SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1886.

NO. 11,033.

A MOVEMENT has been started by the Governor of PENNSYLVANIA that is likely to be watched of Railways" will be celebrated in France. This with very considerable interest on both sides of is slightly inaccurate. That notable event was the Atlantic. Several of the American railway companies own important coalfields, and, | most worthy manner, and what is really meant, by combined action, are restricting the output and should be in fairness stated, is that the and advancing the price. This railroad "pool," Jubilee of the establishment of railways in as it is called, has also neceseded in advancing France is to be commemorated. However, rativay rates, and these two circumstances have | England will not pick a quarrel with her chiefly contributed to the recent very large neighbour on that score, and we are glad to advance in the prices of American railroad secu- know that all the great railway companies of this rities. The Governor of PENNSYLVANIA, in a | country are co-operating with the French Comletter to the STATE ATTORNEY-GENERAL, ques- missioner-General for England and the Colonies tions the legality of "pool" arrangements that | with a view to making the English section of the interfere with the natural currents of trade, and proposed Exhibition worthy of the nation from matructs the law officer to take what action he | which the locomotive originally came. In addideems necessary to protect the public interests. tion to the exhibits (which will be open from It has not yet been determined, according to the May to October, 1887) there will be an Interlatest advices, in what way proceedings will be national Congress, composed of delegates of tal en against the c al "pool," but it is somewhat Railway Companies, Chambers of Commerce, refreshing to read that such a step is even con- Scientific Societies, and others. templated.

THE WEEK.

by the Northumberland coal owners. For many many historical personages, but never had he a years the "sliding scale" has been in force as a more difficult task to perform in this process than means of determining the wages of the miners. When the selling price of coal has been increased wages have followed it, and when it has decreased they have come down. The system is apparently propose the giorious, pious, and immortal fair enough, though there may be differences of memory of the Royal founder. There is a story opinion respecting the values upon which the | told of a blundering groomsman who, when mpward and downward movements are based. They find be discontinued. that, with the Scotch and Welsh miners working for less money, they are unable to compete in the foreign trade. We do not suppose the step would have been decided upon were there not grave reasons for it, since the result will probably be a general strike. There is a possibility that to get rid of them." We rubbed our eyes when the men may consider themselves unable to make a successful resistance; but it is more probable that the angry feelings which are sure to be aroused by the decision will outweigh prudential reasons. In this case a wide district north of the Type will suffer great distress during the coming winter.

WE are glad to observe that what at one time threatened to be regrettable lassitude on the part of the Australians with regard to the proposed Imperial Institute in London, has been dissipated by events. A few days ago the weak excuse was telegraphed from Adelaide that the colony could not afford to subscribe to the project. Now considerable success has attended its permanent comes the news by cable that the Premier of location in London, but we feel perfectly certain Victoria has taken the initiative in proposing that the object sought to be attained, namely, that the six self-governing colonies of Austral- stimulating interest in one of the most important sais shall jointly contribute £20,000 towards the but until quite recently the most neglected of Institute, and it is also announced that the agricultural enterprises, would be more fully Government of Western Australia has intimated its willingness to give £5,000. In Canada the of the great provincial centres of agriculture, enthusiasm is unbounded. Sir Charles Tupper, who has been explaining the plan in the chief cities of the Dominion, has been received everywhere in the most cordial manner, and, in addition to the £20,000 to be given by the joint Government, it is expected that every province will, on its own account, support the scheme in substantial manner. The prospects of Imperial Institute are, therefore, in every way golden, and should lead to an early and solid foundation of the enterprise.

THE grand old Emperor of GERMANY seems to be gradually getting weaker by reason of sheer natural decay. He is reported to be much feebler than is allowed to transpire; he falls asleep incessantly, and when sleeping soundly there is constant dread that the slumber will be final. Owing to this fear, the EMPEROR is awakened at regular intervals in case the vital spark should fly when he is in a dormant state. On the rare occasions when he takes riding exercise. his steed is previously thoroughly tired out by a servant, so that the animal may not be in a condition to give trouble by friskiness. This extraordinary anxiety to prolong his Malesty's eloquent and broad-minded prelate. It is worthy surprise. life is of course, easily explained. There seems to be enshrined amongst the most treasured of to be a general feeling in Berlin that important | modern ecclesiastical orations, and we shall be changes, especially of a revolutionary character. greatly surprised if more is not heard of it in would at once take place on the demise of the the next few years, when the subjects EMPEROR. Notwithstanding that the man of which were so remarkably treated come "blood and iron" is still paramount in ruling up for practical discussion and decision. the country, there are many shrewd observers of Bishop Boyn CARPENTER reviewed what he the situation who are of opinion that the drawing called the "bill of fare" provided for the Congress. of the last breath of the aged Kaisen will be the and he especially justified the prominence given signal for a general uprising against the Bis-MALE LIAN policy, and a probable recasting of the institutions of the Fatherland in a more constitutional mould.

THE origin of the terrible colliery explosion at Altofts, by which, at least, twenty-one menhave been hurned into eternity, is, at present nnknown. The few who were happily saved state that there was no noticeable quantity gas in the workings when they "knocked off. and the pit has hitherto been considered one of the safest and best-managed in England. Gas, however, was used for lighting the main roads below ground, and this seems, even to an unprofessional mind, a foolish practice, and one which at all events, should be strictly prohibited in all mines. The sudden fall of the barometer during Friday week should have demanded renewed care on the part of everyone in the pit, as it just at these periods that gas may be found in unexpected quarters. Fire-triers should exercise the greatest vigilance, lamps should be thoroughly examined, and none in the least defective given out; and no smoking, and no naked lights should be allowed on any pretert. Although it is to be deeply regretted that even a score of brave bread-winners should have lost their lives in such a sudden manner, it is some comfort to know that the disaster was not more serious in its extent. Had the explosion occurred a few hours earlier, when about five bundred men were engaged in the pit, the consequences would have been more lamentable. As it was, it happened in the interval between the two "shifts," i.e., the body of miners employed up to two p m. had just been drawn up to the surface, and the second shift had not gone down, so that there were only 26 men below ground at the time of the ex-

