

# THE RATTLE WON.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### BUSINESS.

"I don't quite understand," said Nessa, when they were alone in the box, and Mrs. Redmond had disposed herself where she could be seen to advantage. "What did you mean when you said we should be in this show?"

"Mean! Why, that if you don't miff it, we shall get an engagement here."

Nessa looked round the thronged building. The overture was being played. Ring after ring of gas jets sprang into flame. The electric light glared out of the great white glasses. At the thought that she might be one of those all these people had come to see, that this music was to herald her, and that this light to illuminate her, the young girl felt her heart bound, and her hair crisp, and a thrill in every nerve of her body.

"Jimmus is a good sort," Mrs. Redmond explained, in a voice that seemed coldly emotionless to Nessa's tingling ears. "He was sweet on me before I was fool enough to marry; and if he can get me back on the tan, he will; but I'm not going to make myself cheap. If he wants me, he'll have to take you as well. We'll go in a pair, chummy—four quid a week. That'll do us, won't it?"

She had not failed to see the manager's admiring glances at Nessa, and was shrewd enough to know that her own engagement was more dependent upon Nessa's influence than Nessa's engagement upon hers; but, as she had said, she would not make herself cheap.

"Oh, I shall pull you through," she added, "you leave it all to me, mind."

"But I know nothing about this business," Nessa said.

"You needn't let out. You can sit a horse; that's good enough."

The company had entered in procession, and were parading the long elliptical arena.

"I should not have to appear like that?" Nessa said, interrogatively, indicating a group of girls dressed as Bacchantes with a liberal allowance of fleshings.

"Didn't you hear me tell him no trunks? No; that's our sort."

And she nodded to a row of six girls in riding habit on beautiful mounts.

Nessa gave a little sigh of relief. "They do the race steeplechase business," Mrs. Redmond continued pointing out the numbers in the programme.

"How could I do that?" Nessa asked. "I've never jumped anything."

"Oh, it's easy enough. The jumps are all faked. I could do 'em on my head."

"Could you?" said Nessa, naively, looking at her stout companion, and taking her words literally.

She watched the races with keen interest, and growing excitement. It woke up the old daring and adventurous spirit that had led her into mischief at school. She felt that if she were in the race she would set her horse at anything, and make it win by the sheer force of her own will. In the last race she figured herself on the leading horse; her hand turning instinctively as if she felt the reins; her shoulders braced, her feet set, and her eyes flashing with indomitable pluck. She was quite unconscious that Mr. Fergus had come into the box, and was sitting not a yard from her, listening to Mrs. Redmond, but with his shrewd, business eye fixed under the tilted brim of his "gibus" upon herself.

"You'd beat 'em, wouldn't you, Miss Dan-caster?" he said, as the race ended and Nessa's body relaxed.

"I wouldn't be left behind by that girl with the orange ribbon."

"You shall have the opportunity of beating her as soon as you like to try. Come and see the bags."

As he rose to open the door, Mrs. Redmond winked with significant satisfaction at Nessa behind his back.

They went down the long double row of stalls, each occupied by a sleek horse, his name on an enameled plate upon the wall beyond. Nessa, who loved horses, was in ecstasies.

"There's the flower of the flock," said Fergus, stopping—Esperance! How are you, beauty?"

"I wouldn't trust her with any girl in the show," he continued, in his deliberate tone, as Nessa caressed the beautiful creature's head. "But I shall consider myself no judge of horsewomen if you don't saddle her before you've been in the show a month."

At that moment a burst of music from the arena within seemed to proclaim that future triumph which the manager augured for Nessa, and she trembled with such exultation as she had never before experienced.

"May as well have it down on paper, chappie," said Mrs. Redmond.

"We'll go into the office, and settle it at once, if Miss Dan-caster pleases."

Nessa assented; and they went into an office where there were a table, two chairs, and a marvellous litter of pictures, programmes, photographs, lithographs, tinted designs of costume, specimen properties, letter clips, bill files, and soda-water bottles. Mr. Fergus offered the chairs to the ladies. Mrs. Redmond preferred to sit down on the corner of the table, allowing the manager to avail himself of the odd chair and seat himself before his blotting pad. Then came a discussion as to the terms of the agreement, which was for the most part incomprehensible to Nessa. There were so many words unknown to her, and her head was all of a whirl and the strangeness of everything about her, and the bewildering prospect opening before her. However, Mrs. Redmond, now that she was in the element to which she had been born, showed herself as shrewd and clear-headed as Fergus himself, and got her own way in all the stipulations with regard to dresses, dressing room, "extra shows," and the like. She signed the agreement for herself and Nessa which was a relief to the girl, who was in doubt as to what her Christian name was to be, and took charge of the counterpane signed by the manager.

