

LIKE AND UNLIKE.

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CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

A procession of tenants had occupied Morrell within the last ten years, and had been looked upon more or less coldly by the surrounding families. There is always a lurking suspicion in the rustic mind at work when the people who occupy furnished houses are not their own. If they are rich the tenants are sure they are not all they seem to be. Madame is a *ci-devant* opera singer, Monsieur has a talent for card-sharping, and if they are Americans, and scatter their money in the lavish Transatlantic style, opinion is against them from the outset. The only people who are kindly looked upon in this connexion are those whose names and belongings are plainly set forth upon the door-plates.

Col. Deverill was such an one. The Col. Deverill was his ostensible dwelling place; and though his reputation was by no means unimpaired, he was known to be a gentleman by birth and to have begun his life in a crack regiment. The two facts were an Irishman and had lived a good deal on the Continent counted naturally in his disfavour, and the county looked upon him with a qualified approval.

The house was half a mile from the lodge, and a fairly kept drive wound along the side of a low hill, athwart undulating pasture land, dotted here and there with good oak and elms, and clusters of ancient barns, and offered Sir Adrian a view of Mr. Pollack's beaver cropping the scanty turf of late autumn. On the crest of the hill stood the mansion, a classic villa about a hundred years old, much after the manner of the Club House at Hurlingham, with a portico and pediment of white stone, and uniform rows of long French windows back and front. A large bay window, broken for forty years before, by an unscientific Lord Lupton, at the end of the south wing, was the only relief to that faultless uniformity.

There were no servants about. Sir Adrian's groom pulled a bell, which rang with startling loudness a long way off, pealing long and strong, as if it would never have done ringing. Sir Adrian alighted, as usual of the noise he had caused to be made, flung the reins to his groom, and went up the steps. The hall doors were open, and a girl's voice cried, "Your shot, Lord," as he approached the threshold.

This was embarrassing, but the situation became even more involved when another voice exclaimed, "That bell means another county family come to catch and stare. *Je me esuigne.*" But before the speaker could escape, Madam had crossed the threshold, and was standing, hat in hand, face to face with two young ladies, dressed as he had never seen girls dressed before, and both of them a great deal prettier than any girls his memory suggested to him by way of comparison.

"Miss Deverill, I think," he said to one of the damsels, "my name is Belfield, and I must apologise most humbly for bursting in upon you in this manner."

"Oh, but you could not possibly help it. The architect will plan houses with billiard rooms on the doorsteps, the occupants must bear the brunt of their folly," answered the older lady gaily. "We are very glad to see you, Sir Adrian. This is my sister, Miss Deverill, and I am Mrs. Baddeley. I am sorry my father is out this afternoon. He would have been charmed to make your acquaintance, I know. He has talked tremendously about Lady Belfield, whom he had the pleasure of knowing quite intimately when they were both young. Will you come to the drawing room, or shall we sit and talk here? Helen and I make this our den for the most part. You see we have no brothers to dispute the ground with us."

"I would much rather stay here," said Adrian.

Mrs. Baddeley had flung aside her cue while she was talking, and Miss Deverill, who had been sitting on the table when she first beheld her, was now standing beside it, flicking the chalkmarks off the cloth with her handkerchief. She was a tall slim girl, in a straight-skirted sage-coloured velvet gown, with a short waist and a broad yellow sash, and with her reddish auburn hair which was superb in hue and texture and quality, falling down her back in a rippling mass of light and shadow. Her gown was short enough to show a perfect taper, and a slender ankle, set off by Langtry shoes and yellow silk stockings. The married sister wore an olive plush tea gown over an Indian red petticoat, red shoes and stockings, and her hair, which was darker than Helen's, rolled up in a great untidy mass, and fastened with a red ribbon. The style and costume were altogether different from the regulation afternoon attire of that part of the world, which was generally severe—a tailor gown and a neat linen collar being the rule.

