

of straw to stable the horses of his cavalry ; a part was rescued by Maximilian, who knew their value, and sent them to the Pope at Rome, where for two hundred years they were known among the treasures of the Vatican as the Palatine Library.

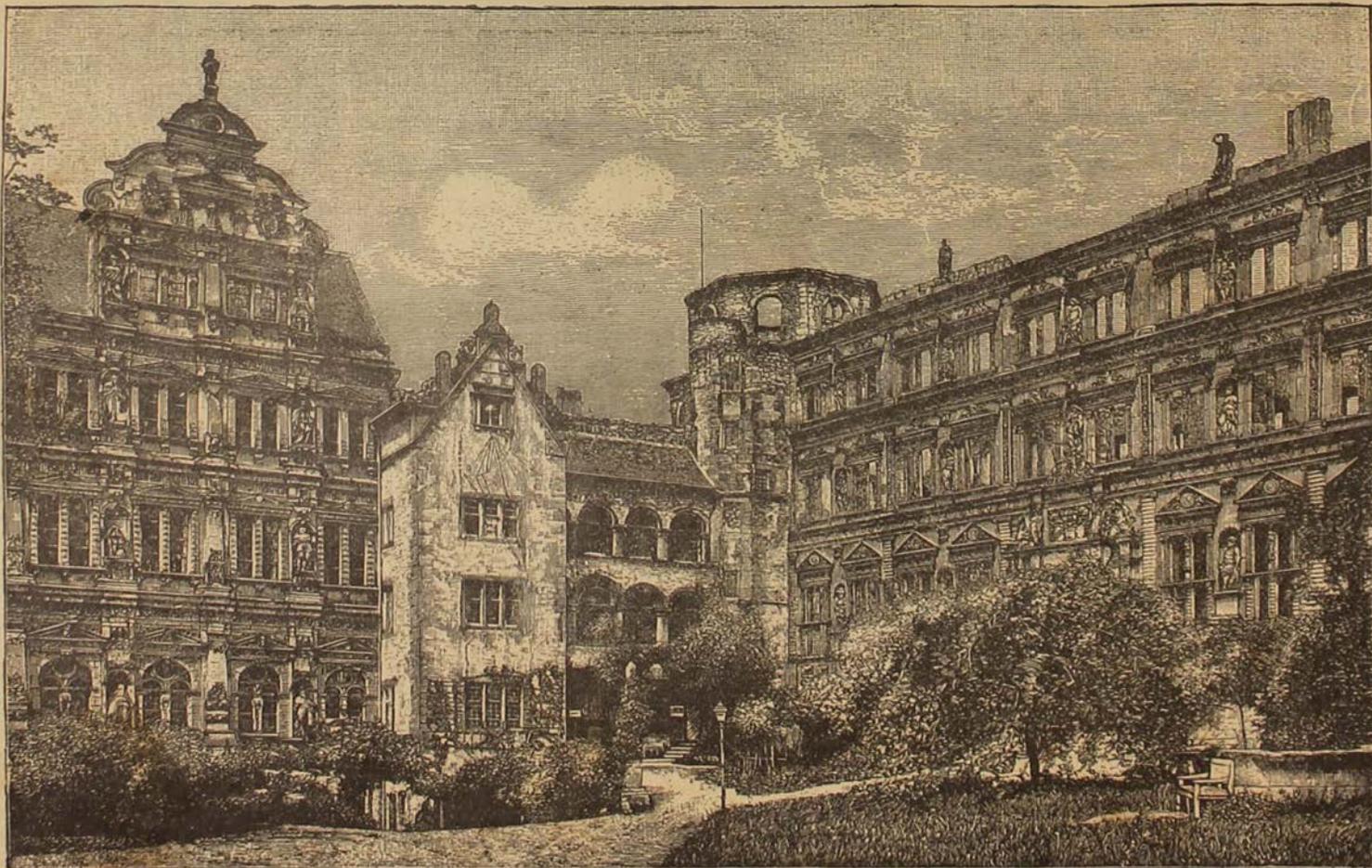
So much for one turn of the historic kaleidoscope in looking at the old ruin. Before leaving this portion of its story to go either backward or forward, let us give to Elizabeth her just record and true position as a woman of heroic courage and unswerving principle as well as of indomitable pride. She had proudly declared that she would "rather forfeit the most glorious crown on earth, than retain it by the surrender of Protestantism." She forfeited a most inglorious crown, but she did not surrender her religious belief to retain it. It was no small surrender of pride and hope when she saw, later, her gay and intellectual daughter, Sophia, become the wife of the insignificant Duke of Brunswick. And yet a turn of the wheel and that dull, heavy husband became Elector of Hanover, Sophia the heiress to a throne, and Elizabeth herself, grandmother to a future Protestant king of the English realm.

With such chapters from life the old castle tells its story. One of the granddaughters of Elizabeth married the brother of Louis XIV. of France, and therefrom came the claim which brought into the Palatinate the devastating armies of the French. The town and castle were occupied for a long season by the French forces, and when they left, on the approach of the German armies they blew up the fortifications, set fire to the palace, or castle, and also to the town. Four years later, by the fortunes of war, the French again swept through Heidelberg, and with a persistency that seemed to have in it a pursuing fate, they again attacked the wreck they had left with the same destroying purpose. The brave little town kept alive, until thirty

or forty years later, the Elector Charles Theodore rebuilt the castle, and lived there occasionally, though the court had been moved to Mannheim. About the middle of the eighteenth century it was struck by lightning, unroofed, and left the picturesque ruin we see it to-day.

One cannot pick up these facts of historic interest in a "swallow's flight," and so, as we have said, most tourists, walking through the old halls, up and down long flights of stone steps, tired and weary, and oppressed perhaps with the dissatisfied feeling of not knowing what they ought to know about German history and not understanding what they see—more than the fact that a ruin is a ruin—they gladly turn their faces toward the modern world, where things explain themselves, and willingly leave out-of-the-way nooks and sequestered valleys, filled though they be with legendary lore. Every one can enjoy beauty, but it does take courage to determine to understand, through study, the beauty of association with these castles of the Rhine. Each has its own story. Each had its wild, fierce life in the medieval days, when a man's castle was his stronghold, and the barons were a lot of robber nobles, who lived by pillage and plunder, responsible to neither God nor man. Heidelberg first became the capital of the Palatinate when Count Otho transferred his seat there from his Castle of Stahleck, near Bacharach on the Rhine. Every traveler who has made the trip either up or down the river remembers Bacharach, between Bingen and the Lurlei, with the old Church of St. Werner and the ruined Castle of Stahleck, on an eminence behind. It, too, fell before the French invasion, though no longer the Palatine residence.

We have perhaps touched too deeply, and dwelt too long upon the historic side of the castle ruin ; a side which interests mainly students, and is only appreciated by after study ; or is imbibed during an extended stay in the



INTERIOR COURT OF THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBURG.

town. As it was, our time was short, and we were only too thankful to be blessed with the bluest of skies, and the most golden sunlight for our drives and walks. The tourist is given sound advice when his faithful *Baedeker* tells him to take a carriage from the station if his time is limited, drive along the *Anlage*, a beautiful promenade flanked with trees and handsome houses, by the Botanic Gardens; turn to the left through a short street and cross the upper bridge over the Neckar which brings him into the little town of Neuenheim. Setting face up the valley and up the river, he is soon in the open country; on the right the smooth flowing Neckar, on the left the vineyard slopes lying soft and still in the sunlight. This is one of the most exquisite bits of scenery in Germany. The view up the deep mountain gorge of which Heidelberg is the gate, as it were; the narrow strip along the river on which the town is built, and towering behind it, the old ivy-covered Schloss. One gets the best view of the town and castle in this drive along the right bank of the river, and, indeed, as one gets accustomed to, and familiar with the extended panorama, the plain of the Rhine with the Cathedral of Speyer in the distance and the picturesque outline of the Hartz Mountains in the background, fills in a wonderful landscape. Heidelberg is but thirteen miles or so back from Mannheim, which stands at the confluence of the Neckar and the Rhine.

All things must end, and so did our charming drive. Back we came over the Neckar, this time crossing the historic "Old Bridge" as it is called, built by the Elector Charles just a hundred years ago and embellished with a statue of himself and—the goddess Minerva. We drove through the town directly to the castle. From without, it appears a fortress, but passing under the long vaulted gateway into the court-yard, and we recognized at once the transition to a palace-home. Visitors pay their fee of entrance in one corner of the court, and are given a ticket admitting them. To see the great Tun in the cellar is an extra charge. The halls which bear the names and armorial bearings of their different founders are in a good state of preservation. The oldest, bearing date 1556, is one of the finest examples of Renaissance architecture in Germany. It rises through three stories above a lofty stone floor. In the niches of the façade and cornice of the different stories are statues—biblical, classical and allegorical. The second hall bears date of 1601. It is built in rococo style, and though inferior in ornamentation is superior in massiveness and structural grandeur to the former. In the niches of this are statues of the Counts Palatine down to Frederic IV.

In the corner of this second hall, is the entrance to the cellar, where is stored the famous Tun. A long flight of stone steps faced us. We looked down in dismay. *Facilis descensus Averni!* But the coming up. Let us confess: We did not go down those steps, but, leaving it to the young members of the party to bring back a true and faithful report of the romantic subject, we contented ourselves with



A CORNER OF THE INTERIOR COURT OF THE CASTLE AT HEIDLEBERG.

walking out on the promenade constructed on the top of the monster reservoir and took a bird's-eye view. We were certainly most deeply impressed with the wine-bibbing spirit and capacity of the Palatine household of the Middle Ages. No wonder their heads were not always clear on every subject. Eight hundred hogsheads of wine to one household was rather an extravagant allowance. Its influence and power has been commemorated by a little wooden statue of the Court fool, near the Tun, one Porkes—who has for his epitaph, that he never went to bed sober; and no wonder, since he had for his privileged position an allowance of fifteen to eighteen bottles of wine daily! If those old stone walls had voice, what astonishing stories of revel and wassail would ring out to us in these better days of moderation and temperance.

On the ruins of the fortifications without the Schloss Garten, as it is called, has been laid out a nursery of forest trees, containing many different species of pines. As we stood on the terrace, one of the young ladies suddenly exclaimed, with a gleam of unusual brightness on her happy face: "Don't you remember that it was in Heidelberg that Doctor Claudius lived? And it was here that the young lady dropped her parasol on that memorable day in the first chapter!" They had struck a sympathetic note with the heart of youth. Love, even though no less alive than in

the pages of fiction, had flitted about these deserted halls and gardens, and they were cold and desolate no longer.

From the road which passes the back of the castle, one may ascend to the *Molken Cur*, a small restaurant, which commands an admirable view, and is the only point from which the castle may be looked down upon. Beyond this ascent are several others, from each of which the panorama is superb. The most interesting of these upper resting-places, however, is the *Königstuhl*, as it is called, from a visit there by the Emperor Francis in 1815. It is 900 feet higher than the castle. There is a tower rising ninety feet higher still, from which, they tell us, the view is something grand beyond conception. The valley of the Rhine, and the Neckar, the Odenwald, as the wooded mountainous district between Darmstadt and Heidelberg is called, the dark pine-covered heights of the Black Forest, the Yaanus, another mountain region, and lastly, the Hartz outlines. These names seem dead on paper; a description of the grandest scenery is apt to grow tedious, but picture to yourself in our own country, the commanding heights of the Catskill, with the Valley of the Hudson, or the White Mountains, with its New England Circle, and connect with it in imagination, the legends and stories of past centuries—stories in which mythical and fairy lore had equal part, and the interest which invested the scene may be dimly conceived.

There is an old castle that stands out on one of the heights, which we were told was used as a state prison down to the beginning of the present century, and often the Heidelberg students were among the prisoners. The confinement was not very onerous, however, since officers and prisoners, it is said, often shut up the establishment, and went off together in a brotherly fashion on walking tours through the Odenwald.

The University of Heidelberg has no such rank now as it had in former years. Berlin, Vienna and Bonn have quite outstripped it in popularity. It has had a stormy existence, and it struggled nobly through the pillage and strife that threatened its total destruction. It has from six to eight hundred students, and there are some hundred or more professors and lecturers in the departments of theology, law, medicine, philosophy, etc.

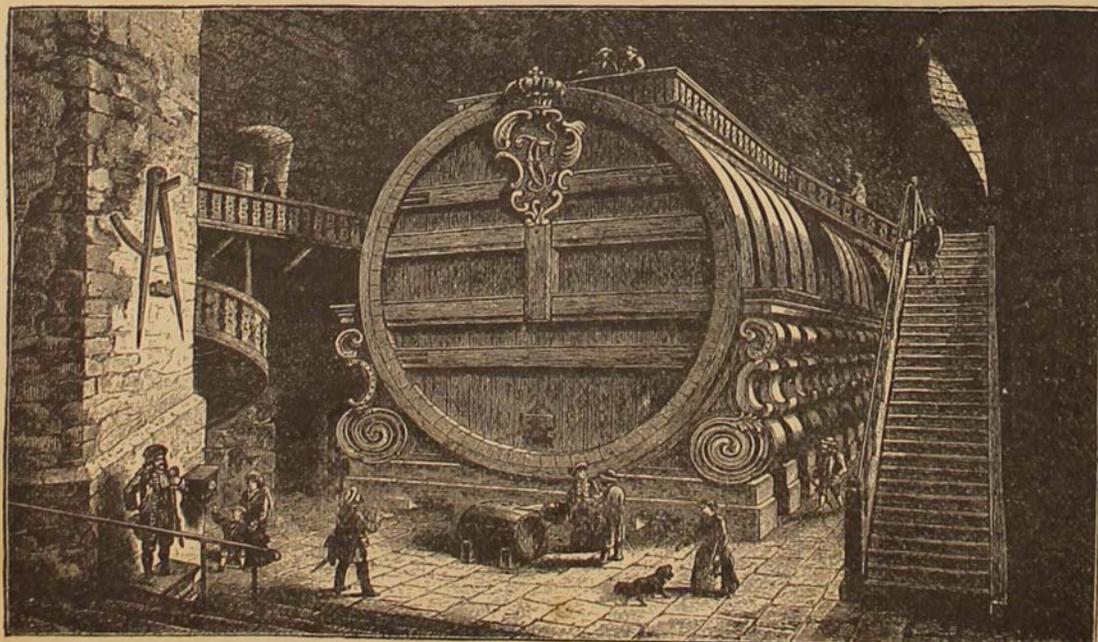
A feature peculiar to student life formerly in German university towns, or at least at Heidelberg, was the "chore, or fighting students," as they were called. As at Oxford

and Cambridge, or in our American Colleges, there are men who "go in," as they say, for boating, and train for distinction in athletic sports rather than for university honors or high degrees, so at Heidelberg there were seven or eight different, "chores" or clubs for sword practice to which about one-quarter of the students belonged. Great jealousy existed between these clubs, and duels as tests of ability were fought at appointed times at the student's tavern, the *Hirschgasse*, on the opposite side of the Neckar from the town.

