Diamond Cut Diamond

OR, THE ROUT OF THE ENEMY.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

It was a heavenly summer evening; seven o'clock, the best hour of a July day. The shadows were long and deep, the light golden and tender, all hazy still with the long warmth and luxuriance of the noonday. On such an evening a certain peace falls perforce upon the world, trouble stands aloof for a little space, and sorrow itself is hushed and deadened.

From Mongaigne's pages of wisdom and wit, Rose's eyes wandered to the deep green of the river's banks, to the glow of the red sunset on the water, to the hum of the dragon-fly poising amongst the weeds by the edge.

"I am reconciled," she said to herself. "I have fought out my battle, and I have conquered. I have gone back to my old life, to my higher aims, and I have rooted out that fever-giving new thing—that love that was a sweet poison, a delirium of joy, and yet a sin-staining evil—for ever and ever out of my soul."

And even as she said the words, there shot a little boat into her sight upon the stream. A boat that was lazily rowed down the stream by a broad-shouldered man, with a placid, good-natured face, like that of a kindly giant. A boat wherein two fair girls in cool summer dresses, pink and white, and jaunty little sailor hats, leant back in the stern, and sang together, smiling as they sang, into the face of another man, young and well-looking, who half reclined at their feet, with his arms flung up behind his smooth dark head, and whose brown eyes rested admiringly upon the sisters.

"For life is short, and love is long,
And life is made of tears and song,
But love goes on for ever."

sang the girls, their lovely well-trained voices ringing out clear and bell-like across the water. Then the boat vanished, and a silver track of ruffled water streaming out far behind her was all that was left of her—but still the echoes along the shore took up the song and wafted it back again—

"But love goes on for ever—for ever
—for ever."

And Rose de Brefour turned and fled from that sight, and from that sound, with a bowed head and dazed eyes, and a heart from which the blackness of a horrible anguish had blotted out all her vaunted peace and content.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was a delightful day. A day such as—when the weather is fruitless, and the party harmonious—can only be enjoyed upon the river Thames. Angel and Dulcie thought that nothing so perfect had ever been planned or carried out before. It was Geoffrey who had proposed it; and although Mrs. Dane had demurred a little on the score of propriety, her husband had at once decided that there could be no earthly objection, and had decreed that the little party of four—Miles Faulkner, in virtue of his boating capacities, being the fourth—should be sent out for the day, with a due allowance of hampers full of good things, to sustain them by the way. From early morning, when they started, full of good spirits and merriment, from Paddington, down to night-fall, when they reappeared at that familiar terminus, somewhat less lively and very sleepy, the day was one of pure and unmixed enjoyment. They had sung, they had laughed, and they had feasted. Sometimes the young ladies had taken the oars and rowed—and in capital style, too— for these Canadian girls were at home upon the water as much in summer as in winter. Sometimes they all sang in parts together; or sometimes they only rested and talked, and made little jokes at each other's expense, for they were all young and healthy; though one or two of them had suffered keenly, suffering can be laid aside on a cloudless day in July, when four young people are given a holiday by their elders in order that they may enjoy themselves as thoroughly as possible.

So, although Geoffrey believed that his heart's best love had never loved him, and was now lost to him for ever, and although Angel had heard, only a few days ago, from the lips of the man she had allowed herself to love, that he loved not herself, but her sister—it is, nevertheless, in no way detrimental to the good qualities of both, to say that neither of these young people did any the less justice to the raised pies and the lobster sandwiches provided by Mrs. Dane's housekeeper, nor to the very excellent champagne with which these dainties were washed down. The picnic, in fact, was the cream of the whole day. Angel spread the cloth, and laid the plates, and the knives and forks, Geoffrey undertook the wine and ice department, and Dulcie and Miles Faulkner made the salad between them. Now, as to that salad, some very remarkable results were effected. Let me ask of my readers, if ever they have tried the concocting of a salad, as our neighbors say—"a deux?"—and let me assure them, if they have not done so, that there is no occupation so conducive to falling in love, in the whole world. Oh! that salad-making! What an infinite variety of combinations does it not present!

