fruits and flowers and musical glasses of Mrs. Upton's merry catalogue were apocryphal, there remained enough charming novelties to astonish our quiet town, and the company to be collected about these promised to be charming. My gown had come home two days ago, and fitted me to perfection. Mrs. Upton and I had chosen it together. The fabric was camel's hair cloth, exquisitely fine and soft; in color pearly-gray, and wrought upon skirt, sleeves, and vest with silk of a darker shade into a pattern of daisies and grasses. The flowers were centred with knots of silver thread and the leaves veined with the same. My bonnet of crepe de Chine matched the ground-color of the gown, and was trimmed with French marguerites and silver grasses. Mrs. Upton had given me a handkerchief edged with point-lace daisies, and I found beside my plate at breakfast a casket, tiny and tempting, with Tiffany's stamp upon it, and Don's card by it. Within, upon a velvet bed of palest sea-green, was a brooch of frosted silver. The design was one full-blown marguerite, one half opened, a bud, and a stalk of bearded wheat. The heart of the open flower was of seed pearls; each kernel of the ripe grain was a pearl, and an opal dew-drop clung to the half-closed bud.

I broke down at sight of the surprise-gifts, crying and laughing together in a wild childish way that called forth Mrs. Upton's playful remonstrance:

"Dear child! have some regard for your eyes and complexion! It will be a poor compliment to Don's choice of a trinket to look your worst when you wear it for the first time."

I checked the tears, but my heart was so large with the consciousness of being beloved and spoiled out of all proportion to my worthiness, that a happy sob trembled up through my talk from time to time; and when my mother, who was to see me dress and to remain with Mrs. Upton until I got back, arrived at eleven o'clock, I was in danger of a hopeless relapse. I enjoyed every moment of that morning. The subdued bustle of preparation pervading the household was such cordial sympathy in my concerns as might attend upon the bridal festivities of a daughter of the home. Rosalie, Mrs. Upton's own maid, laid out each article in which I was to be endowed upon my bed; my mother dressed my hair; Rosalie put on my silk stockings and the boots of Suede leather of the precise tint of my robe and bonnet. Mrs. Upton, resting among the pillows of my lounge, superintended the process from the first to the last stroke. In her every glance and intonation, as in my mother's touch, was the caressing assurance that love and pride and hope were, for them, bound up in my unworthy self, that what they had done to make my attire elegant and tasteful and becoming was the tangible manifestation of fond desire to forward my happiness by every conceivable means. And Don, in his flight toward the Golden Gate, was picturing the scene to himself, and idealizing the figure that finally stood before the cheval glass, full-toiletted, and blushing with delight to behold the by-so-much-handsomer-than-every-day reflection of her slim self that she questioned the mirror's honesty or the fidelity of her eyesight. Was another girl in the land so generously endowed with the real goods of existence, so royally dowered with love?

My mother averted the threatening shower by a new diversion. David, the butler, brought into the apartment and deposited upon the floor in front of me, as he might a gun-carriage designed for my destruction, Don's tripod and camera. In consigning his gift for me to his mother's care, he had

added the injunction that, upon a plate chosen by himself, I was to be photographed in my daisied raiment. The picture was to be developed and mounted, and put into his room to await his return. It was one of the quaint, romantic fancies that helped make him the nonpareil of lovers.

My mother, a deft amateur photographer, posed me, arranged the lights, and "caught" the picture without the loss of a minute, and the whole incident occupied less time than I have taken in the telling. It was nevertheless, one more element of excitement in the happy agitation of the forenoon, and, the carriage being announced immediately, I caught up my fan and carriage-cloak, and was actually at the door before the thought smote me that I had neither thanked nor said "Good-by" to my benefactors.

"I am clean daft, I believe!" I cried, running back to the sofa, and neglectful of my fine feathers, sinking upon the carpet in a tumultuous huddle to embrace the occupant. "You have turned my head, every one of you! converted a well-behaved girl into a conceited, inhuman, graceless wretch! But I do love you, and if I don't tell you how glad and grateful I am, it is because I haven't command of the whole dictionary!"

She held me to her heart,—a fervent strain I can feel about me now.

"Don's darling!" she whispered. "And mine! My dear, true-hearted daughter! God bless you both!"

Aloud she said, "We or somebody else has taught you how to fib glibly. Run away, now, and be as happy as you deserve to be for your loving-kindness for a creaking old machine like myself."