In the person of the Rev. W. H. Thompson, D.D., F.S.A., for twenty years Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, a distinguished native of York, has passed away. He was born in this city on March 27th, 1810 and, after education at a private school, he was elected a scholar of Trinity in 1830. His first ( miversity success was the members prize, the late Dean Alrond being second prizeman, and in 1832 he came out fourth in the First Class in the Classical Tripos. He was also high up among the Senior Optimes in the Mathematical Tripos. Thomrson also gained the second Chancellor's medal, and in 1834 he was elected to a Fellowship, and afterwards became Tutor and Classical Lecturer of his college. In 1837 he was ordained, as was then invariably the custom with Fellows of Colleges, and in 1853 he was appointed to the post of Regius Professor of Greek in the University, a post in which he succeeded such eminent men as "RASMUS. BARROW. Ponson, and Monk. In 1866, on the death of the celebrated Dr. Whewell, the Crown appointed Dr. Thompson, and the year afterwards he served as Vice-Chancellor of the University. He was distinguished for his devotion to the works of PLATO, and is known to all classical scholars by his editions of the Phondrus and Gorgias which have mained Standard Editions of those famous is protectionist. In Victoria manufactures dialogues, Dr. Thoserson married late in widow of Fean Peacock, and this lady, whose first husband had been a Professer in the University, and whose brothers were Canon Shawyn (Margaret Reader in Divinity), The woollen manufacturers, with a tariff of 20 and Bushop SELWYN, of Lichfield, survives her bushand. The deceased was known as a man of opigramatic sarcasus, which he nttered it a dry way peopliar to himself, which none who heard are likely to forget. In speaking one day of a late public orator, who was noted for his dandified dress and ways, Thomeson remarked, "Such time as he can spare from the decoration of his person he devotes to the neglect of his duties; "and, again, when asked which of the two he would prefer, the Mastership of Trinity or an Archbishopric, replied, "There are which they have been produced. Labourers you want?" two Archbishopries, but only one Master of Trinity." There is a consensus of academical opinion that WILLIAM HEPWORTH THOMPSON has maintained worthily the noble traditions of from the Government, and seven shillings a day the highest post in the University of Cambridge, and upheld the fame for learning, refinement, and hospitality which this great college, the alma mater of so many men eminent in every branch of life, has so justly won for herself.

NEXT year sectina destined to be one of Jubilees. We shall not only have here in England the commemoration of the 50th anniversary of her Majesty's reign, but the "Jubilee celebrated at Darlington some years ago, in a

THE learned Bishop of Chester (Dr. STUBBS) An important decision was on Saturday taken has more or less successfully "whitewashed" when, the other night in speaking at the annual dinner of the scholars of King Henry the Eight's Grammar School at Chester, he had to toasting the bride, said "The less we say about her the better!" but the Bishop was not truly so prudent, for he pledged himself as an historian that Bluff King Hat was "not so bad." He refused to go into the question of Henry's "domestic arrangements," adding, however, "he was sure that if they studied the pictures of his wives they would feel that it would not need any great amount of unnatural aversion to be auxious we read this, and from a Bishop of all men, and it will be interesting to learn whether his lordship is prepared to give carte blanche to wifebeaters, who may plead before the magistrates that if their spouses were only carefully regarded by the magistrates they (the Bench) would feel that "it would not need any great amount of unnatural aversion to be anxious to get rid of

> THE show which was opened on Tuesday in the Islington Agricultural Hall, under the auspices of the British Dairy Farmers' Association, is the eleventh which has been held there. No doubt attained if the show were annually held in one and thus be the means of bringing within the personal cognizance of the dairy farmers throughout England the various methods and processes of making butter and cheese which the Association has done so much to foster and develop. The exhibition which opened on Tuesday is stated to be excellent in every depart-There are over 350 entries of dairy cattle and 450 of butter and cheese, as well as various types of dairy appliances and utensils. Papers on different subjects of practical interest were read by duly qualified persons; and it is to be hoped that advantage will be taken of the occasion to agree upon some steps towards obtaining from l'arliament a distinct enactment which will render the sale of oleomargarine butterine, and other colourable imitations genuine butter illegal, save under such designations as will readily indicate to the purchaser what he is buying.

gress, which opened on Tuesday at Wakefield. was worthy of his lordship's reputation as an to Church Reform. In the presence of work so vast as that which lay before the Church of England, and with duties so transcendant to face, all party strife and self-willed exclusiveness should be silenced. He, therefore, appealed for common union, self-sacrifice, widening sympathy, charity, and courtesy, and concluded a nobl peroration by depicting the ultimate triumph Christianity throughout the world. The Archbishop of YORK, in the course of a sermon be preached at one of the churches on Tuesday, re- though sufficiently frivolous, I have no objection, and ferred pointedly to the question of Disestablishment, the agitation of which, he said, not withstanding its being put aside for a time, is active and aggressive. Having traced the views of both those who advocate and those who deprecate State Church, that is to say, the recognition by the State of a form of religion, his Grace said that at no period of her history has the Church grappled more strongly with social questions, with better grasp, with greater insight, with better results, than in these days. The long, eloquent, and argumentative address of the most reverend relate was listened to with intense in-

'This is the age of Congresses," said the Bishop of Ripon in opening the Church Congress at Wakefield. October has been called the month of Congresses. The principal religious bedies of the country meet in conference at this time, and their proceedings, of course, attract considerable attention from their respective adherents. But a Congress is now being held at Brighton, which is of peculiar interest to a large body of working men in this city. refer to the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. This important society was originally established for the benefit of its members, but its objects have practically become of a public character. The discussions, naturally enough, have largely to do with the subject of safety railway travelling, and it is a reasonable grievance that the speakers at the Congress should attribute the cause of frequent accidents to the unduly prolonged hours of labour. More than 80 per cent., it appears, of the men engaged in such responsible duties as those of the signalman and other officials required for working the traffic, are employed for more than twelve hours every day. The society further urges, and very wisely, that even the blunders caused by overworked men may be greatly mitigated by the use of improved mechanical appliances, and at Wednesday's meeting, we observe, they appealed for the more extensive use of the continuous brake.

ADRERENTS of Free Trade have never contended that it is impossible by means "Protection" to foster certain industries, Capital be induced by import duties to take unnatural directions, and thus for a while to stimulate otherwise unprofitable branches of manufacture. Our contention is, and always has been, that by such a process the labourers always lose, and though, in the first instance, the capitalist is the gainer, in the long run, he, too, suffers. An instance of the truth of this view is the present position of the Colony of Victoria, where "the settled policy" "stimulated" to such extent that capitalists are at loggerheads, each believing that his own trade is damaged by the "protection" given to others per cent., do not find their business profitable. They want raw material imported free from other Colonies: and the wool-growers, who have to pay inordinate prices for the clothing they wear, are naturally or posed to getting a lower price for their wool. The prospect of making large profits has had the effect of increasing the manufacturing power until it is ahead of the needs of the with which the markets are glutted cannot too, are in excess of the demand, and labour would be cheap but for the fact that the cost of living is so high. The unemployed demand work as wages; so that this may be considered as the lowest amount upon which men can exist. these are the benefits of Protection as a " settled "policy" the Colony would be better without

NOTICE.

in consequence of the g eat demand for the Opening Chapters of Mr. Buchanan's

singularly interesting Tale,-" A HERO IN SPITE OF HIMSELF," and to enable New Subscribers to possess the Story Complete, we REPUBLISH CHAPTERS 1 AND 2, ALONG WITH CHAPTERS

## A HERO IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN, " SHADOW OF THE EWORD," "A CHILD OF

MATURE," AND " GOD AND THE MAN."