Let me give the correct recipe, as furnished by Francatelli, with marginal notes by Cupid:—

Francatelli Take, and carefully wash, two fine lettuces, divide leaf from leaf, and dry each separately in a clean white cloth. This is best done in the palm of the hand, as if pressed on to a table, it is apt to bruise the leaf.

Cupid. Lay the cloth upon a small white palm, the leaf upon it—then double over the cloth, and press a larger palm hard upon it.

Francatelli. For sauce, take two spoonfuls of oil—half of tarragon vinegar—one of mustard—a sprinkling of salt and pepper—mix all well together.

Cupid. This sauce has never been found to be successful if not mixed with two spoons impartially.

Francatelli. Slice up and add a cucumber and a couple of hard-boiled eggs.

Cupid. It is essential that they should be sliced evenly; to ensure this, one person must hold, another must slice.

Francatelli. Then with the fingers break the dried leaves carefully in half. The knife must never be used, as it spoils the flavor of the lettuce.

Cupid. But as many fingers may be used as can be conveniently brought in together.

Francatelli: Until you get to the hearts. These must not be broken on any account, but laid in whole, side by side.

Cupid. And they generally are!

It was very much according to this recipe, that Miles and Dulcie made that particular salad. The over-arching trees made a grateful shade above, the sunshine flickered through the leaves, the little waves rippled with a soft cooing music along the boat's side; all the surroundings were poetical and harmonious, and Miles looked shyly and adoringly—as big men have a way of looking—into Dulcie's eyes.

"Is that the way?" he asked, and his great fist closed on the rosy finger-tips that held the tender green lettuce leaf between them.

"Not quite," said Dulcie, and sprinkled twice too much salt into the bowl upon her knees.

"But it will do very nicely, won't it?"

"Rather nicely, perhaps," was the somewhat inconsequent rejoinder, and then her hand shook, and the knife that was slicing the cucumber slipped, and there was a perfect tragedy of fear and apprehension.

"Did it cut you?"

"Not at all."

"But, it did. I saw it graze your little finger. Let me see."

And then the finger had to be carefully scrutinized, and by dint of holding it up to the light, quite close to the eyes of the examining surgeon, a very small scratch was discovered—or, perhaps, invented.

The particular form of treatment to which this alarming wound was subjected, belongs to the lore of lovers and nurses, and need not be entered into at further detail. No doubt, like many other surgical operations, it proved beneficial in the long run, but the immediate symptoms were —no chloroform having been employed — those of violent agitation.

"How dare you!" with a little scream.

"Please forgive me," penitently, but not with utter misery.

"Never—never—never!" in a voice of suppressed rage.

"I'm a brute! I can never forgive myself. I'll promise never to do it again," energetically.

"Oh! well, don't make such a fuss, the others will hear, we'll say no more about it; just go on working, please, you haven't got half your leaves in yet, and I am at my heart."

"So am I," ruefully. "Mine's gone in long ago. Give me yours.

"Don't break it," laughing.

"Not for worlds! it's far too precious," sentimentally.

"You great stupid!" throwing the heart into the salad bowl.

"That's the nicest thing you've said to me yet," etc., etc., and the next few remarks are made so low, and the two faces are bent so intently over the newly-concocted salad, that it requires a well-directed soda-water cork upon the nape of Faulkner's stooped colossal neck to rouse them both to a sense of the surrounding scenery.

"Haven't you done that salad yet?"

"Ages ago!" retorts Dulcie, mistress of the situation in a moment, flinging back a merry face of unconcern. "And if you hadn't been so absorbed at the other end of the boat—I can use no other word—you would have discovered long ago that we are starving for want of our food."

But Miles Faulkner came back from that water party hopelessly in love with Dulcie Halliday.