Rosalie followed me down-stairs to summon the coachman, who, by mistake, had driven to the side-door. She came back to me as I waited upon the piazza put my cloak about me, and shook out the folds of my skirt with a sort of officious flurry unlike her usual manner, but this I did not remark at the time as peculiar. I had always been a pet with her, and what more natural than that she should mix herself up with my affairs?

"You'll outshine them all, Miss Sydney!" she twittered, with a nervous giggle. "Don't worry about Mrs. Upton, but enjoy yourself as much as any of them. We'll take the best of care of her."

"I know it, Rosalie. Otherwise, I should not leave her," I answered sincerely. She attended me to the carriage, and saw to it that my draperies were protected from the dust. As I thanked her, I glanced at the upper window,—the wide bay that sweeps so much sunshine into Mrs. Upton's sitting-room. She stood within it, bathed and glorified by the flood of rays, smiling down at me. My mother's taller head appeared above that circled by a radiant nimbus where the rays shone through and glittered upon her hair.

I fairly gasped with admiration. "She is like a saint upon a church-window, only far more beautiful! Tell her I said so, Rosalie, and that it was all I could do to keep from jumping out of the carriage and running upstairs to say my prayers to her," was my parting message.

Fortunate, thrice-blessed woman that I was that bland, rich autumnal noon, which, I imagined, took me to its heart as had she whose birth month and type this was.

This was the motif of the music played by reason and feeling all the way down the elm-bordered street, across railway and past station, up the modern boulevard to the Wilcox mansion. Even the glimpse I had of Dr. Wentworth sitting in his coupe at the station, chatting in his most agreeable manner to a rich New-Yorker who was waiting for a train, could not dash the glow thrilling through my veins, the melody that filled heart and brain. If I had made the effort then and there I think that I could have said that difficult clause of the Great Prayer I had found impossible some nights ago. I preferred to put the thought of my step-parent out of my mind with convenient speed, and accept as a good omen the circumstance that he had not seen me.

It is not in self-contempt that I record how easy I found compliance with Rosalie's parting admonition, or that I relished heartily approving looks and kindly comments such as warm-hearted women who like one another will pass upon personal appearance, in defiance of Social Usage manuals. When Kitty whispered that I was "perfectly lovely," and that she wished Don could see me, I thought complacently of the negative perhaps already on the way to New York for development. I had heard Mrs. Upton say that it should go to-day, not to lose time. When Mrs. Robb impaled me across the table with the interviewer's eye, I sat a trifle taller, and bore her operation without blenching. She could find no blemish in the chef-d'oeuvre of the two mothers, who were, I felt sure, chatting of me over knitting and crocheting, for whom I stored each incident and feature of the gay occasion. The best part of the day would be the rehearsal of the affair over the cozy evening meal I was confident we could coax my mother into sharing. The anticipation blunted the temporary annoyance of Mrs. Robb's proximity. Kitty could not have foreseen that among her one-and-twenty guests she could have picked out no less acceptable vis-a-vis for me than the newspaper-woman, who must, when I came to consider the case, sit opposite to somebody.

She was in great force to-day, soaring superior to the shabby gentility of an imitation black-lace gown, and a hat of the same net, with a bunch of red-and-purple flowers set perky on top of it.

"Scrabbled together by myself," she informed a group of us. "Look at it!" revolving upon one heel like a show-window dummy. "Wouldn't you swear that a French modiste had done me to the tune of thirty dollars for the rubbishy construction! It cost me exactly thirty cents for the frame. The rest of the materials I had by me in the house. I have been writing up 'Millinery as a Fashionable Swindle,' in The Ladies' Corner Cupboard, and have so incensed the craft from Nova Scotia to California against me that I don't suppose one of them would set a stitch for me upon any terms."

"More enemies!" said a saucy auditor, in demure distress. "By and by you will be boycotted into starvation and nudity."

"I rather enjoy it!" retorted the newspaper-woman in all sincerity. "Anything is preferable to the dead calm of respectability in which most women are content to exist. I stirred up my sister-in-law and other New York fashionables to pious profanity at a lunch last week by proving that if every woman in the Presbyterian Church,

of which they are props and pillars, would deny herself one hat a year for five years to come, and give what it would cost to the Foreign Missionary Board, the world would be converted in that time. I sent a sketch of my plan, entitled, 'One Bonnet Less,' to the 'New York Observer,' but it would not publish it. The editor wrote that he considered it 'bizarre' and frivolous, and suspected it to be a hoax.' These ultra-religious papers never print the other side of a question. The whole churchly system is lop-sided. It cants in a double sense."