The swords were sharp, double edged, and used as sabers; and though they were frightful in the slashing, the wounds they made were hardly ever mortal, as they were usually about the face and head. The combats lasted fifteen minutes, at the end of which time the man who had received fewest cuts was pronounced victor. One can hardly believe that such a spirit could exist among young men anywhere in the nineteenth century. And perhaps it does not outside of a country with such decided military spirit and organization. All was done *sub rosa*; the professors and the authorities were ever on the alert to fall upon the students when committing the offense. They did not succeed, however, as the students took care to station spies on the bridge, and the presence of an unsympathetic or detective party, was instantly signaled to the lookout at the tavern. A young American student, a member of one of the colleges years ago, still bears the questionable palm as the best swordsman ever in Heidelberg. This phase, however, is said fortunately to have passed away from student life at Heidelberg. It was probably the relic of the traditions and customs of a ruder age, kept alive by those who had no part nor desire to give to German thought and science that power which it holds to-day.

The lions for sight-seers at Heidelberg are few, though one could spend days and weeks at one or other of the pleasant and inexpensive hotels, making delightful excursions into the fascinating country around. The old Church of St. Peter, on the Anlage, is famous because it was on its door that Jerome of Prague, companion of John Huss, nailed his celebrated thesis, and challenged the world to dispute the doctrines therein, the maintenance and promulgation of which afterward cost him his life. Another church called The Holy Ghost presents a curious spectacle. A partition running directly across divides choir and nave, and two services, Catholic and Protestant, were here performed under the same roof—a compromise to the two religious bodies.

Such is Heidelberg; well worth the time and interest of the thoughtful traveler. As a place of residence offering delightful society from its gathering of distinguished scholars with their families. For ourselves, however, we should give the preference to Bonn, as being in the direct line of travel, or for winter to Berlin or Vienna, offering as they do to a foreigner, not only university advantages, but in addition the broadening influence and study of a large capital with a cosmopolitan population.



THE TUN IN THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG.

Spring with the Poets.

"BEHOLD the young, the rosy spring
Gives to the breeze her scented wing;
While virgin Graces warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way.
The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languished into silent sleep;
And mark! the flitting sea-birds lave
Their plumes in the reflecting wave;
The cranes from hoary winter fly,
To flutter in a kinder sky.
Now the genial star of day
Dissolves the murky clouds away,
And cultured field and winding stream
Are freshly glittering in his beam.
Now the earth prolific swells
With leafy buds and flowery bells;
Gemming shoots the olive twine,
Clusters bright festoon the vine.
All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping,
Little infant fruits we see
Nursing into luxury."—ANACREON, TRS. BY MOORE.

GENUINE spring season is a matter of latitude as well as of time. Within the tropics there can be no spring, because there is no winter; and within or near the polar circles, the transition from the winter of ten tedious months is by a bound into the full glow of a polar summer. The perfection of spring-time is to be found about midway between the tropics and the polar circles, varied slightly by local deflections of the isothermal lines to the north or south. Within this belt the changes are so gradual and yet so well defined that the year is pretty evenly divided among the four seasons, and the changes are so clearly marked that the face of nature becomes an intelligible calendar.

Manifestly external nature largely influences literature, especially the poetical and descriptive. It is not therefore strange that among us the return of spring should be the theme of frequent and enamored references by poets and imaginative writers. Especially is English and Anglo-American literature affluent with illusions to the spring-tide and its charms. There is hardly one of the old poets but who has given the tribute of his genius or his love to the praise of this virgin season of the year. Even Chaucer sings in his "Canterbury Tales" after this wise :

"When that Aprilis, with his showers swoot (sweet)
The drought of March hath pierced to the root,
And bathed every vein in such licour,
Of which virtue engendered is this flowre;
When Zephyrus eke with his swoote breath
Inspired hath in every holt (grove) and heath
The tender croppes (boughs) and the younge sun
Hath in the Ram his halfe course of run,
And smalle fowls make melody,
That sleepen all the night with open eye."

Shakespeare is replete with his allusions to spring; he loves the flowers that then burst forth from English soil,

"The daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue."

The forest of Arden, the sheep shearing of Perdita, the daisied meads, and all those sweet sylvan pictures he painted so masterly, were echoes of that passion for nature which he shares with most poets, and particularly of budding nature, the opening of the year. There is nothing much

sweeter in his varied pages than the spring song in "The Winter's Tale :"

"When daffodils begin to peer
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red-blood reigus in the winter's pale.

Oftenest sung, and oftenest quoted, is John Milton's beautiful "May Morning Song." You can almost fancy that you see the "rosy footed" genius of the season winding her mellow horn adown the hill-sides and through the valleys, awakening the sleeping flowers and leading back the feathered tribes to their aforetime haunts.

"Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, beauteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire ;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale dost boast thy blessing;
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

Older than any of these, but not a whit less graceful, is the ode written by that young and talented Duke of Orleans, Charles of Valois, who is remembered for the sweetness of his love-songs. He was taken prisoner at Agincourt, and while captive in England he wrote these verses on the "Livery of Spring :"

"The time hath laid his mantle by
Of wind and rain and icy chill,
And dons a rich embroidery
Of sunlight poured on lake and hill.
No beast or bird in earth or sky,
Whose voice does not with gladness thrill;
For time hath laid his mantle by
Of wind and rain and icy chill.
River and fountain, brook and rill,
Bespangled o'er with livery gay
Of silver droplets, wind their way;
All in their new apparel vie,
For time hath laid his mantle by."

Thomson, author of "The Seasons," a book now little read, but very popular with our grandmothers, writes of spring with a certain warmth that we do not believe to be wholly artificial :

"See where the winding vale its lavish stores
Irriguous spreads; see how the lily drinks
The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,
Of growth luxuriant, or the humid bank
In rare profusion decks. Long let us walk
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of blossomed beans; Arabia cannot boast
A fuller gale of joy than, liberal, thence
Breathes through the sense and takes the ravished soul!"

Dryden makes this pretty tribute to spring, personifying in May all the attributes of the whole happy season :

"For thee sweet May, the groves green liveries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the year;
For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers."

Gray's invocation to spring is scarcely finer, though it has all the grace and elegance which pervades the lines of the author of the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard :"

"Lo! when the rosy-bosomed hours,
Fair Venus' train appear,
Disclose the long-expected flowers
And make the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,

The untaught harmony of Spring:
While, whispering pleasures as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gathered fragrance fling."

In "The Deformed Transformed," Byron gives a spring song, which, though put in the mouth of the Apennine peasantry, is none the less musical and grand:

"The wars are over.
The spring is come;
The bride and her lover
Have sought their home;
They are happy, we rejoice,
Let their hearts have an echo in every voice.

"The spring is come, the violets gone,
The first-born child of the early sun;
With us she is but a winter's flower.
The snow on her hills cannot blast her bower,
And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue
To the youngest sky of the self-same hue."

Tennyson, too, is one of the poets of spring. In his "The Advent of Spring," he sings in his rich, mellifluous strain, making the lines to glitter as though they were strung with jewels, and making one think of the Orient and the Old Testament days when caravans went laden with odoriferous things whereof incense for the temples was made:

"Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now bourgeons every maze of quick;
About the flowering squares and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

"Now sing the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue;
And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

"Now dance the lights on lawn and lee,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkies every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea."

James Gates Percival sings of May in the following pure lyric:

"The spirit of the gentle south wind calls,
From his blue throne of air,
And where his whispering voice in music falls
Beauty is budding there.
The bright ones of the valley break
Their slumbers and awake.

"The waving verdure waves along the plain
And the wild forest weaves,
To welcome back its playful mates again,
A canopy of leaves;
And from its darkening shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes.

"Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;
The tresses of the woods
With the light dallying of the west wind play
And the full brimming floods,
As gladly to the goal they run,
Hail the returning sun."

Percy Bysshe Shelley, who was a true poet, has addressed some beautiful verses to "May Flowers," a few lines of which we quote:

"I dreamed that as I wandered by the way,
Bare winter was changed suddenly to spring,
And gentle odors led my step astray,
Mixed with the sound of water murmuring,
Amid a shelvy bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kissed and fled, as thou might'st in a dream.

"There grew the pied windflowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearly Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint oxlip; tender bluebells, at whose birth

The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets
Its mother's face with heaven's collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice it hears.

"And in the warm hedge grew bush-eglantine,
Green cowbind; and the moonlight-colored may;
And cherry blossoms, and white cups whose wine
Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves wandering astray;
And flowers azure, black and streaked with gold,
Fairer than any wakening eyes behold."

As pendants to these we append a stanza of Mary A. Lathbury's "The Breath of Spring."

"The spring is here! The spring is here!
The bluebird's notes are in my ear,
The hills stand wrapped in golden dreams,
The budding willows kiss the streams."

And also a stanza from Mrs. L. C. Whiton's "The Return of Spring." They are very sweet, and have the rhythm of the true poet.

"Spring has come back again, divinely fair,
And trees are budding 'neath the violet skies,
And faint, sweet odors throng the sunny air,
And yellow-winged, elusive butterflies
Flirt here and there;
And hark! the bluebirds, climbing heavenward, sing,
And it is spring! spring! spring!"

H. M. G.

The Checkered Apron.

SHE put her checkered apron on, and tied it round her waist—
No queen with jeweled diadem could be more fitly graced;
And when she sauntered down the lane and reached the linden tree,
I thought I saw my coming fate, whose name was Kitty Lee.

I had not spoken much of love, though often we had met,—
And yet she answered something, once, I could not well forget;
But she was fair and rosy, and I thought how nice 'twould be
If, when she tied that apron on, the tie was meant for me.

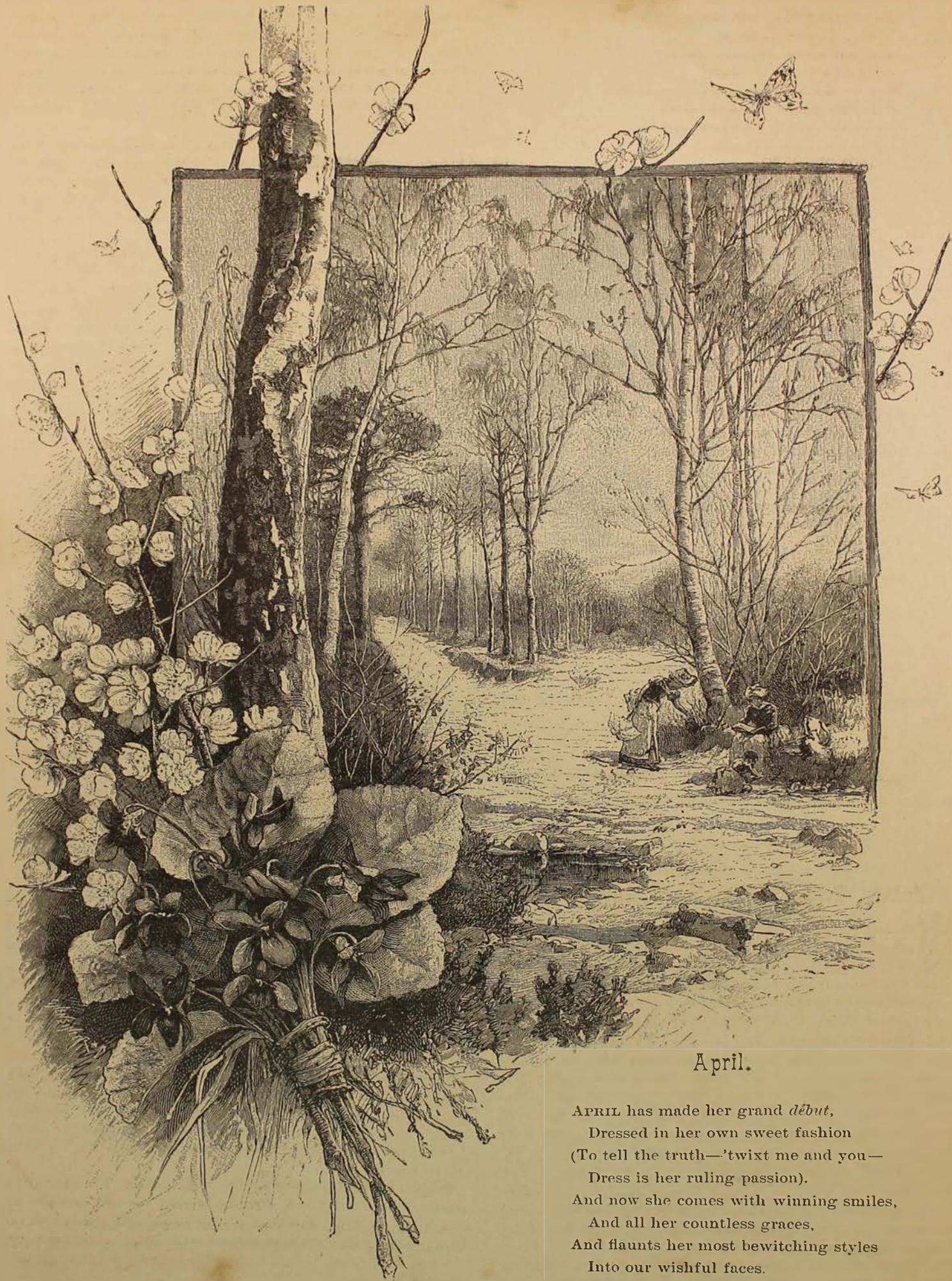
The summer sun was nestling down beyond the distant hills,
One voice alone saluted us—the plaintive whip-poor-will's;
I spoke about my loneliness, of toils and cares that fret,
And she, with soothing readiness, was glad that we had met.