CHAPTER I.

THE LADIES' SCHOOL. Time, June; scene, a smoothly-shaven lawn attached to a ladies' college at Sunbury, on the

barks of the Than es. Some dozen young ladies of all complexions, from the flaxen-haired, freckled daughter of the great linen draper who is head of the firm of Purvis and Purvis, to the adipose Miss Schwartz, the half-breed from Demerara, were walking or reclining in various attitudes near the water's edge.

The garden plots were bright with flowers and One magnificent chestnut spread its seven-leaved fan and broke to amber foam of waxen blooms over a garden seat, on which two young students in their

teens sat apart, reading. Both of these students were charming. One was rather under the middle height, with blue eyes, and a complexion of delicate pink and white; the other was tall and dark, with large passionate eyes, and a somewhat petulant mouth. The fair girl held a a book in her lap, and read in a low voice aloud; the other encircled her with one arm, and held up a richly-laced parasul with the other.

They were so absorbed that they failed to notice the approach of Miss Romney, superintendent the establishment, a grave elderly lady of portly figure, who had an uncomfortable habit of twitching her eyelids and cheeks as she was speaking, and who, for the rest, was a superb embodiment of all the

Mies Romney addressed the fairer of the two, with the bland air of moral omniscience which sat so well "Hem! Miss Sloane!" Miss Sloane started, flushed, and acting on a sudden

impulse, shut the book and put it beside her, thus concealing, or attempting to conceal, it from the Miss Romney smiled suspiciously. "May I ask, Miss Sloane, what book you are read-

ing-hem!-with so much interest?" The fair girl flushed more deeply, looked confused, and glanced rather helplessly at her companion, who, being of less angelic temper, shrugged her shoulders a little defiantly. "The book I was reading, Miss Romney?"

Yes, and which you have just handed to Miss Raymond. Not, I trust, a novel?" "No, Miss Romney," replied the girl quickly; "i' is poetry - a volume of poems! Indeed. May I look at it?"

"It—it isn't mine. It belongs to Miss Ray-"I should like to see it, if Miss Raymond has no

So saying, Miss Romney looked with an incinuating but persistent smile at the dark beauty, who, after a moment's hesitation, gave a quick, careless laugh, and handed the book to the schoolmistress. Miss Romney took it, still coldly smiling, and looked at the title page. No sooner had she done so than she uttered a ecream of horror, and dropped the volume as if it had been red-hot.

All the young ladies started, and looked towards the boatman to "go ahead." THE address which the Bishop of RIPON the spot where Miss Romney was standing. A gay delivered, as President of the Church Con- canosist in flannels, in the act of blowing a kies to school-world in general as he floated by on the river, nearly capsized his vessel with his sudden start of

Dear me, Miss Romney," said the tall girl haughtily, "what is the matter?" And as she spoke she stooped to lift the book which had been let fall, but was interrupted with another little scream.

"Miss Raymond, I forbid you! Let the -hem work lie where it is. I am-hem!-shocked beyond Again the dark beauty shrugged her shoulders and laughed curiously. "Pray, what has shocked you?"

That book! That dreadful book! Do you know I believe," returned Miss Raymond, "that it is Lord Byron's poems,"

Another little scream from the schoolmistress. "Isabel-Miss Baymond-I forbid you! I cannot in justice to myself and to those-hem :- who put confidence in me, have such productions even named in this establishment. I trust I am not bigoted or even prudish. To certain works of imagination. I have never exercised a dictatorial supervisionhem !-- unnecessarily. But the line of moral demarcation is indeed passed when I find the young ladies of this establishment, who should be saus reproche. studying the profanest and most immoral unchristian productions, Miss Raymond's eyes flashed. She reached up her

hand, and seizing one of the fans of the horse chestnut, drew it down with an impatient gesture, so that the loosened blooms rained round her and showered upon the fallen book. "Pray, Miss Ronney," she asked, "have you read the poems-Lord Byrons, I mean?"

Miss Raymond, I forbid you! I? I read such works as those? The girl laughed again. I am bound to admit that her manner was extremely irritating. If you have not read them," she said dryly

how do you know they are immoral." Miss Romney gasped. She knew the stormy spirit with which she had to deal, having had to reckon with it more than once; but she was not prepared for such open criticism. In her despair she turned to Miss Sicare, who seemed quite startled by the turn affairs had taken, and said, almost sharply: "At all events, Miss Sloane, I looked for different conduct from you!"

Poor Miss Sloane locked pleadingly up. " Indeed, Miss Romney, I did not know the book was wicked; and and what I read seemed very

By this time all the girls were gathered round, and Miss Romney found it necessary to improve the occasion. Placing her hand on the woolly head of Miss Schwartz, whose moral perceptions were about on a level with those of a negro piccaninny, she con-

"Let this unseemly discussion end. It is not fit for the ears of young ladies. Miss Sloane, you have been tempted, in a weak moment, into indiscretion by a stronger and more rebellious spirit than your own Hem! understand then, once and for ever, that works this kind are forbidden. Poetry of any sort is not of a bracing tendency, morally considered; this poetry was written by a wicked man in arms against society. outraging all decorum, breaking all the laws of morality and religion. He was-hem !-a monster. not to be named in the presence of those who pre-

serve their self-respect. "He was not wicked," cried Miss Raymond; "he was not a monster. He was an eagle, Miss Romney !- yes, an eagle chained to a hencoop, and condemned to the cackle of things that run and peck upon the ground. He came to make the world brighter and better! He bared his poor heart to the cruel world, which did not understand him, and then-and then-"

"Silence, Miss Raymond!" cried the schoolmistress, utterly amazed at the girl's impatuosity. cannot listen! If you remain much longer smorg us your frightful notions will corrupt the

"Then the soover I go the better. I'm cure don't wish to stay!" "Otlige me by returning to your room. You have given me a shock, a very great shock, and . must think it over! Miss Sloane," she added, that young lady made a movement to follow her friend, "oblige me by remaining here."