He owned it to himself, somewhat ruefully, as he and Geoffrey in a hansom together followed the brougham that had been sent to meet the young ladies at the Great Western terminus. Miles had been unaccustomed to ladies' society, he was a rough, manly man, and women had played no part in his life. In London he knew nobody, and, save an occasional dinner-party, either at Mr. Dane's or at some old-fashioned friends' who invited him because they knew his parents, he had had no insight whatever into the Society life that most young men lead in town during the London season. This had never been a source of regret to him; his virtues were all sterling and solid. He was staunch to his friends, kind to those beneath him, chivalrous and honourable towards all, but he had no qualities such as enable a man to shine in society; the small talk of London life was a closed science to him, the half-familiar, half-contemptuous tone of conversation which young men affect now-a-days in talking to ladies was utterly unknown to him. Women were to him strange, wonderful, beautiful things, too good to be spoken of save with bated breath, too pure to be touched by the rough hands of life's sterner realities; every lady made him think of his dead mother, for whose sake, till his dying day, he would respect and worship her whole sex.

Such a man falls an easy victim to the first pleasant girl who takes the trouble to interest herself in him, and as a rule his conquest is not only rapid, but it is complete. Miles Faulkner was by nature so faithful and so patient that to love for a day, with him, meant to love for life.

In one short summer day he had set up Dulcie Halliday in the empty shrine of his great true heart, and Dulcie was destined to reign there for ever.

He had no sort of doubt about it himself—but he supposed that for a clerk on a hundred and twenty pounds a year to love the daughter of a partner of the house which he served was, and must ever remain, a perfectly hopeless condition of things—and so he sighed as the hansom sped in the summer twilight across the Serpentine bridge, with all the dancing lights of London away to the east and all the shadowy old Kensington trees to the west—sighed so deeply that had not Geoffrey been much occupied himself with his own affairs he must have noticed and rallied the despairing swain at his side.

Geoffrey for his part was thinking about Angel. He was not—and he was perfectly well aware that he was not—in the very least in love with her. Geoffrey was not able to blind himself about this. He knew perfectly well that love does not leave the pulses calm and even, and the reason wide awake and active, as this did. When he started forth to meet Angel, there was no longing fever at his heart such as had possessed him on those winter days when he had hurried down to Hidden House, filled with a passionate eagerness to behold the woman who had been a Divinity to him. Angel's sweet placid beauty never made his pulses beat any faster, nor did her quiet, yet lovely eyes, as they met his, produce upon him that strange bewildering fascination, that "thrill of pleasure that is almost pain," which the presence of one woman alone upon earth, had ever produced in him. He was perfectly well aware of the difference—and yet he told himself that no doubt this was the better thing for him.

It was plain to him that his uncle desired him to marry Angel—that Mr. Halliday desired it—and he told himself that no doubt Angel herself desired it also; and day by day, as he found himself constituted her companion and her guide, it became borne in upon him that a man might go further and fare worse than take Angel Halliday to himself for a wife.

"You will marry one of those girls, one day." The words came back to him, again and again, with one of those horrible twinges of pain which a past love, even if it is partially stifled, has always the power to inflict upon us at intervals. And they returned to his memory, too, with a sense of impending fate that was almost a superstition. Perhaps she had been right. She, who had taken his life's devotion as a sport, who had not loved him, who had not even been true to the compact, so one-sided, which he had striven so hard to keep with her! For it was thus he thought of her. He had poured forth his all at her feet, craving for so small a boon in return, that it seemed to him a cruelty—born of a hard and wicked nature—that she should have withdrawn even that little from him. He could not forgive her. It was as if she had betrayed him. Every day of absence hardened his heart towards her. And every day he saw Angel!

In that one sentence, is summed up the major portion of the infidelity of lovers all the world over. The one is away—the other is there!

"L'absence est le pire des maux," sings the forsaken ring-dove in the old French fable of Lafontaine. And for lovers' vows, and lovers' truth, it is the worst misfortune under the sun.

Mistrust, uncertainties, doubts of our own heart, doubts of the heart that we have won—misunderstandings, silent fallings away from one another of souls that have bound themselves into one. All these things arise Miasma-like, out of that one great evil of Absence. Across that insuperable chasm of bodily separation, the heart strives in vain to reach—the pen only makes matters worse. The self-inflicted tortures do but thrive and grow like weeds, choking up the fair flowers of affection, until they wither and perish. And yet, if for one golden minute hands might clasp, and eyes might meet, and faltering tongues—however lamely—murmur broken words of repentance and of regret, then whole years of miserable misunderstandings might be washed away, and all the mischief melt into nothingness, like snow before the noon-day sun.

