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LIKE AND UNLIKE.

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Author of "Lady Audley's Secret, Wyllard's Weird, Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

This story opens by introdncing the reader to Sir Adrian Belfield and his twin brother Valentine, the "Like and Unlike." There is a close resemblance and yet a marked difference between them, the elder pale and delicate almost to effeminacy, the younger dark, strong and self-willed. Their mother, Lady Belfield, although fondly loving both her sons, still has a warmer place in her heart for the younger and more troublesome. In a week after the opening of the story, Valentine leaves for Paris with a college friend *en route* for Monte Carlo with an "infallible" system for breaking the bank. During his absence his mother and brother hear that Col. Deverill, from County Clare, has come to live at Morcomb, a residence in the neighborhood. This rather startles Lady Belfield, as the Colonel was in their younger days a suitor for her hand, but rejected on account of wildness. Adrian soon calls at Morcomb, and finds the Colonel's daughters, Mrs. Baddeley and Helen Deverill, two charming young ladies, engaged at a game of billiards. They welcome him warmly, and please him by their frank, open manners. Next day he takes his mother to see them, hospitalities are exchanged, and before long it is apparent to all observers that Aurian is in love with Helen.

Mr. Rockstone, the vicar, takes especia interest in Old Dawley, a parishioner who lives by basket-making. Years ago this man's daughter, a beautiful girl, had been decoyed from her home and had never been heard of since, except that three years after her flight the old man had found a little girl whose appearance told that she was his daughter's child. He had kept her and given her the best education he could afford. At the time of which we speak, this child, now a lovely girl, is giving her grandfather considerable uneasiness by evidences which he sees of her being in love. The vicar interests himself in the girl and induces her to take a situation at Belfield Abbey as housemaid, to raise her from the low-spirited moping condition into which she had fallen. Meanwhile Sir Adrian receives Helen's consent to accept him as her lover, in a rather brusque and off-hand way. Her father and sister being away, Helen goes to stay at the Abbey till they return, where she makes Adrian and his mother supremely happy by her bright, winning ways. Adrian writes to Col. Deverill in Paris and receives his consent in a characteristic Irish letter to his marriage with his daughter. The other young ladies of the neighborhood were, of course, extremely jealous, the more so as they considered the Deverills bad style from the beginning, but were still profuse in their congratulations. As Adrian's physician had discouraged hunting on his part, Helen considered it her duty to give it up although it was a sport of which she was passionately fond, and she did not conceal from him her regret.

The time at length came around for Valentine to return. One afternoon on her return from a ride, Helen stole up on tiptoe behind Adrian's chair and kissed him. The kiss was returned with interest, but she found it wasn't Adrian. After some indignant words on her part and a few mollifying ones on Valentine's, she reluctantly half-consented to forgive him. For all that they did not seem to get on well together, and Helen appeared to shun her future brother-in-law as much as possible. It now appears that the gentleman who has stolen Madge Dawley's heart is no other than Valentine Belfield himself, for, on the day of his return, they have an encounter on an upper landing, when he uses his most seductive wiles to induce her to leave her present occupation and live happily with him in some secluded spot, to which her only answer is that she can be nothing to him if not his wife. During this conversation Madge learns that her mother, about whom she had always wished to hear, is living in style in London as Mrs. Mandeville.

Helen shortly receives a telegram from her father, announcing his arrival in London and requesting her to go home. She goes, but not before consenting to allow Valentine to accompany her on any hunting excursions she may take. After this they are a good deal together, having evidently overcome their aversion.

Major Baddeley, Mr. Beeching and Lord St. Austell help to make up the party at Morcomb, and the latter gentleman very soon perceives that Helen is falling over head and ears in love with Valentine. Soon there comes a letter from Lady Belfield, asking Helen to come back to Belfield Abbey, and she does so. Lady Belfield is puzzled and grieved at the apparent antagonism between Helen and Valentine, and asks him to treat him in a more sisterly manner. The summer passed gaily, enlivened by company, lawn tennis, etc.

Towards autumn the serious mood which seemed to have taken possession of Helen, vanished, and she and Valentine were gay and free as could be desired. It was at this time that Adrian found a slip of paper in his room with the words "Somebody is false, watch." He tried to put down all suspicion of Helen, but on returning to the drawing-room he saw her and his brother in close and confidential conversation, which sent a throb of jealousy to his heart. That evening he followed them out into the garden, and heard Helen's confession of love to his brother and inconstancy to him and at the same time her unwillingness to be false to him.

