

LIKE AND UNLIKE.

By M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "WYLLARD'S WEIRD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—COLONEL DEVERILL HAS HOPES.

Colonel Deverill loitered in London for a week or so after he left the Abbey. He put up at a sporting club in Piccadilly, where there were rooms for birds of passage, and he spent his life in a variety of smoking rooms and billiard rooms, card rooms and reading rooms. He was a member of seven West-end clubs, and had a choice of places in which to smoke and saunter: but the clubs were nearly empty at this time of the year, and the few men whom he knew were coming and going—full of their autumnal engagements, unsettled and somewhat distracted; not a solitary wanderer like the Colonel, who had made no plans for autumn or winter, and who was beginning to feel old and desolate.

The men he knew were civil, and some of them had a sympathetic air, which implied compassion for him in his affliction as a father, but he felt a stang even in sympathy, and dreaded lest some officious friend should offer to condole with him. He wondered whether his daughter's flight had become town-talk. There had been no stir made—no row, no open scandal, and it was possible that her disgrace was only guessed at by the few who were behind the scenes of society. There was one man, however, Sir Randal Griewood, of the County Clars Rangers, with whom Colonel Deverill was on terms of almost brotherly confidence, and from him he withheld nothing.

"Have you heard anything about that scoundrel, St. Austell," he asked. "Do people know that he has gone off with my daughter?"

"Upon my word, Deverill, I don't think anybody knows as much as that, but I believe there's a general idea that Mrs. Belfield has gone wrong somehow. One never can tell how these things get known. They seem to be in the air. St. Austell was always about with her, you see. There was no mistaking the nature of his attentions. The fellow is all the more dangerous because there is a vein of sincerity in him; he is desperately in earnest for the time being. People saw that he was over head and ears in love with your daughter—and when he sold his share in the racing stable and announced his intention of going to Ceylon, everyone knew what it meant. He was going off with Mrs. Belfield."

"Do you know—if anyone has seen them together?" altered the Colonel.

"He was seen in Paris—with a lady; he was heard of at Genoa—with a lady; and he was heard of again at Venice—with a lady—only a week ago."

"I have a good mind to go after them and try to bring her back with me," said Colonel Deverill.

"Don't attempt it, my dear fellow. A father's influence and a father's authority go for nothing against an infatuation of that kind. A little later, perhaps, when they are both tired of each other, you may do something—but not now. Besides, they would be on board a P. and O. before you could get to Venice—or they would be hiding somewhere in the Apennines or the Austrian Tyrol."

The Colonel felt the wisdom of this advice. He was not the kind of man to wander all over Europe in search of an erring daughter, though he was assuredly the kind of man to shoot his daughter's seducer, could they be brought face to face without too much trouble on the colonel's part. *Laissez faire* had been the guiding principle of his existence. It had left him in very low water in this later stage of life; but he did not murmur against fate. This last blow hit him harder than any loss of fortune. He went to Wilkie Mansions, in search of sympathy from his elder daughter; but Mrs. Baddeley was at Ostend, and some friends who had a big yacht; a certain Mr. and Mrs. Digby Smithers, stock exchange people, newly rich, and very glad to cultivate the friendship of a lady who went everywhere—or nearly everywhere—and who knew nearly everybody. That there were some people whom Mrs. Baddeley had never succeeded in knowing, gave her just that touch of poor humanity which brought her in sympathy with Mrs. Digby Smithers, who found it hard work to force her way in society, even by the aid of Gunter and Dan Godfrey. Under these circumstances, Mrs. Digby Smithers' houses in Eton-place and at Marlow, and Mr. Digby Smithers' yacht, the *Clotho*, were very much at Mrs. Baddeley's service, and still more at the service of Mrs. Baddeley's fashionable hangers on.

"Ask as many nice fellows as you like," said Smithers. "There are eight good cabins in the *Clotho*, and she's pretty well found, as I think you know."