She amused most of those present, and she was aware of it, but others like myself grew grave and slipped out of her neighborhood when she began to scoff at sacred things. Her sharp eyes noted our defection, and I paid the penalty for my offence when we were seated at the table. As a social fixture I could not budge let her say what she would.

She began with the first entree,—creamed lobster served a gratin in silver scallop-shells. I was eating mine in gladness and singleness of heart when she opened fire.

"I saw that you resented my onslaught upon the Presbyterians, Miss Salisbury. I forgot when I spoke that your mother affected that persuasion during your own father's lifetime, or I should have withheld my thrust until you were out of ear-shot. She has so fully identified herself with her present spouse's views and principles upon all subjects that the inadvertence is pardonable. His Episcopacy is, as we all know, pronounced and pervasive. I am told that his unction in responses and his obeisances to the high altar at certain passages in Creed, Gospels, and Gloria are a study in themselves, and have raised the price of the adjoining pews—or do you call them stalls? The High-Church jargon smacks of the stable."

"You can hardly classify them as 'dumb, driven cattle,'" returned I, carelessly, turning to my right-hand neighbor and beginning to speak of other things.

I did not know Mrs. Tommy Robb if I hoped to shake her off by civil device.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## BIG JUMPS BY HORSES.

### Some Memorable Leaps in Steeplechase and During Runaways.

One of the most remarkable jumps by a horse on record is that made by Chandler, a steeplechaser, while running in the Leamington Cup, at Warwick, England, in 1847. The distance covered in one leap has been variously measured. For a number of years it was thought to have been 39 feet, but the editor of the sporting paper in which the record was first published afterwards explained that this was a printer's error, and that the distance was in reality 37 feet. This, in itself, is big enough; so big, in fact, that there are many horsemen in England to-day who will swear that it is exaggerated. The portion of the race in which the jump occurred is reported as follows in a description of the race in Bell's Life, of the issue of March 28, 1847:

"This left the lead with King of the Valley, but he refused at the top of the hill, and soon after Regalia caught up with him. They raced together to the brook, with Chandler following them. Chandler's rider pulled back as they approached it, expecting that Regalia would bring grief to somebody, and when they arrived at it sent the spurs into his horse, and followed them with all steam on. Both went into the brook, and while they were there Chandler, who was not able to stop, whatever inclination he may have had to do so, made an extraordinary jump, and cleared the brook, horses and riders together."

The account goes on to say that Chandler won the race with ease. The length of the leap was immediately measured, but there was some doubt as to where the animal had landed, as the ground was soft and a number of hoof-prints had been made.

Capt. Broadley, the rider, who seems to have been a modest person, said that the distance was 37 feet. This beat the record, as far as known, the best previous performances having been that of Lottery, who cleared between 33 and 34 feet. One of the witnesses of the jump was William Archer, father of the famous Fred and Charles Archer, and he was willing to swear afterwards that the distance was 39 feet. The Hon. F. Sawley, a well-known sporting writer in England, was also on hand, and he has declared, in a recent article, that the tape measured but 34 feet. This is the minimum estimate. Summing up it may be said that, while there is some doubt as to the exact number of feet cleared, Chandler's performance was an unusual and important one. The same may be said of a horse called Proceed, who is said to have cleared 37 feet while running in a steeple chase about the time of the above event. A horse called Culverhorn is reported to have jumped 39 feet on one occasion, and Lather, a hunter owned by one Lord Ingestrie, is said to have jumped 37 feet 5 inches over a pit. None of these measurements is absolutely authentic.

## Hats in London.

During the last few days a remarkable change has been shown in the headgear of many business men. For a long period the man of affairs has fondly clung to the tall black silk hat, but the hot weather has partly broken down this custom, and even members of the Stock Exchange, merchants, and others may be seen wearing straw hats. But this is done surreptitiously to some extent, the head-covering in this form being only worn to and from the city and quickly discarded during certain hours of the day. In most cases dark clothing still prevails, and the man who is bold enough to appear in white coat, waistcoat, and trousers is subject to a good deal of ridicule. Why should the city cling to a tradition which legislators so long ago discarded? Down to the death of Lord Palmerston a black coat and a tall hat were considered indispensable to members of Parliament, but no longer is this the case. Lord Stalbridge, when a whip of the Liberal party as Lord Richard Grosvenor, has even appeared on the floor of the House in a complete suit of white duck without causing any shock to the British Constitution. As for hats the House of Lords and Commons are veritable museums, every fashionable and unfashionable shape being there represented. Several of the principal banks have informed their clerks that during the hot weather no reproach will be made to them though they come to business in light coats and straw hats. The dethronement of the chimney pot is perhaps near at hand.