

# LIKE AND UNLIKE.

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Author of "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "WYLLARD'S WEIRD," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER I.—CONTRASTS.

"Has Mr. Belfield come in yet?"  
 "No, Sir Adrian."  
 "He rode the new horse, did he not?"  
 "Yes, Sir Adrian."  
 Sir Adrian Belfield moved uneasily in his chair, then walked to the fireplace, and stood there, looking down at the half burnt out logs upon the hearth, with an air of anxious thought. The footman waited to be questioned further.

"What sort of character do they give the new horse in the stables, Andrew?" asked Sir Adrian, presently.  
 Andrew hesitated before replying, and then answered with a somewhat exaggerated cheerfulness. "Well, Sir Adrian, they say he's a good 'un, like all the horses Mr. Belfield buys."  
 "Yes, yes, he's a good judge of a horse—we know that. But he would buy the maddest devil that was ever foaled if he fancied the shape and paces of the beast. I didn't like the look of that new chestnut."  
 "You see, Sir Adrian, Sir Mr. Belfield's colour. You know, Sir, as how he'll go any distance and give any money for a handsome chestnut when he won't look at another coloured 'oss."  
 "Yes, yes, that will do, Andrew. Is her ladyship in the drawing-room?"  
 "Yes, Sir Adrian," said the footman, who was middle aged and waxing gray, and ought long ago to have developed into a butler, only Belfield Court was so good a place that few servants cared to leave it in the hope of bettering their fortunes elsewhere. The butler at Belfield was sixty, the under butler over fifty and the youngest of the flunkies had seen the sun go down upon his thirty-second birthday. That good old gray stone mansion amidst the wooded hills of North Devon was a very paradise for serving men and women; a paradise not altogether free from the presence of Satan; but the inhabitants were able to bear with one Satanic element where so much was celestial.

Sir Adrian went to the window, a deep embayed window with bone mullions, and richly painted glass in the upper lattices, glass embellished with the armorial bearings of the Belfields and rich in the heraldic history of aristocratic alliances. Like most Elizabethan windows, there was but a small portion of this one which opened. Adrian unfastened the practicable lattice and put his head out to survey the avenue along which his brother would ride when he came home from the hunt.

There was no horseman visible in the long vista—only the autumnal colouring of elms and oaks which alternated along the broad avenue with its green ride at each side of the road, only the infinite variety of fading foliage, and the glancing lights of an October afternoon. How often had Adrian watched his twin brother schooling an unmanageable horse upon yonder turf, galloping like an infuriated centaur, and seeming almost a part of his horse as if he had been indeed made after the fashion of that fabulous monster.

"They must have had a good day," thought Adrian. "He ought to have been home before now, unless they killed further off than usual."  
 He looked round at the clock over the fireplace. Half past five! Not so late after all. It was only his knowledge that his brother was riding a hot-tempered brute that worried him.

"What a morbid fool I am," he said to himself, impatiently. "What an idiot I must be to give way to this feeling of anxiety and foreboding every time he is out of my sight for a few hours. I know he is one of the finest horsemen in Devonshire, but if he rides a restless horse I am miserable. And yet I can sympathise with his delight in conquering an ill-tempered brute, in proving that the nerve and muscle of the smaller animal, backed with brains, can prevail over size and weight and sheer brute power. I love to watch him break a horse, and can feel almost as keen a delight as if I myself were in the saddle, and my hand were doing the work. And then in another moment, while I am triumphing in his victory, the womanish mood comes over me, and I turn cold with fear for his sake. I'm afraid my mother is right, and that nature intended me for a woman."

He was pacing slowly up and down the room as he mused upon himself thus, and coming face to face with a Venetian glass which hung between two blocks of bookshelves at the end of the library, he paused to contemplate his own image reflected there.

