

LIKE AND UNLIKE.

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CHAPTER XXIII.—ON THE TERRACE.

It took Mrs. Baddeley a considerable time to transform herself from Peg Woffington to a lady of the period. The concert was over in Regent Terrace when the sisters arrived. Patti had sung and departed, and a stream of smart people were flowing out of the lofty hall on their way to dances; but the pleasant features of Lady Glandore's parties were the lamp-lit terrace, where her ladyship's guests sat under up and down, or sat about in friendly groups among groves of palms and pyramids of flowers, and listened to a band stationed at the end of the terrace. Whatever was best and most fashionable was to be heard at Lady Glandore's; and the change from the brilliant rooms and operatic music, the crowd, and the dazzle of the house, to this cool region of palms and flowers and lamp-lights clustering among the greenery, and Japanese umbrella canopies, and little tables provided with strawberries and cream, and talk, and flirtation, and stirring national melodies, was a change that delighted everybody. And there, across the shadowy Park, in sombre solemn grandeur, showed the dense bulk of Abbey and Senate House; the place where the dead, who seem so great, are lying; and the place where the living, who seem so small, are trying to talk themselves into fame and immortality.

There were many people in London who preferred Lady Glandore's terrace to the smartest dance of the season, and who lingered and loitered there between lamplight and shadow, strolling up and down, or leaning on the balustrade, dreamily contemplative of that dark bulk of towers and roofs, touched here and there with points of vivid light.

Mrs. Baddeley was neither dreamy nor contemplative, and the only ideas the Abbey or the Senate House awakened in her mind, was that death in any form, even when glorified in marble, was an inevitable nuisance, and that politics were perhaps a still greater bore. She was of the earth, earthy, and always made the most of the present moment. She speedily took possession of one of the strawberry-and-cream tables, and had a cluster of admirers about her, whom she sent on errands to the supper-room.

"I am going to frighten you all by eating a most prodigious supper," she cried. "Remember, I have been acting comedy and tragedy, laughing and crying, and loving and suffering, for three hours, and have had nothing but one poor little split and a teaspoonful of brandy. I am on the verge of exhaustion, so now feed me, good people. What is that you, Beeching?" she cried, as a dark figure and an expanse of shirt-front rose up in the shadow of a neighbouring palm, like the ghost in the "Corsican Brothers." "I did not think I should see you here to-night. How did you like my Peg?"

"She was lifting a champagne tumbler to her rosy lips as she spoke, and Beeching thought she was alluding to some particular order of drink.

"How did you like the play—and my gowns?" she said, impatiently.

"I suppose it was all very fine, but I ain't much of a judge of anything but a burlesque." "Oh, but I hope I made you cry," said Mrs. Baddeley, attacking a plateful of delicacies, which a practical admirer had collected for her; folegras, chicken, lobster salad, all on the same plate.

"It saves so much time," he said, "and you don't seem to be eating so much," to which Leo laughingly agreed.

There were fewer lamps and less people at that end of the terrace where Helen leaned against the stone balustrade, looking across the low level Park, with its rows of lamps, like strings of jewels hanging across the darkness, and its distant boundary of gothic pinnacles and dark walls, pierced with spots of light.

St. Austell was by her side. They had been in the same spot for nearly an hour. They had talked of many things beginning in the lightest strain. Helen intended that there should be only the lightest talk between them that night, such talk as all the world might hear. Yet they had drifted somehow from gaiety to seriousness, from airy talk of their neighbours to tenderest talk of themselves—and from seriousness they had lapsed into silence.

She leaned her chin upon her hand gazing at the distant Abbey, with eyes dimmed by tears; but it was not the associations of that solemn pile which moved her. It was no thought of the dead lying there, or of all that the living had lost by the death of greatness. It was of herself and of her own sorrows she thought, and of the lover who stood by her side, and whose lips had been pleading to her as never mortal lips had pleaded before, with a silvery eloquence that thrilled and subjugated her senses and her soul.