"I shall be here on Monday morning, and will put you through your business," Fergus said, kindly, when they were parting at the refreshment bar.

"You are very kind," replied Nessa; and then conscious of her own silence and embarrassment, she added, "I am afraid you must think me very stupid."

"My dear Miss Dan-caster, I should not have engaged you at sight if I had thought you stupid. And," he added, dropping his voice, as Mrs. Redmond turned to finish her brandy and soda. "I certainly should not have taken Totty in again if I had not felt

quite sure that you will compensate for all the trouble she'll give us."

It occurred to Nessa the next day, and not before, that this engagement would expose them to discovery by the men who were seeking them. But Mrs. Redmond, who had now got over her fright, ridiculed the suggestion.

"What a croaking little coward you are!" she said, contemptuously. "It's the last place in the world where any one would go to look for us; and the chance of being spotted by accident is just as great as if we only walked through Bishopsgate Street once a day. I can't afford to keep you with nothing coming in, you know. We must do something. I do call it ungrateful. Besides, who's going to spot us; and how are we to be spotted? Do you think they're going into two-guinea boxes to pick us out of the crowd with opera glasses? The only place they're likely to go is the shilling gallery, and there I'd defy any one to recognise even me. But I suppose you think because Jimmus soaped you down that you are going to have all the house to yourself. You can just un-vice yourself, my dear; you'll go into the crowd, and be no more noticed than one pin in a packet. As for that, I don't believe any one is after us, unless it's your friend, Mr. Levy. I consider that business was a clear loss to me of twenty pounds—running away, like a pair of fools, for nothing at all."

Nessa said no more upon the subject; indeed, she ceased to think of it, and all sense of danger went from her in the life of excitement she entered upon the next day. On Monday morning she went to her first rehearsal, and passed through a series of surprises. At the entrance she was greeted with a familiar, "How d'ye do, dear?" by a very ordinary-looking little man in gaiters, and absurdly short jacket, and a deer stalker. It was only when she had looked him full in the face, indignant at this unceremonious overture, that she recognised him as Mr. Fergus. The stablemen, all in the livery at night, were now as rough and dirty as country inn hostlers. Horses were being groomed, barrows of litter stopped the gangway, the passages were swilled with water, and there was a confused noise of buckets shifting, hoofs rattling, water running, brooms sweeping, the eternal hissing of grooms, whistling, and sundry rough objurgations.

Your dressing room is number six. There it is," said Mr. Fergus, who had taken charge of Nessa, leaving Mrs. Redmond with an old friend recognized among the pallid crowd of loafers in the entrance lobby. "Better take off your jacket and hat. I'll go and find a tile and a skit."

Nessa went into the large dressing room, removed her jacket, and was lost in wonder at the assortment of fards and powders on the tables, when Fergus returned with a skit and riding hat, coming into the room without the slightest formality. Then they went down into the amphitheatre, which looked a vast place and dull in the thin mist, through which the grey light of day filtered from above. The mist was thicker where the sweepers were at work in the auditorium. There was a carpenter at work somewhere, his hammer seemed to wake a dozen echoes. A peal of laughter came from another part. Three men were in the orchestra, and one was running through the dance from *Dinorah*. In the ring six or seven men and women, in ordinary dress and mounted, stood in groups chatting.

"Why don't you begin that cotillion? What are you waiting for, Jennings?" called Mr. Fergus.

"Set ain't complete, sir; waiting for Madame de Vere." (This was the latest name adopted by Mrs. Redmond.)

"She's begun already," muttered Fergus. Then calling a man who was raking the tan, he sent him with a peremptory message to Mrs. Redmond, and told him to bring Mignon and Venture into the stalls.

"Have you known Totty long?" he asked, turning to Nessa.

"No; not a very long while."

"Ah, I have. Probably I know a good deal more about her than you do; so perhaps I ought to tell you that she's a dangerous woman. You're bound to live with her, I suppose?"

"I am under great obligation to her," said Nessa, warmly. "I can never repay her for all she has done for me."

"I'm sorry for you, dear. She'll never leave you till she's repaid herself and cleared off the obligation."