"The *Clotho* is fairly loud," cried Leo, gaily. "The *Clotho* ought to be called *Fortunatus*, or the *Wishing Cap*. One has only to ask and to have. When I had one of my bad headaches the other day, and Mrs. Digby Smithers wrung from me that there was only one brand of champagne that ever did my headaches the least good, there was a bottle of that very brand open beside my berth in two minutes. The *Clotho* is a yacht of miracles. If it were only big enough to carry a roc's egg, I should not scruple to ask for one. I know it would be there. Perhaps you have some patent compressible roc's egg in the hold, all this time."

Digby Smithers laughed. He liked Mrs. Baddeley to chaff him about his yacht, though he did not always follow her meaning. He was not a man of profound reading. He had, in fact, never read anything except the newspapers, and there his studies were confined to such information as affected his own interests. For thirty years of his life—from seventeen to forty-seven, he had given himself up to the business of money making—and now at forty-seven he had at last brought himself to believe that he had made enough money, and could afford to spend some. Hitherto his wife and he had been content to live their joggling lives in Bloomsbury, at an expenditure of fifteen hundred a year, taking their chief pleasure from the knowledge that they were amassing thousands year after year; but at last the time had come when Mrs. Smithers, childless, and seeing her charms on the wane, told herself and told her husband that it was now or never. If they were ever to see life and enjoy the fruits of prosperity, there was not an hour to lose.

ers assumed the prenomem Digby, bestowed on him in baptism by an impecunious half-pay captain, with whom Smithers the elder had claimed cousinship. With an almost feverish haste he exchanged Bloomsbury for Eton place, and the solid upholstery of Finsbury Pavement, for the artistic cabinet work and high-art fabrics of Druce. He bought a river-side villa at Marlow, and a steam launch, which speedily became a horror to rowing men—but Mrs. Smithers, who hankered for a life of excitement, found the steam-launch dull, and insisted upon a yacht.

Mrs. Baddeley had made this worthy couple's acquaintance at Marlow, where their villa was used as a water-side hotel by a somewhat rowdy social circle, and where the luncheon table was openly talked of as the table d'hôte. Leo and her chosen friends used the table d'hôte freely, made undisguised fun of the Smitherses, and found fault with their cook; but anything had been forgiven in a lady who had two or three tame noblemen in her train, first among all, Lord St. Austell, whose reputation as a man of fashion seemed all the better because of its savour of iniquity. No virtuous nobleman had ever achieved such world-wide renown as the erring St. Austell.

Colonel Deverill went over to Ostend, to confer with his elder daughter, and was received on board the *Clotho* with almost oppressive cordiality.

"You will stay, of course, Colonel," said Digby Smithers, who was a short stout man, pink of complexion, and sandy of hair, "you shall have one of our best cabins—the one we saved for St. Austell. He promised us a week in September, but those tiresome doctors have sent him off to the east."

The Colonel spent a couple of nights on board, in the cabin that was to have been St. Austell's. He only stayed those two nights in order to have a quiet talk with his daughter.

Mrs. Baddeley was looking ill, and was obviously out of spirits, though she put on an air of forced gaiety, though she then out of compliment to her hostess. Even Tory's blandishments seemed to have lost their charm, and she allowed that sagacious animal's somewhat fickle fancy to be won by Mrs. Digby Smithers, who had conceived an ardent affection for him, and who ministered to his appetite with a reckless disregard of consequences. "You look dreadfully cut up, Leo," said her father, when they were sitting together under an awning, at a comfortable distance from Mrs. Digby Smithers and a brace of frisky matrons, all absorbed by the fascinations of Tory, and all diversifying the inanity of their conversation by still more inane giggling.

"I am dreadfully cut up," she answered curtly.

"Well, I don't wonder at it. The girl was in your charge, and you must have felt responsible for her, in some measure. I suppose there's no doubt she went off with St. Austell—and not with any other man."

"Doubt? If you had seen them together, you would not ask such a question?"

"But if you saw how things were tending why didn't you stop her—you are ever so much older—and a woman of experience."

"Stop her! Could you stop the Ganges? She went headlong to destruction from the hour he began to care for her. You don't know what he is when he pretends to be in love with a woman! God knows what he is when he is really in love; and I suppose he was really in love with Helen."