What was that rough power, the mere force of a vigorous nature and a dominant will, by which Valentine had conquered her allegiance and won her to himself, compared with this tender and spiritual charm, the fascination of a man who seemed all intellect and emotion, a creature compounded of fire and light, rather than of gross earthy substances. She had never known what love meant before this magical voice whispered in her ear, before this light hand touched her own, and conquered at a touch.

"There are tears in your eyes, Helen," he said, trying gently to draw her face towards his own. "I know it, though I cannot see them. Love, why are you crying? I tell you again the gulf is not impassable. All good things are on the other side. If your life were happy—if your fate were what it ought to be—I would not ask you what I have asked to-night. But I have seen how you are ignored and neglected—I know how little there is to lose while for me there is all to gain—and for you—at least this much—to be loved and honored and cherished as you deserve to be."

"Honoured! Oh, how can you use that word?" she said with a sob.

"Why should I not use it? Do you think dearest, if you were to make this sacrifice for me I should not honor you so much the more for that sacrifice than for all else that is lovely in your nature."

And then he went on with arguments that have been worn threadbare in the cause of illicit love but which always seem original and unanswerable to the yielding ear of the woman who listens. He went on in that low melodious voice which had charmed her and conscience to fatal oblivion many a time before to-night; the voice of the accomplished seducer, who has just heart enough to fancy himself eternally in love once a year, and who pleads to his mistress in all the glow and fervour of a passion which seems as true as a boy's first love, and which is foredoomed to change and forgetfulness even in its golden dawn.

He talked as a man who had never loved before, and could never cease to love. He believed in himself, and the reality of his own emotions gave him the force of sincerity. He was sincere, only it was the sincerity of a single season, and would be gone and forgotten before next year's roses bloomed on Lady Glandore's terrace.

Helen heard and seemed on the point of yielding. He had been imploring her to leave a husband who neglected her, who was obviously unworthy of her fidelity, and to trust her lot to him. They would leave England together; for ever, if in the case. She should not be made unhappy by the vicinity of people she knew, or who knew anything about her. He cared not where his lot was cast so long as he was by her side. He had been told that if he wanted to escape early death he ought to winter in the East—Egypt, Algiers, or Ceylon. Would she not go with him? They could spend the early autumn in Northern Italy, and then in October they could start for Ceylon—a land where all things would be new, where life would be as fresh and full of wonder as if they were children again. They would live for each other, apart from society, under an assumed name. No one need ever know their history. "We would have no history except the story of our love," he said.

She listened with dropping eyelids, listened with one hand locked in his, listened almost in silence. Yes, she could imagine that life which he described, a life in the liberty of strange lands, in perpetual sunshine among picturesque people; a life forever changing, forever new, and brimming over with love, such a life as she had fancied possible in that long honeymoon among Swiss mountains and lakes, when she had waited as a slave upon her Sultan, made happy by a smile or a careless caress. She had fancied herself happy in those days, and had been a willing slave; but the who now pleaded to her was to be her slave, and she was to be his Sultan. His love was devoted, reverential, even; she felt for the first time, what it was to be young and beautiful, and adored.

voice close to them startled them like a clap of thunder.

"I have been looking for you everywhere, Helen," said Mr. Belfield, "and I began to think Adrian had made a fool of me when he told me you were to be here."

The two brothers were standing side by side in the uncertain light of the little gold-coloured lamps dotted among the palms, and twinkling among the flower beds. They stood side by side, clad exactly alike in their evening dress, like and yet unlike. Valentine, broad-shouldered, vigorous-looking, taller than his brother by an inch or two; Adrian slender, fragile, with pale, intellectual face, and features delicate to attenuation. It was as if spirit and flesh were embodied in two different forms.

Helen's voice faltered as she greeted her husband, but a little agitation which was only natural at so unexpected a meeting.