Nessa felt a miserable sinking at her heart. For some days she had struggled against the evidence of her senses to believe that her friend was honest and good and generous; just as she had striven at times to continue a pleasant dream in spite of awaking consciousness that the vision was unreal; and now the accumulating evidence was too strong to be ignored, and Mrs. Redmond's character looked as dull and artificial as the hippodrome itself appeared by the light of day. A good many illusions had been dispelled in this last half hour, and she felt that things and people must be judged by the light of reason rather than by the glamour of inclination. But the material view was very depressing to her young mind.

The first trot round the arena, however, set her blood in motion and revived her spirits. Fergus kept by her side, coaching her as they went.

"Look at the audience when you're trotting. That will be your mount for the first week or so; tidy old mare, safe and sure, and knows her business. Rein a bit looser; that's it. The starting place is down there by that barrow. Give her a cut and let her go when we come there. Do three turns as hard as you like, but mind you take the inside at the top of the lap and the outside at the bottom. Make your speed in between; now then, off!"

It was a glorious run. Nessa's excitement grew with every stride of her mare. She had never gone the pace before. On the last lap she was seized with a desire to outstrip Fergus, and she succeeded, too, passing the barrow a neck ahead.

"That's all right. You'll do," said Fergus. "But when there are half a dozen of you, you'll have to take the outer lap wider."

Nessa proposed that they should run it again; Fergus declined with a laugh, saying he could show her what he meant at a canter. Nessa put her mare at a canter in a minute.

"That's prettily done," said Fergus. "Mignon understands you already."

Nessa turned upon him smiling. She liked the man, although he was free in laying his hand on her arm and calling her "dear"; but his familiarity was far less offensive than the studied formality of some men. It was natural, and there was no suspicion of

*sous-entendu* in what he said. For certain, Fergus was well pleased with her. She was smart without knowing it; graceful without affectation; and her face sparkled with mingled innocence and mischief.

"What is it?" asked Nessa, suddenly discovering the manager's eye fixed on her face, and passing her handkerchief down her ivory nose in the expectation of finding a smut on it.

"I'm looking at your complexion. Look here, dear, don't you let them humbug your face about in the dressing room. Don't have anything on, or you'll spoil it. It's just perfect now. And don't let them mess your hair about either. Just that natural curl fluttering out over your temple; nothing more. No bangs and no dye. The rich colour of your forehead, and the lovely—"

"Oh, don't please!" pleaded Nessa, with a fine show of her teeth as she laughed at the compliments piled up by her enthusiastic friend.

"My dear girl, you must allow me to be just as careful about your looks and as proud of 'em as I am about the appearance of my pet mare Esperance. It's all business. Now, then, Jennings; put up those two hurdles."

"I can see that's your first jump. You kept your seat pretty well; but you'll have to do it better than that," said he, when Nessa had taken the hurdles. "Try it again. I'll give you a lead. Don't bother about the mare; she knows her business. Just let yourself swing. Now then—hoop-ta Mignon!"

The hurdles, at first set up at an angle, were, by the manager's orders, fixed upright, when Nessa fell into the trick of taking them easily, and then the girl only regretted that they were not higher. She felt a delightful thrill every time her mare rose; it was like soaring on wings.

It seemed to her that they could not have been rehearsing more than half an hour when Fergus, looking at his watch, said, "That's enough for to-day. To-morrow morning, eleven sharp, ladies," he called to the rest of the company, who, under the direction of the ballet master, were going through some complicated combinations in the centre of the arena. "You can come in whenever you like," he added, turning to Nessa. "I'll speak to the stud master, and he'll give you a mount. Of course, if you choose to come into the evening show you can have a box. You'll pick up a wrinkle or two watching the others, and get accustomed to the look of the house, and that sort of thing."

"Oh, thank you so much. I am very much obliged to you," Nessa said warmly.

## CHAPTER XX.

### IN HER NEW CHARACTER.

"Bother Spitalfields!" said Mrs. Redmond on Wednesday, when they left Arcadia to go home.