Had Sir Adrian seen this kind of picturesque toilette in Bedford Park, on the person of a plain girl, he would have regarded it with infinite disgust, for he had all the masculine love of neatness and subdued coloring; but both these women were so pretty, both were so graceful, with the grace of perfect self-assurance, that the serious air of women who are accustomed to be admired, approved, and made much of on all occasions, had had they been clad in such calicoes as Manchester manufactures to meet the taste of the untutored African, he must have not the less admired them.

There was a large fire blazing in the wide hall grate, and there were three or four leather arm-chairs (of draped and cushioned bamboo) about the hearth, and a scarlet Japanese table, suggestive of afternoon tea. Those chairs with their vivid reds and yellows, tassels and fringes, and leather silk handkerchiefs tied about them, had never belonged to Lord Lupton, whose furniture all dated from the reign of William the Fourth. Chairs and tables were an importation of the Deverills, Adrian saw at a glance.

They all three sat down in front of the fireplace, while the outer doors were shut

by the butler, who had come in a leisurely way to see if that loud pealing of the hall bell were a matter requiring his personal attention. He closed the double doors, put a fresh log on the fire, and discreetly retired.

"And now tell us all about Lady Belfield," said the married sister, perching her feet upon the old brass fender, and affording Adrian a full view of arched insteps and Louis heels. "Is she quite well, and is she as lovely as she was when she was young?"

"That might be saying too much, I mean about the loveliness," answered Adrian, smiling; "but to my mind my mother is ever seen. Of course, a son is partial. As for health, well, yes, I think I may say she is quite well. Would you like her to drive over and see you?"

"Of course we should, we are dying to see her," said Helen, who was not all shy. "If English etiquette were not written in blood, like the laws of Draco, we should have made father take us to Lady Belfield the day after we arrived here."

"You don't appreciate British conventionalities?"

"I detest everything British, present company of course excepted. We have always had such good times in France and Italy—and as for Switzerland, I feel as if I had been born there. I am longing to be at Vevey, or at one of those dear little villages on Lake Lucerne, now, when your horrid English winter is beginning. I can't think why father persisted in bringing us here. It is almost as bad as the Rock."

"You don't care for Ireland?"

"Does any one, do you think? And if you knew Kilrush; but you don't of course. I have never had that privilege."

"Well, perhaps it is a privilege to have lived in the dullest, most out-of-the-way hole on the surface of this earth," retorted Miss Deverill lightly, flinging herself back in the Liberty chair, and showing rather more ankle and instep than the rival establishment on the other side of the hearth.

"There is something exceptional in the fact, of course. But why, being obliged to live at the Rock occasionally for duty, my father should bring us to a remote Devonshire village for pleasure, is more than this feeble intellect of mine can grapple."

"I don't think there's much mystery about it," said Mrs. Baddeley. "In the first place father is tired of wandering about the Continent; and in the second my husband will be home on leave in December, and I must be in England to receive him. So my father very good-naturedly suggested a country place where Frank could stay with us and get a little huntin' and shootin'. If Frank had been obliged to find his own quarters the choice would have been between London lodgings or staying with his own people, both equally odious for me."

"Mr. Baddeley is in the army, I conclude."

"Yes, he is a Major in the Seventeenth Lancers, and has been in India for the last two years, and I'm afraid may have to go back after a winter in England."

"You return with him?"

"Unhappily, no," sighed the lady, "I cannot stand the climate. I tried India for a year, and it was something too dreadful. I was reduced to a shadow, and I looked forty. Now, Helen, on your honour, didn't I look forty when I landed from Bombay?"

"You certainly looked very bad, dear," said Helen. "Do you think it would be too dreadful to offer Sir Adrian tea at a quarter to four, with a glance at a fine old eight-day clock. 'Do you ever take tea, Sir Adrian?'"

"A tea pot is the favorite companion of my studious hours," answered Adrian. "May I ring the bell for you?"

"Yes, please, and you won't laugh at us and call us washerwomen for wanting tea so early."