Stooping quickly, Miss Raymond had secured the book which had earned so much opprebrium, and was strolling indolertly towards the house. poor schoolmistress sank with a heavy sign upon the garden seat. She had scarcely done so, when a large rowing boat, pulled by a professional bostman, ran into the landing-place at the edge of the lawn, and a swartby gentleman, who wore a light summer suit, with a broad straw hat cocked rakishly over his eyes, and who smoked a very long cheroca The girls uttered an exclamation, for the place was

sacred from male intrusion. Miss Bomney rose, still "Sir," she cried, "this place is private. What do

The stranger smiled affably. "Want? You, ma'am."

"Bless me, who are you?" "Don't be alarmed, my dear," continued the stranger, sweeping off his hat. "Guess you're the set colmistress? If so, let me introduce myself. I'm Colonel Sloane!

"Father!" cried Miss Sloane, recognising him. 'Oh, I'm so glad you've come!" "What, Angy!" he said as she kissed him and

clung around him. "Why, how you've grown! There, there, don't excite yourself-that'll do." "Colonel Sloane, is it possible?" exclaimed the schoolmistress. "My most esteemed and practical correspondent. I am pleased, Colonel, to make your acquaintance; but you have quite taken us by absurdity of my position." surprise. It is so unusual to see persons of thehem !- other sex in these grounds, and when they manner which harmonised with his handsome but do come, they-pardon me !- they do not approach

us unceremoniously from the river!" "I dessay not, ma'am," answered the Colonel, smiling again. "You see I've rowed up from the village, and as I came up I heard these young misses chattering like Virginia doves on a rail, and knew at once, without my boatman's information, that I had struck the school. Well, here I am at any rate, and I hope I find you well, ma'am; and I hope my little girl has been behaving herself, and is a credit to her

echooling?" At a sign from Miss Romney, the young ladies, who had been clustering round and eagerly listening, fell back, and resumed their occupations in the garden. Then Mis Romney looked at the Colonel's daughter. not unkindly, and meeting the beseeching light of her eyes, reassured her, first with a look, and then as

"Angela is one of my favourite pupils, and I have no complaint to make concerning her. I think you will find her greatly improved." The Colonel nodded, and looked again at his

daughter. They were a curious contrast, father and child! Colonel Sloane was a man between forty and fifty years of age, tam ed and grizzled like an old sea-captain, with an air of coarse good humour, which was belied to some extent by his small deepset eyes and straight-cut, firm-set mouth, manner, though bluff, was not quite gental, the expression of his countenance as he eyed his daughter was more critical than tionate and wanting in sympathetic warmth. Angels, on the other hand, was gentleness and timidity persomified; so frail, so shrinking in her delicate beauty. that it was difficult to understand how so soft and tender a blossom had sprung from such a tree. Of this inconsistency, however, the Colonel himself soon

volunteered an explanation. "There, there, Angela, don't excite yourself," he said, as the girl, with tears standing in her eyes, lifted his rough hand to her lips and kissed it fondly. "She takes after her mother, ma'am, and is a heap too soft-hearted. You could make her mother cry with a look, you could, and she was that sentimental she pined herself into an early grave. Now, though I don't look it, I'm a sentimental man myself, but I don t give way to it-in this world, you see, it don't "Do you remain long in England?" asked Miss

Romney blandly, with a view of changing the sub "I eail for home on August 30th, ma'am, in the Mesopetamia. Till then I shall be running about semetimes in London (you'll always hear of me at the American Exchange), sometimes over in Paris, some-

"Our vacation begins in a fortnight, said the schoolmistress. "Do you propose that Miss Sloane shoul remain here as usual, or-" "Jest so," interrupted the Colonel: "she can't be better anywhere than here with you. But I guess her education is about completed. If I'm wrong,

times in Vienna."

"You are quite right," returned Miss Romney. "Miss Sloane is now eighteen, and possesses all the requisite accomplishments. She plays as well as can be desired for a young lady with no particular gift for music, and her French and German are both excellent. Her deportment is still a little unformed, a little wanting in manner, but of that she will doubtless mend when she 'comes out and encounters the necessary moral friction of good society." "Humph!" muttered the Colonel, visibly impressed by Miss Romney's dignified catalogue

accomplishments. "Then, with your permission, ma'am, I'll take her away with me this fall. Tit then, however, I'll ask you to look after her." "Certainly, Colonel." "Then that all right! And now, ma'am, my

boat's waiting, and I'm going back to the hotel at Sunbury to dinner. I should like my little gel to come with me, if you have no objection." Miss Romney had no objection, and Angela, radiant at the proposal, was forthwith handed into the boat. Her father joined her in the stern, and took the steering ropes. Then, raising his straw hat politely to the schoolmistress and to the young ladies who came crowding on the bank, he requested

> CHAPTER II. INTRODUCES THE HERO "IN POSSE."

On entering the house, Miss Raymond, the darkeyed apologist for the late Lord Byron, heaitated for a moment in the lobby, and then, instead of obeying orders and ascending to her room, passed out at the front door, crossed another lawn leading to the front gate, and found herself in a quiet country road. The sun was chining pleasantly, the air was full of summer scents and sounds, and all things invited her to a stroll in the sweet Sunbury lanes, which she forthwith determined to take.

Turning to the right, she walked slowly along in the shadow of flowering limes and chestnuts, and lilacs and laburnums hanging over garden walls of villas clustering on the river-side. stroll of about a mile brought her to green field where the villas ceased, and where the road turned inland towards the neighbouring village. But on the right hand of the road was an old-fashioned country stile, and beyond it a foot-path leading through the fields to a quiet piece of pasture land on the banks of

She paused at the stile, and looked round her. No human being was visible. Then crossing over, she took the foot-path, and strolled simlessly along in

Though all was so bright around her, the brow of this young camsel was cloudy, her eye dreamy was, by the way, the deep brown ox-like eye of the arcients, but full of quick agate-like gleams unknown to the yielding orbs of Io. For Miss Isabel Raymond, whose father had been a wealthy planter in South America, and had left his orphan daughter the heirees to an enormous and steadily accumulating fortune, was not altogether happy. Nature had gifted her with great impulses and passionate in stincts not yet realised, and she was, moreover, of proud and indomitable disposition. She was sick of being a mere boarding-school miss, a "young lady; she hated the trammels of mere convention, and had visions in which she figured as a heroine. To prattle prettily in French, to play brilliantly on the piano, air the other commonplace accomplishments coung ladyism, was child's play to a person who migh have sat for the picture of Gulnare or Haidée, and who thought Lord Byren a mightily ill-used and lovable individual.