Nessa nodded. It was almost on her lips to say "Bother Spitalfields" also. Spitalfields is not a nice place. On market mornings the thoroughfare is choked with costermongers' barrows, and the men quarrel and swear a great deal, and beat their donkeys shamefully. At other times there is nothing in Spital Square but a sour smell of festering cabbage. But the great objection in Nessa's mind was that it lay so far from Arcadia. She would have lived in Arcadia if she might. The first rehearsal had banished all her melancholy misgivings. Her heart and soul were in the business. She loved every horse in the stalls, and found charms in the place even by the light of day which she had never anticipated. She had the novice's pride in being behind the scenes, and there were such delightful experiences to look forward to. She left the building with a regret that only gave place to a feverish eagerness for the next rehearsal to renew the pleasure of the past one.

Living at Spitalfields, she had been unable to avail herself fully of the manager's offer, and, indeed, the time for rehearsal had been cut down to its shortest limits. For Mrs. Redmond, either from sluggish indolence or some notion of professional etiquette, could not be induced to get to rehearsal at the hour fixed, and was always the first to leave. While Nessa was fretting and fuming with impatience, ready dressed to go, and looking at the clock every other minute, Mrs. Redmond pertinaciously dawdled over her toilette; and when Nessa was hoping for one more run round the tan, Mrs. Redmond came down, gloved and bag in hand, from the dressing room, with a sharp request to know how much longer she must be kept waiting.

So long as they lived in Spitalfields she felt bound to go backwards and forwards with her friend; but that would not be the case if they lived, as most of the company did, in the neighborhood of Arcadia. And so she was very well pleased to hear Mrs. Redmond express a dislike to Spitalfields, and readily agreed to see if they could find suitable apartments in Porten Street.

The houses in Porten Street are all exactly alike. The proprietor lives in the basement with a young family, a jaded wife, and a girl who waits on the lodgers. The entrance is up a flight of steps, and opens upon a narrow "hall" flanking the "drown-room set." The drawing room is furnished with a round table, four chairs, and a chiffonier; all rickety. There is a small table in the front window, with a display of wax flowers under a glass shade. There is a profusion of "ornaments" in Bohemian glass, and "photos" presented by former lodgers. Folding doors separate this room from another furnished with two bedsteads, a couple of chairs, a chest of drawers, a toilet table, and a washstand. There is no space for anything else except the lodgers, and they have to be careful how they go.

"How will this do?" asked Mrs. Redmond, when they had inspected three "drown-room sets."

Nessa thought it would do just as well as any of the others; it was not two minutes' run from Arcadia; so Mrs. Redmond took it at the low price of fifteen shillings a week, attendance and "extrys" included; and that afternoon they fetched their effects from Spitalfields and took possession of the new lodgings. Probably Mrs. Redmond had not valued her belongings at something more than the sum they had to pay as indemnity for leaving without the customary week's notice.

It was another step downwards; but Nessa was happily unconscious of the degradation, accepting the discomforts of these squalid lodgings as a necessary condition of her new life. She wished that the girl who waited on them would wash herself sometimes, and that the people below would for a change cook something else than kippered

herrings in the morning and sprats in the evening; but she reconciled herself to circumstances with a cheerful determination to make the best of them.

Thanks to attendance being provided, the domestic arrangements now consisted of giving orders to the girl from below, and Mrs. Redmond being equal to the performance of this function, Nessa was free to do what she liked, and, oh, joy! had no more to trouble over the cooking of a joint or dread the turning out of a pudding. For the rest of the week she only left Arcadia to sleep and to get her meals.

On Saturday there was another delightful experience for her: the costumer had brought her dresses, and she was called into the wardrobe room to be "tried on." The *amazon* fitted her to perfection; but that which enchanted her was the ultramarine habit with white satin facing and silver trimming, to be worn with a white wig and a *tricorn* in the royal hunting scene. It was delicious! And as she looked at herself in the glass she resolved, despite Mr. Fergus's objection, to use plenty of powder and stick a patch at the corner of her lip.

It seemed to her that Monday night would never come: it was almost too much to expect; but it came, all the same, and at half-past seven Nessa found herself, with seven other ladies in blue, waiting in dressing room No. 6 for their call. They were all very noisy and full of fun except Nessa, and she was quiet because she did not know the ladies yet awhile, though they had showed themselves very friendly, and she could not quite understand what they were all talking about—partly, perhaps, because her thoughts were in a tumult of expectation.

At last a bell tinkled, and a boy called out—

"All down, ladies, for parade."

It was strange to Nessa to see how unconcerned they were, and how they dawdled about after this summons that stirred her very heart within her. But the overture had only just begun; it came up the stairs in gusts as the door below was swung open. She took one last glance at herself as she passed the glass, to be sure that her wig was all right and her *mouche* in its proper place, and went down with the rest.

It was bewildering to look down the stairs, into the court below crowded with horses and riders, all glitter and movement, as they took their places in the procession forming along the main opening. She recognized her mare, and wondered how she could get to it through all the confusion; but, in reality, there was no confusion at all, and in due course the mare was led up. She was lifted in the saddle, and led to the outside place in the front file, passing Mrs. Redmond, who, to her disgust, had been stuck in the middle of the file behind.

The overture was finished, and now there was no sound but the buzzing of voices and the clatter of hoofs; but the next moment, the conventional three bangs of the drum opening a march were heard, and the grooms scuttled away to take their position at the head of their procession. A few moments of fluttering suspense, and then Nessa perceived a forward movement in front, and the moment after she herself was moving slowly forward. All the lights were up, the band blazing its loudest as she passed the barrier and came into the arena. What a sight it was! The galleries pink with human faces, the arena sparkling with the flowing stream of horses and chariots, and men and women in the gayest appointments that imagination could desire. It was enough to bewilder a girl who had not yet realised that in such a show she was no more than "a pin in a packet"—as Mrs. Redmond put it. But Nessa kept her head, and remembering her instructions, held her mare in place and looked the audience full in the face.

In less than ten minutes it was all over, and the ladies in No. 6 were changing for the next number. After a pause in the general clatter of tongues, one of the girls said, speaking across the room to Mrs. Redmond—

"Look here! we draw lots who's to win in the races."

"You can draw as many lots as you like, my dear; I mean to win if I can. What's your sentiments, chummy?"

"I should certainly like to try to win; it must be such fun," Nessa replied.

"Oh, I don't see where the fun comes in!" said the girl. "There's always a row after a free scramble."

"I like rows," said Mrs. Redmond, sententiously; and as she was not to be dissuaded from her intention, it was agreed that the races should take the form of a free "free scramble" within the ordinary rules.

Nessa, to her great regret, took no part in the cotillion; but being dressed in her *amazon* for the coming race, she strolled out into the corridor, and there met Mr. Fergus.

"Who is to win the first race?" he asked.

Nessa explained what had taken place.

"I thought Totty wouldn't agree to drawing lots. There's only one better horse-woman in the set, and that's you. Now, you mustn't mind, my dear."

Nessa looked crestfallen.

"Do as I ask you there's good girl," said the manager, kindly. "I know that woman better than you do. If you beat her, she will never forgive you. Your time will come; but while she's here, let her win—will you?"

"Of course I will if you ask me," said Nessa.

He patted her shoulder, and ran off with a nod of recognition.

It called for all her self-command to keep in the rear when the race was run, and some skill too, for Nessa's mare was as eager for victory as she; but she came in last, and went off with the girls, envying Mrs. Redmond, who had won the bouquet, and was slowly trotting round the arena to the applause of the audience—the only individual recognition to be won.

Mrs. Redmond won two races out of the three on Tuesday. No one could have been more amiable than she was to Nessa.

"I should like to see you win, chummy," she said.

"Would you, truly?" asked Nessa.

"Oh, I mean what I say; you'll get into the know of it by-and-by; but, of course, you can't expect to do anything for some time especially with such an old screw as that mare. You see, Fergus is bound to give the best mounts to the best riders."

On Wednesday evening, during the cotillion, Fergus knocked at the door, and came into the dressing room where Nessa was waiting.

"Duprez is here," he said. "Just come over from Paris—partly to see you. You see, dear, it's like this: I flatter myself on being a born *entrepreneur*, and its chiefly for my

services as a smart *entrepreneur* that Duprez has made me his right hand man."

"Pardon me—what is an *entrepreneur*?" Nessa asked interrupting him.

"Well in our business it's a man who can spot a good thing and snap it up. The best are those who seize opportunities before there is time for them to escape. I spotted you and determined to get you if I could. That's why I was so ready to conclude business with Totty. Now the more I have seen of you the more convinced I am that I was right in my selection—so convinced that in writing to Duprez I let myself go about you, with this result that Duprez who is even more anxious than I am to get a good thing has come over partly, as I tell you, to see what you can do. And so I think I shall have to let you go to-night, and risk putting Totty's nose out of joint."

"Oh, I'm sure she won't mind," Nessa exclaimed, beaming with delight. "She said she should like to see me win."

"Ah, well; she'll have her wish gratified to-night, or I'm mistaken. Go steady, take your top leap wide, and keep cool."