"When did you come back, Val?" she asked. "It isn't like you to look up me at a party."

"Of course it isn't like me," he answered, with a carelessness which reassured that guilty heart. "I should not be here if it was not for Adrian. I went to look him up at his hotel before going to my club, and he made me come here with him instead of going to the club with me, as I wanted him to do. How white you are looking, Helen."

"It is the light of the lamps," she faltered.

"Then they must be dozed unbecoming lamps. How do you do, St. Austell?"

The two men nodded to each other, but St. Austell kept in the background, leaning against the balustrade. It was just possible for him to avoid shaking hands with Mr. Belfield without appearing constrained or particular in his conduct. It would seem almost that he held himself aloof from delicate feeling, loth to interrupt the meeting between husband and wife.

Mrs. Baddeley came sweeping along with her satin train trailing on the gravel, and Mr. Beeching, Colonel Cotterell, and Mr. Mountnessing in attendance.

"Do you know that we are outaying everybody?" she exclaimed, "and I have no doubt Lady Glandore is dying to get rid of us all and go to the Duchess's ball. What, Valentine, is that you? I am glad you are back again. Helen, do you feel fit for going on to Grosvenor Gardens?"

"No; I shall go nowhere else to-night. I am tired to death."

Not a word of satisfaction at having her husband back again; no reference to him in her reply. Adrian marked the omission, and wondered at it. Was love dead between those two? The fire that had burned so strongly that night by the river; the flame to which he had sacrificed his own rights—was it quite extinct? He looked at Helen thoughtfully. She was no less lovely than in that old time when he had loved her; but he saw the beautiful face with a clearer, calmer eye now, and he saw weakness of character in every line—a sweet, lovable, yielding nature, perhaps, but not a woman for any man to build his hopes upon, not a woman for whom to venture all things.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Great Storms in India.

India has been visited by a series of phenomenal storms, partaking very much of the character of the Dacca tornado. At Moradabad 150 deaths are reported, caused chiefly by hailstones. Most of the houses were unroofed, trees were uprooted, and masses of frozen hail remained lying about long after the cessation of the storm. Telegraphic news received from Delhi states that there has been an extraordinary hailstorm lasting about two minutes, which was virtually a shower of lumps of ice. One of the hailstones picked up in the hospital garden weighed 1½ pounds, another secured near the telegraph office was the size of a melon, and turned the scale at two pounds. At another place the Government House suffered severely, 300 panes of glass being broken by hail. In Lower Bengal, at Kayabati, 2,000 huts were destroyed, while 20 persons are reported to have been killed and 200 severely injured. Telegrams have been received from numerous points containing accounts of local tornadoes. Chudressur, close to Serampore, was almost completely wrecked. The storm only lasted three minutes, its course extending for a mile and a half, and its path being three hundred yards wide. Its advent was preceded by a loud, booming noise. Large boats were lifted out of the river, and a small boat was blown up into a tree. From the report of the Dacca tornado it appears that 118 persons were killed, excluding those drowned, and that 1,200 wounded were treated. The amount of damage to property is estimated at 673,428 rupees. Three hundred and fifty-eight houses were completely destroyed, 121 churches were wrecked, and 148 brick-built houses were partially and nine were completely destroyed. Shortly after the Dacca tornado another visited part of the Murchagania subdivision, and 66 deaths and 128 cases of injury are reported. All the houses struck were completely destroyed. The Dacca tornado traveled altogether three miles and a quarter. Its rate of speed varied from twelve to twenty miles and its greatest width was twenty yards. It was accompanied by a rumbling, hissing sound, the clouds over it were illuminated, and liquid mud was deposited along its track, and was imbedded in the wounds of the injured!—(Calcutta Dispatch.)

A German Exhibition.