Tall, slight, and lissom, with an erect carriage and a springy step, with an oval face of perfect beauty, from the froms minima with its dark braids of hair down to the delicately-rounded yet decided chin with a complexion clear as alabaster, a skin

Which looked like marble and smelt like myrrh. Isabel Raymond was as lovely and lovable as young women are ever made, even in the dreams of voluptuous poets. For the rest, she wore light pink muslin decorated with creamy lace, a coquettish nat to match, and she carried a parasol, which matched too. The sunlight followed her as if it loved her, and the birds on the boughs sang loudlier when she approached, as if delighted at her coming. But even this fisttery of Nature failed to conciliate her. She was manifestly out of temper, as even angels in their teens are apt to be.

Crossing several fields she came at last on a lonely part of the river-side, just where the silver Thames puts out a secret arm to encircle an island thickly covered with dwarf willows. Here on the banks the grass was deep and long, and so full of splendid buttercups that, in a few moments, the young lady's little boots were covered with dusty gold. A thick golden haze hung over the fields and the river, and in the distance

Doubling the heat with sound akin to heat, a cuckoo was crying.

All at once Miss Raymond's face brightened, and a faint tinge of rose came into her cheek. Does the reader ask why? This phenomenon, it is well known, generally occurs when the eyes of pretty virginity fall on what is known, technically or literally. as " a young man."

The young man in question was lying on his back, deep in the meadow grass, fast asleep. A high white hat was tilted over his forehead, partly shading his face. The rest of his attire was shabby, net to say seedy. He had a well-coloured meerschaum pipe held firmly between his teet h. just as when he had dropped off to slumber. By his side was a piece of paper containing the remains of sandwich, close to that a pint bottle of champagne

(empty), and a small Latin book bound in vellum-

the Barra of Johannes Secundus. Closer inspection would have shown that his face, despite the warmth of the weather, was pale and not too health; that it was a very handsome face, with a high square forehead, deep grey eyes, and a full mouth, finely formed but somewhat weak. He wore his bair long, and his cheeks and lips were clean shaven. His figure was slight and elegant, his hands small and white, adorned with several showy rings. He lay on his back, with one leg crossed over the other, and dangling in the air. This position had disadvantage; it exposed to full view an exceedingly shabby boot, with a very thin worn sole and a fresh

patch on the little toe. Not far from this young man floated a rowing boat, an outrigger. The sun was pouring down upon the young man's face and neck with scorebing beams, but he slept heavily, to gentle nasal music. Miss Raymond approached quietly, frowned on seeing the empty champagne bottle, and then gently touched the

sleeper with her parasol. "Mr. Fotheringay!" He opened his eyes suddenly and looked at her with a dazed sort of curiosity. me, but are you not afraid of getting a sunstroke?"

and adjusted his hat upon his flushed forehead; then, conquering an impulse to yawn, he said: Mus Raymond! You caught me napping. was-ah-reading, and the warmth of the weather sent me into a dose. Pray let me apologise for the

There was a sort of faded elegance about his eyes. somewhat effeminate face and his general shabby as well as the old woman!" he said. "Don't believe gentility. His blue eyes were beautiful, his smile | you knew me at first, Angy!"

"Won't you—ah—sit down?" he continued, she added as an apology—"but you must remem motioning to the bank, with the air of one doing the | it's three years since I saw you, and if anybody

honours of his own establishment. Miss Raymond laughed, and obeyed. It was clear that they were on a footing of some familiarity with

"You did not meet me yesterday, as arranged?" said the young man softly.

" No. Mr. Fotheringay. There was a music lesson. and I could not get away. Besides, I don't think I orgat to meet you. Miss Romney would be very angry, and - we have never been properly introduced." That is true," returned Fotheringay lightly. am a poor devil, and you are a lady, far above me. It would have been better for me, perhape, if we had never met.

He sighed sentimentally, but his sentiment, after all, was mock heroic and theatrical. Please don't be ridiculous, said Miss Raymond. I never know really when you are in jest or earnest."

In earnest—awfully !" " Why would it have been better, Mr. Fotherin-Can you ask, Miss Raymond? he replied "Our positions are so different. The world-"

She plucked a buttercup, and threw it from her | lightly from the boat and handed out Angela. "I don't mind the world! I am old enough to | themselves again in a garden. This garden was judge for myself. Perhaps one reason that I like to attached to the hotel at which the Colonel was meet you is because I know it would annoy people staying. It was prettily laid out and tolerably and make them talk! But I am aware that I am | well filled with boating people. Angela was for very foolish." And she blushed.

Leaning towards her, and resting on his elbow. Fotheringay regarded her with fearless admiration. "Miss Baymond," he cried, "you are not foolish, you are divire." "Nonsense."

You have only one fault in my eyes—a heinous one-you are rich. I wish to heaven you were How do you know I am rich?" she asked, smiling

It is common talk. I am not such a humbug as to pretend ignorance of the fact. You personify dollars; I, impecuniosity. You represent the auriferous stage of civilisation; I, the stage before invention of precions metals, when alone in woods the noble savage ran, his food the roots of the earth, bis drink-hum!-" (here his eye fell upon the emptied bottle of champagne, and he added quickly), 'in short, I am a Bohemian, without a penny."

His bold and flippant talk seemed to please and fascinate her, and the sly dog knew it. fresh from boarding-school, even this shabby fellow, by virtue of his impudence and his handsome face, seemed romantic.

"I wish you would not talk of money," she cried. "I hate the mention of it. At any rate, I suppose you are a gentleman?"

"Well, yes; and in that phrase you express the absurdity of my position. I should have been a soldier of fortune, an explorer, a handicraftaman, anything but what I am-a poor player, as you are aware. In matter of fact, and in professional parlance, I am a 'walking gentleman'-nothing more." She looked at him thoughtfully.