The face he saw in the looking glass was handsome enough to satisfy the most exacting self-consciousness; but the classical regularity of the features and the delicacy of the colouring were allied with a refinement which verged upon effeminacy, and suggested a feeble constitution and a hypersensitive temperament. It was not the face of one who could have battled against adverse circumstances or cut his way upward from the lowest rung of the ladder to the top. But it was a very good face for Sir Adrian Belfield, born in the purple, with fortune and distinction laid up for him by a long line of stately ancestors. Such an one could afford to be delicately fashioned and slenderly built. In such an one that air of fragility, tending even towards sickness, was but an added grace. "So interesting," said all the young ladies in Sir Adrian's neighbourhood, when they descanted on the young baronet's person.

For Belfield's own eye those delicately-chiselled features and that ivory pallor had no charm. He compared the face in the glass with another face which was like it and yet unlike—the face of his twin brother in which youth, health and physical power were the leading characteristics. Sir Adrian thought of that other face, and turned from his own image with an impatient sigh.

"Of all the evils that can befall a man I think a sickly youth must be the worst," he said to himself as he left the room and went across the hall to his mother's favourite apartment, the smallest in a suite of three drawing-rooms opening out of each other.

Lady Belfield was sitting in a low chair near the fire, but she started up as her son opened the door.

"Has he come home?" she asked eagerly.

"Valentine? No, mother," answered

Adrian quietly. "Surely, you are not anxious about him?"  
 "But I am anxious. How white and tired you look! I am always anxious when he rides a new horse," Lady Belfield exclaimed, with an agitated air. "It is so cruel of him to buy such wretched creatures, as if it were to torture me. And then he laughs and makes light of my fears. The stud groom told me that this chestnut has an abominable character. He has been the death of one man already. No one but Valentine would have bought him. Parker begged me to prevent the purchase, if I could. He ought to have known very well that I could not," she added bitterly, walking to and fro in the space before the bay window—a window corresponding to that in the library.

"Dearest mother, it is foolish to worry yourself like this every time Valentine rides an untried horse. You know what a magnificent horseman he is."  
 "I know that he is utterly reckless, that he would throw away his life to gratify the whim of the moment, that he has not the slightest consideration for me."  
 "Mother, you know he loves you better than anyone else in the world."  
 "Indeed I do not, Adrian. But if he does, his highest degree of loving falls very far below my idea of affection. Oh, why did he insist upon buying that brute, in spite of every warning?"  
 "My dear mother, while you are making yourself a martyr, I dread Valentine is walking that obnoxious chestnut quietly home after a distant kill, and he will be here presently in tremendous spirits after a grand day's sport."  
 "Do you really think so? Are you sure you are not uneasy?"  
 "Do I look it?" asked Adrian, smiling at her.

He had had to conceal his own feelings many a time in order to spare her's when some reckless of the dare-devil younger born had tortured them both with unpeppable apprehensions. Ever since he had been old enough to be let out of leading strings, Valentine had been perpetually endangering his limbs and life to the torment of other people. His boats, his horses, his guns, his dogs, had been sources of inexhaustible anxiety to Lady Belfield and her elder son. It suited his temperament to be always in movement and strife of some kind, riding an unbroken horse, sailing his yacht in a storm, making companions and playthings of ferocious dogs, climbing perilous mountain peaks, crossing the Channel or the Bay of Biscay just when any reasonable being, master of his own life and time, would have avoided the passage, doing everything in a reckless, hot-headed way, which was agony to his mother's tender heart.

And, yet, though both mother and brother suffered infinitely from Valentine Belfield's folly, they both went on loving him and forgiving him with an affection that knew no diminution, and which he accepted with a carelessness that was akin to contempt.

"You look pale, and fagged, and ill," said Lady Belfield, scrutinising her son with anxious eyes. "I know you are just as frightened as I am, though you hide your uneasiness for my sake. You are always so good to me, Adrian, this with a tone that seemed half apologetic, as if she would have said, "I lavish the greater half of my affection on your brother, and yet you give me so much."