An exhibition has been projected, under the sanction of the German Government, to take place at Berlin from April to June, 1889, the object of which is to illustrate and spread the knowledge of all devices for the prevention of accidents. All nations have been invited to participate. All life-saving inventions or articles or machines that relate to the protection of laborers, and all plans for the promotion of the welfare and safety of persons and property, will be admitted and considered. The scheme covers a very wide range of production, and must result in great benefit if the general co-operation of civilized countries shall be secured. The German Government in its comprehensive paternalism has given great attention to schemes of insurance against accident, and this exhibition will no doubt enable it to make new rules and regulations that will reduce the present life risk.

Let a woman busy herself with hammer and nails, and it is usually difficult to determine what she is driving at.—(Detroit Free Press.)

HEALTH.

Heart Disease.

Formerly when the physician with his stethoscope detected a certain abnormal sound, called cardiac murmur, indicating heart trouble, he said nothing about it to the patient, or if he did reveal his discovery he did so in such a way as to take away nature's most powerful restorative—hope. But a change in the methods of physicians has been taking place in recent years. Says the *Medical Record*:

"The opinion is now rooted in the minds of the advanced guard of the profession that cardiac murmurs are often devoid of the grave significance formerly attributed to them. So, too, we have come to learn that considerable damage to the valves may be so thoroughly compensated by hypertrophy (enlargement) that it seems permissible to speak of recovery from organic disease of the heart."

"True, the anatomical lesion persists. But the individual thus affected may live for years without impairment of his health, and with a working capacity in no way reduced from his normal standard.

"The time has come when the prognosis of despair must make way for the modern doctrine of hope in the possibility of a cure. What was formerly equivalent to a sentence of death may be commuted to carefulness for life."

Rheumatic fever, or some other disease, may have caused inflammation of the lining membrane of the heart, and thus laid a foundation for permanent obstruction to the flow of blood through one or more of the valves. But nature in time overcomes this obstruction, not by removing it, but by enlarging the heart and increasing its force.

True, there may be at length a weakening of the walls of the heart, and a consequent lessening of its ability to do its work; and there may come palpitation, difficult breathing, cough, and signs of dropsy. But this failure may be due to preventable causes. An eminent medical authority enumerates some of these causes. They are omitting those which are the result of disease in other organs of the body: muscular overwork; exhaustion of the nerve system, caused by worry or excitement; and the daily use of alcohol, tobacco, and, in some cases, of tea and coffee, which act as cardiac poisons.

In any case the patient should obtain the best medical advice and be ruled by it rigidly.

The Gospel of Pain.

The power which rules the universe uses pain as a signal of danger. Just, generous, beautiful Nature never strikes a foul blow; never attacks us behind our backs; never digs pitfalls, or lays ambushes; never wears a smile upon her face, when there is vengeance in her heart. Patiently she teaches us her laws, plainly she writes her warnings, tenderly she graduates her forces. Long before the fierce red danger-light of pain is flashed, she pleads with us, as though for her own sake, not ours, to be merciful to ourselves, and to each other. She makes the overworked brain to wander from the subject of its labors. She turns the over-indulged body against the delight of yesterday. These are her caution signals; "go slow." She stands in the filthy courts and alleys that we pass daily, and beckons us to enter, and realize with our senses what we allow to exist in the midst of the culture of which we boast.

And what do we do for ourselves? We ply whip and spur to the jaded brain, as though it were a jibing horse,—force it back into the road which leads to madness, and go on at full gallop. We drug the rebellious body with stimulants; we hide the signal, and are very festive before night. We turn aside, as did the Pharisee of old, and pass by on the other side, with our nose closed.

At last, we have broken Nature's laws and disregard her warnings, she comes, drums beating, colors flying right in front, to punish us. Then we go down upon our knees, and whimper about our having pleased God Almighty to send this affliction upon us; and we pray him to work a miracle in order to reverse the natural consequences of our disobedience, or save us from the trouble of doing our duty. In other words we put our finger in the fire, and beg that it may not be burned.

The Fatal Results of Tight Lacing.

The following is from the *London Lancet*, of recent date and teaches its own moral without comment:

"In our issue of June 25th. we draw attention to the abuse of tight lacing, which possesses, for many wearers of the corset, such a fatal attraction. Shortly before that date, an inquest held upon the body of an elderly female, revealed the fact that death had resulted from this practice. Only a few days ago a nearly similar instance was recorded. In this case a young lady who suffered from fatty infiltration of the heart, died suddenly while dressing hastily after a hearty meal. Here, also, tight lacing played a prominent part in determining the fatal result.

"We had hoped that sensible reflection upon the bad effects of this injurious custom, as illustrated in the history of a former generation, might have impressed upon the would-be-fashionable the obvious teaching of experience. The cases just quoted, however, are probably but a representative minimum of a larger number, which do not come before the coroner's court; and the evil they exemplify, though certainly less general than of yore, still continues to act as a potent cause of ill health.

"It is hardly necessary to repeat, at length, the causes which render this abuse of the corset so effectively mischievous. Pathologists have a clear perception of all that is implied in its doubtfully graceful discomfort. The displacement of almost all the organs in the chest and abdomen, the compression of several of these upon the heart and great vessels, and the restriction of breathing space which is thus entailed, have in their eyes no beauty, but the sad aspect of feebleness willfully acquired, with the promise of a life-time as brief as it is practically useless."

Corsets and Bad Figures.

Notwithstanding that the principal excuse which women give for wearing corsets is their anxiety to have a good figure, there is no article of dress which so deforms and distorts the figure as the corset. Less than a moment's consideration is necessary to bring fully before the mind the fact that compression of the waist does not diminish a person's actual bulk. It only compresses the body at that particular point, and increases the size of the body elsewhere. The corset is that fleshy woman who was compressed below the waist. Some years ago Scott Siddons was advised by a doctor to make to "leave off her corset," "to lose my stage-figure," "to be as possible." The dress-maker urged that she was losing her figure anyhow, and the means of saving it was to take the stays, "said the actress; and the maker proceeded to fit her a corset five inch waist. At the end of the second time her figure below and above the waist had resumed its normal proportions, her skin and she looked younger, and she has never worn a stay, and she says she would rather abandon her corset than all she could do to drag through the streets so fresh and vigorous that she could do a sixth act and not mind it."

Time and Longitude.

It is known that in sailing around the globe, or even in sailing more than half round, the calendar is changed upon the one hundred and eightieth day. To understand the reason of this change and how it is done, one will call for the making of a map.

Suppose, for instance, we are at London on the 20th of March. At six o'clock in the evening it is sunset. The half west of the meridian line, is the sun, the half to the east of the meridian line, is the sun's shadow. On the opposite half of the meridian circle, that is, on the meridian line, it is the next day at London. Now suppose that at this hour of sunset a ship sets sail from London to go to the world eastward, and another sets sail to go westward, and they will make equal speed and they will be one hundred and eightieth day apart. They carry each a chronometer, which keeps London time. But the ships sail by local time, and corrected every day when the sun crosses the meridian at noon. The difference between local time and London time is easily read in longitude east or west of the chronometer, a few minutes' difference of time for every minute of longitude.

We will now suppose the speed of the ships to be such that they will reach the meridian and eightieth day, and each other in just sixty days, and when they meet at London, the ship which is sunrise at the point where the other is sunset, will be the same.

Now if they were each to complete a circuit of the globe, the ship sailing eastward will keep on gaining, and will be twelve hours in going over the meridian, so that it would come to London at sunset of the one hundred and eightieth day. By the chronometer it would be the one hundred and twentieth day. On the other hand the ship sailing westward would be losing as before. At the end of the voyage its local time would be half back from sunset of the sixtieth day of the same. In completing the circuit it will fall behind just the same amount of time. At the same time the other ship arrives, its reckoning will be that it is sunset of the one hundred and eightieth day. The difference between the calendars of the two ships will be twelve days, if no change is made; and neither calendar will be correct.

To make the calendars tally with the actual time it is necessary that the ship sailing eastward set back one day of that of the other ship must be set just as much. The place for making change is at the one hundred and eightieth day.

The ship sailing east is half a day ahead of London time. By calling its sunrise the sixtieth, just what the morning before had been called its time twelve hours slow, and the one hundred and twentieth sunset. On the other hand the vessel sailing west reaches the one hundred and eightieth day at its sixtieth sunrise. It is behind London time. Call the sunrise sixtieth-first, and that will make its time hours ahead of London time. The hours, however, will be lost on the voyage, and the ship will come to London with the other one at the one hundred and twentieth sunset.

By this change of the calendar at the local time can never differ from more than half a day, and change than that of one entire day made in the calendar, the method secures the closest correspondence local time and that of London, according which we reckon longitude.

Domestic Intelligence.

Mistress. "Why, Bridget, what are you doing with two keys in your door?"

Biddy O'Galway. "Two keys is it, and the one beant is for barrin' the door when I'm out, an' the other beant is for barrin' the door when I'm in. How do you bar the two sides of a door with one key?"

Highly Flattering.

Mr. Hopper—"May I have the pleasure of this dance, Miss Snob?"

Miss Snob (wishing to show her preference).—"Thanks, Mr. Hopper, I love to dance with every Tom-Dick-and-Harry, but I make an exception of you."

Somewhat Dry and Dusty.

Brown—Have you got a quarter of eight yet, Robinson?"

Robinson—Certainly.

Brown—Thanks, I'm just back from my boots shined.

Taking no Chances.

Pa Jones (soberly).—"Clara, young Sampson came to me to-day, and said he had promised to be his wife if he could get my consent."

Clara—"Yes, papa."

"But you are already engaged to Babbitt."

"Yes, papa (with drooping eyes and beautiful blush), but I wanted to be on the safe side."

An Average Cook.

"How do you like housekeeping, dear," inquired Mrs. Matron of Mrs. Solly.

"Oh, it's just lovely! I charity think it delightful! It's such a pleasant change, from boarding-house fare, and my ravens over my cooking. Do stay for me and let me show you how to do it."

You really must. I have to do it all myself in the least. All I have to do is to lay another plate. I love to speak to you ready, and will only have to be one extra girl, and tell her to take the girl who is to be a cook."

And when she spoke to the baker's and grocer's, and some lady fingers, and some cold boiled tongue at the deli, and some jars of raspberry preserves, and some tarts. I guess that'll be all for the tea—and you can make that."

A Nice Time All Round.

Bobby (to caller).—"Ma and pa had time to your party last week."

Caller—"I am very glad, Bobby."

Bobby—"I had a nice time, Bobby."

Caller—"But you weren't there, Bobby."

Bobby—"No, but I brought my cake and fruit."

Theatrical Snob.

Mr. Ham (the eminent tragedian and actor).—"Sirrah, methinks that you are a theatrical snob."

Sirrah—Yes, sir; something. I have double soles, wrought-iron tips, and plates."

One Advantage of French.

Fond Papa (to daughter).—"And so you think you must learn French, Clara?"

Daughter—Yes, papa; in French there are so many things one can't say in English.

Fond Papa—H—m.

The Methodist Church at St. Vt., had a debt of \$705 and is reported to be removed. So a few Sunday congregations went to church. "Behind" the "pulpit" a big blackboard was drawn a mountain. The board divided into apparent geological strata was marked as follows: "S1," "S2," "S3," "S4," "S5." The pastor said that he had seen the mountain of debt wiped out. The corresponding "S" were wiped from the board. The pastor said that he had seen the mountain of debt wiped out. The corresponding "S" were wiped from the board. The pastor said that he had seen the mountain of debt wiped out. The corresponding "S" were wiped from the board.