The Colonel listened, with a thoughtful brow.

"It's a bad business," he said, "and I don't see any remedy for it. If he were only free—but I suppose there's no hope that his wife will take it into her head to divorce him."

She can't do it, if she would. Her own position won't bear scrutiny. He might have divorced her five years ago if he had chosen; but he didn't choose. There were money interests at stake, and I think he preferred his own position as a married man without the incumbrance of a wife, to the idea of absolute freedom. He might trifle with any woman's affections and not fear to be called to account, don't you see. And to a man utterly without principle, the position has its advantages."

"I wish he had been free to make an honest woman of your sister," said the Colonel gloomily.

"You mean free to make her Lady St. Austell," sneered Leo. "If she had run away with a Jones or a Smith, you would not care half so much about it. I know your Irish pride."

"Can I help having a long line of ancestors. A feeling of that kind is in a man's blood. Do you know where Lady St. Austell is and what she is doing?"

"She is at Naples, I believe—she has a villa somewhere in the suburbs, and lives in a certain style. She has a rich Italian Marquis for her banker, and is said to spend money rather recklessly. I am told she takes chloral, so there might be a chance for Helen, if St. Austell doesn't get tired of her too soon."

"How heartlessly you talk of your sister." "She has ceased to be my sister. I have done with her forever."

Notwithstanding this opinion that no harm could possibly come to Lady St. Austell, Colonel Deverill read the cholera column with a keener interest than other parts of the paper, and had a particularly sharp eye for news from Naples. Cholera was reported all through Southern Italy, as well as at Toulon and Marseilles; and every day showed a new list of victims. All the English visitors were leaving Naples and its vicinity.

At last appeared the name for which Colonel Deverill was on the watch.

"Lady St. Austell has left her villa at Posilipo, for the Island of Capri, where she will be the guest of the Marquis di Luzarno di Melio, whose picturesque chateau and orange groves are known to Italian tourists. No case of cholera has been heard of on the island."

"So she has cut and run after all," said the Colonel. "What nervous fools some women are—and yet they are of the same clay as Florence Nightingale and her sisterhood."

After this, the Colonel glanced at the cholera news with a careless eye. The one woman whose death might have seemed a special favor of providence, was out of reach of danger—safe on her sea girt isle.

Colonel Deverill unfolded his *Galvani* one wintry morning in Paris, some weeks after he had forgotten all about Naples and the cholera, and this time he was startled much more seriously than by the Neapolitan news of September.

"We regret to announce the death of Lady St. Austell, who expired at Les Orangers, Capri, after a long illness. Her ladyship was among the English residents who fled from Naples, at the first outbreak of the cholera; and, from the time of her flight, she had been suffering from a nervous fever which ended fatally on Saturday morning. Lady St. Austell was the third daughter of the Earl of Swathling."

"Gone," cried the Colonel. "Then there will be a chance for my girl after all."

To rehabilitate his daughter, to raise her from disgrace and seclusion to a better place in the world than that which she had occupied before her fall, was the most fervent desire of Colonel Deverill's mind. He hardly stopped to ask himself whether society would accept such a marriage as a rehabilitation; whether the world would ever consent to condone the past, whether the divorced Mrs. Belfield would be forgotten in the second Lady St. Austell. The one point in his mind was that reparation could now be made to his daughter, and that it was his business to bring her seducer to book.

The first thing to be managed, however, would be the divorce; and that must needs be a work of time and of unpleasantness. It must be brought about with the least possible publicity, and it would be the Colonel's duty to use all the influence he could command, in order to shorten those hideous reports which form the delight of those whose names figure therein. Colonel Deverill had been daily expecting to hear that his son-in-law had petitioned for a divorce; but he had as yet received no notice to that effect. The young man was evidently in no haste to free himself; but now he would have to be gently stimulated to the effort. With a man of St. Austell's temperament, there was no time to be lost. He must not be allowed to tire of his last victim before he was free to espouse her.