"Dear mother, what should I be but good to the best and kindest of parents?"  
 "Oh, but I am more indulgent to him than to you. You have never tried me as he has done, and yet—"  
 "And yet I love him better than I love you." That was the unspoken ending of her speech.

She went to the window, brushing away her tears—tears of remorseful feeling, tears of sorrowing love, that she half knew were wasted upon an unworthy object.

"Cheer up, mother," said Adrian, lightly. "It will never do for Valentine to surprise us in this tragical mood. He would indulge his wit at our expense all the evening. If you want him to get rid of the chestnut say not one word about danger. You might remark in a careless way that the animal has an ugly head, and does not look so well bred as his usual stamp of horse—that is a safe thing to say to any man—and if he tells us a long story of a battle royal with the beast, be sure you put on your most indifferent air, as if the thing were a matter of course, and nobody's business but his own, and before the week is out he will have sold the horse or swapped him for another, and as he could hardly find one with a worse character, your feelings will gain by the change. He is a dear fellow, but there is a vein of opposition in him."

"Yes he loves to oppose me; but after all he is not a bad son, is he, Adrian?"  
 "A bad son! Of course not, whoever said he was?"  
 "No one; only I am afraid I spoke bitterly about him just now. He is always keeping my nerves on the rack by his recklessness in one way or the other. He is so like his poor father—so terribly like!"  
 Her voice grew hushed and grave almost to solemnity as she spoke of her dead husband. She had been a widow for nearly twenty years, ever since her twin boys, and only children, were four years old. It was the long minority which had made Sir Adrian Belfield a rich man.

"And yet, mother, he must be more like you than my father," said Adrian, "for he and I are alike, and everyone says that I am like you."  
 "In person, yes he is more like me, I suppose," she answered thoughtfully. "But it is his character which is like his father's: the same daring, energetic spirit—the same restless activity—the same strong will. He reminds me of poor Montagu every day of his life."  
 Sir Montagu Belfield had met his fate suddenly, amidst the darkness of a snow-storm on the ice-bound slopes of Monte Rosa, while his young wife and two boys were waiting and watching for his return in a villa on Lago Maggiore. The horror of that sudden death, the agonies of that parting, had left a lasting shadow upon Lady Belfield's existence, and had given a morbid tinge to a temperament that had

always been hypersensitive. That first sudden sorrow had so impressed her mind that there was an ever-present apprehension of a second blow. She quailed before the iron hand of inexorable destiny, which seemed always raised to strike her. She had lived much alone, devoting her time and thoughts to the rearing and education of her sons; and her mind had fed upon itself in those long, quiet years, unbroken by stirring events of any kind. She had read and thought much in those years; she had cultivated her taste for music and art, and was now a highly accomplished woman; but her studies and accomplishments had always occupied the second place in her life and in her mind. Her sons were paramount. When they were with her she thought of nothing but them. It was only in their absence that she consoled herself with the books or the music that she loved so well.

Her elder son, Adrian, resembled her closely in person and disposition. His tastes were her tastes, and it was hardly possible for sympathy and companionship between mother and son to be closer than theirs had been. Yet, dearly as she loved the son who had never in his life crossed or offended her, there lurked in the secret depths of her heart a stronger and more intense affection for that other son, whose wayward spirit had been ever a source of trouble or terror. The perpetual flutter of anxiety, the alternations of hope and fear, joy and sorrow, in which his restless soul had kept her, had made the rebel only so much the dearer. She loved him better for every anxious hour, for every moment of rapture in his escape from some needless peril, some hazardous folly. Valentine was the perpetually straying sheep, over whose recovery there was endless rejoicing. It was in vain that his mother told herself that she had reason to be angry, and tried to harden her heart against the sinner. He had but to hold out his arms to her, laughing at her foolish love, and she was ready to sob out her joy upon his breast.