People may talk of hard-hearted parents, of mischief-making friends—of jealousies, of lovers' quarrels—not any one of these things—nay, not all of them, put together, can be so dire a foe as that silent, secret enemy, who comes stealing, like an evil spirit, between those who have loved—pushing them away and away further and further apart, back with drawn sword from their Paradise—till at length they become hopeless, because they are helpless—they struggle no longer with their fate, and are content to drift away into the cold greyness of a perpetual division.

Thus it was with Geoffrey Dane. Absence made him unjust and unloyal to his love—whilst the constant presence of one who was fair to look upon, and pleasant to talk to, began to make him faithless too.

Angel was very sweet. There were no mysteries about her. She did not withdraw herself from him—on the contrary she welcomed him with smiles. Perhaps, indeed, he had, unwittingly taught her to love him already. Geoffrey, without any undue amount of vanity, had perhaps been sufficiently successful in life for this thought to be not altogether unnatural.

"Perhaps it is fate," he said to himself, as the hansom drew up at the house in the Cromwell Road, and the lights of the hall and the welcome of a cosy supper-table recalled the two men from their somewhat serious reflections.

As Geoffrey entered the house he noticed with surprise, a somewhat unusual incident. Albert Trichet, followed by Mr. Dane, came out of the library door.

Trichet looked flushed and excited, in good spirits too—for he bowed with effusion to the Miss Hallidays and nodded gaily to his fellow clerks—and seemed disposed to linger in the hall and join the little party of young people as they entered. Angel and Dulcie had met young Trichet before, their father had once brought him down to dinner, and they hated him with a deadly hatred. Dulcie bent over the hall table, where lay a letter directed to herself, which she slipped into her pocket with a slight flush. Angel turned her back upon him, and began talking hard to Miles Faulkner—Geoffrey nodded to him carelessly. If Matthew Dane had had the remotest intention of inviting his third clerk to join the supper party—which is perhaps doubtful—the reception he encountered from the four young people evidently decided him against any such hospitable intent.

"Well, good night, Albert!" he cried, in a hearty, cheery voice—a thing Mr. Dane could assume at pleasure when it served his purpose—"Very good of you to call. Come in to supper, my dears," to the girls. "Have you had a nice day, and are you very tired? Geoff, my boy, go and see if your Aunt is coming down. Come in, Faulkner, you are hungry, I daresay."

Albert Trichet felt himself dismissed and his smile of triumph changed into a scowl. When he got outside the door, he turned round and shook his fist angrily against it.

"Aha! you think yourself a big man, you do—you are the favorite nephew, and you are to have the pick of Halliday's daughters, are you? Ah! I wonder who'll be partner at Dane and Trichet's in the long run, my fine fellow, you with your pretty moustache and your dandy clothes, and your fine-gentleman airs, or I with a few home truths to drive in about you. Ah! I think I've put a spoke in your wheel to-day, young man. Men who want to get on fair and square in this world, shouldn't lead double lives and carry on with married women. Ah! the Governor will stand a lot, but he'll not stand that, I fancy!"

To Be Continued.

"VISITING JEWELLER"

A Young English woman whose card is inscribed "Miss Blank, Visiting Jeweller," is pioneer on a path which promises to lead to fortune; for in this the second year of her venture she can boast a long list of patronesses containing many well-known names.

Shortly after she found herself obliged to do something to make money she chanced to see a quantity of old-fashioned jewelry which a friend had inherited. In spite of their clumsy, out-of-date settings the beauty of the stones inspired Miss Bank. She began to make sketches of different ornaments in which they might be set, and so pretty original were her designs and so much igenuity did she show in planning the rearrangement of the stones that her friend exclaimed:

"Why, you are a genius! Here is your vocation. You must go about ask people to get out all their old odds and ends of jewelry, and then show them what beautiful things those same odds and ends would make."