He came forward and reproached them with treachery, released Helen from her engagement and left them. Lady Belfield was grieved, Col. Deverill was furious, and the whole neighborhood down on Helen for the part she had played, but she and Valentine were allowed to become engaged and very soon were married, Adrian having left for the continent immediately after his discovery.

In the meamtime, on the day after the finding of the scrap of paper, written by herself, Madge Dawley left Belfield Abby mysteriously, leaving only a note for the housekeeper. She went to London to find her mother, having seen an account of her attempted suicide in a daily paper. She found her and tried to persuade her to go away with her and let her earn tor her an honest living, with what result we shall see.

Helen and Valentine spent a honeymoon of three months of delicious, uninterrupted happiness on the continent, but on their return to London Mr. Belfield began to show himself as a selfish, club-loving overbearing husband, and Helen's spell was broken.

They occupied a suite of rooms in the same house with Mrs. Baddeley, whose husband had once more gone to Iudia, and who was living in the height of fashion in London, ekeing out her income by writing newspaper articles.

CHAPTER XXX.—Mrs. Ponsonby's Ultimatum.

Helen was ushered into Lady Belfield's sitting room next morning as the clock struck ten, and found her mother-in-law and Sir Adrian ready to receive her. The breakfast table had been placed near the open window looking out upon the park, with its brilliant flower beds, palms, and tree ferns, and its early riders cantering up and down the Row.

Adrian came forward to meet his sister in-law with frankest greetings; but Helen grew paler as their hands met, and it seemed to him that her beauty had a wan look in the morning light. The freshness had vanished from the young face, and that bright and joyous outlook, the careless happiness of girlhood which had charmed him at their first meeting, had given place to an expression of weariness and languor. It was not the face of a happy wife in the early years of marriage.

Helen grew more at ease presently as they sat at breakfast, reassured by Adrian's fraternal manner. It was a relief to her to find such perfect friendliness in the man she had jilted, and yet her vanity was wounded by the idea that he *could* forgive her so freely, could meet her with frank goodwill.

"He could never have cared very much for me," she thought. His presence recalled bitterest memories. She had been false to him, and for whom? For a man who neglected and abandoned her, left her to Fate and to the chances of evil, left her to run the gauntlet of London society, without a husband's sheltering care.

Adrian was eager to see his brother. He had written to Valentine in a friendly spirit twice during the last year, first on New Year's Eve, and again on their mutual birthday, and his brother had answered both letters in a free and easy tone, taking their reconciliation as it were for granted, ignoring the past and the wrong that had been done. And now Adrian yearned after that other half of himself, from which he had so long been separated. He was vexed at Valentine's absence, and still more vexed at Helen's vagueness about her husband's return.

"I'll telegraph to him," he said, "if you'll give me his address in Paris."

"I don't know where he is staying."

"You don't know! But surely he has written to you."

"Yes, but he wrote to me from his club or from a club that he uses when he is there. I'm not sure that he is a member. I suppose if you telegraph to him at the club he will get your telegram."

"Sooner or later, no doubt; but there may be a considerable delay," answered Adrian. "I want to hasten his return if I can. Our time is short in London."

Helen gave him the address of the Parisian club, and he went downstairs to send his telegram. Lady Belfield carried off her daughter-in-law for a morning in the picture galleries. She took possession of her son's wife, as if in the exercise of a natural right. Helen had promised to be in the Row between twelve and one. St. Austell would be there, no doubt, expecting her. She had parted with him at four o'clock that morning, after a ball, and he had stopped at the carriage door to ascertain her arrangements for the day. He knew all about her morning arrangement with Lady Belfield.

"Less than a couple of hours will polish off your mother-in-law," he said, "and you can be in the Row by twelve. You musn't lose your ride. It's the one thing that keeps us all alive." She had promised not to lose her ride; but now that she was asked to go to a picture gallery she had not the conrage to say no.

"I want to have you with me as much as I can while I am in town," said Lady Belfield. "We have seen so little of each other since you have been my daughter. Adrian is full of business this morning, so he cannot come with us."

Helen was glad to escape from Adrian's thoughtful gaze. It seemed to her that he must be able to read all her secrets, that he must know how false and wicked she was, she who had begun her downward course by falsehood to him.