"I promise to do neither; but were my brother here I would not answer for him. He is very severe on my womanish passions for the tea pot."

"Is he very different from you?"

"Altogether different."

"And yet you are twins. I thought twins were always alike."

"I believe we are alike in person, except that Valentine is handsomer, stronger, and bigger than I. But it is in tastes and character we are unlike. Yet perhaps, after all, it is mostly a question of health and physical energy. His robust constitution has made him inchole to all athletic exercises and manly sports, while my poor health has made me rather womanish. I am obliged to obey the doctors, were it only to satisfy my mother."

"If Mr. Belfield is as nice as you are I am sure we shall all like him," said Mrs. Baddeley frankly. "I hear he is abroad just now."

"Yes, he is in Paris, *en route* for Monte Carlo; but I don't think he will be long away. He is very fond of hunting, and won't care to miss too much of it."

spending three months of every year at Kilrush, and we pretend to be very fond of the peasantry on the estate. They really are nice, warm-hearted creatures; though I daresay they would shoot us on the slightest provocation. And father has a yacht on the Shannon, and altogether it is not half a bad life."

"Speak for yourself, Helen," said her sister, peevishly; "you can bear solitude. I can't. I hope the people about here give decent parties," she added, turning to Adrian.

"They are not energetic party-givers. A couple of balls within a radius of twenty miles and half-a-dozen dinners, constitute a rather gay season."

"Good heavens, am I to exist all the winter upon two balls!" cried Mrs. Baddeley. "I shall forget how to waltz. My diamonds will go of colour from being shut up so long in their cases."

Sir Adrian wondered a little to hear an officer's wife talk of diamonds, as if she had been a duchess, but he opined that Major Baddeley must be a man of substance. Certainly Colonel Deverill's daughter could hardly have been jewelled from the paternal resources, which every one knew to be meagre.

"What a lovely woman she was, lolling back in her chair with the frelight shining on her hair and large hazel eyes. Every feature was charming, if not altogether featureless. The nose small and slightly retroussée, the mouth rather large, with full carmine lips and delicious smile. The chin beautifully rounded, the complexion of creamy whiteness. The younger sister was like her, only prettier, fresher, more girlish, eyes larger and more brilliant, hair brighter and more luxuriant, mouth smaller and of a more exquisite mould, nose less coquettish and more dignified, a face to dream about, a face to celebrate in society verses *ad infinitum*."

The clock struck five and startled Sir Adrian from his pleasant forgetfulness of all things but the two faces and the two voices and the little glimpses of two hitherto unknown lives, revealed to him by that careless prattle. He rose at once.

"I must really apologise for the length of my first visit," he said.

"You wouldn't if you knew how dull we are and how anxious we were to see you and Lady Belfield. I hope she will come soon," said the elder sister.

"She shall come to-morrow," answered Adrian.

"Oh, that is too good of you. Please bring her to lunch. My father will be charmed."

"I'm afraid to engage her for lunch. I know that in a general way she dislikes going out so early. Afternoon tea is her passion."

"Then bring her to afternoon tea. She shall not discover us in the hall as you did. She shall find us in the drawing-room behaving like ladies."

Adrian was glad to hear this. He had an idea that the vision of two girls playing billiards with open doors, and that exclamation, "your shot," would have disparaged the young ladies in his mother's estimation. He also hoped that Helen would have her hair less carelessly displayed to-morrow afternoon.

"She shall certainly come to-morrow, unless there is something extraordinary to prevent her," he said, "and in that case I'll send you a note, Mrs. Baddeley."

"You will not put us to the trouble of being proper for nothing. That is very kind of you. Good-by."

She rang for Donovan, the butler, who appeared five minutes afterwards, just as Sir Adrian was disappearing. The sisters went with their visitor to the door, which he opened for himself, and went out into the windy afternoon with him, and patted and admired his horses, which had waited in the cold much longer than they were accustomed to wait. The two girls stood in the portico and watched him drive away, and waved white hands to him like old friends.

Scarcely had he driven out of sight of them when his heart began to fail him as to that promise which he had made about his mother. He had been so ready to pledge her to friendship with these strangers five minutes ago; and now he began to ask himself whether these two young women, lovely as they were, would not appear intolerable in her eyes. His mother was the very essence of refinement; and these girls, though assuredly charming, were not refined. They had a reckless free and easy air which would jar upon a woman whose secluded life had kept her unacquainted with the newest developments in society and man-

ners. Young women who wore their hair *en naturel*, and showed their ankles freely, were an unknown race to Lady Belfield; nor was she familiar with the type of young woman who is thoroughly at home with strangers of the opposite sex the minute after introduction. Lady Belfield's manners had been formed in the quiet and reserved school. She had never played billiards, or been interested in racing, or gambled in a Kursaal, or enjoyed any one of those amusements which society smiles upon nowadays. She had been an only daughter and an heiress, brought up very strictly, permitted few amusements, and only a chosen circle of friends, knowing not Hurlingham or Ascot, Goodwood or Baden, oscillating between a dull house in London and a dullest house in the country, working at her piano conscientiously under a fashionable German master, cultivating her mind by the perusal of all the best books of the day, attending all the best operas and concerts, dancing at half-a-score of aristocratic balls in the season, and knowing as little of the world as an intelligent child of ten.

"I'm afraid she'll hardly like them as much as I do," thought Adrian, innocently. "They are so frank, so friendly, so full of life, and so different from all the girls we have met round about here. I wonder what the father is like?"

And then he recalled his feelings as he drove along this road two hours ago, and remembered with what a suspicious mind he had thought of Colonel Deverill, inclined to suspect that gentleman of the most Machiavellian motives for planting himself within easy reach of Belfield Abbey. Had he not come to Morcomb with the secret intention of renewing his old suit to Lady Belfield, of trying to win her for his spoil, now that she was a wealthy widow, her own mistress, young enough to marry again without provoking too much ridicule from a malevolent world, free to marry whom she chose? Yes, he had been inclined to suspect the Colonel of hidden views in this direction; and yet had he any such scheme it was strange that he should not have set about the business ten years ago, since he had been quite eleven years a widower. That such a scheme should be an after thought would be strange.

And now in his homeward drive, Adrian was assured that Col. Deverill had come to the neighborhood in all innocence of mind, in his happy-go-lucky Irish way, glad to get a cheap house in a picturesque country.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS

Seven big Normandy stallions that came over on the steamship Lake Huron, and suffered much on the rough voyage, are recuperating at East Boston before going West.

James Chastine, charged with the murder of Hugh Boyle at the New Pratt shaft, has died of starvation in jail at Birmingham, Ala., persistently refusing to eat. Six murderers have died in this jail during the last few months.

The Salvation Army recently needed \$25,000 for its work, and raised the amount in one week by what is called "a week of self-denial." It didn't have a single ice cream party or sacred concert or supper. Is there not here a practical lesson?

A farmer in Ingram's township, North Carolina, has a wife that he is really proud of, and with reason; for she can split 200 fence rails a day, and has done it time and again; and he says it is a common thing for her to dip seven barrels of turpentine a day.

Young men of Philadelphia who desire to do the right thing carry their sweethearts' pictures in a case made of two silver dollars, hollowed out and fitted together so deftly that they can be distinguished from a sound coin only with a microscope.

Baltimore has many well-to-do negroes among its citizens. There are nineteen whose aggregate wealth is \$800,000. Of these, Joseph Thomas, a boss stevedore, is worth \$30,000, and James L. Bradford, a grocer, is quoted as worth \$50,000.

There is a local passenger train on the Omaha Railroad, between St. Paul and Stillwater, that is shunned and dreaded by engineers. It is called "The Hospital Train," and every equally significant name, because every engineer who has run it in several years has either had a stroke of paralysis while in the cab, or been severely injured.

The glory of the Indian has passed in the far West. Recently a number of school boys attending the Central school at Ogden peeped two Indians who were passing with

snowballs. The Indians gave chase and captured one little boy, but on his saying that he had not thrown any snow balls they let him go. The Indians made a complaint, but got no satisfaction.

It is reported from Paris that a jeweller there lost a magnificent pearl, weighing 123 grains, and valued at \$2,000. He advertised liberally, and a month afterward a ragpicker brought the gem to the store. She said that she had three weeks before gathered up the contents of an ash box in front of the jeweller's, and when she came to sort them over she found the pearl.

A newspaper of Matanzas, Cuba, has embodied in an advertisement of a new brand of cigarettes a paragraph, of which this is a translation: "Photographs of the most beautiful woman in the world, Senora Frances Folsom de Cleveland, the Lady of the White House, the idol of 69,000,000 of people, the wife of the President of the United States. Ask for the—cigarettes."

The youngest of the thirty-eight living widows of Revolutionary soldiers is Nancy A. Green, of Versailles. She draws a pension, but then there are those who question her right, and for this reason. She was born in 1818, the Revolutionary war ended in 1783. If her husband was 21 years old when he was mustered out, he was 56 years old when she was born; and if he married her when she was 18 years old, he was then a man of 74. But stranger things than that have happened.

Mr. J. B. Wilson, of Griffin, Ga., is a remarkable man. He was born at sea; lived in sixteen different States in as many years; grew up without education, wild and wicked. A few years ago he became a Christian, and since then has lived consistently with his profession of faith. One night he dreamed that he must read a certain chapter in the Bible. The dream so impressed him he obeyed it, and although he did not know a letter of the alphabet, found the chapter and read it through. Since that time he has read the Bible regularly. He can read any chapter in the Bible, but not a word in any other book or newspaper.

A life convict at Joliet recently wrote to the Chief of Police of St. Louis, begging him to find the convict's three children, of whom he had not heard for years. He said that after his conviction his wife got a divorce, and married a man named Lee. St. Louis reporters found Mrs. Lee supporting her family by taking in washing, Lee having deserted her. She was touched by his anxiety about his children, and promised to write to him, although the crime for which he was imprisoned was the murder of the husband of Mrs. Lee's sister at the solicitation of the sister herself, with whom Mrs. Lee's husband had become infatuated. The sister is serving a sixteen years' term in the same prison.

The Drift Cityward.

The great, brilliant successes are, as a rule, in our cities. They attract notice. All men hear of the man who rolled up a fortune in a few years. Only few hear of the twenty that failed on the same lines. "What is it hit is history; what is missed is mystery." One consequence is that the movement is from the country to the town. Young Thatcher is not going to plod along year after year on the farm when he might with a little toil make his thousands in the city as a politician or a man of business. "Why, there is Baker—I'm just as smart as he is—and he is near the top of the wheel; they say he will soon be an alderman." So the tide is towardward. Now it is true that one may find the best people in the towns, for mind quickens mind; but you may also find the worst; and in this word evil works at a tremendous advantage. No better population for morals and trustworthiness is found in any Christian country than those who live by the tilling of the soil. We do not ignore the value of cities, but

"God made the country, and man made the town," and without building on any forced exodus of this passage we cannot be blind to the fact that city life multiplies and complicates the problems with which Christian civilization has to deal. No 5,000,000 of country people in England present so much that is discouraging as you find among the same number crowded together in London.—Dr. John Hall, in New Princeton Review for January.

Little 3-year-old's verdict: "My dollie dat sed mamma so 'tweety on Kiasmas 'not 'man' no more."

The monkey and the dude are the aristocratic types of the human race. Anyhow, they won't work.



He (to his fiancée): I SAY, JULIA, OLD GIRL, HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED THIS? She (who hates to have people talk to her when she is reading): NO. He: WHAT! NOT SEEN THIS SWEET THING IN CHINA? She (with enthusiasm): OH! IN CHINA! WHAT IS IT? He: SUGAR. [She breaks the engagement.]