This suggestion was not lost on Miss Blank, whose fancy was at once taken by the idea of such an artistic and pleasant pursuit. She got the necessary letters of recommendation and, without delay, set to work. Her first step was to introduce herself to some good jewellers, and two leading firms readily consented to set jewels brought in by her at a considerable discount on their ordinary prices.

Then Miss Blank began to study precious stones and became a good judge of their value. This knowledge soon opened another branch of her chosen calling, namely, the selling and exchanging of stones, old ornaments, etc. For instance, Mrs. A., who hold opals, thought them unlucky, and was only too delighted to exchange them for the turquoises which Mrs. B. felt sure made her look sallow. Then Mrs. C., found one really fine pearl set in an old-fashioned locket, was simply dying to match it and have a pair of earrings made, but could not afford the necessary outlay. However, she had diamond screws she was willing to part with, and now she sports in her ears most becoming big pearls. Then Mrs. D., had an unpaid dressmaker's bill on her conscience which she simply did not dare show to her husband. But Miss Blank, by selling for her a quantity of old gold ornaments, enabled her to settle the account herself. As a matter of course Miss Blank always keeps the names of exchanging parties secret, even from each other, and in their new settings the stones are not recognized.

Next it occurred to Miss Blank that she might also undertake the cleaning of jewels, a matter which during the season she found greatly neglected by overworked maids. She has now earned quite a reputation as a "pearl doctor," for these gems which are found lying loose in the oyster shell, and need no cutting, or polishing to enchance their beauty, as if to make things even, require more careful usage than any other precious stone. They become dull and discolored or, as jewellers express it, get "sick" and "die." In England, where it so often happens that family jewels are stowed away for many years, it has been discovered that such treatment is very injurious to pearls, which indeed ought from time to time to be exposed to the direct rays of the sun.

In the early days of her career Miss Blank found that some of the pearls intrusted to her, after being well rubbed with the bare hand, her usual mode of polishing, still persistently remained dim. So she read up about pearls, unearthed and copied a great number of quaint old-fashioned recipes for restoring lustre and color. Most of these remedies for "sick" pearls proved, when tried, to be useless, but a few, of real value. Among the latter, the old East Indian trick of rubbing the stones with boiled rice was found to be a good way of polishing them, and the more modern European device of baking the gems in dough an excellent one for removing a tinge of yellow.

On one occasion, when a large, badly discolored pearl given her to experiment on resisted both these treatments, she determined to try an ancient recipe found in some musty pamphlet. This set forth that the gastric juice of fowls had a wonderful effect on dull yellow pearls, and would, if applied according to directions, quickly restore their original beauty. So, in fear and trembling, Miss Blank fed the big pearl to a rooster, which she securely confined, and, as the recipe prescribed, after two hours' time killed it and relieved it of its valuable luncheon. As to the result, her own words were: "Of course, I felt like nothing more nor less than a murderess, but the pearl was ever so much improved."

CARREID TOO FAR.

Timmins, you don't seem to be making as much love to the landlady as you did.

Had to ease up a little. She thought she had me so sure that she could put off the scraps and meat ends on me, as if I were already married to her.

Interesting for Women.

The report that Sarah Bernhardt intends to go to India to perform there for the benefit of the rajah, and incidentally do some hunting on her own account, has been confirmed. The fair Sarah's fondness for tawny, velvety tiger skins is of long standing, but a new one, gained by her own prowess, will be a trophy worth considering. The actress is going in a yacht chartered by herself, to be commanded by the artist-sailor-dramatist-journalist, Pierre Loti.

One of the most noted women artists of England is Mrs. E. M. Ward, in whose studio most of the royal ladies of Great Britain have taken lessons The Duchess of Albany was at one time her pupil, and since then has taken the greatest interest in her teacher's work and always attends her exhibitions. Among Mrs. Ward's innumerable souvenirs and treasures is a model of the hand of the Duchess of Albany, made especially for her by the royal sculptor.