She went back to the chair by the fire, and sat there pale and still, picturing to herself all the horrors that can be brought about by an unmanageable horse. Adrian took up a newspaper and tried to read, listening all the time for the sound of hoofs in the avenue.

At last that sound was heard, faint in the distance, the rhythmic sound of a trotting horse. The mother started up and ran to the window, while Adrian went out to the broad, gravelled space in front of the porch to meet the prodigal. He came up to the house quietly enough, dropped lightly from his horse, and greeted his brother with that all-conquering smile which made up for so many offences in the popular mind.

"Look at that brute, Adrian," he said, pointing his hunting crop at the horse, which stood meekly, with head depressed and an eye dull, reeking from sweat and flunk, and with blood stains about his mouth. "I don't think he'll give me quite so much trouble another time, but I can assure you he was a handful, even for me. I never crossed such an inveterate puller, or such a pig-headed beast; but I believe he and I understand each other pretty well now. Yah, you brute," with a savage tug at the bridle.

"You might let him off without any more punishment to-night, I think, Val," said Adrian quietly, "he looks pretty well done."  
 "He is pretty well done; I can assure you I have spared him!"  
 "And you've bitted him severely enough for the most incorrigible Tartar."  
 "A bit of my own invention, my dear boy, a high pore and a gag. I don't think he had too easy a time of it."  
 "I cannot understand your pleasure in riding an ill-conditioned brute in order to school him into good manners by sheer cruelty," said Adrian, with undisguised disapproval. "I like to be on friendly terms with my horse."  
 "My dear Adrian, your doctors and nurses have conspired to molly-coddle you," answered Valentine, contemptuously. "They have made you think like a girl, and they have made you ride like a girl. My chief delight in a horse is to get the better of the original sin that's in him. You may give him a warm drink, Stokes. He has earned it," he added, flinging the bridle to the groom, who had come from the stables at the sound of Mr. Belfield's return.

"Had you a good run?" asked Adrian, as they went into the house.  
 "Capital; and that beggar went in frigate style when once he and I got to understand each other. We killed on Hagley Heath after half-an-hour over the grass."  
 "Come and tell mother all about it, Val."  
 "Has she been worrying herself about the chestnut? She was almost in tears this morning when she found I was going to ride him."  
 "She was getting a little uneasy just before you came home," answered Adrian lightly.

That scornful glance of his brother's eye wounded him to the quick. It implied a contemptuous acceptance of a too loving solicitude. It showed the temper of a spoiled child who takes all a mother's care as a matter of course, and has not one touch of gratitude or genuine responsive affection.

The two brothers went to the drawing-room side by side. Like and unlike. Yes, that was the description which best indicated the close resemblance and the marked difference between them. In the form of the head and face, in the outline of the features, they resembled each other as closely as ever twin brothers have done since nature produced these human doublets; but in colouring and in expression the brothers were curiously unlike. The elder one had the pallid tinge of ill-health, an almost waxen brow, hair of a pale anburn, features refined to attenuation, eyes of a dark violet, eyebrows delicately pencilled, lashes long and drooping like those of a girl, lips of faintest carmine. It was only his intellectual power and innate manliness of feeling which redeemed Adrian's face from effeminacy; but mind was stronger than matter, and here the brave, calm spirit dominated the weakly frame.

Valentine was altogether differently constituted. His head, though shaped like Adrian's, was larger, broader at the base, and lower at the temples—a head in which the sensual organs predominated. His complexion was of a dark olive, browned by exposure to all kinds of weather, his eyes were from a pure, physical standpoint, large and full and brilliant, with a wondrous capacity for expressing all the passions of which his wild spirit was capable. Nose, mouth, and chin were formed in the same lines as in that other face, but the features were larger and more boldly set. The dark hair was thicker than Adrian's, coarse in texture. Hercules might have

had just such a head of hair, bristling in short crisp curves about the low forehead. That likeness and yet unlikeness between the twins was a psychological wonder to contemplative observers and theorists of all kinds.