Nessa was glad that there was half an hour to wait, for at that moment she felt that she had not the strength to keep her seat in the saddle.

"Better not tell Totty that Duprez is in the house; and don't mention my name," said Fergus, in parting.

No Nessa only said in a quiet tone to her friend that she would try her best to win, without saying why.

"That's right, chummy," said Mrs. Redmond, with the magnanimity of one who has no fear of defeat. "Do your best, dear."

"I will," said Nessa, quietly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Over-Indulgence in Food.

The Paris correspondent of the London

*Truth* has been laboring to convince the readers of that journal that they would live longer and do more and better work if they would exercise a wise abstinence in the matter of eating. To the general weakness found among men of being too good to themselves—when they can afford it—he charges a material shortening of life, as well as a premature decline of intellectual power and progress towards senility. Instances are cited in which men when they were poor and could not afford to pamper to their appetites did good work, but that growing rich and having the means to gratify their tastes, their work was deteriorated in quality. Victor Hugo is referred to in illustration. Says this correspondent:—"I attribute the extraordinary difference in quality in the early and late works of Victor Hugo to his having only scant meals when he wrote the former and to his having plentiful and delicious ones, to which he did the fullest justice, when he turned out the latter. Victor Hugo was *spiritual* before lunch or dinner; he was inflated in speech and bereft of all sense of the ridiculous when digesting either repast."

The question is then asked, "Who were the great victors of the eighteenth century? Voltaire, who lived on coffee, and had too weak a stomach to bear much food; Washington who was spare and abstemious; and at the Revolution, the people of Paris, who were starvelings. Stanley greatly explains his success when he says that all he wants is a crust of bread, a mouthful of meat when he can get it, and a cup of tea. The Scotch were a proverbially hungry people when they turned India into a British dependency."

The question raised by this Frenchman is an interesting one, and has its practical bearings as well. It cannot be decided however, by a few solitary examples, chosen from among those, who while they have lived long and done good work, have also been abstemious. Before any general conclusion can be arrived at one would require to know something of the habits, in this respect, of the great army of brain workers, past and present, of the statesmen, the philosophers, the scientists, the authors, the orators, who have distinguished themselves in their respective spheres. It may be granted, as indeed it is too patent to be denied, that many men shorten their days and dull their wits by excess in eating, by gormandizing upon rich and fat foods without any regard to climatic or physical conditions; it may even be granted that the octogenarian, Mr. Bartholomew Saint-Hilaire, who though eighty-four "works as hard and with as little fatigue as ever he did in his life," spoke truly when he claimed "that civilized man eats three times more than he needs when not checked by poverty;" but that one's days would be lengthened or the quality of one's work improved or rendered more satisfactory by adopting the Stanley regimen of "a crust of bread a mouthful of meat and a cup of tea" is open to serious question. Nevertheless, the letter of the Paris correspondent will not have been written in vain, if any of the struggling poor who have been disposed to envy the rich man his sumptuous dinners and numerous viands are thereby induced to be more contented with their humble lot.

## A Partner for Stanley.

Referring to the marriage of H. M. Stanley with Miss Tennant, the *Chatam*, N. B., *World* feels moved to say: "Our notion is that one of the dusky princesses of Darkest Africa, who would look upon him as a demi-god and speak only when spoken to, would be a more congenial domestic partner for Mr. Stanley, and that some less distinguished man would be more likely to make Miss Dorothy Tennant happy and contented as a wife."

At least this opinion has the merit of variety. The excessive praise that has been bestowed upon Mr. Stanley ever since he emerged from the Dark Continent, the liberal space devoted by the press to an enumeration of his daring exploits, thrilling adventures, and wonderful discoveries, had begun to render the story somewhat monotonous. Even honey will pall, and a taste of vinegar may be a most agreeable change. Besides, it is conceivable that Mr. Stanley himself was in danger of becoming indifferently puffed up, and of flattering himself that none so great as he had gone before, and that after him no successor worthy of his mantle would arise. It is well for one, no matter how distinguished, to remember that perfection belongs not to mortals. Therefore, the thanks of the public are due to the *World* for this discordant note which helps to make the music more enjoyable; while, no doubt, Mr. Stanley will feel grateful for being reminded of the difference between a great and successful explorer, and a kind and appreciative husband. It is such a consolation to know that one does not labor in vain, or spend one's strength for naught.