One knows not how such little words proceed from less to more,
But, somehow, we came nearer than we ever stood before;
And, when I saw the meaning that her beaming face supplied,

I found my arm was resting where I saw that apron tied!

And so I put the question that must happen soon or late,
And found that Love was ready to obey the call of Fate.
O Kitty Lee, I thank you—for when you that apron tied,
You shaped a wondrous love-knot that won you for my bride.

JOEL BENTON.



April.

APRIL has made her grand *début*,
Dressed in her own sweet fashion
(To tell the truth—'twixt me and you—
Dress is her ruling passion).
And now she comes with winning smiles,
And all her countless graces,
And flaunts her most bewitching styles
Into our wishful faces.

No matter what "old fogies" say—
 Who always underrate her,
 And talk about so much display—
 All like to imitate her.
 She has such sweet, coquettish ways :
 Smiles, tears, and shy caresses ;
 And e'en the *fogiest* must praise
 The faultless way she dresses.

A rare new toilet for each day—
 And one extremely pretty—
 Admired alike by grave or gay
 For country or the city !
 Grass-green, with yellow polka-dots
 Profusely sprinkled over ;
 But later she will change the spots
 For blossoms of red clover !

She says that green will be the rage,
 And lead, the present season !
 (I hardly think 'twill take a sage
 To understand the reason !)
 I passed her ladyship—full-dressed—
 And heard her softly humming :
 "I always like to look my best ;—
 And green is so becoming !"

Her later dresses—not yet shown—
 Will call for untold praises,
 The same green ground—but thickly strewn
 With buttercups and daisies !
 Her robes are trimmed with trailing vines,
 And some with ferns and grasses ;
 While the sweet scent of eglantines
 Will greet you as she passes.

Her ornaments are pearls—in showers—
 She spares not bud or blossom ;
 For all the rarest, sweetest flowers
 Are clustered on her bosom.
 'Tis the wild, capricious elf
 Is bound to be the "leader !"
 And really I think myself
 That none can supersede her !

L. A. PAUL.

Fables Told by the Maya Indians.

ONG the great number of languages now spoken by mankind, one of the most mellifluous and expressive is the Maya tongue of Yucatan, Peten, and the frontier of Guatemala ; and there is a great charm in listening to fables told by the natives of those places as they have learned them from their fathers, one generation after another, for centuries past.

The ancient Maya poets, whose writings were burned by the first Spanish priests that went among them, generally sought in the voices of the animals for something that would enable them to give a pleasing lesson in morality. Thus it is that the songs of the various birds, and even their most mournful cries, are explained in fables. We have already published the story of that gorgeous bird called *Toh*, and how it always cries *toh ! toh !* (straight ! straight !), because at the time of the deluge (destruction of Atlantis) it was ordered to perch at the cross-roads and direct divers creatures to a place of safety.

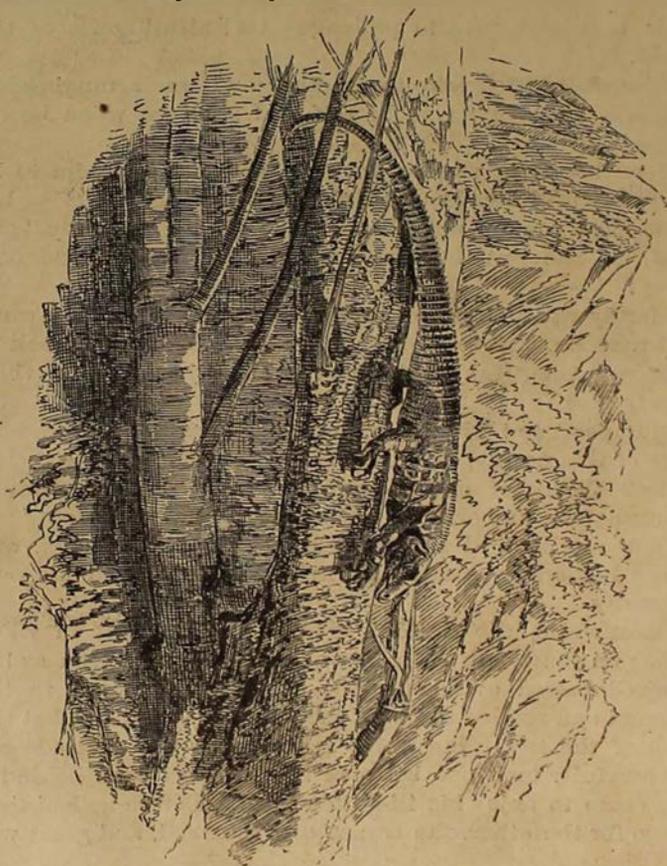
The pretty dove called *cucuteib* seems to be ever grieving. From the depths of those forests where sunbeams dance

among the leaves and struggle with them in a vain endeavor to reach the delicate ferns and flowers that nestle below, her sweet but plaintive cry is wafted to us on the breeze that comes laden with forest echoes. Soft and clear, each syllable strikes our ear, *cuc-tu-tuzen !* ending as with a sigh, and the Maya poet tells us why the bird is lamenting.

This violet-plumed dove, emblem of the faithful wife, was, on a lovely morning, carefully guarding the little eggs in the nest. Along came the squirrel, a sagacious and artful creature, and perched on a pliant bough near by the tranquil nest. Making himself as joyous and winning as possible, he addressed himself to the dove.

"My dear friend, why do you thus always remain at home, lonely and unsociable ?"

"My husband is out," said the innocent wife, "when he returns I will go. We must not leave the tiny eggs unprotected." "Poor little one !" replied the sly animal, "while you are taking care of the nest, your husband is amusing himself with other doves. This very day, I have just now seen him with my own eyes."



Like a poisoned arrow, jealousy wounded the heart of the dove and she hastily abandoned the nest.

Immediately the squirrel devoured the small eggs, having won his breakfast by his own cunning, and the credulity of the simple and jealous dove.

When she returned to the nest, alas ! she sighed with anguish to find it empty and the frail shells scattered in fragments upon the ground beneath ! Since then she only repeats in soft and sorrowful accents, *cuc-tu-tuzen ! cuc-tu-tuzen*, that is, "the squirrel deceived me, the squirrel deceived me."

The fable concludes by saying that in view of what happened to the dove, the married woman should always be extremely prudent, and that people in general should be on their guard against malignant and cunning mischief-makers, who are ever ready to reach their own ends by cheating unsuspecting people.



A similar fable is that of the owl and the iguana (large lizard), supposed to account for the doleful cry of certain owls that give vent to prolonged Os! at all hours of the night.

In a snug little grotto the mother owl was arranging her feathers and saying to herself, "I shall go when he returns."

Soon her mate was by her side, and she told him to be very watchful because she had seen a large iguana close by. "Be sure you do not abandon the nest one minute," she said, as she put the last touch to her feathers and flew away.

Hardly was she out of sight when an acquaintance came to invite Mr. Owl to go a short distance with her to look at her own beautiful offsprings that had just opened their lovely eyes.

"Impossible!" he said, "my wife has left me to take care of this nest."

But the other enticed him, saying, "You can return immediately, and she will not know you have been out."

The foolish bird allowed himself to be persuaded, and away he flew to gratify his neighbor's wish and his own curiosity.

Meanwhile, the dreaded iguana had the nest in view, being on the trunk of a tree near by, and as soon as the white-breasted owl had gone, he crawled down to the ground and rustled through the dry leaves scattered at the foot of the tree. Stealthily approaching the coveted eggs he carefully took one between his jaws and went behind a big stone to enjoy his ill-gotten meal. Before he had time to go for the other, the truant owl returned, and great was his dismay.

"Is it possible!" he exclaimed, "why! I have only been away a minute. What can I do? Come what may, I shall not say that I have left the nest, and I will try to persuade my wife that there was but one egg when she went from here."

Very soon he saw her coming and his heart was all in a flutter, but he tried to look unconcerned as if nothing had happened. He stood on one side of the nest and made himself as pretty as he could to attract her attention, but the maternal eye instantly fell on the nest, and a cry of indignation made the owl start. However, with feigned surprise he said: "Why! what's the matter?"

"Wretch! where is the other egg?" she demanded.

"Other egg!" echoed he.

"Yes, other egg! There were two, and well you know it. Monster! you have been away and the iguana has come."

Pretending to be very innocent, the owl opened his eyes

wider and said: "You are certainly mistaken, there was only one egg."

But his wife knew better, and upbraided him bitterly, in spite of his assertion that he knew nothing about it. Loudly lamenting her loss she searched around the grotto, piteously exclaiming O! O! O! and soon found fragments of egg-shell which told their own sad story, and destroyed all her doubts and all the confidence that she had ever had in her mate, who had lied to try and hide the wrong he had done. Ever since then the owl has remained inconsolable, and in the dead of night we hear her bewailing her loss, always repeating O! O! O! And this, concludes the poet, should teach us never to be persuaded to do what is contrary to our

conscience or good judgment, if we would keep out of trouble.

ALICE D. LE PLONGEON.

The Mirror and the Larks.

[LE MIROIR AUX ALOUETTES.]

(See Photogravure.)

THIS is one of the most pleasing of the semi-mythical subjects handled by Jean Aubert, the celebrated French artist. He has chosen to introduce the old way of attracting the soaring larks by means of a mirror. When within range, perfectly deceived by the reflection of themselves or their companions, the poor birds fell an easy prey to the sportsman. In this subject the artist has seen fit with the daintiest handling and most delicate conception to put the mirror in the hands of Love, while the unsuspecting maidens embody the larks.

Round and round the wily Cupid turns the mirror by means of the string which he holds in his hand, and nearer and nearer the capricious but curious victims approach. There is no uncertainty as to their fate and the success of Cupid's stratagem. The working out of the idea is exquisitely finished. The maidens most interested are just at the age when the heart is eager and the eyes strained afar for the beauty and novelty of life. And yet there is a depth of thought in the face, a questioning pause before crossing the little stream that divides maidenhood from womanhood.

Jean Aubert is one of the most popular painters of sentiment in Paris. This picture was exhibited in the Salon a few years since, and is now owned by Knoedler & Co., of this city, who have it on exhibition in their private gallery. Aubert was born at Paris in 1824. He was a pupil at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, and studied under Paul Delaroche. In 1844, when he was only twenty, he took the *Grand Prix de Rome*, as it is called, at the *Ecole*; that is, the first prize which entitled him to study at Rome for four years at the expense of the French Government. These students send their work to Paris every year, where it is exhibited usually in September. Aubert has since frequently taken medals for his work at the exhibitions of the Salon in Paris. Perhaps he is best known in this country by "Aurora Refreshing Love," a work similar in subject and treatment to the one we give. Aurora, or Morning, is represented as bathing Cupid's snowy wings and pluming his feathers, so that he may meet the day with freshened spirit and more than wonted courage.

THAT OTHER PERSON.

By Mrs. Alfred Hart, Author of "Thorncroft's Model," The "Leaden Casket," etc., etc.

(Continued from page 307.)

CHAPTER X.

WHAT HAS TO BE WILL BE.

Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep.—*Hamlet*.

THE post goes out at seven, and it is more than half-past six now." Those had been Mr. Daylesford's words, but when Zeph hurried down to thrust into the box in the hall a letter addressed to John Simonds, it still wanted five minutes to the hour. In twenty short minutes she had in that tolerably well-expressed and neatly-written letter shattered the dearest hopes of his life. She had regretfully but firmly told him that she would not marry him. "Don't be angry with me," she wrote, "don't reproach me. I have thought till I can think no more. For your sake as well as mine, I must write as I do. I could not make you happy, for I should not be happy myself. Since I came here I have seen something of the kind of life I should have to lead if I did what you ask me, and I know I should not like it. It makes me wretched to give you pain—I am very unhappy myself; but dear John, it is surely better for both of us to be unhappy now for a while, than to spend our whole lives knowing that we had made a mistake. I am sure I am doing right, but I blame myself for not having done it sooner. Forgive me, and forget me."