Lady Belfield came to meet her sons as they entered the room. It was only by the most strenuous effort at self-control that she suppressed all signs of emotion and laid her hand calmly on the sportsman's shoulder, looking at him with a proud, happy smile.

"Well, Valentine, had you a good day on the chestnut?" she asked lightly.  
 "Splendid! That horse will make a ripping good hunter, in spite of you and Parker. Did you see him from the window as I brought him home?"  
 "Yes, I was watching you. I don't think he is quite up to your usual standard, Val. Hasn't he rather an ugly head?"  
 "That's just like a woman," exclaimed Valentine, with a disgusted air. "Her eye is always keen on prettiness, as if it were the Alpha and Omega. He hasn't a racer's head, if that's what you mean. He has a good serviceable head, the will bear a good deal of pulling about—rather a plain head, if you will have it. But a horse doesn't jump with his head, or gallop on his head, does he?"

"My dear Val, if you are satisfied with him—"  
 "Satisfied," cried Valentine, looking as black as thunder, "I tell you I am delighted with him. He is out and away the best hunter in the stables—beats that gingerbread skewbald mare you gave me on my last birthday hollow."  
 "And yet I have heard people say the skewbald is the proudest horse in the country."  
 "There you go again—prettiness, all prettiness. The skewbald was never well up to my weight—oh, she carries me fairly enough, I know that—but she's over-weighted. You should have given her to Adrian," with a sneer.

"Adrian can afford to buy his horses," answered his mother, with an affectionate look at the elder born. "The only birthday gift he will take from me is a bunch of early violets."  
 "All your life is full of gifts to me, mother," said Adrian. "Whenever you're tired of Cinderella I'll take her off your hands, Val."  
 "The deuce you will," cried Valentine. "You'll find her a trifle too much for you, it's like the old saying about the goose, dear boy. She's too much for you and not enough for me. She wants work, Adrian, not gentle exercise. She was never meant for a lady's palfrey."

Adrian sighed as he turned away from his brother, and seated himself at Lady Belfield's tea-table, which had been furnished with due regard to a hungry hunting man, too impatient to wait for the eight o'clock dinner. That taunt of Valentine's stung him as such taunts, and they were frequent, always did sting. He keenly felt his short comings as a horseman and as an athlete. In all those many accomplishments in which his brother excelled, fragile health had made Adrian a failure. The doctors had warned him that to ride hard would be to endanger his life. He might amble along to the country lanes, may even enjoy a slow canter over down or common; might see a little hunting sometimes in an elderly gentleman's fashion, waiting about on the crest of a hill to watch the hounds working in the hollow below, or jogging up and down beside the covert, while they were drawing—but those gallant flights across country which so intoxicate the souls of men were not for him.

"You have a heart that will work for you very fairly to a good old age, Sir Adrian, if you will but use it kindly," said the physician, after careful consultation, "but you must take no liberties with it. There are plenty of ways in which a man may enjoy the country without tearing across it at a mad gallop. There is fly-fishing, for instance. I am sure with that noble trout stream in your own park you must be fond of fly-fishing."  
 "I cannot imagine anything tamer than fly-fishing in one's own park," replied Adrian, with a touch of impatience. "Salmon fishing in Scotland or in Norway."  
 "Too fatiguing—too strenuous a form of pleasure for a man of your delicate constitution. A little trout fishing in mild spring weather—"  
 "Merci, I must live without sport, Dr. Jason. After all I have my library, and I have the good fortune to be fond of books, which my brother detests."

"I should have guessed as much," said Jason, blandly. "Mr. Belfield has not the outlook of a reading man. He has that hard penetrating gaze which denotes the sportsman—straight, keen, business-like, rapid, yet steady. I think I never saw a finer man—and so like you, Sir Adrian."  
 "It is not something of a mockery to tell me that after you have sounded this poor narrow chest of mine?"  
 "Oh, there are constitutional divergencies. Nature has been kinder to your brother in the matter of thigh and sinew, but the likeness between you is really remarkable, all the more remarkable perhaps on account of that constitutional difference. And I have no doubt there is a very close affection between you—that sympathetic bond which so often unites twin children."