"But actors, now, are admitted into the best society. Even Miss Romney says that." "Quite so, he replied. " Rogues and vagabonds ro longer, they wear purple and fine linen, when they are successful. Now, I am not successful. Even professionally, I am an outsider. I have taken a bachelor's degree at Cambridge, I paint a little, scribble a little, and act for a living. Successful actors now dress well on and off the stage; I -hum -well, I don't,"

In his light-hearted depreciation of himself, he was inscrutable to her, and consequently, like all inscrutable things, charming. 'I wish I could make you out!" she said. "I wish I could make myself out!" he returned carelessly. "Sometimes I feel as if I were intended for great things; my soul expands; I have Napoleonic

visions of empires to conquer, crowns to be won ; afterwards I laugh at myself-at the farce of the whole thing. But I feel my unworthiness most when I look at you! "Indeed!" exclaimed Miss Raymond, laughing, a little nervously. "Yes, indeed!" cried the young man with more enthusiasm. "I have only one merit—that of knowing my own inferiority; and even that is no merit.

for if I did not know it, I should be an idiot. For the rest, Miss Raymond, I can't justify my own conduct. I ought to be working hard instead of reflecting on my own idleness. I ought to be at the other end of the earth, instead of here. I ought to fly temptation, yet I seek it. I ought not to let you meet me, yet I glory in our meetings. I ought not to love you, and yet, as you know, I do!" He had drawn nearer and taken her hand. She

freed herself and rose to her feet, when he also rose. Her face was flushed to the temples, but her clear noble eyes met his without any fear. "Pray don't talk in that way, Mr. Fotheringay? don't like it!"

"Ah, you despise me!" "Nothing of the kind; but I don't like to hear you talk nonsense!

"Nonsense, Miss Raymond?" " Yes. When a gentleman cares for a lady -very much. I mean-he tries to become better for her sake. He does not run himself down, but endeavours to ennoble himself in her eyes. How can you expect me to respect you, 'she continued warmly, "when

you do not even respect yourself?" 'I don't expect it! That's just the point!" She turned from him impatiently, almost indig-"Then why do you talk of it-I mean," she added

quickly, " why do you talk of what you yourself cononly learn to control your feelings. There, don't cry sider impossible? for God's sake; if there's one thing I hate more than "Because I am a fool and can't help it! Oh, Miss Baymond, if I were only a Crusus!" stairs, followed by Angela. He ordered an open Or a Rothschild !" and when that vehicle arrived he put Angela into it

Abourd again. Mr. Fotheringay, when my father was your age, he was as poor as you are. He loved my mother, a rich planter's daughter. Instead of despising himself, and thinking his love hopeless, he set to work and made a name for himself, so that, before long, he was able to ask my mother's hand in marriage. He did not make money, but a great name, gained on the battle-field; and when the time came, my mother proudly and gladly laid her fortune at his feet.

The application of this anecdote was so obvious. that Isabel, who had spoken almost without reflection, became suddenly embarrassed, and blushing scarlet, turned away. With an eager cry he sprang after her, and boldly took her round the waist. "Miss Raymond! lasbel?"

Please let me go, sir." "Did you mean that? Did you actually mean that if I were different, if I -were a little more deserving, you'd actually look at a fellow like me? Oh. Jupiter, if I thought so!

She looked round into his face. "Well, if you thought so?" " I think it would make another man of me

I'd-I'd-in short, I'd go in for something or other ! Do you really mean it?" Sne answered him with a radiant lock, and upon the spur of the moment he kissed her-for the first time in his life. Discongaging herself, she moved rapidly away; but he followed her, walking at her

"When shall I see you again?" he asked eagerly " I don't know-soon, perhaps. Think of what I have said to you. " I will! You wish me to become a hero? Consider it done ! " But seriously ?"

" Seriously, Shall I swear it? No. I wont : but I'll do it, or drown myself-there !" She paused at the end of the field, and offered him "Don't come any further, we may be seen

he said, with a passion more genuine than he had yet She tripped away across the meadow without once looking back; for her face was radiant, and she did not care that he should see it. In truth, she was only a child, and was just entering on a new and delicious experience. In her heart she adored Fotheringay for his very faults, and could not have colerated a

Then good-bye, and God bless you, my darling,

He stood watching her, and muttering to himself the lines of the old dramatist-Here was she wont to tread! and here! and here! Just where the daisies, pinks, and violet grow-Her treading would not bend a blade of grass, Or shake the downy blowball from its stalk-But where she went the flowers took thickest root.

more lachrymose or a more respectable lover.

As she had sown them with her odorous foot. Finally, when she had disappeared, he strolled slowly back to the river side. Standing on the bank, and contemplating his own reflection, he soliloquized: "So, Fotheringay, my boy, it is decided. You are ither to become a hero or to drown! I wouder

He pocketed Johannes Secundus, stepped into the outrigger, and rowed, lazily and thoughtfully, down to the village.

what is the best way to realise the first alterna-

tive? The second, of course, is easy. Well, we shall

CHAPTER III. IS COMVIAITE

Meanwhile the boat containing the Colonel and his | offer-choosing a cigar and lighting it by the one the daughter glided swiftly on between the lovely banks | Colonel was smoking. "Mr. Fotheringay!" she repeated. "Exense of the river. The man at the care did his work in a mechanical sort of way, and seemed to take no notice Recognising the speaker with a smile, he sat up, of anybody; but his presence had its effect upon the or a gel-one or t'other,"

e uple seated in the stern; they preservel a dead The Colonel looked about him in his free off-hand

"Indeed I did not, papa!" resurned Angela-than

moment I should have said 'in America.' Wha

"Look here, Angy. Take my advice and don't you

"I would believe it," she said; " for I should like

get in the habit of asking questions. Suppose I said

to believe it. Papa, I never could understand why I

was never allowed to be with my parents as other

girls were, but was sent away to be brought up in a

my dear, that wasn't none o' my doings, that was

your mother's work, and though I swore a goodish

bit at the time, I remember, I'm very glad now she

had her way. But here we are in port," he continued

as he noticed that the boat had come to a standstill.

Now then, skipper," he added, addressing the boat-

The man named his charge. The Colonel pulled

They ascended a flight of stone steps and found

out of his trouser's pocket a handful of gold and

silver, and tossed some to the man; then he leapt

walking about a bit and admiring the flower-beds, but

her father was of a different mind. "The innard

man craved for sustenance," he said, so he mar-

which was fresh and clean and bright as sunshine;

there were several small tables so vered with anowy

cloths and set for dinner. The Colonel took no notice

of these. The window of the room was wide open,

and on the verandah outside another table was

"Come, Angy," said the Colonel, as he made for

Following her father. Angela stepped out of the

window and found herself in what she believed to be

the most delightful spot in the world There was just

and touch her cheek. This open air dining-place was

covered with an awning, and surrounded by an iron

balustrade, and a profusion of flowers were arranged

about it, while it commanded a fine view of the river

Angela was a school girl, unused to luxuries, and

her enthusiaem knew no bounds. She took her seat

opposite her father, drew off her gloves, tossed off her

hat, and prepared to do justice to the dinner. And

she did. It was certainly a refection which would

have tempted any appetite; several dainty dushes, with

seemed lost in thought, watched his daughter

curiously: when it was over he threw himself into

one of the wicker chairs which stood about, lit a cigar

During the progress of the meal, the Colonel, who

"Angy, you'll find a piano inside, I guess. Give

"Why, of course; now don't look so seared, but do

She did as she was told. She had rattled off one

She closed the piano, and rejoined her father on

"Didn't you like it, paps?" she asked, taking a sest

The Colonel seemed to be thinking again. Suddenly

"Look here, Angy," he said, "I told the old lady

this morning I'd take you away in the fall. But I've

changed my mind since then; I shall take you

"Yes, now; right slick away, and keep you with

me till I go back to the States. You'll be useful to

me, and I'm sick of being alone; it's two years since

your mother died and left me to lead a bachelor's

life! Well, I guess I've rubbed on well enough, but

benefit of them. Therefore, my dear, I'll take you

back. . . Well, you don't seem to be pleased,"