That morning with Lady Belfield was slow torture. The wife's guilty conscience, her remorseful sense of her own unworthiness, changed every tender word into a scorpion. She tried to appear happy and light-hearted, but she felt all the time that her gaiety was a miserable assumption that could hardly deceive anybody. It certainly did not deceive Lady Belfield.

"My dear child, let us go and sit down," she said. "You are looking so pale and weary. I am afraid you are not well, Helen; that they did not take enough care of you after your long illness."

"Oh, no, it is not that; I am very well, but I was dancing till nearly four o'clock this morning."

"And you are going out again to-night. Do you think it is worth anyone's while to lead such a life?"

"I don't know. I suppose it is natural to like dancing and gaiety while one is young. And there is no other kind of life for me to lead. If I were to stay at home, as I did last year, I should only have leisure to be unhappy, and to fancy myself a deserted wife. When I am out in the world, among a lot of thoughtless people, I too am thoughtless. It is better than thinking bitter thoughts."

"My poor girl, I wish Valentine were fonder of home, and that you two spent more of your lives together. There is something amiss in your present life. I am grieved to see it; I am grieved to speak of it; yet I feel that I ought to speak."

"Oh, please don't say any more," said Helen fretfully. "It can do no good. Valentine has always had his own way, and I have left off thwarting him. I used at first to beg him to stay at home. I fancied we might be so happy together, and I was so ridiculously fond of him."

"Was fond of him! Why you speak as if your love were a thing of the past."

"No, no, Lady Belfield, you misunderstand. I mean that in those days I had a foolish way of pestering him with my affection. I was too demonstrative, and I thought I could keep him at home of an evening. A fatal mistake. We get on ever so much better now that we each go our own way."

"My love, it is all wrong. It cannot mean happiness for either of you."

"Indeed you are mistaken; Valentine is perfectly happy."

"And are you perfectly happy?"

"Well, yes; I suppose I am. We are having a brilliant season. Leo and I are invited almost everywhere. It is very pleasant, and——" with a faint sigh, "one has no time to think."

They were sitting in the inner sculpture-gallery, where there were very few people, though the other rooms were full. Lady Belfield left at one o'clock, thinking that Helen was tired.

"Shall we drive through the Park before you go in?" Helen asked, as they came to Hyde Park Corner.

"Yes, dear, if you like," and Lady Belfield gave the order.

"Go slowly up and down the drive," Helen said to the coachman, and then added to Lady Belfield, "if there are any people we know we may as well see them."

"By all means; we have half-an-hour to waste before lunch."

Helen was thinking of Lord St. Austell. Would he be angry with her for having broken faith with him? She had given him in some manner a right over her life from the moment in which she had listened to the confession of his unhallowed love. He had the right to be miserable when he was away from her; the right to accuse her of cruelty if she avoided his company.

She had allowed him to tell her of his love; but she had affected to make light of it.

"This means nothing from you," she said. "I should be angry if it were anyone else who talked such nonsense."

And under that lightness her lover had seen indications of the deepest feeling, and knew that she was to be won; not so easily won as other victims had been, and for that reason all the better worth winning.

The Row was almost deserted, but a little way past the barracks they met Mrs. Baddeley and Lord St. Austell riding side by side, while Mr. Beeching skulked in the rear on a thick-set, bull-necked, black cob, very smooth and sleek and stoutly built, and having a kind of fanciful resemblance to his rider.

"Everything belonging to Beeching is like him," said one of the gentleman's friends; "his horses are like him, his dogs are like him, his guns are like him, and his furniture is like him. The fellow has his own image and superscription upon everything. When he bothered me about the lines of his new tandem cart I told him not to worry. "However you have it built, it's sure to come out like you,' I told him; and, by Jove, it did."

Lord St. Austell was one of the few men who look well on horseback, and yet do not disappoint people when they dismount. He was tall and slim, dressed to perfection, in so quiet and subdued a style that nobody had ever succeeded in imitating him. There was an indescribable *cachet*, a subtle neutrality of tint, which the copyist never could attain. To-day he had a languid air as he sauntered slowly along, talking with Mr. Baddeley, who looked fresh as a June rose, and seemed in high spirits. She was to act for a charity that evening, at one of the most fashionable places in London—half picture gallery, half ballroom. She was to play Peg Woffington, in "Masks and Faces," for the benefit of the Sick Chimney Sweepers' Fund, and she was telling Lord St. Austell about her conception of the part, and her gowns.