"Yes, I am very fond of him," answered Adrian dreamily. "Fond of him, do I say—it is more than mere fondness. I am a part of himself, feel with him in almost all things, am angry with him, sorry with him, glad with him; and yet there is antagonism. There is the misery of it. There are times when I could quarrel with him more desperately than with any other man upon earth; and yet I declare to you, doctor, he is as if I were my second self."  
 "I can readily believe it, Sir Adrian. Who is there with whom we are so often inclined to quarrel as with ourselves. I know there is a d—bad fellow in me whom I should often like to kick."  
 D. Jason wound up with a boisterous laugh, and felt that he had earned the twenty pound note which Sir Adrian slipped modestly into his comfortable palm. Joviality was the good physician's particular line, and a case must be had indeed in which he would not venture to be jovial. Were there but three weeks of life in a patient he would take leave of him with a jocosity which was cheering enough to help the patient on a fourth week. And this case of Sir Adrian's offered no reason for dolefulness. A fragile body and a sensitive temperament, a life that might be prolonged to three scores and ten, or might expire in a moment, in the very morning of youth, like the flame of a candle.

"Are you ever going to give me my tea, mother," asked Valentine, impatiently.  
 "My dearest boy, everviving in ready to you."  
 Valentine surveyed the fire with a sweeping glance before he set down the tray and strolled across to the bell and rang violently. "Those fellows always forget the cognac," he said, as he dropped into his chair. "I daresay if one of them came home after seven hours in the saddle, he would want something stronger than tea."  
 "My dear Valentine, I am sure it is very bad habit to poison your tea with brandy," said Lady Belfield, with a disapproving look.  
 "Spare me the customary sermon, mother. It is a much worse habit to poison me every time I take a spoonful of brandy. It will end by my going straight to my bedroom after hunting, where I can enjoy a stiff glass of grog with my feet on the table and with nobody to preach temperance."  
 "You know I love to have you here, hand upon the son's roughened wrist, and looking at him with ineffable tenderness."  
 "So be it, and in that case don't let me have any tea-total sermons because of a horse's pathetic dose of cognac."  
 (TO BE CONTINUED.)

She knew which was the Gentleman Disconsolate Lover—"Don't you know Maggie, that I am a gentleman, a scholar and one of the leading physicians here? How you can leave me for that man I cannot understand."  
 Adonis Chorus Girl—"The only evidence I have that you are a gentleman is the package of cigarettes and two treats to coffee and cakes. The man you despise is certainly a gentleman. If you don't think so look at this lovely box of silk stockings."

Prize Competition Essay on New Year's Day.  
 I always know New Year's day, because papa gives a dinner party to some men with short petticoats. They are Scotchmen. They shove a lot of brown gunpowder up their noses. Pa says it's snuffin'. I know it is something you bet. All that great noise sometimes and sing "Collared by the ring" and "Ye Bankside Brays." Nobody knows what they mean. Then they sing more whuskeys. Then they finish up with "For Algidio Sign, Peck Freen!" They have all to be carried out by the servants. Then the remainder are left under the dining-room table till to-morrow. Then (—, the governess says I have to say "thens."

Possibly.  
 "He—Handsome woman, that Major Bold's wife; but why will she wear mud gowns?"  
 "She—Out of consideration to the major, I fancy; he is so shockingly deaf, don't you know?"  
 Politeness in the Rockies.  
 Eastern Lady (travelling in Montana)—"The idea of calling this the 'Wild West.' Why I never saw such perfect politeness anywhere."  
 Native—"We're allers perlitte to ladies, marm."  
 "Oh, as for that, there is plenty of politeness everywhere; but I am referring to the men. Why, in New York the men behave horribly to one another; but here they all treat each other as delicately as gentlemen in a drawing-room."  
 "Yes, marm; it's safer."