movements are a bit uncertain-I'm here to-day and

be with them as much as I could if I'm likely to leave

you'd beat get back and tell the old lady, and get some

of the hugging over, as there's no saying when we

Angela took the hint. She put on her hat, drew

her gloves, and stood ready to depart. Suddenly,

however, she seemed to become rather conscience-

stricken; with a sudden rush of affection she threw

"Dear papa, she cried, "I hope we shall be very.

The Colonel coolly extricated himself from his

There's no doubt o' that," he said, "if you'll

He lifted his broad straw hat and descended the

and ordered the coachman to drive to Miss Romney's

voice, "do you want any money, Angy? Here,

may as well give you fifty dollars."

we'll go odd man out for the next."

ctheringay continued airily :

little incident.

the garden.

good form !"

than our friend Mr. Charles Fotheringay.

be too hard on a stranger - so as coor."

"Who is that young duce?" he said.

" I e'd get along in the States, he would!"

· He is a gentleman," returned the girl.

youg man's address the Colonel frowned;

"Oh, by-the-bye," he added, in a somewhat loud

He produced a pocket book, well filled with notes

selected one and handed it to his daughter; then he

swept off his broad straw hat and smiled affably as

movements had been watched by a couple of waiters

and several young gentlemen in boating fiannels who

were lounging about the moor. Instead of re-ascend-

ing the stairs the Colonel went to the bar, ordered

drinks of various descriptions, and proceeded to mix

himself a "refresher." When the operation was

complete, and he was about to raise the glass to his

lips, a hand was laid lightly on his sleeve and a voice

'Shares, if it's all the same to you, governor: and

Locking up, the Colonel encountered a pair of

At the extremely unceremonious manner of the

"Done? very good; couldn't mix a corpse-reviver

Having tossed off his share of the beverage, Fother-

ingay streeted airily off and disappeared. The Colonel

having regained his power of speech, turned to the

barmaid, who had been an amused witness of the

"A darn'd impudent one!" returned the Colonel.

Having finished off his portion of the beverage,

It was towards the decline of the afternoon, and

the Colonel lit up another cigar and strolled out into

the place was now crowded. Young girls in bright

summer costumes, and youths in boating flannels.

either lounged about carelessly or sat at the little

marble topped tables with which the garden abounded.

Waiters were rushing hither and thither; corks were

popping, and the air was filled with sounds of merry

The Colonel, hands in pocket and cigar in mouth,

"She ain't a bad little gel," he said, "only she's

too much like her mother. I'm glad I said I'd take

her back; she'll be useful, and I'll soon bring her into

Musing thus, he wandered on till he came to the

and of the garden. He was about to turn and retrace

his steps, when his eye fell upon the figure of a man.

Something in the figure seemed familiar to him;

"Darn it all, the young scamp has got check

"Have a cigar?" said the latter, proffering a richly-

enough for a dozer," he said, as he walked forward

had that a musing rencontre at the bar.

and touched him on the shoulder.

The Colonel smiled at the recollection of it.

Fotheringay turned and faced the Colonel.

embroidered case fullof choice havannahs.

strolled carelessly on, thinking of his daughter.

to save my life. There, that s a fair division. Now

for the tess up. By Jove, it's you! Well, I won't

impudent eyes. They belonged to none other indeed

When he turned to re-enter the house he found his

her arms round her father's neck and kissed him.

caughter's embrace.

another, it's a scene

the fly rolled away.

"All right," returned the Colonel dryly. " Perhaps

"Oh yes, I am, papa, very pleased!" returned

it - you'll have to do queerer things than that, I guess,

or two lively airs, and was in the middle of a song,

with its green banks, its foliage just dipped down to

They passed up the stairs into the dining-room

Meaning at Miss Romney's establishment. Well,

He hesitated for a moment, and then he said :

asked me where you were

brought you over to England, papa?"

came over to see wes?"

man, "what's the damage?"

shalled her into the inn.

this al fresco table.

kiss itself in the stream.

a bottle of iced champagne.

"Here, papa! at an hotel?"

when her father called to her:

"That'll do, Angy-that'll do !"

us a tune and a song."

foreign school,"

Fotheringay resumed his seat, and replied with supreme supercilionaness: " Right, Colonel, quite right !" manner, while Angela amused herself by watching him carefully from beneath the shade of her paragol,

"What, you know me?" cried the other, a little Not at all; only as all Americans are either The Colonel looked round at last and caught her colonels or generals, I assume you are one or the

"Guess I've given you a bit of a surprise to-day, other-which is it, pray?" Colonel -- Colonel Bloane." "Well, then, Colonel, perhaps you can advise me If your advice is as good as your cigars, you're the

WITH PAPER, 2D

men I want. When you accosted me I was regarding the water, and asking myself which was best-to take a quiet header and become food for fishes, or to remain on term frme in the hope of becoming a hero, or still better, a millionaire.

"Hard up? saked the Colonel dryly. "Dammably," answered the player, not in the least

'I thought so. Yet you're clever, I guess, smart, and a scholar, as they told me at the bar?"

Who the deuce are you?" My name is Charles Fotheringay. Born of ger teel but impecunious parents in the midland counties, I was sent at an early age to a public school, and afterwards to tambridge; took my degree, then took my hook; tried teaching-failed; tried newspaper work-failed again; in despair, adopted the profession of hard up dukes and earis, and held the mirror-a remarkably cracked one-up roture; am at present out of an engagement, and likely to remain so. Now you know me! Who the

young man seemed to tickle the American amazingly, and to awaten his strong admiration. He laughed heartily, then, with tears of merriment standing in

The supreme airiness and glib impudence of the

What'll you drink? Give it a name!"