He felt that the matter was one in which he could not afford to be precipitate. He must approach the question delicately, in the character of a disinterested friend, and broken hearted father. With this view, he wrote to Lady Belfield, asking her to hire the furnished cottage on the bank of the Chad for him, if it were still in the market.

"I am tired of Paris, and I don't care for another winter on the Riviera," he wrote. "I spent two winters at Nice with my two girls, when life was brighter with me than it is now. Those scenes would only awaken painful associations. Your Devonshire estate is all I need for a tough old soldier like me—so if you can get the cottage for me on reasonable terms, I will engage it for six months, and telegraph to my old butler and his wife to take possession."

Lady Belfield replied by telegram. "Cottage taken. Feel sure you will approve terms."

"Admirable woman," replied the Colonel; "as business-like as she is charming. If my poor girl had married the right brother instead of the wrong one, how happy we might have been."

He made all his arrangements, and was established in Myrtle Cottage within ten days of that announcement in *Galvani*. The slovenly old Irish butler and the untidy Irish cook-housekeeper had the art of making their master thoroughly comfortable. A red-elbowed drudge, hired in the neighborhood, and a boy to clean boots, run errands, and work in the garden, completed the household, and the Colonel was more carefully ministered to than some noblemen with thirty or forty servants.

The cottage was picturesque without being grand, an admirable quality in cottages. It stood well above the river, with about an acre of garden sprawling in an irregular figure on the hill-side—good old garden ground, teeming with old-fashioned perennials, and rich in old-fashioned shrubs, guelder-rose, golden bloom, arbutus, lilac and laburnum. The rooms were small, cosy—furnished with substantial old-fashioned furniture of the Reform Bill era—clumsy, ponderous, comfortable. Lady Belfield had taken a basket of hot house flowers to fill all the bowls and vases, and had seen cherry wood fires lighted in all the rooms, and had spread new magazines and periodicals on a table in the drawing-room, so that the Colonel's first exclamation on entering the room was: "This looks like home."

There was a note from Lady Belfield on the chimney piece, asking him to dinner that evening, which he hastened to accept by means of a hurried scrawl and the handy boy. There was no one at the Abbey but the family, and the dinner was not lively, although Constance Belfield did all in her power to maintain the interest of the conversation. There was a dogged gloom in Valentine's manner which repelled confidence, and there was a subdued melancholy upon Adrian's countenance, which was brightened when he heard of the Colonel's arrival.

"What a note from Lady Belfield! she was a very foolish woman. Dire diseases which ravage the narrow streets of a city, the lanes and alleys and crowded quarters where the hard working poor congregate—are rarely known to visit suburban villas perched high up on the crest of a flower-scented hill, with their backs to the orange groves, and their faces to the sea. No cholera poison would pollute the air that blew in at Lady St. Austell's windows. She would be safe enough."

"Val has had one of his long days with the foxhounds," said Lady Belfield, apologetically, "so you must not take any notice of him if he is dull."

Colonel Deverill was bent upon conciliating his son-in-law, and was careful to talk of the things Valentine loved. They played a couple of games at billiards after dinner, and talked of the hunting. Valentine was gloomy, but not ill-natured.

"If you care about hunting, we can mount you for two days a week all through the season," he said. "There are plenty of good hunters. My mother has been very generous to me lately and we have increased the stud. It is the only thing a man can do in this gloomy hole."

"You find Chadford gloomy?"

"I always did. I have tolerated the place because it is my home—it has been needs must, don't you know—but I believe I have always hated it. I'm very sure I hate it now."

This seemed natural in a man who had been badly treated. The Colonel paused upon his stroke to sigh, and then made his canna neatly, with a subdued air.

"You have had reason to be set against the place—lately," he said, despondently, and then he dawdled for a little while as he chalked his cue, trying to find the best words in which to approach a difficult subject. "You—you have not petitioned for your divorce yet, I suppose."

He said your divorce, making the matter, as it were, a foregone conclusion, and in Valentine's especial interest.

"I am not going to petition," answered Valentine.

