

LOVE AND LAW.

By the author of BONNY'S LOVERS

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

It was Miss Branscombe. The hood of her light mantle was drawn over her head and face, and as she came swiftly on, with downcast head, she was unconscious of my presence until she almost touched me. At the first recognition she gave a little cry and started back, the next instant she had recovered herself, and something of the womanly dignity which I had admired in her at our first meeting returned to her bearing. She made no apology or excuse for her presence there on such a night and at such an hour; she merely bowed her head with a murmured "Thank you," as I threw open the door and stood back for her to precede me into the hall. She did not, as I half expected, try to excuse or account for her late walk, but with another bow she passed on and up the wide staircase. The light from a hanging lamp fell upon her face as she turned to mount the steps, and I saw that her eyes were swollen with tears and her cheeks deadly pale. She held tightly by the carved oak balustrade too as she went slowly up and out of my sight.

"And so," I said to myself, as haunted by a spirit of unrest, I paced the floor of my room long after midnight—"so dies the last lingering remnant of my faith in womanhood." But it was dying hard; it was hydra-headed, apparently, and sprang into fresh life as fast as I set my heel upon the last quivering fragment; and at last, when I sought my bed, I knew that neither my faith, nor a mad love, as wild and impossible as the love of the wave for the star, was dead within me. I had found a hundred excuses, a hundred reasons, which left Nona Branscombe my pure sweet ideal still; and withal, I was the most unhappy man in the United Kingdom. Had Miss Branscombe been the penniless girl her friends and neighbors had pre-

possible for Mr. Fort to remain with you until after the funeral; but it is a point I can hardly press, as he has been good enough to give us already so much of his valuable time."

"We should indeed be glad," said Miss Elmslie, looking appealingly at me.

So I was impelled by the irresistible force of fate into the current which could only bear me to disastrous shipwreck.

"I could return," I said, answering the appeal of Miss Elmslie. And oh, what a rush of dangerous joy thrilled through my veins at the thought of once more being under the same roof with Nona Branscombe! "My arrangements are made for to-day, as you know. I must run up to town; but if I can assist you by returning to Forest Lea, I will do so immediately—as soon as I have seen my partners."

"It will be the greatest comfort," Miss Elmslie assured me, with tears in her eyes. And so it was settled.

"I will drive with you to the station," the rector said, as the dog-cart came round; "I have business there. Are you a good whelp? No?"—as I shook my head. "Well, I will take the reins then. Mason"—to the groom—"cut across the park while we drive round, and leave word at my house that I have gone on to Westford. We will pick you up at the end of Park Lane. The fact is," he confided to me, as soon as the man was out of earshot, "that scamp, Charlie Branscombe, has been hanging about the place; the purport of the poor old colonel's will will soon come out—if it hasn't done so already—and Master Charlie is quite capable of bullying his cousin in the first flush of his disappointment. It was my good old friend's last injunction that Charlie should not be admitted to the Lea, and Miss Nona is tender-hearted in that quarter."

A light flashed upon me. It was

once at the Lea, and the exercise of the tact and friendly kindness you have already shown—I bowed—"will be invaluable to us at this juncture. After the funeral, Miss Elmslie and Miss Branscombe will leave the place, and a year or two of foreign travel, with fresh scenes and associations, will, I have no doubt, make a great difference in Miss Branscombe's views and feelings. She has been brought up in a secluded way, and has seen few people hitherto. All we want is to gain time. But here is my fellow; we must hurry up to catch the 11.10 express."

The 11.10 express was a favorite train evidently. I congratulated myself on having secured a corner seat next the door, as my carriage filled rapidly. At Wivenhoe, the first stopping station, two seats—that opposite to me, on which I had deposited my black bag and the light dustcoat which I carried, and a second seat next to mine—were the only ones unoccupied. The weather was warm, and I was just congratulating myself on having escaped any addition to our number, when, even as the guard's whistle sounded, the handle of the carriage door was hastily turned and a lady, evidently a good deal flustered at the narrow escape she had made of missing the train, sprang lightly in and deposited herself in the vacant place by my side.

It had all happened so suddenly—my head had been turned away at the moment of the lady's appearance—that I had only time to draw my somewhat long limbs out of her path, and none to catch a glimpse of my new neighbor before she was seated next to me.

"Allow me," I said then, offering to relieve her of the small bag and large loose cloak which she held on her knees. "There is room for these here"—indicating the opposite seat, on which my own impedimenta reposed.

She thanked me with a bow and a few murmured indistinct words; and, as I took the two articles from her hands, I caught a glimpse of her face. It was covered with a thick gray gossamer veil, such as ladies use at the seaside or for driving in the country; but the lovely hair that had escaped from beneath the large shady hat, and something in the whole bearing startled me with a wild impossible idea. Had I gone mad, or was the image of Nona Branscombe so imprinted on the retina of my eye that to me every woman must bear her likeness?

I darted another swift keen glance at my neighbor as I resettled myself in my place.

"They will be quite safe there," I said, pointing to her possessions, and then I stopped, breathless. It was no fond illusion of my love-sick fancy. It was Nona herself! The large limpid eyes, which even the thick gossamer veil could not hide, looked into mine for an instant with a warning deprecatory expression, the graceful head moved with the scantiest, most distant acknowledgment of any courtesy, and then turned resolutely away. Evidently Miss Branscombe did not choose to recognize me further.

I sat for the next ten minutes stunned and bewildered, watching the meadows and trees as they flew by in endless succession, and trying to steady my mind sufficiently to grasp the situation. Miss Branscombe here alone, unattended—she who had hitherto led such a carefully protected life—traveling alone; and whither? I was certain that neither the rector nor Miss Elmslie had known of her projected journey—the morning's conversation quite precluded the idea. How had she reached the station without being seen by us—the rector or myself?

(To be continued.)

MY LITTLE LADY.

"My little lady," I used to call her, and the diminutive incensed her greatly. "It is such an absurd name," she would say; "and besides, you know how much I dislike any remarks about my personal appearance. It is quite misfortune enough to be so ridiculously small without being reminded of it constantly."

"Ah, but one of these days you will be great," I would say, and she would laugh happily at the prophecy—how that happy child laugh of hers rings in my ears even now—and would accuse me of blind partiality, "which is," she would remind me, quoting a favorite saying of mine, which was prone to recur often in our many literary discussions, "only another form of partial blindness."

How shall I describe her, I wonder, how put upon paper all the incongruous charms which made her what she was.

To tell you of her appearance is to belle her character, for the outward being and the inner self had no sisterhood, save when now and again, at some chance word that inspired a noble thought in her, the woman's glorious soul peeped shy out through her blue eyes till they grew dark and deep, and the warm glow of her divine intelligence permeated and shone through her clear baby skin.

She loved poetry—true poetry—and remembered all she loved in it. Ah! If you could have heard her recite poetry as I have!

At such moments she was beautiful—more than that, worshipful.

I have seen young men and cantankerous old women rise spellbound to that bright angel face and listen breathlessly for the words as they fell from those baby lips.

At such times the beautiful story of the Christ child in the temple has seemed to me to gain strength and I have pondered wonderingly over the power some mortals have to hold and enthral others, binding them fast to good or evil.

I must speak of her as a child, I suppose, in order that you may see her as she appeared to the physical eye;

bate and loathe yourself even more than you detest the vilest thing that crawls the earth—this it is to be alone. And so was I until my little lady came into my life.

How well I remember the first time I met her!

A silly woman who thought I might perchance become the purchaser of one of her silly daughters, had asked me to "come and help amuse some children," thinking, no doubt, that the juvenile setting would enhance in my eyes the value of the jewel she intended for me.

It did just the reverse. I have always loved children, and the sight of their sweet innocence made me hate the men and women there still more. I sat in a corner and watched the children play, wishing I could be one of them again. My little lady was foremost in the games, but presently she left the others, and came to sit near me.

"Have you a headache?" she asked, in a voice that struck me almost unconsciously as too deep and full for so young a girl.

"No—a headache," I answered, without thinking of what I said, and then, angry with myself for self-betrayal, I tried to joke away my answer and to talk nonsense to the child.

What happened after that I hardly know. I only know that soon we were in deep conversation, and gradually I talked to her as I had never talked to living being since those two devils—but no matter! As I left the house I noticed two stains—tear stains—upon my glove. I, the misanthrope! I, who almost boasted that nothing had touched my heart for fifteen years.

Oh, my little lady, my little lady!

It was her birthday and I had bought her a white rosebud to put in her hair, which she put on that day for the first time.

It lay unnoticed on the ground at her feet, now half picked to pieces by her nervous fingers.

Fool to have told her then, and so suddenly!

How could a child of her age love a man of mine?

How could she understand? How

VANITY FAIR.

During the coming season there will be quite a plethora of international yacht races. Whether contests of this description do much for the best interests of the sport is doubtful, for in the past they have often led to bickerings, and they certainly cause people who usually take no interest in yachting to momentarily turn their attention to the pastime. The first series of international matches has already commenced at Meulan, in which M. Marcon's 1-tonner Belonga, representing the Cercle de la Voile de Paris, is matched against the Veetis, owned by Mr. F. W. Leybourne Popham of England, whose challenge was backed by the Island Sailing Club of Cowes. In August we are promised another series of international races for the Coupe de France. The defender will be owned by Mr. E. Hore, who has been racing the 20-rater Laura with considerable success at the Mediterranean regattas. Then, still later in the season, will follow the American cup races.

It is unpleasant news to hear that Loch Leven, the most romantic among the lochs of Scotland, is in danger of becoming covered with an obnoxious weed, which is spreading in an alarming manner, to the dismay of all concerned in the fishing interests of the loch. For some two years past the presence of this member of the anacharis tribe of water plants has been known, but no satisfactory explanation of the method by which it found its way into the waters has yet been arrived at. One ingenious authority has expressed the opinion that it was introduced with some goldfish which were purchased and turned out into the loch. The fish were bought from hawkers, in globes, in which it was supposed there were supplies of this foreign weed. Others assert that it was brought into the vicinity by an American timber ship. Be this as it may, the inconvenience to which the ever-increasing masses of weed give rise is very considerable. Anglers and others are viewing with keen interest the steps that are being taken to destroy the encroaching plant.

Viscount Castlereagh, eldest son of the marquis and marchioness of Londonderry, attained his majority recently. The marchioness of Londonderry, who had been in Africa on a visit to her second son, who is unfortunately out of health, rejoined the family circle at Londonderry house, Park Lane, for the occasion. Lord Castlereagh is a lieutenant in the royal horse guards. He is a keen sportsman and a very fine rider. At Sandhurst he took first prize for military riding, and he is also a first-rate across-country. His histrionic talents are above the average, as he has proved at several amateur dramatic entertainments at Wynyard park and Mount Stewart, in which he and his only sister, Lady Louisa, have played conspicuous parts. Festivities in connection with Lord Castlereagh's coming of age are postponed till August, when the family will be in residence at Wynyard park. The marquis and marchioness of Londonderry are, of course, both influential personages in society and the heir is a great favorite on both the Irish and English estates. He holds a commission in the Durham artillery volunteers, of which his father is colonel, and which regiment, formed from Lord Londonderry's employes, is a particularly fine one.

Are There Four Tastes.

Experiments recently performed give reason for believing that most so-called sensations of taste are little more than combination of reports to the brain made by the nerves of sight, smell and touch, says Science Bittings. Of a large number of persons tested, few could distinguish, when their eyes were covered and their noses closed, between weak solutions of tea, coffee and quinine, and even those who were most successful made frequent and ludicrous mistakes. Still greater difficulty was found in discrimination by means of the unaided tongue between meats as unlike as pork and turkey, especially when the meat was first finely divided. The experiments indicated that there are at most only four real taste sensations, namely, sour, sweet, bitter and salt, and it is doubtful if there are more than two—sweet and bitter. This may suggest to folks of frugal mind that a lot of money might be saved by going to table blind-fold and with nose put temporarily out of commission. One could then call viands and liquids whatever one chose, and tradesmen's bills could be materially reduced by the employment of a judicious imagination. In the course of the said tests a woman of great repute as a cook said raw potatoes chopped were acorns, roast pork she called boiled beef, raw turnip chopped she called cabbage sweetened, raw apple was grape juice, roast turkey was called beef, and horse radish she said was something she had never tasted.

The Great Bear's Movements.

Prof. S— is a heavily built man of slow movements, whose personal appearance is suggestive of a bear. He is also in charge of the astronomical department. Meeting a friend, the professor said, "Thomas do you take any interest in the movements of the heavenly bodies?" "Yes. I like to look at the stars once in a while." "Well, if you want to observe the movements of the Great Bear, come to my room tonight. I'll be in."

Many a woman speaks of her emotional temperament, but others call it temper.



HER EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

one had to know and to love her (the terms are synonymous) to see her with the eyes of the mind. Those who knew her—they were not many—saw her as a child, but they loved her as a woman.

A woman to be loved fiercely, hotly; a woman to dare for, to work for, to achieve for—if need be, to die for—but to die for honorably on life's battlefield, fighting to the last.

A woman at whose feet a man's successes might be laid, and whose one word of praise would be all-sufficient guerdon.

Ah, ye women! Will you never understand your wondrous powers to make men or to mar them!

You laugh at this "high-flown nonsense about a child," do you not? I forgive you, for you never knew my little lady.

Until my little lady came into my life I was alone. Do you know what that means? Have you realized it? Can you realize it? To go out into the world, to eat and to drink like other people do, to shake your fellow creatures by the hand while mentally you spurn them under foot and void your rheum upon them, to greet all men and women with a lie upon your lips—a lie that professes interest in their health and in them for whom you care no more than for the starving mongrel which you drive from your doorstep with a savage kick and an oath muttered through set teeth. To be without any love for any living thing; nay, to hate the whole huge human race because one man and one woman have proved unworthy—to



"ON THE SPOT, YES; BUT NOT IN THE HOUSE," MR. HEATHCOTE ANSWERED GRAVELY.

maturely declared her to be, there would have been neither presumption nor madness in the passion which had taken possession of me, for I was well-born, my prospects were good, and I could have entered the lists fearlessly against all comers. But Miss Branscombe, the heiress, the owner of fifteen thousand a year, was separated from me by a barrier which I recognized as insurmountable. I groaned in spirit as I remembered that my own hand had helped to raise the barrier.

And then I fell into a short troubled slumber, just as the restless twittering of the little birds beneath my window told that the day was breaking.

CHAPTER VI.

Early as it was when I descended to the breakfast room that morning, Miss Elmslie was already down and in deep and anxious conference with the rector. They ceased speaking as I entered, and Mr. Heathcote came forward to greet me.

"I am sorry you are leaving Forest Lea this morning," he said, as Miss Elmslie bustled herself with the tea-urn. "These ladies need—er—er—in fact, some member of our sex sadly just now. I wish you could have remained."

"You are on the spot," I suggested, fighting with an impulse which tempted me to forget my duty alike to my firm and to myself, and to linger in the sunshine which could only scorch me.

"On the spot, yes; but not in the house," Mr. Heathcote answered gravely, accepting the cup of tea which Miss Elmslie offered him. "You are singularly destitute of male relatives, Miss Elmslie?" he added, addressing her.

"Yes," she sighed; "there is absolutely no one. The dear colonel represented our whole family, excepting—"

"Yes, yes!" interrupted the rector, hastily. "You are entirely unprotected, unfortunately. I wish it had been

Charlie whom she had met in the shrubbery last night—who had smoked that prime Havana and brought those tears to his cousin's sweet eyes; and to Charlie, no doubt, I thought, with a swift pang of jealousy, she had given her young love—the treasure he would squander as remorselessly as he had wasted the more tangible treasures in his hands. And upon me, of all men, by the cruel irony of fate, was forced the task of separating her from the man she loved! Nothing could come to me but pain, disappointment and odium.

"There is more than one element of danger in the case," said the worthy rector. "Charlie may make a disturbance at the Lea, and seriously embarrass those two unprotected women, or he may work upon the feelings of a susceptible and romantic girl like Nona, and neutralize all the wise provisions of his uncle. There is no telling what, in the first emotional workings of such a character as this sweet young girl's, Charlie may make her do for him—give up Forest Lea, I shouldn't be surprised, and ruin herself and all who depend upon her. The fellow is, I am sorry to say, utterly irreclaimable—money runs through his hands as if they were sieves. The poor old colonel gave him chance after chance, and he threw them away one after the other. It is a hopeless case."

"And Miss Branscombe," I said, forcing myself to utter the words which choked me—"Miss Branscombe is attached to her cousin?"

"I fear so," answered the rector gravely—"my wife thinks so, unfortunately. I am speaking confidentially to you, Mr. Fort," he added, turning abruptly to me.

"We lawyers, like doctors, come in for the secrets of a good many families," I answered, for want of something better to say.

"Just so," assented the rector; "and we want your help, Mr. Fort. You see it is important to keep this young scapgrace out of the way. Your pres-

TO BRING ABOUT SLEEP.

The Half Hour Before Bedtime Should Be Quietly Spent.

Difficulties in going to sleep are sometimes physical more than mental, says the Spectator. The physical, under ordinary circumstances, are due to the circulation. The following are a few practical hints: Some sleep better half sitting up with three pillows, some better with none; some with little covering, some with much. Hot drinks or a hot bath just before sleep, hot bottles to the feet, are often useful. Tobacco often increases sleeplessness. Sometimes, after long waking, a small meal will bring sleep. Some, especially invalids, will wake after two or three hours; a cup of hot, fresh tea will often send them to sleep again. Sometimes the darkness seems exciting and one can sleep with a lighted candle. Intermittent noises, as of a rattling window, are always bad, but a continuous noise is often a lullaby. Moderate fatigue aids, but exhaustion prevents sleep. Oftenest sleeplessness is mental and springs from a want of self-control. Either one subject engrosses the mind or a succession of ideas. In either case the sleepless must make the effort to stop thought. It is best done by attending continuously to some monotonous and unexciting idea which is self-hypnotism. Some count, some breathe slowly as if asleep, some look at imaginary sheep going through a gate. One of the best ways is to watch those curious appearances which come to closed eyes, a purple hare fading into a star, which becomes an irregular line, and again changes to something else. They can not be seen when first sought, but will come with a little patience. In all these the purpose is to fix the attention on some object which will arouse no associations. It requires steady effort to do this and to prevent the thoughts wandering, but exercise increases the power to succeed. The half hour before bedtime should be spent quietly.