Whatever you please," returned Fotheringay; I affect to particular kind of poison." Chan pague :

If I may suggest, Colonel-" The cham; agne at this rural hostelry is on the whole inferior to the ginger beer. I can recommend their white sparkling Burgundy, which is a specialty!" Calling a waster, the Colonel ordered a bottle of the beverage in question. The two sat down face

to face, and drank amicably together. Gradually, as the wine began to work, Fotheringay became more and more communicative. Beyond hinting, however, at a mysterious attachment, he said nothing about his affection for the heiress. But the Colonel had heard and seen enough to warrant him in making the proposal which follows: "Come to the States with me, and I'll make your breeze enough to flirt with the snowy table-cloth | fortune.

> Futheringay pushed back his glass, lent back on his tilted garden chair, and regarded the speaker in cool " Eh? Kindly repeat that proposal." The Colonel did so, in the same words. "Accompany you to the States? May I ask in

" As my secretary." "Humph!" muttered the player thoughtfully,

The salary would be-" "Twenty-five dollars a week to begin with; say, Equarely five pound. For that princely remuneration, Colonel, what should I have to do ?"

"Well, your drives would be light; you see, I ain't literary-you are I should want you to touch up my correspondent, draw out my prospectuses, work the press, and 'par me when necessary." "I think I understand. My style, you must know, is a little flowery.

" I guess it is 'returned the American, " and that's what we like over there. Then, as you're a showy chap, with a touch of the dude, you could represent me occasionly, and interview swells. You see, young man, I'm full of idees, but I ain't ornamental. Well say done, and if you're worth your salt, I'll make a "I must think it over, said Fotheringay.

" Do : I'll give you till to-morrow." "When you shall have your answer. You think my style of talent would go down in your country?" The Colonel nodded, laughing. The result of the negotiation was that the two men cracked a second bottle together. Fotheringay grew jubilant, and presently approaching the 'eternal friendship' stage of conviviality, almost embraced his new friend. Then the American, finding his pupil apt, talked gloriously of dollars, of fortunes made in a day, of poor men transformed miraculously into millionaires by

was already a Crusus in imagination. The Columet, whose experience of life was wide, understood his man. He was the very person for whom since I've got you-and since I've sunk so many dollars on you-I may as well reap some of the he had long been looking-clever, scholarly, fluent of speech, and decidedly unprincipled, or so he thought, His infirmity was o' vious; he was fond of a bottle, But this fact did not awaken any prejudice, rather

sheer luck, in the mere waving of a hand. When the

young man reeled oil to his lodging in the village, he

Angela, "When shall you -that is, when shall we I think I can make him useful," thought Slow e, on finding himself alone in the inn, where "Can't say," returned the Colonel dryly; "my he had taken quarters for the night. " He's smart and he's cunning, but he's a born baby to me. When gone to-morrow. You don't want much warning, do I've done with him, he may drink himself into his grave as soon as he chooses; but till then he's got to "No; only I have been at Miss Romney's so long, be under my thun. .. and I like some of the girls so much. I should like to

CHAPTER IV.

LE NEXT MORNING.

Patheringay awake next day with a splitting headeche. To do him justice, he was by no means a seasoned toper, and was easily overpowered by strong liquids. Despite this infirmity, he was particularly reckless, and prope to yield to convivial tempfations. But the reader who hart v put him down as what is called a habitual drunkard would make a very great mistake.

He woke I repeat, with a splitting beadache, and in the first flush of retrospection, all his interview with Sloane was like a dream. The whole thing seemed utterly absurd. Was it possible that an utter stranger, and that stranger quite a rough sort of diamond, could have seriously proposed to take the impecunious one to his employ, and carry him off to the States

"As his secretary, too," solilequised Fotheringay, sipping a cup of tea in hed. "As far as t remember his appearance, he didn't resemble a man who had much polite correspondence. No doubt the explanation is simple. He was having a joke at my expense. Never mind, I was having a druck at his!

But, no sooner had Fotheringay left his lodging. and strolled out in the direction of the hotel, than he came face to face with Colonel Sicane, very respiendently attired in a frock coat, white waistcoat, light trougers, and a tall, white bat. As for jewellery, he literally blazed with it. There were diamond rings on his fingers, a diamond pin in his necktie, and his large watch-chain seemed to have been made out of a solid

"Ab, here you are!" he cried, cheerfully. "I was coming to leek you up.

Now, Fotheringay was in an irritable mood, and distorrd at that period of the day, to resent the ther's freezess. So he replied with airy hauteur : " Yery good of you, but I was not aware that I

bad given you my address. " No tut they told me up at the bar where I should find you. Well, how are you? You look a little chalky, as if the fizz hadn't quite agreed with you. Come and have a hair of the dog that bit you." So saying the American took him familiarly by the but Fotheringay released himself with comic

What's the matter? You sin't offended, are you?" cried the Colonel, astonished. "I made you a fair offer yesterday, and I want to know if you are going

Futheringay frowned. " Excuse me, he said, "the joke is a stale one. Oblige me by trying something more facetions." What die mesn

" I mean, Unlocal, or General, or stranger (to use an expression equally admired in your own country. and far better expressive of our relationship), that much as I admire your national humour, I declineah-to be its object, and beg to wish you good

And lifting his bat with airy dignity, he was about to stroll away. But the Colonel followed him up in "What ! did you think I was chaffing? Not a bit of it. I meant it - there! Don't you be a fool, and

throw away a chance, The young man stopped and looked him in the britere-sh-you asked me to become your

Yes, my sor. .. Excuse me, are you a member of Congress?"

Or a person of literary pursuits? or a gentleman engaged in scientific researches? or a legal uminary? Then what are you? What is your on stand? If I accepted your offer, I should want - sh-references, respectable references. As a good young man beginning the world I couldn't think of

taking you without them." who was sitting on the bank looking down into the The combination of dignity and impudence amused the American bug-ly. he locked a second time, when he found it was none "Well, you beat everything, you do. But I like other than the audacious Britisher with whom he had your check, sonny, I do indeed, References? My references h - dollars!

> As he spoke he drew out a handful of gold and clinked it ostentationely. Fotheringay drew himself up with a gesture which would have ast admirably on a light concedian. "The soul of a man, sir, is not to be purchased by filtly fucre, and the simple perspiration on the brow of independence is more precious than any gold.

Hem! Tupper! Oblige me by saying which way The young man hesitated a moment, looked the v u are going, and, with your permission I will take stranger from head to feet, and then accepted the the opposite direction," "Then you refuse any offer?"

"Certainly. If you will forward to my solicitors a certificate of baptism, with a true statement of your

I'll wager now," said Sloane, with an insinuating smile, " I know what you was thinking about, A horse income, and the sources from which it is derived, as