"There! That will be the end of all his love for me," was her thought as her letter fell into the box, and her heart died within her, for there was no one on earth whom she loved as she loved that man. "I could never have done it if I had stopped to think," said she to herself, "but I am glad it is written, and now the thing is over!" and she hastened away lest she should see the servant coming to empty the box and be tempted to take back her letter. One wrench now, a sharply painful one may be, and she was saved from a life of cheerless drudgery. At home she was poor, but she had no hard work or responsibility; the life John had offered her would have burdened her with both. "I am not the kind of woman to make a poor man happy, and I am certain that I could not bear to spend my days struggling with twenty or thirty tiresome, impertinent, self-willed boys. It may be cruel to refuse him, dear fellow, but it would have been much more cruel to take him. Besides, after all, he won't suffer more than I shall." And Zeph, who would not for the world have recalled her letter, walked up-stairs half-blinded with tears. She dashed them aside almost angrily. "It's absurd to make myself unhappy about a thing that is entirely my own doing," thought she. "If I can't bear it I can easily get my letter back; but what folly that would be! I am only nineteen: why should I close my account with life at that age? Why should I say I want nothing more that it can ever offer me but this one thing? How do I know what delicious possibilities of pleasure and delight may be lying waiting for me if I will but wait for them? To set-

tle down at nineteen to manage a whole household of rough boys, as if that were all I was fit for, would be simply lunacy. Besides, I have only just time to dress for dinner."

That was true, so why did she go to the window and strain her eyes with trying to see Phillis Arnold's lowly grave? The moon had not yet risen: all was dark. She could not even distinguish the four somber trees which guarded it. "Why should I want to see it?" she exclaimed, dropping the curtain and quickly returning to the warmth and light of her room. "Hers was not a life that I should have liked; it would have been worse than that I have put from me. Think of having to live just in sight of a region where everything is at its best and brightest, and yet not be allowed to enter it!"

She dressed quickly. The emotional excitement she had gone through during the last few hours had given her an exquisite color; her eyes were unusually bright; she had never looked more beautiful. She wore some of the roses Mr. Daylesford had sent her early in the afternoon; though, had it not been for Lydia's thoughtfulness, they would by this time have been limp and unsightly. She had put them in water, and now they were fresh and bright and sweet as Zeph herself. She was standing before her glass putting the last touches to her dressing, and trying to still a pain at her heart which would go on making itself felt. "It is no use," thought she; "there are only two courses open to me. I must either write and tell John that I repent my decision and cannot be happy without him, or I must drive him out of my mind." That was what she intended to do, cost her what it might. She went down-stairs with a light step; her heart was heavy, but she was resolved that she would master it. As she went she remembered some words she had lately heard—Hamlet's words, "Thou would'st not think how ill all's about my heart; but it's no matter." She repeated these again and again to herself as she hurried onward, for she was late for dinner, but she only repeated them mechanically. She glanced anxiously at her father; he looked kindly at her—who, indeed, could have helped doing so? She thought he had forgiven her, and she was very happy. The conversation at dinner was pleasant, but there was an undertone of regret, for this was the last evening they were to spend together—to-morrow they were to go back to London. Mr. Daylesford had done what he came to the castle to do; no one knew what that was, but the work could not have been oppressive.

"I shall be your debtor for life," said Mr. Treherne to his host. "You have done me the greatest service one man can do another—enabled me to correct a couple of blunders I had fallen into from following a careless transcriber; and besides that, I can now give an entirely new version of a matter about which we antiquaries have been fighting tooth and nail for years. The treasures in that room of yours, Mr. Daylesford, are simply priceless; but they ought to be arranged."

"They ought. I do so wish you would try to find some

competent person who would do this for my brother. It would be a very good thing if you could, and I am quite sure Marmaduke would be willing to offer him a handsome remuneration for his services; indeed, I would gladly do that myself."

"You surely would not suffer any one else to have the run of those—," but here Mr. Treherne, who had begun with great vehemence, stopped suddenly, afraid lest he had been betrayed into showing his mind too clearly.

He had said exactly what Daylesford was wishing to hear, and he at once rejoined: "If I could but persuade you, Mr. Treherne, to undertake the task, I should be so grateful to you. It would completely fall in with my wishes, and with my brother's, too, I feel certain; but if you hold out any hopes of being willing to do it, I will let him know, and he will write to you himself."

"If ever a day came when I was installed in that room, with permission to examine and arrange all that it contains, I can only say it would be the happiest of my life—I could not possibly have a more congenial task!" said Mr. Treherne, with very unusual warmth.

"Then let us consider it settled, my dear sir," exclaimed Daylesford. "My brother will be only too delighted to hear that you have consented to do this. Let us settle it at once. You will come as soon as you are able, and will stay here till your task is completed. Not that doing it all at once is essential—it may be done in installments if you prefer it. But when will you come?"

"Not till I have seen my book through the press; perhaps that might be in the beginning of April."

"Well, let us say April then," replied Daylesford. "Of course you will bring Mrs. Treherne and your daughter with you. I won't take a denial. They have seen this place in winter; I want them to see it in spring."

Mr. Treherne was delighted. Every one was pleased, and the time passed very happily until they adjourned to the drawing-room, when Mr. Treherne began to look fidgety. Mrs. Treherne observed it at once, but she was timid, and all she dared to do was to glance appealingly at Daylesford, who was quite unconscious of any one's looks but Zeph's.

At length, but after a long time, Mr. Treherne himself took courage and said: "Would you think me very uncourteous if I were to ask your permission to go back to the library for half an hour—just half an hour? That would give me time for all I want. We are returning to London to-morrow, and there is a deed which I really ought to examine more carefully before I go."

"Pray do not go away leaving any literary duty unfulfilled," said Daylesford. "I am sorry I cannot offer to let you take any documents away with you, not having my brother's permission; but if you have the least wish to spend a little more time in the library now, I beg you to gratify it."

Mr. Treherne rose—that Daylesford expected; but he was not prepared to see Mrs. Treherne rise too. She did so. She walked out of the room without another word, and she unhesitatingly followed him, also without saying one word or bestowing one look at her daughter. Daylesford had already perceived that these two had a very imperfect recognition of their parental duties, but that they would walk away at ten o'clock in the evening and leave him to enjoy an indefinitely long *tête-à-tête* with their beautiful young daughter—for he had not the slightest faith in their promise to return in half an hour—he had not believed to be possible. For a moment he was too much surprised to speak, the next he was half inclined to laugh. He glanced at Zeph, with much suppressed amusement trying to twinkle in the corners of his eyes. She was quietly looking at the fire, being probably

so thoroughly accustomed to these freaks on the part of her natural protectors that they did not strike her as odd. She was still gazing at the fire. It was a wood fire, and flames the greenest of things blue, the bluest of things green, were curling up and wreathing themselves around the blocks of pine which were being sacrificed to the comfort of Mr. Daylesford and his guests. Her eyes looked sad; her face, now that it was in repose, looked sad too; poor child, the day to her had been but a sorry one. He did not know how to begin to speak to her, and sat watching her for a minute or two. At length he said: "I should be very much distressed at the thought that this was the last evening we should have here if I had not persuaded your father to come back in six weeks or so to arrange those papers."

Zeph looked up, and slowly and thoughtfully perused his face, and then said quietly, "It is very kind of you to say so."

"Oh, is it?" said he, rather nettled by her dutiful little answer. "Do you think it is no pleasure to me to see you here?"

"The house must seem very large and gloomy when you are quite alone."

"I am not afraid of ghosts," said he, "but I like pleasant company."

At the word ghosts Zeph looked round the room uneasily, but it was deliciously cheerful with the mellow glow of many wax candles; and besides, ever since her first night at the castle her fear of ghosts had been laid to rest.

"You have no idea how lovely the park will be when you come back. Every bit of the wood that is not carpeted with hyacinths will be bright with primroses. I never saw such a place for wild flowers in my life."

"Do you know," replied Zeph, "I have sometimes untied one of the bunches of primroses one buys in London, and have let them fall, and tried to imagine that when I slowly picked them up and rearranged them I was feeling something of the pleasure of gathering them in the woods and fields; but I don't believe it was the least bit like it."

"Of course not. What a barren joy! When you come back you shall gather primroses enough to fill that wood-basket. I shall like to see your pleasure."

"Do you stay here much in the summer?" asked Zeph.

"No. I don't like being here. I may talk openly to you, may I not? You know the circumstances."

Zeph blushed scarlet: he was reminding her of her sins.

He saw the blush and hastened to say, "I like you to know them. I think that you must sympathize with me now and see what I feel about this place. I am very fond of it, but I don't like being here, I am reminded of so many things which I want to forget. If Marmaduke were here it would be all right."

"Yes, I wish he were," said Zeph, sympathetically.

"We were always together when we were boys, and now I have not seen him for nearly four years. I think I shall go out and live with him. I know he will never return to England for more than a short visit until that disgracefully unjust verdict is set aside. How could he? Every time any one addresses him by any title but that which is his own, it is an insult to the memory of his mother."

"Let us try," said Zeph, "to imagine in what kind of place the persons who concealed those papers would be most likely to put them. You are sure that they are not in the muniment-room, you say; but suppose they are, and my father finds them?"

"It has been searched by Mr. Blackmore's two sons. No, such documents would not be placed there. You see, if that had been the case my grandfather might have found them. My father was particularly anxious to conceal his marriage from him."

"Is there nothing which belonged specially to your father?—no desk, or cabinet, or writing-case, or something with secret drawers?—that is the kind of thing I mean."

"Every article of furniture, great and small, has been searched, and almost taken to pieces. It is a mystery which will choose its own time for revealing itself. We have searched so thoroughly that nothing more can be done. In novels, missing papers are generally discovered in some book, or hidden between a book and its cover, or in the lining of some disused blotting-case; but we have no hope of finding what we want in that way."

"Then you will find it in some ridiculously simple place—some place so obviously the one most likely to be the first thought of, that no one ever thinks of it at all."

He shook his head, but his eyes rested kindly on her, he was so grateful to her for taking an interest in what occupied his mind incessantly. "It's so hard on Marmaduke," said he. "It's bad enough for me, but it's a thousand times worse for him. He does not want to spend his life in struggling to make the Icarians see everything that affects their own well-being in an orthodox British light. He would much rather be in his own country."

"I am quite sure it is only a question of time," said Zeph. "I have a presentiment that the papers will be found. My presentiments are generally right too. Why did you shake your head when I said that the papers would be found in a simple place?"

"Because my father's letter to Mr. Blackmore seemed to imply that there were certain difficulties to be overcome before they could be laid before us. He did not say, 'Tell my sons where the papers are deposited, and send them the key of the place,' or, 'Tell them to open such and such a cabinet;' for it was evidently necessary that the poor old man should come here himself. However, don't let us think of this to-night; what has to be will be! There is another gloomy thing I cannot help thinking about now, and that is I shall not have the pleasure of talking to you or seeing you to-morrow evening. I have enjoyed this visit to Berkhamstead more than I could have believed possible."

"It has been very pleasant," replied Zeph; "more than pleasant, I ought to say—the ball was delightful!"

He smiled; that ball always came first in Zeph's mind, and in one way or another she always contrived to administer a rebuff to him. "I don't believe that there is the least need of anything to remind you of that ball," he continued, "but somehow, as it is the first we have enjoyed together, I feel as if I should like you to have something, and I have got you this. You will wear it sometimes, won't you?"

Zeph, much taken by surprise, opened a small jewel-case, and inside it, reposing on the softest light-blue velvet, was a very pretty pearl brooch, exactly like one which had fastened back the lace on Phillis Arnold's shoulder, and which she herself had worn. It was so like it that she thought it was the same. "How lovely!" she exclaimed. "But I ought not to have it—it is a thing which has been so long in your family! You lent it to me for one night, and it was very good of you to do so, but I ought not to have it altogether."

"It's not the same," said he; "the one you wore the other night is not mine to give—it is Marmaduke's; but London is a wonderful place, and there are very few things which cannot be found in it. I sent my man there this morning with the brooch you wore, and orders not to come back until he had found one like it. He came back while we were at dinner, and he has not matched it badly."

Zeph looked delighted. "You do not mean that you intend this beautiful brooch and took all that trouble for me?"

"Why not? I shall be so pleased if you will accept it."

"Thank you," she answered, "it is too kind. You are a thousand times kinder than any one I have ever known."

"You can do something for me in return," he replied.

Zeph looked up in eager inquiry.

"Promise me faithfully to come here again in April."

"How can you call that doing something for you?" she answered.

"Because I am very anxious you should come," said he.

"I should so like to ask you to do something," said she, shyly, after a brief pause; "that is, if I could be quite sure you would not mind doing it."

"Ask without fear," said he kindly.

"Have you a picture of your mother, and if so would you mind showing it to me?" She had felt very timid while she spoke, but she could not have asked him anything which would have pleased him more.

"I have several," was his answer. "Most of them are in London, but I will show you the one I like best." He went away, but soon returned with a miniature of a very lovely and noble-looking woman with sad but steadfast eyes.

"How sweet! how beautiful! how dear!" said Zeph warmly, and she meant all she said. She looked at the miniature for a long time, and then, finding her fingers resting on a very smooth surface behind it, she turned it round and saw a coil of golden-brown hair which covered the whole of the back of the miniature, and was held in its place by a sheet of glass. Zeph sighed and looked at him in pitying sympathy. She felt how much he had loved his mother, and how lonely he was now. "Talk to me a little about her," she said; "that is, if you do not object to doing so."

"Object! It is a pleasure I never by any chance enjoy. She was simply everything to me, and now that Marmaduke is gone, no one is left who knew her." He began to describe his life when a boy, and her constant love and kindness. He told Zeph how miserable he and his brother had been when his father suddenly appeared and tore them away from her and the only home they knew; how they had plotted together to escape if they possibly could, and how when in Paris they had stolen out of the big, comfortless hotel and had sold their watches, and so got money enough to go back to Geneva and their mother. "She loved my father to the last in spite of everything," said he. "I never once heard her say one word against him. She was almost an angel. I only say 'almost' to you—I think her quite an angel. She learned Latin to help us with our lessons. She began to learn Greek with the same object. She went out riding and fishing with us, and tried to play with us like a boy. That, of course, was when we were little fellows, but she lived for us as long as she did live."

Tears were again stealing into Zeph's eyes. They were partly tears of sympathy, but in some degree they owed their origin to a sudden recognition that she herself had never been so happy. Mrs. Treherne had always been kind to her children, but they had seen so little of her. Sometimes, if there was no shopping to do, she never left the study except at meal-times, and even at dinner or tea she never sat still for more than a minute or two at a time, but was constantly running backward and forward with things for her husband. Zeph was so accustomed to this, that until she heard Daylesford describe his mother she had never been conscious of any short-comings in the affection shown by hers. "How nice it would have been to have such a mother as that!" she exclaimed, almost involuntarily. "Not that my dear mother is not kind; only, somehow, I never see her!"

He looked at her as she said this, and once more he pitied her. They had drawn their chairs nearer the fire when they began to talk, and now she was sitting in its warm glow. Her eyes were fixed on the hearth-rug. He thought he could see the dark fringes of her eyelids quivering on her cheeks. He could watch each change in her face without any fear of being observed, but he hardly dared to look at her, for he had never seen her look so beautiful, never liked her so much, and never felt so sorry for her. She had shown a sympathy for his sorrows which had gone far to win his heart; he could not bear to see her downcast face and air of patient sadness. He glanced at the clock: it was twenty minutes past eleven, and here he was enjoying a most delightful *tête-à-tête*, which he was quite certain the two old people in the library would never dream of interrupting for at least another hour, if then. Well, it was very delicious, and her gentle sympathy made her infinitely charming. She looked up and said, "I wish you would describe your brother a little more."

But just as he was about to enter with hearty good-will on this large subject, she raised her eyes to the clock and saw the time.

"Twenty-five minutes past eleven!" she exclaimed in alarm. "I had no idea it was so late! I really must go to bed. Think of our sitting up so late, when we were dancing till three in the morning!"

"Wait a few minutes longer," he pleaded.

"I really cannot. I am not used to sitting up so late."

"You wouldn't have wanted to go to bed so early as this if we had been at another ball to-night," said he, rather piqued.

"Of course not. I should like to know what one would not do for a ball," she replied, all unconscious of his annoyance.

"Well, really—but you are right, it is time to have some rest. I wonder whether your father and mother have gone to bed and forgotten that you are here."

"They have forgotten that I am here, but they have not gone to bed. They will not do that till twelve."

"Then I think I shall wait here for them," said he.

"Thank you," she replied quietly, and went. Just as she was leaving the room she stopped and said, "Do not sit up too late, Mr. Daylesford, for they may very likely never come in here after all, but go straight up-stairs. Good-night." And so she went, and there had been something in her unconscious manner that had made it impossible for him to express any more regret at the parting which lay before them, or any stronger interest in her than usual. Her last words had much surprised him. Surely she was mistaken. The most careless of parents, the most ardent of antiquaries, could scarcely retire to rest without just taking the trouble to open a door in order to assure himself that he was not keeping a weary daughter waiting for him, or leaving her to sit up as long as she liked, with no other companion than her youthful host? He sat by the fire musing, not unhappily, till twenty minutes past twelve, when, just as he too was beginning to feel a strong wish to go to bed, he heard a distant door shut, and then he heard the footsteps of the worn-out decipherer of manuscripts and his still more weary wife. He could detect fatigue in the dull tread of the two outside quite plainly.

"Of course they are coming here," said he to himself; "I knew that there could be no doubt of their doing that." And he rose to open the door for them. They passed it before he could do so. It happened to open very noiselessly; had it been otherwise, he wondered whether they would have observed him. He was in time to see them walk quietly through the hall. Each had a candle, and the light fell on their gray hair, which in this case certainly did

not betoken wisdom. On they went, thoroughly satisfied with the labors of the day, and entirely without a thought of their daughter. She might have been sitting by the fire he had just left, waiting for him to return for a prolonged conversation—it would have been all the same to Mr. and Mrs. Treherne! "And that's the man who said, 'I am most particular about my daughter having a suitable *chaperon*!' He is a delightful old man, but he does not deserve to have such a daughter! And, by the way, he seems to be equally neglectful of his other daughters. I have not the least doubt he has left those two rough girls of his in London, with no one to look after them but that little brother of theirs! People talk about the debt we owe to men of learning, but now I know who pays it!"

CHAPTER XI.

I WISH YOU HAD SEEN HIM.

To seek het water beneath cauld ice,
Surely it is a great folie.

—Ballad of Johnnie Armstrong.

It was a bright, frosty morning, and they were to return to London as they had come only three days before. It seemed to Zeph that she had spent weeks at the castle instead of days, and it required a considerable mental effort on her part to replace herself in imagination in the home which she was beginning to forget. She tried to do so once after they had set out on their journey, but failed, and gave up the attempt, for alas, she would soon be there, and the work of readjusting herself to her former circumstances would be easy, cruelly easy, when the facts of her home existence thrust themselves before her eyes at every turn with resolute persistence, and compelled her to realize her position. Besides, why go to meet coming evil? She was now in a comfortable carriage, warmly enfolded by soft fur rugs; the sun was shining, and the carriage filled with flowers from the greenhouses, and everything in the shape of fruit that their host could find to give them. She did not feel particularly inclined to talk: she was thinking that somehow or other, in spite of all the pleasure she had enjoyed at Berkhamstead, she was going home poorer than she came. When she left London she was gladdened by the thought of John's love, and had all but decided to marry him; but now she had somehow become persuaded that there was no hope of happiness for her if she did this. Had she acted wisely? She had felt quite able to renounce his love and the life he offered her while she was at the castle: would she be equally able to do so when back in Lorne Gardens? She sighed, and wondered much.

"Don't sigh," said Mr. Treherne.

"No, don't sigh," echoed Mrs. Treherne. "We really have been very happy, but——"

Mr. Daylesford's eyes were fixed on Zeph. Was she feeling sorry to leave? He hoped so. She saw him looking at her, and said, "Oh, that is not what I was sighing about. I was thinking of something quite different."

Again she had administered a rebuff, and yet it was not because she was afraid of owning that she was sorry to leave the castle, for she instantly said, "I might have sighed about leaving Berkhamstead if I had happened to be thinking about it—for I, too, was very happy there."

"So was I!" interrupted Mr. Treherne. "I never was so happy before! That muniment-room and that library—not that I ever had time to do more than run my eye over the titles of some of the books—it would require months to appreciate such a collection!"

"I shall look forward to April," said Daylesford; "in April we will all come back," and he looked for an answer—

ing indication of pleasure from Zeph. or at all events for some show of interest, but she made no such sign. She had retired within herself to take counsel with her own thoughts, for at the mention of this she had remembered that it would be absolutely impossible to come again to a great magnificent castle like Berkhamstead with nothing but a half-worn blue merino, a plain, dark green serge for morning wear, and a poor little often-washed white muslin for the evening. "I can make myself look a trifle better by wearing flowers, which fortunately can be had for the asking, and I can change my ribbons and sashes; but I don't expect I can deceive Mr. Daylesford by that. He will know that it is the same old dress whatever I do. No, if I go again I must have two or three new ones, and how they are to be got I don't know. It is a shame!"

Zeph always reviled Providence for not giving her a well-filled wardrobe. If she had been a plain girl she would not have felt that she had any right to do so, but as it was, she thought herself the victim of an act of injustice. Nature, or Providence, or the power which had so far cared for her well-being as to give her a face which people called pretty, had not the least right to do that if it intended to neutralize its gifts by letting her be so poor that she could never look well. "The prettiest girl in the world would look ugly if she wore the ill-made dresses and hats that I wear. It's a downright shame!" So she mentally exclaimed as they rolled onward over the hard frosty road on which the horses' feet rang so clearly.

"We are getting nearer and nearer to London," observed Mrs. Treherne. Zeph's spirits fell, not because she was ashamed of having a mother who made stupid remarks, but because she disliked going home.

"I do hate going back," said she.

Daylesford was delighted at this, and was just going to say something, but Mr. Treherne began to tell him a long story about an ancestor of the owner of the property they were now passing through, and he compelled Daylesford to attend to him—never having known what it was not to be attended to since he married. So Zeph fell back on planning ways and means of getting two or three presentable dresses. Gone were her cherished visions of pretty brown velveteens trimmed with fur which might have been afforded her as part of her wedding outfit, and were to have looked so well in the second master's wife's pew in Alnminster Cathedral. These dreams had been very sweet and pleasant, but all that was over. Now she must be content with such happiness as she could find in Lorne Gardens. Perhaps when she arrived there she would find a letter or message from him; perhaps he might even have stayed in London on purpose to see her. As she thought this her heart seemed to stand still. "Better not," she said to herself; "much better not."

They stopped at a wayside inn to have luncheon, and while it was being got ready the old people sat by the fire, and the young ones walked briskly up and down the road in front of the house. Zeph seemed so changed that Daylesford scarcely knew her. Where was the sympathetic friend of the night before?

"It's only because I am going back to London," said she, when he reproached her with this. "I don't like London, it chills me!"

Daylesford himself would have been chilled in Lorne Gardens, and he readily forgave her.

"I am just the same now as I was last night," she protested, "I always shall be. Will you promise to write and tell me if you discover the documents you want?"

"I'll telegraph immediately—no, I will come."

"It would make me very happy to see you come," said she, "for then I should know what had happened, and that you had good news to tell me."

"Am I not to venture to Lorne Gardens until I have good news to tell?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, I didn't mean that," she answered humbly, "but I never thought you would care to come to our poor little house!"

"I go to see people, not houses," he replied, and she felt rebuked. And yet it was a horrible little house, and she could not imagine him in it! He was afraid he had answered her sharply, and added, "You may be quite sure that I shall wish to see you." He wondered why she did not express some polite pleasure at the prospect of a visit from him. She, much as she liked him, was so appalled at the idea of seeing him set foot in that *galère*, that she was capable of nothing but a rapid mental review of steps, passage, stairs, drawing-room, and every object likely to strike his eye unpleasantly while making his way from the entrance of the house to what was by courtesy called the drawing-room. The steps which led up to the front door were high, and there were thirteen of them; the oil-cloth in the passage was worn out in places, and of a very vulgar pattern. The walls were covered with a paper imitation of Sienna marble, now somewhat injured and dirty; the staircase was narrow and dark. Alas! what was there in the whole house that was not dark, or dirty, or vulgar? "Perhaps I am vulgar myself for thinking that he will ever trouble himself about such things when he comes to see us," thought Zeph, with a sudden perception of the exact truth, "but I cannot help it."

"Don't you wish me to come to see you?" he asked, for her manner was anything but encouraging.

"Oh, don't imagine that," she exclaimed eagerly. He had been very kind to her, and not for worlds would she have hurt his feelings. "I am only thinking how miserable our house will seem to you."

"I don't believe it will; I am certain it will not if you are at home."

"Perhaps we had better go back to the inn," said she, and he wondered why she thought so.

They did go back, and very soon they were on their way again; but the second half of the journey was by no means so pleasant as the first, for the suburbs of London seemed to have moved out into the country to meet them, and they passed through a never-ending succession of rows of ugly houses. Zeph shut her eyes and pretended to be tired. After about an hour more of this they would come to her own home, which was only a few degrees superior to those which bordered the road now. Mr. Daylesford was loud in his expression of horror of these; he would be silent when he reached Lorne Gardens; but she would know what was passing through his mind. However, that pain was spared her, for when they reached a cabstand about a mile from De Manvers Town, Daylesford, who had for some time been occasionally consulting his watch, said something about having an engagement which he must keep, and hurried off in a hansom, leaving the Trehernes to pursue their way alone.

"That is a most agreeable and friendly young man," observed Mr. Treherne. "Not at all intellectual, but certainly intelligent."

"No, not at all intellectual," repeated Mrs. Treherne, who really was not quite in a position to have an opinion on that point.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Zeph joyously; after all she was rather pleasantly excited by the home-coming. "I do hope Jack is in. Yes, dear fellow, there he is at the window."

Jack ran into the street bare-headed; Polly and Aggy came tumbling down-stairs in such haste that their back hair rolled down. Zeph reeled under the fervor of their embrace, but she liked it.

"Oh, how glad we are to see you all back again," said Aggy, "but you have come half an hour before we anticipated you, or we would have had things more ready."

"We are awfully glad to see you," echoed Polly. "We thought we should like being mistresses of the house, but really and truly, if we had not been so desperately busy, we should have been just lost in dullness, that we should!"

Mr. Treherne had never before realized how deficient his younger daughters were in all graces of style. "My dear," said he to his wife, drawing her into the study, "you ought to teach those girls of yours to speak correctly; it is trying to the ear."

"But when do I see them, poor things?" said Mrs. Treherne. "I am always in the study."

"That may be, but it is a mother's duty to train her daughters to be ladies. You do not seem to have succeeded in that with those two. Zeph is better."

In reality Zeph was very little better. She was somewhat more ladylike naturally, and she said less; but the principal reason she spoke better was that she made fewer excursions into the less accessible parts of the English language. Polly and Aggy were very fond of using words they did not understand. In the meantime Zeph had kissed her Jack and gone up-stairs. She had known that the house was small before, but she was simply amazed at the extremity of its smallness now—it seemed no bigger than a nutshell. Polly and Aggy went up-stairs with her, loudly entreating her to tell them all she had done.

"Tell me something first," said she. "Has—have you heard anything of John Simonds?"

"What sort of thing?"

"Has he been here?"

"No."

"Has he sent any note?"

"No."

"Any message?"

"No."

"And you say that you have heard nothing of him!"

"Wait till you have heard what we have been doing while you have been away, and then you will see that we could have heard nothing. You knew before you went away that he was to go back to his pupils—I forget when."

"And is he gone?"

"Most likely. Never mind about John Simonds now, Zeph. Tell us all about the castle. Fancy your living three days in a real castle! You might just have written to each of us once with your address printed at the top of your note-paper. We could have shown it to everyone we knew. I do so wish Mr. Daylesford had been a lord—it would have sounded so grand to say 'Zeph has been staying with Lord Berkhamstead.'"

Zeph had seated herself on the time-honored black box; her two sisters had placed themselves on the floor by her side. There was no warm fire, no easy-chair—she was once more at home. She told them all about the ball, the castle, the state apartments, pictures, gardens, everything. They listened in awe-struck delight, only interposing a certain number of appreciative ejaculations. Evening was stealing on them—not unperceived, alas, for what could one small candle, which some one lighted with a very ill-smelling match, do to hide that fact? At last all was told, and Polly said kindly, "It must seem horribly strange to you, Zeph, to come back to this place after seeing things so well-kept and nice!" Zeph shook her head, and tears filled her eyes—even the scullery-maid at the castle had a better room than hers.

"It's no use worrying about what can't be helped," said Aggy; "let's tell Zeph our goings-on, Polly. We have not been going through such a magnificent phase of existence as she has, but we have had some fun. Fun of a kind that

you would never have dreamed of, Zeph; in fact you would not have had anything to do with it if you had dreamed of it; but we liked it. Oh, Zeph, we have been living in such a comical way!"

Zeph expressed some uneasiness; she was rather afraid of their fun.

"We have done nothing any one need find fault with—we have just had some fun, that's all. We planned it directly after you were all gone, and we lost no time in carrying out our plan. Come into our room and you shall see the result. Be quick, before that candle burns down."

Zeph went into their room and saw two new dresses of dark bluish-gray color thickly covered with crimson spots as large as a shilling. One was hanging on Polly's peg, and one on Aggy's. Every brass-headed nail in the walls of this room belonged exclusively either to one sister or the other; otherwise disputes might have arisen.

"We have been awfully in love with that stuff for quite a month," said Aggy feelingly. "Polly had a pattern of it in her purse, and we were always pulling it out to have a look at it. We did not show it to you for we did not want to hear you cry out that it was ugly—you always do call everything we admire ugly, you know. We began to save up our money to buy it, but we only got a few shillings together, and it was twelve and sixpence the dress, so we did not see how we were ever to manage to buy enough for two. When mother was going away on Tuesday morning she came to Polly and said—"

"I really do think you might just as well let me have the telling of what she said myself," exclaimed Polly. "You were not there to hear her! I'll tell you Zeph. She said: 'Now, Polly, I am going away, and you are not used to housekeeping, so I am afraid you will make some mistakes; but whatever you do, you must not run up big bills for me. Here is a pound, you may spend that while we are away, but you must pay ready money for all you buy. Make it do till Friday, and if you have anything over, you and Aggy may divide it between you—that will teach you to be economical.'"

"Well, in a moment we had a great, big, good idea," interrupted Aggy. "It was my idea, Polly, so it is no business of yours to tell about it. We resolved to save nearly every penny of the money and put it to what we had saved already; to pick our old checked dresses to pieces for a pattern and make the new ones ourselves! Wasn't it a splendid idea? So Polly went down-stairs and told the servants that if they liked they might both have a holiday till Friday morning, and off they went to their homes, only too glad. Then I went out and bought the two dresses, and Polly went to see how much food there was in the larder, for we were determined not to bother ourselves with cooking or providing, and we haven't."

"You might have a right to starve yourselves," exclaimed Zeph, "but you had no right to starve Jack. It's too bad if you did."

"We didn't. There was good cold beef in the larder, which lasted him two days, and the next day we made him accept an invitation to dine with a schoolfellow, and to-day Polly cooked him a mutton chop. She went out and chose it herself, and toasted it for him on a fork at the drawing-room fire. He has been well fed, and so have we, though we have eaten nothing but bread-and-butter and jam. And so now we have those lovely, lovely dresses!"

"But how did you do the work of the house?"

"We didn't allow the house to have any work!" said Aggy. "There was none! We never so much as went into the kitchen except to fetch something. We never opened any of the down-stairs shutters, or lighted any of the fires, or did anything of that kind. We sat in the drawing-room

and boiled a kettle there, and made our tea when we wanted it, and ate our bread-and-butter, or jam—apricot jam it was, Zeph; we did go to that expense—and we worked away like galley slaves at our dresses, only every stitch that we put in was a pleasure. And how we did laugh and sing!”

Zeph secretly wished that the dresses had been prettier. They were too striking, but her sisters' taste ran for the moment in that direction.

“They *are* sweet!” said Polly, patting her dress.

“They are just lovely!” murmured Aggy, stroking hers.

“But you must often have been hungry?” objected Zeph.

“No, we have had food enough,” said they; “we have really enjoyed ourselves, and we have cleared away all our pins and threads and clippings, for we knew you would scold.”

“But what can people have thought?”

“That we were away, if they thought at all. I wish we had hung a card to the knocker with ‘Gone to Berkhamstead Castle’ on it.”

“But what would you have done if any of our friends had come to call? Suppose you had heard a loud double knock at the door, one of you would not have liked to open it.”

“Of course not.”

“What would you have done?”

“What we did do—take no notice. There were some knocks and rings, but as Aggy and I did not want to go to the door we sat still and minded our work, and when the people outside got tired of knocking they went away.”

“Polly, how you do exaggerate! There was only one person came.”

“Who was it?” asked Zeph quickly.

“We don't know. We were half inclined to peep, but we were afraid of being seen, and we were so busy.”

“It may have been John Simonds,” thought Zeph, and then she took courage and said so; but they could tell her nothing.

The family tea was a plainer meal than dinner at the castle, and there was no occasion to dress for it. Mr. Treherne at once fell back into his old way of living, and shut himself up in his study with his work and his wife. The girls drew their chairs to the fire in the drawing-room, and sat there alone. Zeph was very silent.

“I do believe you have refused John Simonds!” said Polly at last, “and that you neither like accepting him nor refusing him when it comes to the point.”

“That's just it, I believe,” said Aggy.

“Perhaps,” replied Zeph, whose heart was softer than usual. On another occasion she would have resented this intrusion on her secrets.

“Oh, Zeph, he is very nice. Why don't you take him, dear, and get away from here?” said Polly.

Zeph shook her head.

“You always liked him, I'm sure.”

“I like him still, but I cannot bring myself to marry him.”

“I wonder why not,” said Polly.

“I don't want to marry any one to have to live as I am living now, but I am afraid he is very unhappy. I wish you had seen him and could have told me how he was looking.”

“If you don't care for him, I don't see why you need mind how he looks,” said Aggy, who was much the most practical of the three sisters.

“I never said I did not care for him,” replied Zeph tartly, but Aggy for once made no sharp rejoinder, for she could see that Zeph's eyes were full of tears. Polly saw it too, and they all sat without speaking for a long time. The two younger girls were astonished to see the proud and lofty Zeph brought so low. They did not know how to deal with her present mood. She had always kept them so much at a distance that they were afraid of showing any sympathy lest

she turned on them and crushed them by a sarcasm as of old, and so poor Zeph, whose heart was very sad and spirit very humble, sat fretting about her lost lover and love, and feeling many a bitter pang of regret at the past, and apprehension of the loneliness of the days which lay before her. At last Polly and Aggy could bear it no longer, and made signs to each other and stole away. They felt utterly unable to speak to Zeph as they would have liked to do, and crept off to their own room, where the sight of the two new dresses soon drove their woe-begone sister out of their thoughts.

As soon as they were upstairs, Jack, who had been watching his opportunity to speak to Zeph alone, went quietly into the room, and sat down beside her, staring anxiously at her wet eyes and sad face. “Zeph,” said he, “if you have sense enough to cry at what you have done, I'll just speak to you, I think. I know all about it.”

“You know all about what?” she asked.

“About you and John. I saw him before he went away. I knew nothing about what had happened, of course, and went home with Frank Simonds, and I soon found out what you had been doing to him, by the way John talked to me. He didn't say much, you know, but I guessed.”

Zeph looked at her small brother in great astonishment.

“Would you like to hear the message he sent you?”

“Yes.”

“He said that I was to tell you he had received your letter, but that he did not believe it was written by your true self—that's all—at least it's all that part.”

“What else was there?”

“Oh, afterwards I suppose he was afraid I should forget what he wanted to say to you, and he said he would write a short note and I was to give it to you when you came home, so here it is, and I've done it; but I must say this—if you have behaved ill to him, Zeph, as I expect you have, it's a great shame, for he's awfully fond of you! No, you need not go kissing me like that, Zeph. I do think it is a shame, and I always shall!”

Zeph did not speak—even this child was against her.

“And it's not as if he were cross and unkind about what you have done: his mother is—but he is not. He did not say one unkind word. He is awfully fond of you!”

“What did his mother say?”

“I don't know—at least I do know, but I'm not going to repeat it. Besides, her speeches are of no consequence; he said nothing bad. Here is your note. Be a good girl, Zeph.”

Jack went to bed, and Zeph opened the note and read: “I cannot accept your answer as final. It is impossible that you should have changed so suddenly. Be your own true self once more, and write to me, as you have led me to expect you would. I shall be in Norfolk with my pupils when you receive this. Write to me, there. Dear Zeph, do write. If you do not write within three days, I shall know that all is over; but I have loved you all my life.”

“It would be weakness to write,” thought Zeph, “but what would I give to do so! No, the struggle is over! I have fought the good fight, and I will not undo all that I have done!”

She might have fought the fight, but she had not won the victory. She could not overcome her love for him. She longed to write and say that all should be as he wished, but she knew if she did she should regret it. She sat struggling with her heart's desire till long after midnight. Never had she gone through such anguish of doubt and bewilderment. “I am in no state to judge now,” she thought. “I ought to keep to what I said when my head was calm. That is the only safe thing to do.” She sat trying to harden her heart till half an hour past midnight, when Mrs. Treherne came noiselessly into the room on her way to bed.

"You up still, Zeph!" said she. "How wrong!" She came farther into the room, and the light of her candle fell on Zeph's haggard, pale face. "My darling, how wretchedly ill you look—I never saw any one look so ill in my life!"

"Mother," exclaimed Zeph rather wildly, "do you at all remember your life before you were married?"

"Of course I do, dear; why not?"

"Do you ever by any chance think that you would have been happier unmarried?"

"It depends on what you call happier. I had a very pleasant, quiet home," and as she spoke a smile at the recollection of the tranquil, half-forgotten old house passed over the poor old lady's face. "All was pretty, and I had not a care in the world. That was very nice—very; but then if I had stayed in it I should not have had your dear father to love and look after. No, I never wish myself unmarried. Women were made to live for other people, as I do; and if they don't do it they are not happy."

"Then I am afraid I don't quite want to be happy," said Zeph, kissing her poor mother's pale face. "You are a dear, good woman, mother, and I love you," and so saying, she lit her candle from her mother's, and the two went to bed. Thus was Zeph's fate for life decided, and yet her mother's words did not play the part in the decision that Zeph would fain have ascribed to them. They simply chimed in with a resolution already taken. She had been sitting for hours waiting and hoping for some wind to blow the bark of her destiny where it was well for it to go, and yet she was all the time rowing it vigorously onward to the goal where she most wished to be.

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE BLACK BOX.

I question things, and do not find
One that will answer to my mind,
And all the world appears unkind.

WORDSWORTH.

WHAT dull days succeeded that on which Zeph returned home? One black fog followed another, and when there was not a fog there was rain, with an atmosphere through which the sun never pierced. She did not particularly care to go out, so she did not mourn the loss of fine weather on that account, but her spirits sank to zero. She had nothing to do, nothing to take an interest in, nothing to think of that was pleasant. She had driven away the man who loved her and would probably never see him again. There was no one to see whom she cared about: even Mr. Daylesford had never come to pay that much-talked-of visit. What was she to do to employ her time? Polly and Aggy wearied her—they never came near without boring her by expecting her to listen to long lamentations about its being such bad weather just when they had got new dresses and wanted to show them. "Are you not going to see about some new things?" said they. "You are asked to go back to Berk-hampstead in a week or two—you surely want something new!"

"What's the use of providing what is never likely to be wanted?" replied Zeph. "Mr. Daylesford will forget that he has invited us—most likely he has forgotten already."

"Well, I'd be prepared all the same," said Aggy. "He might send a letter about it quite suddenly, and then you would not be able to go. I have an idea, Zeph."

"What is it?" she asked listlessly; she did not care for anything.

"You say that you wore an old-fashioned dress when you were at the castle, and that it was much admired; but Mr.

Daylesford is not the only person who has old dresses! You seem to have forgotten what a lot mother has. Don't you remember her showing us a whole boxful once when she wanted to see if any of them would cut up for herself, and father coming to look at them and saying that they were 'highly curious,' and that they were on no account to be cut up or altered? It's years ago—you may know that by father's coming out of his room, for he never does that now; but I remember them quite well; though I hate such ugly old things myself. They belonged to her mother, and her grandmother, and her great aunts—sad frights they must have looked in them, poor things; but the silks are thick and handsome. I expect the Seatons were somebodies."

"I expect they were," said Zeph, much soothed by this new thought. "I don't believe we think half enough of ourselves and our pedigree. Father's family was a very good one, I know, and mother's must have been good too."

"Of course it was. You may see that in our appearance and manner," said Polly loftily; but Aggy looked at her broad good-tempered face and burst out laughing, and Zeph felt that somehow there was a flaw in the evidence. However, they got the key of the box from their mother the next time they saw her, and disinterred half a dozen lovely old silk and satin dresses. Polly and Aggy would not have been seen in them for any consideration—they never liked to wear anything that was not entirely modern, and as they fondly hoped fashionable because they saw its counterpart in suburban shop-windows; but Zeph was of another mind. She selected a peach-colored silk and a sea-green one, which by the addition of a few folds of Indian muslin made her exquisite dresses; and what was still more delightful to her, she found shoes, gloves, and fans which matched these old-world fineries, lying neatly packed with them. When they were arranged, by Zeph's deft fingers, these dresses were perfect. This discovery removed one heavy weight from her spirits and burdened them with another. What would it profit her to have rich and softly-tinted dresses if Mr. Daylesford had changed his mind and did not intend to let her father and mother and herself go to the castle?

"I expect he has quite given up the idea," said she to Polly.

"I wonder!" said Polly thoughtfully. "I don't suppose he has, but why doesn't he come?"

"At any rate he might ask you all to dine with him at that nice house of his in Ambassadors' Gate. He does have people to dine with him, you know," said Aggy.

That idea had never occurred to Zeph. She was silent for a minute or two, and then said, "I don't think we ought to expect that; he only asks us to Berk-hampstead out of kindness to father. It would be very unreasonable to expect him to invite us to his London house."

"Well, if old Mrs. Simonds is right—spiteful old thing that she is—we may expect that as much as we like, but he won't do it!"

"What has she to do with it? What can she know about him? What did she say?"

"She said your head was turned with being asked to Berk-hampstead, and that's why you had behaved so shamefully to her John, but that you would live to find out what a mistake you had made, and that Mr. Daylesford might invite you to stay with him in the country, but that you would not find him so ready to open his doors to you in London."

"Did she mean that we were not good enough? The castle is a far grander place than the London house!"

"I don't know what she did mean, Zeph. She was very unkind and disagreeable, and she didn't get half the bad things said that she wanted to say, for I came away and left her. I do wish Mr. Daylesford would ask you all to the London house, just to show her she was wrong."

Mr. Daylesford did not invite them, and a month and more went by without one word from him. Zeph had by means of her mother's treasures equipped herself entirely to her own satisfaction. No one could have had prettier or more becoming dresses, but what a grievous thing it was that both she and they would have to go on wearing away their beauty unseen and unknown! She did not altogether mourn Mr. Daylesford's continued absence for his own sake. She liked him, and would have seen him with pleasure; but what she did grieve over, and most bitterly, was that the gate leading straight into the joys of the great world, a gate which he had seemed so willing to fling open before her, was now forever to be closed. If he withheld his kindness, her future was a blank! Had he really forgotten her existence? If he had, that existence was not worth having, and she sat hour after hour on her black box tormenting herself with this thought.

"Zeph is moping horribly!" said Agnes. "I think she is fretting about the way that Mr. Daylesford is behaving. I do wonder he does not call. I think she is a little bit in love with him."

"She is not! I am certain she is not! She may be in love with his nice house and nice things, and she likes going to Berkhamstead, but that's all. It is John she is in love with, if she is in love with anybody."

Thus pitifully bare to the household were Zeph's sentiments, and thus was she, the high-minded daughter of the house (as she fondly believed), judged by the two she sometimes affected to despise.

"Let us send her to do the errand father has given us. I dare say it would please her," said Aggy.

So Polly went to her and said, "Zeph, mother has found a gold seal of Mr. Daylesford's in father's waistcoat-pocket. Father must have used it, I suppose, and put it into his pocket by mistake. He wants some of us to take it back to Mr. Daylesford. Will you go? You and Jack could walk there together—it is his holiday morning."

"If you like," said Zeph, "I don't mind going."

"Did she seem pleased?" inquired Agnes; but Zeph had shown no sign of pleasure, and their curiosity was unsatisfied. The truth was she felt no pleasure. She did feel a little sad, though, as she walked with Jack to leave the seal and the note of apology written in her father's pretty handwriting and sealed with the Treherne coat of arms. Zeph was glad the Treherne had a coat of arms and undoubted right to use it. She knew her father was too devout an antiquary to use it unless he had an absolutely incontrovertible right to do so. "I dare say," thought she, "Mr. Daylesford was kind to us and took us all to Berkhamstead out of charity, just as people take workhouse children out for days in the country. Well, that coat of arms looks quite as good as his. We may be poor, but we come of a good family, and I am awfully glad of it; but I wish he had never taken us up at all if he only intended to drop us directly."

They walked on briskly, for it was so damp and cold. Jack was talkative and found Zeph dull. "You are not half such good fun to go out walking with as you used to be," said he plaintively. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing is the matter!" she answered almost sharply. She knew that he was a strong partisan of John's, and did not want him to begin to talk on that subject.

"I know exactly what's making you so glum and different; you—"

"Jack, be quiet," said Zeph. "You are a little boy and cannot possibly understand such subjects!"

"If you don't choose to talk to me on such subjects when you have them of your own, I won't talk to you about any of mine when I have them—I shall have love affairs some day, Zeph."

To this not very lucid speech Zeph answered, "Wait till the time comes. You are sure to tell me when it does."

"Zeph, he did not look a bit the same: he was white, and looked as hard as—well, as hard as hard could be."

Zeph walked on quickly and got a few yards in front of Jack. She had not come out to be made miserable by hearing how John Simonds looked. Besides, as she always told herself, he was not the only one who was miserable. If she herself had been happy and gay it would have been quite right that she should be forced to listen. Jack ran after her and said, "Zeph, I won't say any more, but it is a shame of you to do it!"

When they came to Ambassadors' Gate she told him to run on and give the note and the box with the seal in it to the servant who came when he rang. She herself did not go beyond Number One. It was daylight, and she was afraid of being seen, for Mr. Daylesford might be somewhere near.

While Jack was waiting for the servant, a very small boy with a cardboard box in his hand came to her and said, "Please, ma'am, do you know if this is Battledore's Place?"

"Do you mean Ambassadors' Gate?" she asked.

"I don't know—perhaps that's it," said he, fumbling with the box, and turning it round and round while trying to decipher an address which he was obviously unable to read. Zeph looked at it over his shoulder to see if she could help him, and read, "Mrs. Daylesford, 11 Ambassadors' Gate." Mrs. Daylesford! She was strangely startled. His mother was dead—she knew that; so he was married! That, then, was why he had not been to see them. He was certainly not married when they were at the castle with him, for he always spoke of himself as entirely alone in the world, with no one to care for him but a brother who lived thousands of miles away. He had married after his return to London, and that was why he had not been to see them, and that, too, was why he never would come; and as these thoughts careered through her mind, Zeph was conscious that the warm blood was rushing into her cheeks—she felt it tingling there, and knew that she was blushing violently. "It is that house where you see a little boy standing in the portico," said she hastily, to get rid of the errand boy, for she felt ashamed that even this small boy should see her surprise. "Inquire at that house, and then I think you will find it is all right." Never before this moment had she admitted to herself that there had been anything especially noticeable in Daylesford's manner toward herself. Now a rush of sudden consciousness made it clear to her that somehow he had behaved in such a way as made it almost wrong for him to be married. He must even then have been engaged. Her pride came to her rescue at once. She had never felt one moment's love for this man; why should she care whether he was married or not? "Why, indeed?" she repeated, drawing herself up.

"I have done it," said Jack, running back to her. "I say, what awfully pretty red cheeks you have got! Zeph, I never saw them half so red!"

They grew even redder at this speech, and then she saw the boy with the box in parley with the footman, who had just taken Jack's little packet and letter from him. Whatever the man said, he kept possession of the box, and carried it into the house with him. Now the door was shut and the boy was coming quickly toward her empty handed.

"Stop till I ask that boy if I directed him right," said Zeph. "Was that the right house, boy?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Does the—the person the parcel was for live there?"

"Yes," said the boy, who did not seem able to spare a second "ma'am," and passed on.

"What is the matter, Zeph? How queer you look!"

"I don't!" replied Zeph, almost angrily. "Why should I? We have done what we were sent out to do—come home."

Jack was afraid from this that the walk was going to be very dull, but she talked the whole way, and he was happy.

"That woman won't want us in her house," she thought. "Father may perhaps be allowed to make catalogues and arrange papers, but it is not at all likely that she will care to have three people whom she does not know or want to know staying for weeks together with her—so that pleasure is lost!"

Zeph was heavy at heart. She had been offered a magnificent chance of escaping for a while from the lowly life in Lorne Gardens, and just as she was hoping to avail herself of this chance, it was rudely snatched from her. "He must have been engaged when we were there!" she repeated; "but Mrs. Scatcherd cannot have known it, or she would have told me. I should like to know his bride's name."

She went to a news-agent's office near home, and asked to be allowed to search the back numbers of the *Times* for the last five weeks, and having carefully read all the marriages during that time without finding any of which Mr. Daylesford had been the hero, she was certain that the wedding could not have taken place so recently. Then he had been married all the time she had known him! There was no reason why he should not, but she never should have guessed it.

An hour or two later, when Zeph was sitting on her black box pondering over these things, Agnes ran upstairs so quickly that she could hardly speak, to tell her that Mr. Daylesford was in the drawing-room, and that it was very lucky there was a fire.

"Who is with him?"

"No one. You are to go down and say father is coming directly. Mother told me to tell you. She is just putting him into his best coat, she says."

Zeph rose reluctantly. If Mr. Daylesford was going to cheat her out of her visit to Berkhamstead, and all that that visit implied of gayety and pleasure, she did not think she particularly wanted to see him. As she slowly descended the stairs she composed a subtly-arranged sentence which she hoped would bring out the truth.

"How are you?" said he, coming eagerly forward and looking much pleased to see her.

"Perfectly well, thank you;" and then she launched her sentence, "Do tell me if anything of importance has happened to you since I saw you last?"

He took this with perfect calmness, and said very quietly, "Nothing; I wish it were otherwise. I suppose you refer to the one thing in which I am most interested?"

"Then nothing has happened? And have you done anything particular since I last had the pleasure of seeing you?"

"Absolutely nothing! I have just led the ordinary humdrum life of a British citizen; my existence has been entirely uneventful. I ought to have come to see you before, but you know how time slips away."

Zeph didn't. Time never slipped away with her, and she was inclined to resent his words; but, after all, so long as he did not forget that he had invited them to pay him a long visit in April they had no right to blame him for not coming to see them before.

Mr. and Mrs. Treherne now appeared. He had been swept and garnished. She had not had time to improve her own appearance, but her husband had insisted on her coming upstairs with him.

"Father's note of the morning has brought us back to Mr. Daylesford's mind," thought Zeph, "that's all—he had forgotten us!"

But no: he at once said, "How is the book getting on, Mr. Treherne? You recollect your promise, I hope? April will be here in a day or two. You promised to come back to Berkhamstead in April, and to bring Mrs. and Miss Treherne with you," and so saying he included the mother and daughter in a well-distributed bow, making them both richer by the sight of a smile so kindly and pleasant that it was impossible not to feel the happier for it.

"Oh, indeed, I have not forgotten," replied Mr. Treherne. "I should like to know how I could forget such a delightful invitation; but it will be May, I am afraid, before I can say that my book is really out of my hands."

"Then let it be May. Come when you like, my dear sir; but the sooner the better."

Zeph heard this with dismay, for her green serge, on which she was relying for a change, would be of no use in May. Besides, if his wife was to be there, and no doubt she would be, she herself would require much better dresses. Washed white muslins might do for men's eyes, but not for women's! Zeph was very absent, but conversation seemed to flourish without much aid from her; Daylesford stayed for some time, and was very pleasant, and on his departure presented Zeph with an order for a box at one of the theaters.

Next day he came again, but this time he said he had a favor to ask. He had a friend who had recently become possessed of a small collection of what he believed to be extremely choice MSS., and would be very grateful if Mr. Treherne would look at them and give him some idea of their importance.

Mr. Treherne was all willingness to look at them whenever he liked to send them.

"You are very kind," replied Daylesford, "but he is most anxious to see you; he has other things that he is anxious to show you and consult you about, and he has ventured to send me with a humble petition. I am to dine with him to-night, and he wants you to be so very kind as accept an informal invitation and accompany me."

Mr. Treherne was silent for a moment. Daylesford hastened to add, "He is not able to make calls—he is an invalid; and besides, you would not care to have people calling, and it is no party; there will be no one but ourselves. Do go; I beg it as a favor to myself, for it will be such a kindness."

Slowly and rather reluctantly Mr. Treherne yielded. He had not dined out for years. He was glad to do anything in his power to oblige his generous friend, but the sacrifice was great.

"He lives very near me," said Daylesford, "at No. 19 Queen Elizabeth Street. Shall we meet there? He dines at a quarter to eight." It was settled that they should meet there, and after a pleasant visit Daylesford took his leave.

Was he married? That, as Zeph told herself, was not a matter of particular importance to her; but somehow he did not look like a married man.

"Who will walk with father to Queen Elizabeth Street?" asked Mrs. Treherne. She was much excited by such an unusual event as her husband's going out to dinner.

"Let Zeph and Jack go," replied Agnes carelessly. Zeph made no objection; she had nothing to do indoors, and was glad to undertake anything which made her feel as if her existence was not utterly useless. That was by no means the case during this walk. She had not seen her father in the streets for years, and was pained to find how old and helpless he looked. The darkness bewildered him, the swift silent approach of the numerous carriages which he met alarmed him; he felt wholly unequal to steering his course through the dimly-lighted unfamiliar thoroughfares.

"Take my arm, dear," said Zeph, who was full of love and pity for him. He walked so hesitatingly and seemed so

old and frail and out of place in the world of men, that her heart ached. "Take my arm and let me guide you."

"Yes, help me, dear," said he. "You are a good, kind girl, Zeph."

Zeph breathed more freely. Life even in Lorne Gardens was worth having when she was conscious of being loved and wanted by those with whom she lived.

"It is a long and weary way!" said Mr. Treherne at last.

"You ought to have had a cab, dear," she replied, feeling much self-reproach at not having suggested this.

"Oh, no, a cab would have cost I don't know how much." This hateful want of money troubled them at every turn! It was too far for Mr. Treherne to walk—he was so unused to exercise.

"Promise me to have a cab to come home," said she.

"Yes, I promise that." They were now in Queen Elizabeth Street, but Zeph would not leave him till he reached the door of the house to which he was bound. "Give me a kiss before I go," said she. He stooped down and kissed her. "Good-bye, dear," said she. "Be sure not to forget the cab. By the bye, have you any money?"

Yes, Mr. Treherne had money, though how that happened was one of those mysteries which never can be explained, for he never carried such a thing about him and never had any need of it. They waited until they saw him safely in the house, and then pursued their way homeward. Ambassadors' Gate was the next street. They had passed Mr. Daylesford's door in going, and now they were to pass it again in returning. A carriage was standing there which they easily recognized as his. "He is actually going to drive to Queen Elizabeth Street, when he could walk in two minutes!" said Jack indignantly, but before Zeph could answer, the door of the house opened, and a girl who was closely wrapped in a dark crimson evening cloak came out, carefully escorted by a couple of footmen, and entered the carriage. "To the Savoy, Thomas," said one of them, and the carriage drove away. Zeph had seen everything. Mrs. Daylesford—for no doubt this was Mr. Daylesford's wife—was, so far as she could judge, tall, slender, graceful, and ladylike. Zeph could not see her face, but no doubt she was handsome.

"I wonder who that is," said Jack. "He is always having parties!" Zeph was rather silent all the way home.

Polly and Agnes retired to bed rather early that night—and with, as Zeph thought, a strange and unusual knowledge of the truth, they declared that they were in much need of beauty sleep.

For the first time in her life Zeph enjoyed a quiet evening with her mother. She discoursed of her old home, and Zeph, to her great delight, was strengthened in her belief that the Seatons had been somebodies. Mr. Treherne was very late and they were beginning to be anxious, when about midnight he returned, not in a cab, but in Mr. Daylesford's carriage.

"How kind!" exclaimed Mrs. Treherne, "Mr. Daylesford is a kind man! He has actually ordered out his own carriage for you!"

"Oh, no!" said he, "I should not have allowed him to do that. I walked as far as his house with him and we met it just before we got there."

"Empty?" asked Zeph.

"Yes, empty, so he proposed my going home in it."

"I suppose it had just taken Mrs. Daylesford home from the theater," said Zeph quietly.

"What Mrs. Daylesford?" inquired Mrs. Treherne.

"His wife of course," said Zeph.

"His wife, my dear," said Mr. Treherne. "That is impossible! I happen to know that he is not married."

To be continued.

Scenes in the Life of Christ.



WHILE Flanders was celebrated for its manufacturing and commercial industries, even as early as the fourteenth century, art was fairly developed. Guilds were organized, and that of St. Luke at Bruges had three hundred members. Each city had its Guild; and there was considerable rivalry between them.

Some of the productions of the old Flemish painters, if they did not surpass, in many respects equaled, those of the early Italian school. The art of Belgium invaded Germany and Spain, making an endeavor to supplant the Italian method; but it was in its own domains that it flourished most.

There was everything in the old Flemish cities to encourage and develop the art of painting; and it was not astonishing that art made such rapid progress in the Netherlands. The artist who gave the greatest impulse to painting, at an early period, was Hubert van Eyck, who was born in the fourteenth century. He founded a new school; as well as introduced oil as a medium for colors.

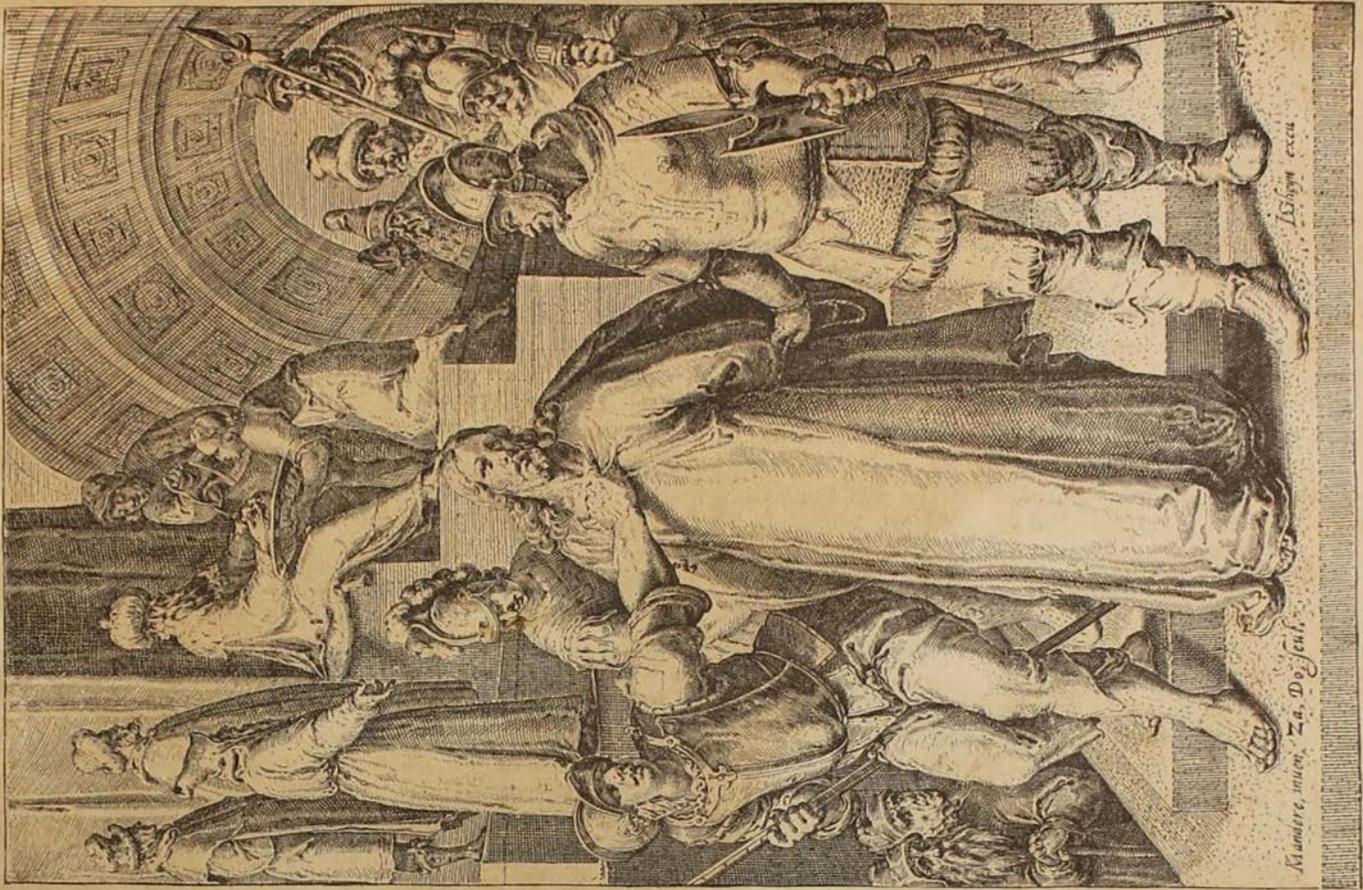
The painters of that period, as well as those of succeeding times, gave great attention to the portrayal of Biblical scenes; and churches and altars were extensively adorned with them. Lucas van Leyden, Rubens, and Van Dyck have left fine specimens of pictures of this description.

Among the early Flemish painters is Jacob Gheyn, who was born in Antwerp. The first of the Biblical series by him is a representation of Christ in the house of Simon, at Bethany. At this time there came a woman, having an alabaster box of very precious ointment, and poured it on his head as he sat at meat. The disciples were indignant at what they considered a waste, but Christ reproved them, saying that she had poured the ointment on his body for his burial. The Saviour is seen surrounded by his disciples, while the woman is approaching with the box of ointment. Mary Magdalene, for such the woman is supposed to be, is not represented as the Italian painters imagined her. The Dutch artists were not hampered by any traditions of the past, and looked around them for their Biblical and mythological models, even Rembrandt taking for his patriarchs of old a more modern Dutch Jew as a model.

The repast in the house of Simon of Bethany is a favorite subject with the painters of old. Caliari, Champagne, Jouvenet, Subleyras, and others have painted this subject. In every instance the scene is represented as taking place in a hall ornamented with columns, and in some cases the balconies are filled with spectators.

The second scene shows the Saviour as he is led away from the Judgment Hall of Pilate by the soldiers. In the time of Christ the Roman Governor alone had the power to pass sentence of death on a prisoner; hence Christ was not taken before the Sanhedrim, but before the Roman Governor, who, at that time, was Pilate. He found no cause of death in the prisoner, but yielding to the clamors of the priests and people, gave Jesus up to death, at the same time washing his hands of the crime, and declaring that he was "innocent of the blood of this just person." Pilate is seen washing his hands, while the priests surround him, and the Saviour stands unresisting between the rude soldiers.

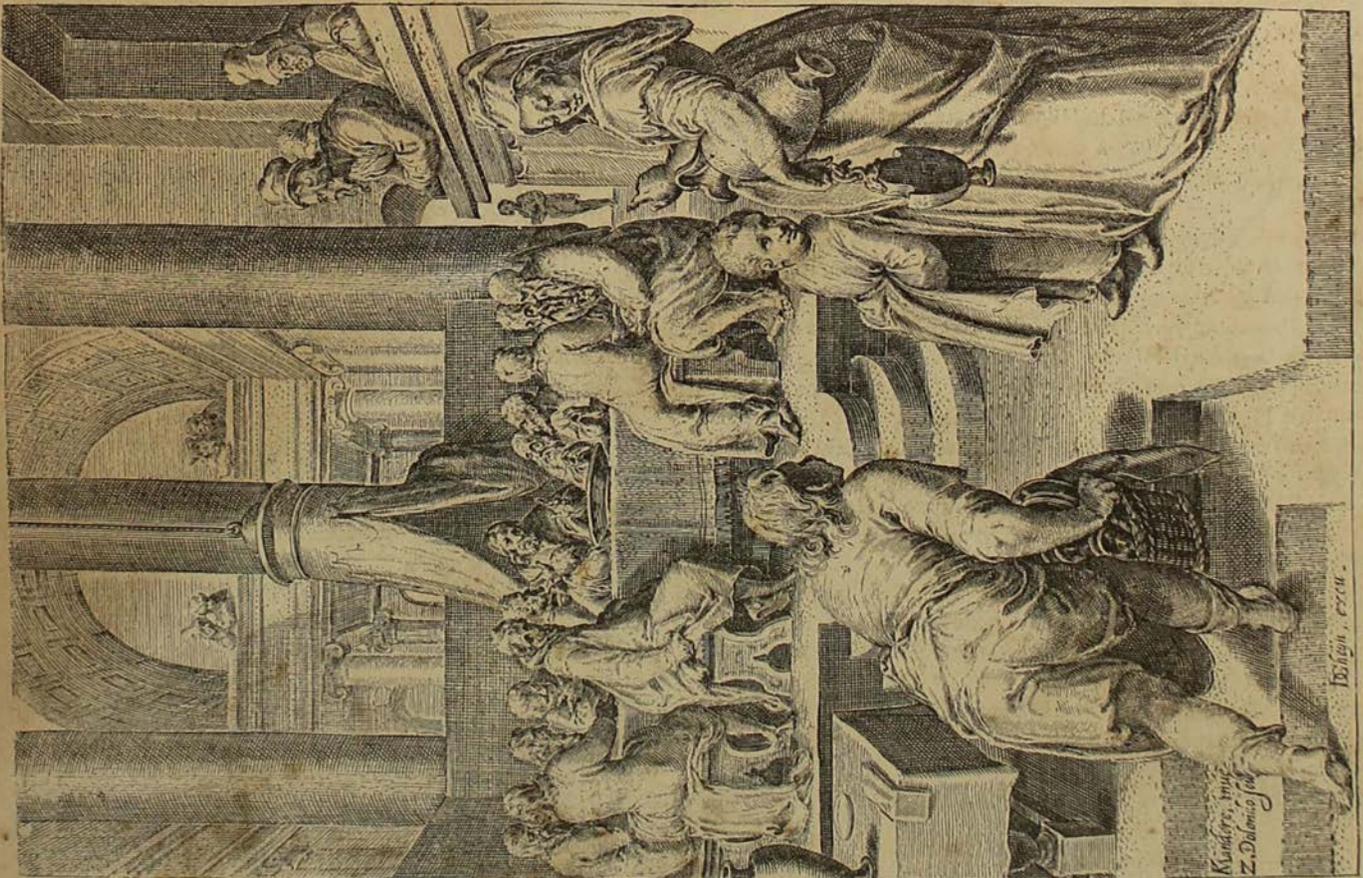
The third scene is very graphic. The Saviour is seen nailed to the cross, between two thieves, while the soldiers keep guard over him. Three of them are throwing dice for his seamless garment. The faithful women are gathered together at the foot of the cross, Mary Magdalene clasping it with her arms, and looking up at the Saviour with love and anguish in her face. St. John is also seen looking up with reverence and affection at his beloved Master. Calvary, or Golgotha (place of skulls), was a little distance from Jerusalem, and was the place appointed for the execution of



CHRIST LED FROM THE JUDGMENT HALL.

malefactors ; and here it was that the Saviour was crucified. In the distance the Holy City is seen, while the "heavens are hung with black," as if mourning for the terrible scene on Calvary ; a scene which both Jews and Gentiles brought about. It was the cry of the *Roman* soldiers "If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend."

The fourth scene shows the angels rolling away the stone from the sepulchre. Early in the morning, Mary Magdalene and other women came with spices and ointments to anoint the body of Jesus, according to the custom of the Jews. They found that the tomb was untenanted, and the Saviour gone, but two angels were present. The painter depicts



THE REFEAT IN THE HOUSE OF SIMON.