Workin' Him Nicely.  
 Wife (at breakfast)—"You came in very late last night, John."  
 Husband (who plays poker)—"Yes, I was—er—er at the office."  
 Wife (anxiously)—"Really, John, I'm afraid to have you work so hard. You are overtaxing your strength. Can you let me have twenty dollars this morning?"  
 Husband—"Certainly, my dear."

George's Good Luck.  
 Henry George—"I had another wonderful dream last night."  
 Mrs. Henry George—"Do tell!"  
 "I dreamed that all the sea turned into molasses and the land turned into one vast buckwheat cake."  
 "Isn't that splendid! Now you've got material for another book."

A Leap Year Suggestion.  
 Willie A—and Maggie B—had been busy courting for several years, meeting regularly about Wednesday night in Hope street. About a fortnight ago Willie, in parting with his beloved, made the usual remark:  
 "I'll meet you in Hope street next Wednesday night. Mind and be punctual."  
 "Deed ay, Willie, lad," replied Maggie, who occasionally talks broad Scotch, with a merry twinkle in her eye, "we have met lang time noo in Hope street, and I wis just thinkin' that it was nigh time we were shifting our trysting place further along. What wad ye say to Union street?"  
 Willie has taken the hint and invitations are out.

What He Knew About Lot's Wife.  
 A little five-year-old first time came home Sunday school for the first time came home puffed up with importance over what he had learned.  
 "Mamma," said he "do you know about Lot's wife?"  
 "A little," she said; "but tell me what you know."  
 So the little fellow told his story very earnestly, becoming positively dramatic when he reached the climax and said:  
 "And the angel of the Lord said unto Lot's wife, 'Squat for your life and don't you look back,' but she did look back and turned a somersault."

One Exception to the Rule.  
 "I should think," said Doodicker, "that Jay Gould had enough money to take a rest."  
 "Never," replied Blank. "The more a man has the more he wants, and Gould is no exception to the rule."  
 "Well, I for one do not think so."  
 "Why not?"  
 "Because, if Jay Gould had my wife, tongue he wouldn't want any more."

NUTTIE'S FATHER  
 I began to repent of her determining to go to school. Lesson books seemed very far off from me. Either because Robin had not to tell, that mother was so ready to be a box being filled with Ambrose Christmas trees. They were to get something nice for each boy and of the old women; and, to May's surprise, this year, regarded as a sort of shopman, he had prepared all of the events of a holiday party,—all about the choral fee, the guilds, and the choir, and the language to May, but she had never of it, as entirely unlikable. "Bridget's ways, and Roscoe's vicar, whom her father called 'that madman.'" Still, a practical soul for parish work. I appreciate the earnestness that I myself, and the exertions made of the classes whom she had always too bad or else too well off of clerical supervision. And even again and this young man all over his hearts in it! For Nuttie—new world had plunged into all the said, and asked questions eagerly to their answers, as if she were two happy to it must be confessed, her manners enough, to feel it in their conversation that she plodded along at a distance, hardly attending to the de chatter, yet deriving new notions of the former life of Ursula matters which she had not beneath her attention, except to be thankful that they were so presentable. That it was religious, and perhaps a moral one than her own, she had said, where everything must be. And yet when her attention from an account of Mr. Datto with a refractory choir boy to the races, she found a discussion some past lectures upon Nuttie vehemently refused attending two courses pronounced winter upon electricity an art, and mournfully never go to anything sensible at first thought, "Impertinent," and felt affronted, but the real that it was all too true there was hardly anything so contrast with Nuttie's present and knew already that the church were very different, and the daughter within earshot, he with his commiseration, nor Nuttie there was a general start, the five came together at the ally black apparition, with head on high, bearing do hedge upon them. Nobody Nuttie, but everybody the next moment it was were only chimney-sweepers.