The Colonel tried an impossible cannon off the red in sheer confusion of mind.

"Not going to petition?" he faltered.

"No. Why should I? I don't want to marry again—I never should marry again—whatever might come. I have made one mistake, and I had rather abide by it."

"My dear Valentine, that is one way of looking at the matter, but forgive me if I say it's not the right way."

"Where's the wrong?"

"To yourself first—to my wretched daughter in the second place. You don't want to marry again, you say—of course you don't—now. Your wound is too raw yet; every touch is agony. Wait till your wound is healed, my dear boy—and fancy yourself then thrown into the society of a pretty and sympathetic woman—who pities you, and is quite ready to give you a happier experience of married life. Get your divorce—and you may let the coming years do what they like for you—find you a wife or not, as heaven may order. But keep yourself bound to a woman who has been false to you, and you shut yourself out from all hope of future consolation."

"I am not the kind of man to be consoled—in that way," answered Valentine, doggedly, going on playing, and making a shot between each comma. "I would rather bear my burden in my own manner, if you please, Colonel Deverill. I don't complain of anybody, and I don't ask anybody for consolation—that's game, I think—or for advice."

"So be it. Then we'll leave you out of the question," said the Colonel, putting his cue in the rack, with an air of imperturbable good temper. "But now we have to think of my daughter, I have her interests very much at heart, Mr. Belfield, although I grant you she has behaved doctored badly; and her interests demand divorce without loss of time."

"What. You really want to see your daughter in the divorce court, to have her name bandied about in every newspaper in the kingdom?"

"I want to see her righted by the man who has led her wrong," answered the Colonel. "I want to see her Lord St. Austell's wife before these grey hairs go down in sorrow to the grave."

"Lord St. Austell's wife!" cried Valentine, with a hysterical laugh. "Oh, I see your game, Colonel. Lady St. Austell died a week or two ago, and St. Austell is free to marry again—and you would like him to marry your daughter. You are a far-seeing man, upon my soul."

He burst out laughing—laughed long and loud this time, but it was the laugh of hysteria and not of mirth. His face had whitened gradually since the beginning of this conversation, and he now looked ghastly as he stood leaning against the billiard table in the glare of the lamps. Presently the laugh changed to a choking cough, and he put his handkerchief suddenly to his lips. When he took it away a minute afterwards the Colonel noticed crimson stains upon the white cambric.

"Do you spit blood?" he asked.

"Occasionally. It is nothing of any consequence."

"That is a question for your doctor to decide. I don't like to hear a powerfully built young man hysterical, or to see him spit blood."

There was a silence for some minutes, while each man took out his case and lighted a cigarette.

"Has my daughter sent for her luggage yet?"

"No."

"Strange."

"Very strange. Will you come to the drawing-room and have a chat with my mother?"

"I think not. It's getting late, so I won't disturb her. I'm going to walk home."

They went into the hall together, and Valentine helped the Colonel on with his overcoat. When they shook hands, Colonel Deverill noticed that the young man's hand was cold and clammy.

"There is something wrong with my son-in-law," he said to himself as he walked across the park, on his way to a small cottage, "and it duced awkward that he should put up his back against a divorce. I believe it is sheer malevolence towards my unhappy daughter. There are some men who don't know how to be generous."

and she felt also that Valentine would make some amends for the evil end that had come to his daughter's married life. It had not been Helen's fault. The husband's neglect had to be counted as well as the wife's folly.

The Colonel settled himself in his new quarters, and was content for some weeks to lead a sleepy kind of life—abandoning a little—walking a little—reading the newspapers—sleeping by his solitary fire-side on an evening after his solitary dinner. He was of contentment. He knew that he had done a careful father, and that the broken portion of which he was capable had been amended by his daughter in her hour of disgrace. He had thought of her and cared for her very little in her early married life, deeming that it was her husband's business to take care of her; but now in his rustic solitude he was sorely troubled for her sake.

"If I could but see her Lady St. Austell before I die, I might go down to the grave in peace," he said to himself.

He had dreams about her in his cottage bed chamber, lulled by the pish-plash of the flowing tide. His sleep was haunted by reflection of her serious waking thoughts interwoven with the nonsense pictures of sleep. He saw her standing at the altar with St. Austell by her side; but there was always some discordant image, something to stop the ceremony before the vows were spoken or St. Austell changed into some incongruous stranger—or the church was not a church—or the parson was not a parson. No such dream ever came to a happy ending—and he had such dreams by the score.

"I shall go off my head if I lead this lonely life much longer," he told himself, walking in the dead of night after one of those troubled visions. "I must get Leonora to come and stay with me."

He telegraphed to Mrs. Baddeley next morning.

"Dull, despondent and ill. For God's sake come and take care of me."

Mrs. Baddeley was far from being perfect, but she was not a Goneril, and she arrived by the express next day, with her Russian poodle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

His Gratitude.

In one of the chapters of *Lady Barkers' Station Amusements in New Zealand* there is a long and graphic description of a tramp, or a swagger, as such a person is called in that part of the world, who one put up at her house. He arrived in the morning, during a fierce "son'wester," ragged, drenched, and thoroughly exhausted. All that day he acted "exactly like a lat, starting dog," eating and sleeping, but saying not a word. He stayed three days, till the storm was over.

Next morning a flood of sunshine awoke me "bright and early," as the country people say. It seemed impossible to stay in bed, so I jumped up, and went to the window.

What a morning it was and for midwinter, too! No haze, or fog, or vapor on all the green hills. But I had no eyes for beauty of mountain or sky. I could do nothing but gaze on the strange figure of the silent swagger, who knelt, yes, positively knelt, on the still wet and shining shingle which formed an apology for a gravel path up to the back door of the little wooden homestead.

His appearance was very different from what it had been three days before. Now his clothes were dry and clean and mended—my Irish maids' doings, bless their hearts! He had cobbled up his boots himself, and his felt hat, which had quite recovered from its drening, lay at his side.

The perfect rest and warmth and good food had filled up his hollow cheeks, but still his countenance was a curious one, and never, until my dying day, can I forget the rapture of entreaty on that man's upturned face. It brings the tears into my eyes now to recollect its beseeching expression. I do not think I ever saw prayer before or since. He did not perceive me, for I had hidden behind a sheltering curtain, to listen to his strange earnest petitions.

There, exactly where he had crouched a wretched, way-worn tramp in a pouring rain, he now knelt, with the flood of sunshine streaming down on his uplifted face, while he prayed for the welfare and happiness, individually and collectively, of every living creature within the house.

Then he stood up and lifted his hat from the ground; but before he replaced it on his head he turned, with a gesture that would have made the fortune of any orator, a gesture of mingled love and farewell, and solemnly blessed the roof-tree which had sheltered him in his hour of need.

I watched him turn and go, noiselessly closing the gate after him, and—shall I confess it?—my heart has always felt light whenever I have thought of that swagger's blessing.

Ancient Prussian "Cabbies."

In the time of King Friedrich II. cabs and hackney coaches were rarities in the Prussian capital, and were only used as luxuries by the rich. Prince Heinrich was anxious to increase the number, and in order to give a help to the carriage building industry he instituted a free ball at his place, to which any citizen could be admitted, provided that he drove up to the door in a carriage. Twelve barber apprentices were eager to share in the princely entertainment; but the few wheeled-vehicles which could be hired of course prodigiously increased the number of cabs, and the whole united money of the young men only sufficed to pay for the hire of one carriage. They put their wits to work and hired a droschke which had been hired by hours driving parties to Prince Heinrich's free ball. Four of the young barbers got into the cab, and were driven at a snail's pace to the palace; the other eight walked behind it.

When the carriage drew up before the great gate under the dim oil lamp-light of those days, both the doors of the vehicle were opened. The four insiders stepped out at one door, and the eight outsiders followed sively stepped in at the other, and followed the rest into the palace. By this trick, each in turn passed from the cab up the steps. The deception, the story goes, was so splendidly performed that the porters made no remark, although, if they were men of observation, they must have been astonished at the incredible amount of space within the cab, which had accommodated twelve "insiders" at once. Yet with all their shrewdness, we can never very much wonder that they were

Why Women Lose Their Hair.

How common it is to see a woman with only a tiny tuft of hair behind her ears. It is remarked that a fashionable New York "Mail and Express" ventured to say, however, "I venture to say, however, that when she was a girl she had a good deal of hair. Now what is the cause of this? The woman has lost her hair through the use of her physical charms, but her hair has disappeared."

I think that I can solve the problem. I think that I can solve the problem of losing her hair or giving it the vigorous and brushing which is always necessary to its healthy vitality. The cause of careless women do that. They are not careful as to the kind of hairpins they use. Metal hairpins stick into the scalp as possible, for rubber pins are far preferable. They may seem more clumsy; but they are chosen they should be light and smooth.

What is the best tonic for the hair? I have found that a good tonic, and regular brushing is the best. The hair is coming out rapidly, let me begin at once. Every morning wash the hair and brush it in its natural position with a stiff, white brush—never a wire one. First brush the hair, and then change the remainder of the hair. The same of should be repeated in the evening. Begin with about fifty strokes on each side, and gradually increase the treatment to not less than two hundred strokes each morning and evening. It will become a habit, and before long will cease to come out."

Mrs. Gladstone.

Being quite domestic in her tastes, Mrs. Gladstone is highly delighted to find that among her friends. In the selection of this lady is never influenced by her rank, wealth, or social position. Her requirements are moral worth. Thus the proudest home in England is open to professional people. Mrs. Gladstone's social, educational and charitable projects have always been favored by her husband, who is proud of his wife than of anything else, not excepting his own honours and illustrious career.

The following story will illustrate the woman's great heart: "Oh, if I could only do something for a singer whom Mrs. Gladstone is able to render a great service to."

"That is easy, my dear," the lady answered. "Easy for me to be of service to you?" exclaimed, the grateful tears fell on her cheeks.

"Yes, by doing something for some one. A kind word, a bit of practical help, hand, even if there isn't much money. Mrs. Gladstone replied with a smile, "I will always be doing something for more than that, my child, it will be something for yourself and some one else."

Color of the Eyes.

Clear, light blue, with calm, steady glance, denote cheerfulness, good nature. Blue, with greenish tint, is strongly indicative of these traits. A propensity to greenish tints of any colour is a sign of wisdom and courage. Pale blue, or steel colour, denoting motion of eyelids and pupils, selfishness and selfishness. Dark blue, denote great affection and pure intellectuality. Grey, or grey, with orange or blue shades and varying tints, are the most intellectual. The indicative of the impulsive, impetuous temperament—the mixture of sanguine and bilious, which produced artistic natures. Black (dark) is a sign of passionate ardour in love, and a disposition, sweet and generous, the brown the more ardent passion. Light brown or yellow denoting green, deceit, and a variety of no particular colour (or a mixture of blue or grey, dull, cold, dead-looking), belong to the temperamental, and denote a listless disposition, and a cold and thorough nature.

Two of a Kind.

BY KEMPER BOOCK. She asked him once, she asked him twice, she asked him thrice to wed. He thought her friendship "very dear," but each time shook his head.

At last, when he felt more inclined to wed, she said to try. He told her he had changed his mind. But she said, "So have I."

Never Closed.

"Is that Mr. Smith's place of business?" "Yes, sir; but it is closed now." "Will it be open in the morning?" "No; but his wife's mouth will be open."

A Special Favor.

Received widow (to country of you charge for obituary notices, &c.) Country Editor: As a general rule, Mrs. Bently; but your husband was very old friends, and I was too glad to publish his obituary notice.

A Desperate Man.

"Papa," said a pale but beseeching man, "I refused Mr. Sampson last week to go to sea; but now I am desperate. All the colors of the rainbow are in the papers to-morrow, and with a groan he was seen, see what a dreadful thing it is."

"We his first name George, old man, scanning the paper." "Yes, papa." "How—George Sampson. been sent up for ten days."