It was proposed in one of the leading Indian papers a short time since that a woman should be placed on the governor general's council in the person of Mrs. Solomon Sassoon. Mrs. Sassoon is managing partner of a well known Jewish firm, with headquarters in Bombay, and is president of various companies in which the firm holds controlling interests. She takes the chair at the board meetings, and in every respect fills the position of her late husband, who trained her in commercial life. She has made a special effort to draw together the women of different communities in Bombay.

A French woman has collected for fifty years specimens of corsets worn at different periods, and in her chateau is a billiard-room fitted up with glass cases, in which her treasures are kept. Those who frown at the idea of an eighteen-inch waist would be shocked at a corset of the Catherine de Medici reign, with a waist of thirteen and one-half inches, and an outside cover of steel bars to prevent stretching. In the same collection can be seen some leather stays, worn by Charlotte Corday, and a pair of brocaded satin ones which once belonged to the Empress of Austria, with only a fifteen and one-half-inch waist.

King Solomon has just been contradicted by the irascible French chemist, Baubet, who claims to have discovered something new under the sun. It is a colorless rouge that shows no tint until the wearer compresses her lips, when a faint glow will flush the cheek and fade or deepen, according to the pressure brought to bear. Baubet, who owns to hating women, and gloats over the fortune he has made from the vanity of the sex, calls his latest invention the "twentieth century blush," and claims for it that when properly regulated it will express every emotion the new woman can find use for, from the peach pink to maiden bashfulness to the peony red fury of Shakespeare's "Woman Scorned."

Queen Victoria has a great aversion to smoke, and does not allow smoking in her immediate neighborhood; But the cigar bill for her guests is a very heavy one. The principal item is the brand of the finest Havana cigars, which are usually made for her and sent to Windsor in glass tubes hermetically sealed. Queen Victoria's cigars could not be obtained in Cuba at wholesale prices under $1 apiece. The man who makes them receives 30 cents for each cigar, and none but the oldest and most skillful workmen are intrusted with their manufacture. At this rate they can earn quite a small fortune, for 300 cigars a day can be turned out by an expert.

The ingenious woman can make herself any number of pretty and becoming things for her neck, and the number of pretty new things is increasing. The affinity which fur and lace have for each other this year is manifesting itself in pretty soft scarfs and bows. A charming and becoming bow can be made from a bit of lace, a little chiffon and narrow sprips of sable. A little real lace, if one has it, or pretty lace of any kind will do, for a couple of bows or ends and more bows and ends of the chiffon, the ends ruffled and edged with bebe ribbon, and above the ruffle the narrow bands of sable about half an inch wide. Or a scarf of some thin soft material can be tucked and ruffled, and bands of the fur run on across.

Of all the marriage rites of which one ever heard those of Burmah bear away the palm for conciseness and sweet simplicity. Here it is upon the dusky lady that the pleasing duties of courtship devolve. She sees a youth whom she deems calculated to make her happy, and forthwith offers him a stick of candy. If he accepts her proposal he promptly eats the token of affection and they are thereby made man and wife. There is no further ceremony and no witnesses are necessary. In the act of eating this most primitive marriage rite consists. But if, on the contrary, the youth is not partiling, he assures her that that particular kind of candy is not to his taste, and the maiden must seek elsewhere for one more appreciative of her candy and her affections.

The Queen of Belgium is known to be devoted to animals. One hot day last summer a dog was drawing a milk cart containing a peasant woman along the high road bordering the royal park at Laeken. The dog, utterly exhausted, was panting under his load, but the woman remained callous to his sufferings and began to beat the poor beast mercilessly to make him go on. At that moment the queen in her pony cart drew out of the park. Observing the woman she got out of the carriage and severely admonished the woman in Flemish. She then sent a servant to the castle to fetch water for the dog and insisted on the peasant getting out and walking, remaining herself in the middle of the road in the hot sun until the milk cart was out of sight. The woman was ignorant of the identity of the queen and grumbled at being interrupted in her cruel course.