The character was important, but the gowns were the pivot upon which success depended.

"They are my own idea, worked out from Sir Peter Lely," she said; "but that wretched Mrs. Ponsonby had not sent them when I came out this morning. I am in a state of suspense till I see them. They may be failures after all."

"You employ Ponsonby, do you?" asked St. Austell, who was learned in all the ways of women; "I've been told she's dear."

"Dear! She is exorbitant, a perfect harpy! But she is the only woman in London who can make a gown."

"She must be as rich as Crœsus. Lord Pevensey told me the other day that he nearly lost an estate he was negotiating for in Yorkshire, because Mrs. Ponsonby was bidding for it. He was not told who had been bidding against him till after he had secured the property. "By Jove, St. Austell, I felt humiliated," he said, "to think that I had just missed being outbidden by my wife's dressmaker."

"I have no doubt she is richer than Lord Pevensey," replied Leo, laughing. "I am longing to see how she has carried out my ideas. I am like a child that is going to have a new frock for her birthday."

They saw Helen and stopped, and the coachman drew up by the rails. They talked for a few minutes, Helen explaining how Lady Belfield had been so kind as to take her to the Academy.

"You might have sent me a message," said Mrs. Baddeley. "Your horse and I both waited half an hour for you."

"Yes, I ought to have sent a message. It was very forgetful of me. Poor Ravioli!" Ravioli was the horse.

"I am glad you find it in your heart to pity Ravioli," said Lord St. Austell, with one of those looks which speak volumes at the initial stage of an intrigue. Language and looks become much less subtle in later stages.

He timed that pathetic glance at a safe moment when Lady Belfield was talking to Mrs. Baddeley.

Leo was begging her to go to the performance at "The Victorian."

"I daresay the acting will be very bad, though we all think ourselves geniuses," she said; "but we shall have all the best people in London to see us, and it is for a good cause, so if you and Sir Adrian are disengaged——"

"I believe we are disengaged. It is only as a favour that we are to get stalls for the Lyceum next Saturday, and we are not to go to the Haymarket till to-morrow. It is not so easy to do a round of the Theatres as we fancied it would be."

"Then as a *pis aller* come and see 'Masks and Faces,' by the Kentish Ramblers and your humble servant. If we don't succeed in making you cry, we are sure to make you laugh."

"Don't be too sure of that," said St. Austell, "there is a painful condition of the mind between laughing and crying, which I have seen produced by the performance of your real painstaking amateur. He is just too good to be laughed at, and he is not good enough to draw tears. His performance produces a dreary vacuity of mind, a middle state between sleeping and waking, a sense of the intolerable length of time. I think the feeling is most acute during such a piece as 'Plot and Passion,' which, being tedious and long-winded, is naturally a favourite with amateurs."

"You talk like a disappointed man," said Leo. "I have no doubt you tried to act in early youth, and are embittered by the memory of your failures."

"No, I was one of those few sensible people who are aware of their incapability beforehand."

"Are you coming home presently, Helen," asked Mrs. Baddeley.

"She is coming to lunch with me first," answered Lady Belfield; "I'll drive her home some time after lunch."

"Please don't keep her late. She has the Charity Play, and two parties after it. To-night is one of our field nights," said Mrs. Baddeley, and then with a smile and a wave of her whip hand, she yielded to the impatience of her horse and trotted away, her two cavaliers accompaning her.

St. Austell left her at the Piccadilly end of the Row, but Mr. Beeching rode back to Wilkie Mansions, and lingered at the door when he had helped her to dismount, and given her horse to the hireling from the livery yard, who had been waiting for that animal.

"Come in and see my gowns," said Leo; "they must have arrived by this time, or I am in for a fiasco. Come and tell me what you think of my gowns, and then I will give you some lunch."

Mrs. Baddeley was eminently hospitable; her little luncheons were delightful in a small and studiously simple way. She gave herself no airs of epicureanism, but her chicken a la Maintenon, or her mayonnaise of salmon or lobster was always perfection. Even a tiny shoulder of lamb and a custard pudding had a grace on her table, and satisfied her admiring guest. She rarely dined at home, and so her cook was able to concentrate her energies on that wholesome two o'clock meal which everybody eats with a better appetite than the evening's elaborate banquet.

She ran gaily upstairs. Mr. Beeching following, ashamed to confess that his less agile legs would have preferred the lift. She opened the door with her latchkey, and pounced upon the page, who was discovered in the lobby reading the wonderful adventures of "Sixteen String Jack," reclining in a luxurious bamboo chair, with his heels on the card table.

"Get up, you horrid little monkey," cried his mistress, indignantly, "Has the dressmaker sent my costumes?"

"No, ma'am. There ain't no basket come, but there was a young lady brought this," and the boy snatched up a brass salver, took a letter out of his pocket, put it on the salver, and handed it with all due ceremony.

"A letter," exclaimed Leo, angrily, as she tore open the envelope. "What can the woman mean by writing?"

Mrs. Ponsonby's meaning was clear enough.

With profound respect she reminded Mrs. Baddeley that her account had been running a long time, and that she had not received a cheque from her honoured customer for over a twelvemonth. The costumes were finished and ready for delivery; but on referring to her ledger she had discovered that Mrs. Baddeley was much deeper in debt than she had supposed, and she must therefore regretfully decline to send the costumes unless Mrs. Baddeley favoured her with at least a hundred pounds on account.

Leo read the letter as she passed into her drawing-room, followed by Mr. Beeching, who felt that the atmosphere was tempestuous.

"You are too good to ask me to stay," he muttered, "but I have just remembered a most particular appointment at the Junior Carlton."

He was going, but she stopped him with her hand on his coat sleeve.

"You are not such a poltroon as to run away because I'm in trouble, are you, Beeching?" she asked, comtemptuously

She called him Beeching, or Joe, indifferently, with a familiarity which seemed half scornful, but which he liked, nevertheless, in his dull way.

"I'll stop if you like," he said. "What's the row?"

He had seen her in trouble before to-day, and had been ordered to help her, and the result had been duly recorded in his bank book. He could see the figures on the clean white page now, as he stood there, helpless and half reluctant. Nothing had come of that former chivalry on his part, nothing except that he was called Joe, or Beeching, and was occasionally bitten by Tory, the poodle.

Tory was under a sofa now, represented by a pair of fiery eyes gleaming in the darkness. Tory had taken it into his over educated head to detest Mr. Beeching.

"What's the row?" he asked again, as Leo pored over the letter.

"The row is that I shall be ruined, humiliated, disgraced, unless I can produce a hundred pounds in the next hour or two. Does the creature think I keep hundred pound notes under my pillow?"

"I don't suppose she cares where you keep 'em as long as she gets 'em," replied Beeching, broodingly, bending down to poke his whip handle at Tory under the sofa, and receiving a growl and a glare from that celebrity for his pains. "You'll have to pacify her somehow, I suppose," he went on, still intent upon Tory. "If you can't give her money you must give her money's worth. You've got your diamonds."

He seated himself on the carpet at this juncture to be nearer Tory, who was waxing furious.

"Of course I have my diamonds, and I must wear them to-night. Everybody knows about them——"

"Well, not *all* about them," muttered Beeching, under his breath.

"Everybody knows I have them, and will expect me to wear them. What nice things would be said of me if I *didn't* wear them. My diamonds, indeed! I am to take my diamonds to Mrs. Ponsonby. Upon my word, Beeching, I thank you for the generous suggestion."

"Yah!" cried Beeching, sharply; not at this stab, but at a very tangible bite from the aggravated poodle.

"Luncheon is on the table. Are you going to sit there teasing Tory all the afternoon, or are you coming in to lunch with me?" asked Mrs. Baddeley, suddenly changing the conversation.

Mr. Beeching got up, and followed her to the dining-room, looking the very image of sheepishness. It was only on the other side of an oriental curtain, the quaintest, snuggest little room, fenced off from the rough winds that blow by carved wood screens and clusters of tall palms. On the small round table, among quaint silver and hothouse flowers, there appeared a dainty little luncheon of salmon cutlets, a duckling, with all accompaniments in perfection, and a bottle of iced champagne delicately wrapped in an embroidered d'oyley. The glass was Venetian, the plates and dishes were Wedgewood.

Mr. Beeching ate his luncheon, and talked Tory, and while the salmon and duckling were being discussed there was not much word spoken about Mrs. Ponsonby, or the hundred pounds which had to be found by her; only Mr. Beeching observed that his hostess, although she ministered delicately to his wants, ate hardly anything herself, and pushed away her plate with a look of broken air which made him feel very uncomfortable.

"Don't mind me,' she said, when she caught him looking at her. "The difficulty must be faced somehow. As you say, I have my diamonds. I may have to humiliate myself so far as to offer that odious woman one of my bracelets as a security for her debt."

This was a concession to the stringency of Fate, and Mr. Beeching felt that the case was becoming more reasonable.

"Was Peg Woffington the sort of person who would wear diamonds?" he asked presently.

"She was a famous actress, and she was very beautiful. I leave you to judge."

"Yes, I suppose she would have diamonds. They always do. But are they not stage jewels that you could hire?"

"Stage jewels! *I* wear stage jewels! When every chorus girl in London wears diamonds of the first water. I wonder that you don't know me better."

She leant across the table to fill his glass for him. She had filled it so often with that friendly, almost motherly air, that he had finished the bottle unawares, not knowing that his hostess had only taken a sparing ful. He began to be more sympathetic than he had been before luncheon, and to be really concerned about her dilemma.

A hundred pounds. Such a sum was a mere bagetelle to a man who counted his thousands by the hundred, and felt a little uncomfortable when he began upon a five hundred thousand, just as humble poverty does when it changes a sovereign. A hundred pounds more or less could not make any difference to him, and yet he did not like lending that beggerly sum to Mrs. Baddeley intensely as he admired her. He had lent her a good many hundreds before, sometimes for Mrs. Ponsonby, sometimes for the Oriental warehouse, sometimes for the livery stable. She han not paid him, but he had expebted she would be grateful.

He felt more kindly disposed after the duckling and champagne, which were both excellent after their kind. He trifled with some olives and helped himself to a glass of claret, a wine he had himself chosen for Mrs. Baddeley—and paid for. She took such contritions in the lightest way, as a flower absorbs dew, taking no heed of the giver, never oppressed by the burden of obligation. He looked askant at her as he sipped his wine. How handsome she was, and how well she looked in her habit; and there were tears in her eyes, yes, absolutely tears. She was not crying about her gown, but it was the sense of humiliation which crushed her.

"Don't be unhappy," he said; "I'll go and see this woman, and see what can be done. Do you owe her much?"

"I'm afraid I do owe her a good deal."

"Tell me the worst. Give me her last account."

"You'll be shocked, I'm afraid," said Leo, taking a paper out of her davenport. "Her prices are so extortionate, and I have been so unlucky at all the races this year. Last year I paid her a heap of money after Ascot, and another heap—well, over a hundred ea tchime—after Doncaster."

"I'll see what I can do," said Beeching, making a wry face as he looked at the total. It was just under nine hundred pounds.

(To be continued.)

An Effective Sermon.

The Portland, Me., *Advertiser* says:—The rainy Sundays lately have had rather a demoralizing effect on the church congregations, but one Portland minister does not let this discourage him, having in mind a story that Dr. Payson, of this city, used to tell. One very stormy Sunday he went to church more from habit than because he expected to find anybody there. Just after he had stepped inside the door an old negro came in and asked if Dr. Payson was to preach there that day, explaining that he was a stranger in town, and had been advised to go to his church. "Upon that," said Dr. Payson, "I made up my mind to preach my sermon if nobody else came." Nobody else did come, so the doctor preached to the choir and the negro. Some months afterward he happened to meet the negro, and stopping him, asked how he enjoyed the sermon that stormy Sunday. "Enjoy dat sermon," replied the old man, "I 'clar, doctor, I nebber heerd a better one. Yo' see I had a seat pretty well up front, an' whenebber you'd say somethin's pretty hard like' gin de sins ob men I'd jess look all roun' ter see who you's a hittin', and I wouldn't see nobody on'y jess me, an' I says to m'self, he muss mean you, Pomp, you's sech a dretful sinner. Well, doctor, dat er sermon set me a thinking what a big sinner I war, an' I went an' jined the church down home. I'se a deacon now."

When you reflect that at picnics a hundred years ago it was the custom for the girls to stand up in a row and let the men kiss them all good-by, all the enthusiasm about national progress seems to be a grave mistake.

As a man and woman were walking in Albequerque the other day a pistol dropped from the man's pocket, and, striking the sidewalk, was discharged, sending a bullet through the woman's heart. The man, who showed great grief, said that she was his wife, and the sympathizing citizens raised a purse and buried her decently. It was learned afterward that the woman was not his wife, but another's, and had deserted her husband and was running away with the man whose revolver brought the elopement to such a tragic end.

HEALTH.

Importance of Physical Training.

hat physical exercise is an essential con- n for health can not be doubted. The e is happily growing more and more fixed e public mind that the body requires ing, as does the intellect; that bones, cles and sinews require to be conserved preserved equally with the gray matter e brain. The question of to-day is how can this work be done without inter- g with other duties in life.

e all know that sedentary habits are fruitful source of manifold disease. They nce dyspepsia, from which a train of sical wretchedness follows, and yet it s to me there is no good reason why the ts of a man's life should so tyrannize him as to subjugate his will and hold in a bondage little better than a living th.

abit is merely the continuance of prac- and it only requires the determined ef- of the will to break it. The moment will relaxes the man becomes a slave, and it claims him for its own. During the forty years I have seen in the physical partment hundreds of men whose whole ain desire was to gain and enjoy good lth, but who did not feel—in fact, would give up their excessive "habits," with- which health could not be obtained. is not necessary that everyone who trains ld aimor even wis h to become an "athlete," re are modified forms or degrees in as there are in other duties in life. We ot ask the man to take any time from business, but we do ask him to give thir- forty minutes each day for bodily ex- se. The man who meditates on cash mns and the state of the market will : "I have not the time." How strange eems! These gentlemen can find time almost everything except that which bring and keep the body in a state of d health conducive to comfort and use- ess.

he objects to be attained by a thorough rse of physical training may be described

t. The removal of superfluous fat and er.

ad. The increase or constitutional pow- the muscles.

rd. Increased endurance of lasting pow- th.

"Wind"—that is a power of deep thing and circulating the blood steadily, hout violent exertion.

he wind is improved by running, which be sustained only when the respiratory circulating organs do their duty fairly. lking, running, skipping rope, raising heels from the floor, walking upon the of the foot—do a little of this each day; will make the muscles of the legs stronger, cker and more elastic and considerably er when put in a state of contraction. arms and shoulders may be improved strengthened by the curling and working dumb bells, Indian clubs, pulleys or t weights. These exercises can all be en at home, at the store or in the office. will not only improve your general health strengthen the muscular system in qual and efficiency. It may not make the bs as large as you expected, but they ll feel stronger and lighter, and the whole y will have received its share of the re rd for what the legs and arms have done ny men complain because, after a reason e time spent in exercise, their legs and s have not increased a number of inches re this the case we should find the legs a ballet dancer and the arms of the black th grown out of all proportion to thei er extremities. The aim and objec uld be not to work for large arms an , but for healthy bodies.

The skin of the man who trains (if he b eest to himself and the work) will becom ooth "without pimple or blotch, almo nparent, so that the red bloom of you nes through it like a brilliant."

There is something more than exercise r ired. It is to live regular and be tempe e in all things. Temperance and exerci ll act as the physician of the soul, as w the body, the best guardian of youth a pport of old age, the parent of health a iversal medicine of life. It clears t d and cleanses the blood. It eases t nach and purges the bowels. It strengt the muscles and nerves. It enlighte d brightens the eyes and comforts art, in a word, it secures and perfe gestion. Health, cheerfulness and vig e well known to be the offspring of mperate life. I don't mean temper ly upon the subject of drink, but temp e in all things. The man of moderat ll surely taste the sweets of many ple es without excess; but the man of site character will go on in his excesses he finally reaches the bottom.

A life of irregularity has the certain ef destroy persons of the most robust co tion, even in the very prime of life.

an eats sparingly, drinks little and tobacco he is almost certain of bring disease upon himself. To have a c d one must have a clear stomach, is is the grand reservoir in which the first deposited, and thence the pow trition is distributed throughout all p the body.

From a practical experience of over ars in this work I am firmly impre ith the necessity of physical trainin der to advance athletic culture. I ha nor of being one of the twenty-eight ns who in 1838 formed the advance g New York city. I have often felt sad t oung men who had made marked imp ent in their physical condition by acti rength and endurance, enter the l xhaustive agencies that have been w years too fatally in operation amon I would especially have amateurs re r that there is danger in emul rofessionals. Professional athletes o other demand upon their vital p an that made by their specialty, wh mateurs have (or should have) other their vitality arising from their oc on in life, intellectual or whatever e ay be. If amateurs will insist upon e work of professionals and their ork besides, they must expect to

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