Germany is said to be far ahead of America in its women agriculturists. Four years since an agricultural school for women was opened at Friederau, near Berlin, by Dr. Castner. Seven women were graduated from it the following year, one of whom established a similar school at Riga, in Livonia. The Baroness von Barth-Harmiting opened a school of agriculture for women on her estate at Plauen in Saxony and a society for the promotion of the support of women by means of fruit culture and gardening was formed three years since by Feraulein Anne Blum of Spardan. In England the Countess of Warwick is striving to establish a school on the same lines. She includes beekeeping and poultry raising in her curriculum. In Germany the courses of study extend over two or three years and include not only the most varied branches of gardening and horticulture, but also such scientific and commercial instruction as is needed for the successful pursuit of farming as a business. Three students of the first mentioned school has established themselves on rented land and proved the profitableness of the occupation.

BEDTIME.

A physician of courtly old-school manners used to give prescriptions marked respectively for early bedtime and for late bedtime. A discussion arose the other day between several friends as to what constituted early and what late bedtime. Some of the ladies maintained that 10 o'clock was the limit between the two, others thought that early bedtime lasted until 11, and a few who believed in beauty sleep pleaded that early bedtime began at 8 and ended at 9.30 o'clock.

So many people are engaged all day and the dinner hour is necessarily, in city life, deferred to so late an hour, the families do not break up from their quiet evenings until after 10. Society pushes its hours later and later, and the votaries of fashion come near having no bedtime at all, snatching their rest when they can between one gay rout and another. The invalid and the aged person and the child must perforce retire early. For those steady-going persons who regulate their lives by rule, and who habitually rise at an early hour and breakfast punctually at 7 o'clock, 10 is certainly a good bedtime hour. Brain workers would find their account in seeking the repose of the couch and the darkened and silent chamber, with preferably opaque curtains to exclude the light of the moon and street lamp alike, at 10 o'clock.

A long sleep rests the mind as well as the body, and prepares one for the work of the next day, whatever it may be. Far better than an opiate or a narcotic is the habit of seeking the pillow at an early hour, and quietly lying still, with closed eyes and relaxed limbs, until sleep, gently wooed, comes with its healing touch and softly weaves its spells of balm.

The good doctor probably meant by early bedtime any hour between 8 and 9.30, and regarded the latter period as between 9.30 and midnight.

Growing children cannot too carefully be enjoined to get plenty of sleep. The boy or girl who has lessons to learn must awaken early after a good night's rest, and this is insured only by punctuality in retiring. Eight o'clock is a good bedtime for all young people under 5 and should be insisted upon by parents.

HER MAJESTY'S WAITING MAID

The duties of the English maid of honor are not tiresome, and as a good salary goes with the office, Queen Victoria has no difficulty in selecting companions. They are always the daughters of peers, who, if not themselves connected with the royal household, are personal friends of the queen. When an honorable Miss or a Lady Somebody arrives for her first "wait," she receives at once her badge as maid of honor. This is a miniature picture of the queen set in brilliants, which she wears about her neck hung from a ribbon. From that time her mission is to be on hand when wanted. Just before the dinner hour, the maid of honor in waiting stands in the corridor outside the queen's private apartments to receive her as she comes out. She carries a bouquet, which on entering the dining room she lays beside the queen's plate. Her place at this meal is next to the gentleman on the queen's right hand unless royal guests are present, when she is differently placed. After dinner, unless otherwise commanded, she retires to her own apartments, but must be in readiness to answer a summons at any moment to read, sing, play the piano, or take a hand at cards. The maid of honor usually makes a brilliant marriage, and the queen sends her for a wedding present an Indian shawl out of her perennial stock.

A DUTIFUL POLICEMAN.

Melbourne, Australia, possesses a policeman who is no respecter of persons. He recently reported the Governor, Lord Brassey, and several members of the Viceregal staff, for riding bicycles on the wrong side of the road. The local Yard authorities were greatly fluttered on receiving the report. They were not quite sure whether the Constitution of the Empire would survive such a shock as would be involved in bringing the representatives of the Queen before a magistrate, and on conviction, fining him 5s with the option of twenty-four hours imprisonment. They eventually decided that a caution privately conveyed, would meet the necessities of the case. But—unkindest cut of all—the courageous constable asserted in hi sreport that "Lord Brassey is neither an expert nor a careful rider."

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO