FLOWERS AND GORGEOUS COSTUMES AT MASK BALL

Maennerchor's Annual Function Never Merrier Than Friday's Golden Jubilee Gathering.

SURPRISE FOR GUESTS

Combination Wedding Procession and Cake Walk Precedes the Grand March.

Hooded monks and silk-gowned ladies, red devils—not the gasoline kind, however—and fairies, very bright and good, indeed, big, bold policemen and the gentlest of demure nuns joined hands last night to make the golden jubilee ball of the Indianapolis Maennerchor the merriest, the most beautiful and the most successful in the history of the society.

The balls, which are annual events, are unique in the social life of the city—they are always beautiful and always interesting; but the one given last night in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the society eclipsed all its predecessors.

The big dancing hall in the Maennerchor building was in its brightest dress last night and was the appropriate setting for the medley of lovely and wonderful costumes. The entire west wall of the hall was covered with scenery painted especially for the ball. The lower part represented a conservatory and the illusion of masses of flowers and shrubs was helped out by clusters of real ones placed before the painted blossoms.

The scenes were illuminated from behind with charming effect. Above, the canvas was painted in stained glass effect, with panels of graceful figures, and the same light effects were used. The stage was set as a summer garden and brilliant lamps swung among the painted trees and masses of real palms and vines. The many windows in the hall both lower and upper were masses of spring bloom—primroses, tulips, cinerrarias and other flowers, set in the midst of ferns and trailing vines.

FLORAL DISPLAY IN BALCONY.

The balcony was hung with great garlands of green and strands of red and white blossoms were hung at intervals. The entrance hall downstairs was a promise of the beauty above and the masses of flowers and the green plants made the first glimpse of the rooms a delight. Single azalea plants, white or rose-colored, set in fancy baskets and tied with silk cords to match the flowers were placed about the hall and the piano was covered with a bank of spring flowers of brilliant tints in a setting of green.

There is always a surprise in store for the Maennerchor dancers, and this year it was an especially clever one. After all the guests had assembled in the dancing hall, instead of the usual forming for the grand march, the familiar strains of the "Lohengrin" wedding march were played, and down the hall came a wedding party of remarkable beauty and grace. The party came from Darktown, and the black faces showed strikingly against the snowy costumes. Mrs. Ed Gausepohl was the bride, Mr. John Weiman the bridegroom, Mrs. Reinie Miller the maid of honor, and Mr. William Gardner the best man. The bridesmaids were Mrs. Ed Neumeyer, Mrs. John Weiman, Mrs. Theo Weiss, Mrs. Peter Bals, Miss Edith Daniels and Miss Lilly Langsenkamp; the flower girls, Mrs. William Gardner and Miss Pearl Howard; the ushers, Messrs. Ed Neumeyer, Peter Bals and Emory Crawford; the ringbearer, Miss Helen Hickman; the ribbon bearers, Messrs. Ed Gausepohl, Henry Langsenkamp, Theo Weiss and Fritz Schmidt. The parson was Mr. Reinie Miller, and the service was a jumble which never came out of any ritual known to any church.

GROTESQUE COSTUMES SEEN.

After the close of the ceremony and the consequent kisses and congratulations, lines were formed for a grand march and after the Darktown wedding party had paraded the room a motley collection of "po' white trash" fell in line to cakewalk and frolic about the hall. Chinamen and Indian braves jostled Florodora maidens and golf girls. John P. Frenzel, as Orpheus, wore a costume cut on becomingly classic lines and warbled sweetly to the accompanying strains of his violin. Two bad babies escaped from the nursery in their nighties, galloped on broomstock horses about the hall, and got into the way of as many people as possible. A group of health food babies in infant gowns, big bibs and caps and with rattles, bottles and packages of their favorite food eluded their nurses and made things lively with their "scraps." Judge Stubbs, with his unique court, arrested and fined everybody who looked or acted finable. One of the features of the evening was the engagement of a Russian and a Japanese warship, which owned up when not under weigh to the names of Frank Baden and George Steinkuehler. The dancing floor sea was cleared for action during the fierce fight, and the excitement was intense until the Russian boat went under to the sound of much cheering and hilarity.

One of the cleverest costumes worn was that of Mr. C. J. Bennerscheidt, who was a baker man with a loaf of rye bread for a hat, a round loaf for a collar, buns for buttons and tiny bretzels for general decoration.

MANY FAIR DANCERS.

Among the dancers were Mrs. John P. Frenzel, who wore a student costume; Mrs. Philip Goetz, Japanese lady; Miss Winter, of Chicago, German peasant; Mrs. Charles A. Pfaffin, colonial dame; Mrs. Edward Churchman, Little Miss Muffet; Mrs. Joseph Bell, Japanese lady; Mrs. Edward Bertermann, bretzel girl; Miss Agnes and Miss Emma Yeagle, babies; Miss Leonia Templeton, Priscilla; Miss Leonora Templeton, girl of 1774; Miss Ethel Kealing, gypsy; Miss Augusta Rentsch and Miss Josephine Hauss, Spanish girls; Miss Kathleen Martin and Miss McCurdy, milkmaids; Miss Anna Moehle, queen of clubs; Miss May Ehrgot, Japanese girl; Mrs. Adolf Scherrer, sixteenth century lady; Mrs. T. M. Pletcher, little girl; Miss Emma Minter, eighteenth century lady; Miss Frieda Minter, Cinderella.

The four seasons were represented by Miss Cora Goetz in a snowball winter gown; Mrs. S. M. Armstrong in a summer rose gown; Miss Lena Fertig in a spring frock, with violets, and Miss Anna Greiner in an autumn gown, covered with leaves. The Mellin's food babies were Miss Fickle, Miss Schackel, Miss Emma Lizius, Miss Clara Bottler, Miss Minnie Bottler, Mrs. R. Oberlander, Mrs. J. Gorger, Mrs. E. Cox, Miss Emma Clinton, Miss Frieda Sander, Miss Schackel, and their nurses were Mrs. Hart, Mrs. Hindle and Miss Remisner.

"The Good Old Summer Time," represented by a group of girls in dainty white frocks and rose-covered hats and men in shirtwaists and duck trousers, were Miss Irma and Miss Elsa Bertermann, Miss Bertha Keller, Miss Freda Happersberger, Miss Emma Sitzland, Alfred Brant, Emil Keller, Harley Rhodehamel, Harry Hoffman and Irvin Happersburger.

ALLEGORICAL COSTUMES WORN.

Mrs. Paul Krauss was a very scarlet but very ladylike Mephisto; Mrs. J. H. Laird, as a Jap lady, wore a real Japanese kimona; Mrs. Franz Bellinger was a Spanish princess; Miss Hamsen, of New York, wore a dainty spring costume; Mrs. Edward Hawkins, in black and scarlet, was "The Red Feather;" Mrs. S. M. Armstrong, a summer girl; Mrs. B. H. Herman was "Mah San Domingo Maid," with a warm recommendation from Mrs. Roosevelt; Mrs. Andrew Trieb, a black and gold girl; Mrs. O. C. Forbes, a little girl; Mrs. Edwin P. Hendrickson, a short golf course; Mrs. M. J. Mannix, daybreak in blue and gold.

Miss Gretchen Frick was a peasant girl; Mrs. Frank Benninger, Mrs. Julius Keller, Miss Laura Gintz, Miss Bertha and Miss Freda Benninger, a group of Grecian girls; Miss Winter, of Chicago, a peasant girl; Mrs. A. L. Block, the Indianapolis Star; Miss Hearsey, Colonial girl; Mrs. Keeler, a summer girl; Miss Florence Froschean, violet; Miss Bertha Schulz, a German peasant girl; Mrs. Louise Chaeuffer, a Gibson girl; Mrs. Henry Weiss, a German peasant girl; Mrs. Haas, a girl graduate, and Miss Haas, a study in white; Miss Katherine Miller Martin, a milk maid; Miss Carrie Jans, Miss Elizabeth Audurg, Miss Louise Kroeckel, Miss Minnie Lurdeman, Miss Ella Lindeman, and Miss Tillie Rice were Italian harlequins; Miss Ella Hartman, a jockey girl; Miss Nelle Roberts, a jockey girl; Miss Edith Henson, Miss Ella Messner, and Miss Bertha Laut, a group of peanut girls; Mrs. Herman, a nurse girl, Miss Ernst, Mrs. Oscal Miller, Mrs. Augustus Harms, Mrs. Charles Smith, Miss Schulmeyer, Mrs. Henry Jungclaus, Mrs. Frederick Jungclaus, Mrs. W. A. Whitney, Miss Nell Richards, and Mrs. Alfred Lauter were a group of Prince of Pilsen maidens; Miss Margaret Hook was Marguerite, and Miss Katherine Hook, a red rose; Miss Ethel Kealing, a gypsy queen; Mrs. Adolph Rentsch, a Spanish dancing girl; Mrs. John Gertermann, a fisher maiden; Mrs. Herbert Bertermann, a colonial maiden; Mrs. Rose Kealing, a summer girl.

NATIONALITIES REPRESENTED.

Miss Edith Cleveland, Miss Eva Bye and Miss Helen Hearsey were little girls; Miss Lizzie Myer, a Spanish girl; Miss Mabel Bowles, little Miss Muffett; Miss Balz, a pretzel girl; Mrs. Bennerscheir, a peasant girl; Mrs. Charles Off, a white rose; Miss Nora Off, a red rose; Mrs. Charles Balke, French peasant; Miss Edith Leppert, a poppy; Miss Annie Myer, a blue flower; Brs. Joseph Keller, a German girl; Mrs. Julius Keller, Baar girl; Mrs. Frank Baden and Mrs. Marks, of Chicago, Cermencitas; Miss Cecelia Ittenbach, valentine; Miss Elsie Deiner, a violet.

Mrs. Charles Seidensticker and Miss Clara Tilley as court ladies wore handsome black gowns with picture hats; Mrs. Herman Junge was dainty Dolly Varden; Mrs. Louis Schaffer was a Gibson girl. Miss Alma Schergens, Carmen; Miss Ella Hartman, jockey girl; Miss Lotta Lockman, Austrian girl; Mrs. Clara Farmer, an Oriental girl; Miss Flora Williams, flower girl; Mrs. J. E. Milway, Gypsy; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Temperly and Mr. and Mrs. John Aufderheide, members of a Florodora party.

Mr. Julius Keller and Frank Benninger were naughty babies; Mr. Benlohr, toreador; Mr. George Strembel was the ubiquitous Happy Hooligan, and Gloomy Gus was also on hand in the person of Mr. George Schmidt. Mr. Henry Rorke was an austere policeman; Mr. Ray Thompson, cavalry officer; Mr. Frank Ittenbach was a judge; Mr. George Ferry and Mr. Bert Leppert, sailors; Mr. William Kellmeyer and Miss Bertha Kellmeyer were a darky couple; Mr. E. H. Leib and Mr. Chris. Steffen, farmers; Mr. Gus Harms and W. A. Whitney, clowns; Mr. A. Ingersoll, Mr. H. W. Kreckel and Mr. Cullen, Indian chiefs; Mr. Richard Lieber, Russian Jew; Mr. J. E. Bertermann, German farmer; Mr. E. Cox, tramp; Mr. F. C. Schomel, a clown; Mr. Otto Krauss and Mr. Emil Schmidt, tramps; Mr. Arthur Dickson and Mr. B. Gundelhofer, Chinamen; Mr. Harry Hearsey was the most genial of Irish women ever up before a court.

COMMITTEES IN CHARGE.

The committees in charge of last night's ball were as follows: Active floor committee—Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Adam, Mr. and Mrs. Ferd A. Mueller, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Steinhilber, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Jose, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Reyser, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Mueller, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. W. Rhodehamel, Mr. and Mrs. Theo Reyer and Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Meyer; honorary floor committee—Fred J. Mack, chairman; A. C. Ayres, James L. Keach, C. A. Bookwalter, Joseph Keller, Joseph E. Bell, Bement Lyman, George A. Richards; committee on arrangements—Charles H. Adam, P. H. Krauss, Ed Bertermann, Julius Burkhardt, Julius Keller, jr., George Amt, Henry Roebke, Charles Balke; reception committee—Louis Murr, chairman; Julius Keller, Henry Jameson, August Hook, J. Henry Runge, Adolph Scherrer, George Alig, Fred C. Noelke, William Kiemeyer, Frederick Francke, Albert Lieber, F. P. Rush, Armin C. Koehne, Fred Fahnley, Philip Goetz, F. G. Darlington, B. J. Hermann, George F. Borst, John A. Schumacher, Max Leckner, H. O. Thudium, J. H. Ballman, Frederick Merz, William Havemann, H. Hanna, Louis Hollweg, C. W. Fairbanks, R. J. Hauss, George A. Gay, Edward Hawkins, J. A. Lemcke, John J. Appel, Hugh McGowan, Franz Bellinger, William P. Jungclaus, A. J. Meyer, C. G. Weiss, A. M. Kuhn, C. E. Emmerich, John Bertermann, Lorenz Happersberger, George T. Breunig, Peter Frick, C. H. Yeagle, E. C. Dolmetsch.

NEWEST JACKETS AND SKIRTS SHOW DRIFT OF SPRING STYLES

The Eton Jacket to Be as Popular as Ever, but No One Fashion in Any Garment Will Prevail

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10.—We are still in the clutches of real winter, winter of ice and biting winds, here in old Gotham, and are shivering even in our furs, but the sun has shone forth brilliantly for one or two days and given us hope of better things to come, so that spring suits and summer gowns have taken on fresh interest and enthusiasm grows apace. Six weeks more is the prediction of the groundhog, who hastened back to the warmth of his hole, but six weeks, we argue, will soon slip by, and the models shown are so tempting that buying is eager, and, early as it is, I am able to tell you several things which, even so late as at my last writing, had not become settled facts.

We are to have Etons and blouse Etons galore. All the many women whom they suit may rejoice with safety, for the fiat has gone forth, the seal is set. There will be other things also, and many loose and half-fitted jackets will be seen, but the jaunty little Eton coats are to take a prominent place and both they and boleros of all sorts may be looked for in number and in variety. As a rule the handsomer Etons show vest effects of soft sorts, and there is a tendency toward full sleeves therewith, but all kinds will be worn. Blouses are to blouse less, it is rumored, and uniformly there is the long shoulder line with the seams joining the sleeves to the coats hidden from view, but there all law comes to an end. The vests are narrow, extremely so, and are often just touched with gold, but the least bit too much of this last savors of vulgarity, and while in bits it is essentialy smart, it is to be handled with discretion and care. Shoulders show treatment of many sorts, but the long cut with trimming over the seam is much liked and equalet effects are seen by the score. A most fascinating little coat that makes part of the traveling costume of a pre-lenten bride is made of real navy blue broadcloth, with trimming of black mohair and tiny gilt buttons overlaid with a heavy tracery of black, and shows a vest not more than two and a half inches wide of white cloth embroidered with white just touched with gold. There is no collar and the vest extends round the neck, making a most effective finish. Sleeves are the full ones we have been accustomed to associate with the blouse, finished with big wide cuffs and frills of lace. The effect is smart in the extreme and the fancy treatment makes the full sleeves allowable, while the black braid and touches of gold suggest the military influence that has made itself felt the winter through without being aggressive in the least.

A GOOD SKIRT STRIPE.

The skirt accompanying this coat is so good and so simple that I think I must tell you of it at once, although I had purposed chatting of jackets and their vagaries first. It is in walking length, that is, just escapes the ground, and is laid in long vertical plaits. At front and back these join in a double box-plaited effect, while those at the sides turn backward and all are stitched to flounce depth where they are left free to provide graceful flare. White cloth banded or embroidered makes a favorite material for the wee vests and always is handsome, but wide braids also are used, and every opportunity for originality is afforded. Some few exacting critics are already crying out against the full sleeves with the Eton coats, and, in truth, there is a bit of incongruity, but they are shown only with the more fancy sort, and are so much more practical and comfortable over the fashionable waists that one is led to put the objection aside and to see only what is good. At every turn one is met with gold. Brilliant braids, handsome buttons, really beautiful ornaments all are offered, yet I say again beware. The fashion is just one of those that is quite certain to be overdone and to be rendered common, if not vulgar, in a brief season. Touches that act as bits of illumination always are good and desirable. Of such one never grows weary, but lavish display is garish at best, and often becomes an offense against good taste.

Skirts are all things, but show marked tendency toward fulness confined at the hips, and those of the more elaborate gowns are much trimmed with horizontal lines. Flounces of all sorts, bell-like and circular, as well as all shirred and tucked ones, are seen, frills without number and tucks and ruches of all widths and in all possible combinations. As is usual with Dame Fashion, the tall and the slender have been borne in mind, all others overlooked, and much care and discretion needs to be exercised to bring about any good result. Happily the skirts referred to are uniformly long. Wisdom has so far conquered as to have caused all of walking length to show only perpendicular lines or bands of some inconspicuous sort. Plaits and shirrings are general, but are used in many novel ways. A most effective skirt in crepe de Chine combines box plaits and tucks and one sees many similar things. In the case of the gown referred to there is the plain narrow front, that is almost general, with a box plait at each side; beyond these plaits are groups of narrow tucks, then plaits and alternating tucks and plaits until two of the latter meet at the back, all being stitched flat to the depth of a hip yoke, then allowed to fall free and form soft folds. Another, seen in brown chiffon cloth, but well suited to all soft and pliable materials, is made with a full upper portion and full flounce joined thereto, so making really voluminous folds at the feet. The front of the upper portion is plain for a narrow space, but sides and back are shirred to form a yoke, and the lower edge is finished with a hem and four tucks of graduated widths. The flounce, which promises to be a favorite one of the season, is gathered to form a two-inch heading and is hemmed at its lower edge with three wide tucks above. The bodices in both instances are in bolero form, with deep drop yokes that completely cover the seams of the sleeves. If, in a season of so much variety, and one thing can fairly be said to be fixed it would be the rule that demands such treatment. We see sleeves and yokes cut in one, boleros with extended shoulders that fall over the sleeves, epaulets, long shoulders with bands of trimming over the seams, but almost never is the joining visible except in some tailored suits which show all seams. Broad we must be at the shoulders as well as voluminous in the skirt, but happily modern genius is bringing about some truly charming and picturesque effects.

MODEL IN WHITE.

To ingenuity there seems literally no limit and the number and variety of designs shown, all of which conform to this one general idea, is a constant source of wonder and surprise. A most novel gown of white cloth is somewhat more severe than the thinner models, but shows a skirt at once so good and so new that I cannot pass it by. The front gore is quite plain, but is finished at sides and lower edges with bands of white silk braid with which are woven threads of gold. Between it and the sides is a very narrow panel and over the edges of this both front and sides are lapped and held by tiny white silk buttons. At the back is a triple box plait and there is a triple yoke at the sides which terminates under the edges of this plait in graduated lengths. The front edges are pointed and the sections lap one over the other. The undermost is the shortest and terminates beneath the outer edge of he plait, the entire section terminates beneath the second plait and the uppermost beneath the third and last, the whole effect being eminently desirable as well as odd. With the skirt is a blouse showing a yoke of lace and full sleeves, the wide cuffs of which are finished with deep falls of lace. A second costume of white cloth is made with a jaunty little box Eton with wide full sleeves and a skirt that is a marvel of the tailor's art and at the same time goes to show how varied are the methods of confining fullness over the hips. In this instance the skirt is cut in two circular portions that are seamed at the front and over the hips is laid in the tiniest of tucks that are arranged to form curves, which extend to the depth of an ample yoke.

The more serviceable costumes of everyday wear are somewhat more severe, but also are generous in variety. Among these first showings I have seen Etons as plain and simple as the original ones, coats that are tight fitting and half length, jackets with loose fronts and fitted backs and others that suggest the Norfolk without being replicas thereof. The tightly-fitted coats are plain in the extreme, are manyseamed and strapped over each seam and are made with nine-gored flare skirts to match. For the early season they will be seen in cheviot, but mohair is promised great vogue for warm weather, and I have seen some exceedingly chic suits made thereof which were ordered for Palm Beach, where summer is to be found even now.

FOR TRAVELING SUITS.

The jackets are fascinatingly smart and show elongated shoulders, with moderately full sleeves and applied collars, which often are of contrasting material and match the cuffs. For example, a brown cheviot has collar and cuffs of white cloth banded with narrow brown and white braid, the collar being quite flat and forming a square at the front. The Norfolk models are ideally comfortable for traveling, shopping and the like, and are shown in the new mixed cheviots that are a delight in themselves. One that I noted specially is of the material in shades of tan with threads of pale green. The coat is half-fitted with applied box plaits extending to the shoulders, that give the Norfolk suggestion, and includes plain sleeves. The belt is braid, in green, white and tan, and a narrower width trims the collar and cuffs. With it is a box-plaited skirt, quite plain, that just clears the ground. Judging from these early signs, Etons and blouses are to reign supreme for ceremonious occasions, but we are to have a choice of long coat or short for morning and general wear. Some exceedingly smart costumes of white mohair that are being made in readiness for March in the South are quite plain as to coat, and show plain flared skirts, much like the darker ones referred to above. On the other hand, one sees Etons and blouses with short skirts, as well as long, so that individual taste and need must be the determining factor. Materials grow more enticing with each new showing. Apparently dots and flecked effects are to be much used, but plain color can always be relied upon for the heavier fabrics. Liberty and foulard silks are many and charming, and there is a long list of newer weaves that will make welcome additions to available summer gowns and waists. Pongee alone shows a variety that hardly seems possible, and there are many soft satins and crepes as well. In addition to the Shanghai pongee, which is familiar to us all, we now have a heavier sort known as Rajah, and the finer weaves dyed in France to give us all the beauty of French coloring with the Oriental fabric. Barege is here, and lovely, as it always is, and voile takes so many variations as to become, in fact, a number of different fabrics, but in one and all the tendency to clinging stuffs absolutely soft and pliable is to be noted.

MAY MANTON.

THIRTEEN HURT IN CROSSING COLLISION

Paducah Motorman Tried to Beat a Train to the Crossing and a Wreck Resulted.

PADUCAH, Ky., Feb. 12.—A street car filled with passengers was struck near the union depot to-day by an outgoing Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis passenger train and thirteen persons injured, one, it is feared, fatally. The injured:

J. W. Kelsley, deputy State organizer of the Woodmen of the World, may not recover; Clarence Knowles, superintendent of water power Illinois Central, serious; J. H. Ford, postmaster Benton, Ky., bruised and cut; Abe Sloan, Paducah, News reporter, hands cut and leg bruised; Mrs. Matthew Phelps, Oxan, Ky., face cut, badly bruised; Terrell E. Fooks, Paducah, head cut and breast mashed; Mrs. T. H. Phelps, Paducah, ankle wrenched, and bruised; J. C. Thornhill, Paducah; John O'Bryan, Paducah; W. G. Grasby, Henderson, Ky.; G. F. Smith, wife and infant daughter, of Gilbertsville, Ky.

There were about thirty persons in the car. The motorman, it is claimed, tried to beat the train to the crossing, despite the protests and warning shouts of the passengers. The train struck the car in the center, and before the engineer could bring it to a standstill the engine had pushed the car thirty feet along the track.

The Mystery of Edwin Drood

—By— Charles Dickens

[CONTINUED FROM YESTERDAY.]

Mr. Crisparkle reviewed those mental notes of his, and was neither at all surprized to hear it, nor at all disposed to question it.

"Perhaps you will think it strange, sir,"—this was said in a hesitating voice—"that I should so soon ask you to allow me to confide in you, and to have the kindness to hear a word or two from me in my defense?"

"Defense?" Mr. Crisparkle repeated. "You are not on your defense, Mr. Neville."

"I think I am, sir. At least I know I should be, if you were better acquainted with my character."

"Well, Mr. Neville," was the rejoinder. "What if you leave me to find it out?"

"Since it is your pleasure, sir," answered the young man, with a quick change in his manner to sullen disappointment: "since it is your pleasure to check me in my impulse, I must submit."

There was that in the tone of this short speech which made the conscientious man to whom it was addressed uneasy. It hinted to him that he might, without meaning it, turn aside a trustfulness beneficial to a misshapen young mind and perhaps to his own power of directing and improving it. They were within sight of the lights in the windows, and he stopped.

"Let us turn back and take a turn or two up and down, Mr. Neville, or you may not have time to finish what you wish to say to me. You are hasty in thinking that I mean to check you. Quite the contrary. I invite your confidence."

"You have invited it, sir, without knowing it, ever since I came here. I say 'ever since,' as if I had been here a week. The truth is, we came here (my sister and I) to quarrel with you, and affront you, and break away again."

"Really?" said Mr. Crisparkle, at a dead loss for anything else to say.

"You see, we could not know what you were beforehand, sir; could we?"

"Clearly not," said Mr. Crisparkle.

"And having liked no one else with whom we have ever been brought into contact, we had made up our minds not to like you."

"Really?" said Mr. Crisparkle again.

"But we do like you, sir, and we see an unmistakable difference between your house and your reception of us, and anything else we have ever known. This—and my happening to be alone with you—and everything around us seeming so quiet and peaceful after Mr. Honeythunder's departure—and Cloisterham being so old and grave and beautiful, with the moon shinining on it—these things inclined me to open my heart."

"I quite understand, Mr. Neville. And it is salutary to listen to such influences."

"In describing my own imperfections, sir, I must ask you not to suppose that I am describing my sister's. She has come out of the disadvantages of our miserable life, as much better than I am, as that Cathedral tower is higher than those chimneys."

Mr. Crisparkle in his own breast was not so sure of this.

"I have had, sir, from my earliest remembrance, to suppress a deadly and bitter hatred. This has made me secret and revengeful. I have been always tyrannically held down by the strong hand. This has driven me, in my weakness, to the resources of being false and mean. I have been stinted of education, liberty, money, dress, the very necessaries of life, the commonest pleasures of childhood, the commonest possessions of youth. This has caused me to be utterly wanting in I don't know what emotions, or remembrance, or good instincts—I have not even a name for the thing, you see!—that you have had to work upon in other young men to whom you have been accustomed.

"This is evidently true. But this is not encouraging," thought Mr. Crisparkle as they turned again.

"And to finish with, sir: I have been brought up among abject and servile dependents, of an inferior race, and they naturally have contracted some affinity with them. Sometimes, I don't know but that it may be a drop of what is tigerish in their blood."

"As in the case of that remark just now," thought Mr. Crisparkle.

"In a last word of reference to my sister, sir (we are twin children), you ought to know to her honor, that nothing in our misery ever subdued her, though it often cowed me. When we ran away from it (we ran away four times in six years, to be soon brought back and cruelly punished), the fight was always of her planning and leading. Each time she dressed as a boy, and showed the daring of a man. I take it we were seven years old when we first decamped; but I remember, when I lost the pocketknife with which she was to have cut her hair short, how desperately she tried to tear it out, or bite it off. I have nothing further to say, sir, except that I hope you will bear with me, and make allowance for me."

"Of that, Mr. Neville, you may be sure," returned the Minor Canon. "I don't preach more than I can help, and I will not repay your confidence with a sermon. But I entreat you to bear in mind, very seriously and steadily, that if I am to do you any good, it can only be with your own assistance; and that you can only render that, efficiently, by seeking aid from Heaven."

"I will try to do my part, sir."

"And, Mr. Neville, I will try to do mine. Here is my hand on it. May God bless our endeavors!"

They were now standing at his house-door, and a cheerful sound of voices and laughter was heard within.

"We will take one more turn before going in," said Mr. Crisparkle, "for I want to ask you a question. When you said you were in a changed mind concerning me, you spoke, not only for yourself, but for your sister, too?"

"Undoubtedly I did, sir."

"Excuse me, Mr. Neville, but I think you have had no opportunity of communicating with your sister, since I met you. Mr. Honeythunder was very eloquent, but perhaps I may venture to say, without ill-nature, that he rather monopolized the occasion. May you not have answered for your sister without sufficient warrant?"

Neville shook his head with a proud smile.

"You don't know, sir, yet, what a complete understanding can exist between my sister and me, though no spoken word—perhaps hardly as much as a look—may have passed between us. She not only feels as I have described, but she very well knows that I am taking this opportunity of speaking to you, both for her and for myself."

Mr. Crisparkle looked in his face, with some incredulity; but his face expressed such absolute and firm conviction of the truth of what he said, that Mr. Crisparkle looked at the pavement, and mused, until they came to his door again.

"I will ask for one more turn, sir, this time," said the young man, with a rather heightened color rising in his face. "But for Mr. Honeythunder's—I think you call it eloquence, sir?" (somewhat slyly).

"I—yes, I called it eloquence," said Mr. Crisparkle.

"But for Mr. Honeythunder's eloquence, I might have had no need to ask you what I am going to ask you. Tell me, Mr. Edwin Drood, sir; I think that's his name?"

"Quite correct," said Mr. Crisparkle, "D-r-double o-d."

"Does he—or did he—read with you, sir?"

"Never, Mr. Neville. He comes here visiting his relation, Mr. Jasper."

"Is Miss Budd his relation, too, sir?"

("Now, why should he ask that, with sudden superstitious?" thought Mr. Crisparkle.) Then he explained, aloud, what he knew of the little story of their betrothal.

"Oh! that's it, is it?" said the young man. "I understand his air of proprietorship now!" Then was said so evidently to himself, as to anybody rather that Mr. Crisparkle, that the latter instinctively felt as if to notice it would be almost tantamount to noticing a passage in a letter which he had read by chance over the writer's shoulder. A moment afterwards they re-entered the house.

Mr. Jasper was seated at the piano as they came into his drawing room, and was accompanying Miss Rosebud while she sang. It was a consequence of his playing the accompaniment without notes, and of her being a heedless little creature, very apt to go wrong, that he followed her lips most attentively, with his eyes as well as hands; carefully and softly hinting the keynote from time to time. Standing with an arm drawn round her, but with a face far more intent on Mr. Jasper than on her singing, stood Helena; between whom and her brother an instantaneous recognition passed, in which Mr. Crisparkle saw, or thought he saw, the understanding that had been spoken of, flash out. Mr. Neville then took his admiring station, leaning against the piano, opposite the singer; Mr. Crisparkle sat down by the china shepherdess; Edwin Drood gallantly furled and unfurled Miss Twinkleton's fan; and that lady passively claimed that sort of exhibitor's proprietorship in the accomplishment on view, which Mr. Tope, the Verger, daily claimed in the Cathedral service.

The song went on. It was a sorrowful strain of parting, and the fresh young voice was very plaintive and tender. As Jasper watched the pretty lips, and ever and again hinted the one note, as though it were a low whisper from himself, the voice became less steady, until all at once the singer broke into a burst of tears, and shrieked out, with her hands over her eyes: "I can't bear this! I am frightened! Take me a way!"

With one swift turn of her lithe figure, Helena laid the little beauty on a sofa, as if she had never caught her up. Then, on one knee beside her, and with one hand upon her rosy mouth, while with the other she appealed to all the rest, Helena said to them: "It's nothing; it's all over; don't speak to her for one minute, and she is well!"

Jasper's hands had, in the same instant, lifted themselves from the keys, and were now poised above them, as though he waited to resume. In that attitude he yet sat quiet: not even looking round, when all the rest had changed their places and were reassuring one another.

"Pussy's not used to an audience; that's the fact," said Edwin Drood. "She got nervous, and couldn't hold out. Besides, Jack, you are such a conscientious master and require so much, that I believe you make her afraid of you. No wonder."

"No wonder," repeated Helena.

"There, Jack, you hear! You would be afraid of him, under similar circumstances, wouldn't you, Miss Landless?"

"Not under any circumstances," returned Helena.

Jasper brought down his hands, looked over his shoulder, and begged to thank Miss Landless for her vindication of his character. Then he fell to dumbly playing, without striking the notes, while his little pupil was taken to an open window for air, and was otherwise petted and restored. When she was brought back, his place was empty. "Jack's gone, Pussy," Edwin told her. "I am more than half afraid he didn't like to be charged with being the Monster who had frightened you.' But she answered never a word, and shivered, as if they had made her a little too cold.

Miss Twinkleton now opining that indeed these were late hours, Mrs. Crisparkle, for finding ourselves outside the walls of the Nuns' House, and that we who undertook the formation of the future wives and mothers of England (the last words in a lower voice, as requiring to be communicated in confidence) were really bound (voice coming up again) to set a better example than one of rakish habits, wrappers were put in requisition, and the two young cavaliers volunteered to see the ladies home. It was soon done, and the gate of the Nuns' House closed upon them.

The boarders had retired, and only Mrs. Tisher in solitary vigil awaited the new pupil. Her bedroom being within Rosa's, very little introduction or explanation was necessary, before she was placed in charge of her new friend, and left for the night.

"This is a blessed relief, my dear," said Helena. "I have been dreading all day, that I would be brought to bay at this time."

"There are not many of us," returned Rosa, "and we are good-natured girls; at least the others are; I can answer for them."

"I can answer for you," laughed Helena, searching the lovely little face with her dark fiery eyes, and tenderly caressing the small figure. "You will be a friend to me, won't you?"

"I hope so. But the idea of my being a friend to you seems too absurd, though."

"Why?"

"Oh, I am such a mite of a thing, and you are so womanly and handsome. You seem to have resolution and power enough to crush me. I shrink into nothing by the side of your presence even."

"I am a neglected creature, my dear, unacquainted with all accomplishments, sensitively conscious that I have everything to learn, and deeply ashamed of my own ignorance."

"And yet you acknowledge everything to me!" said Rosa.

"My pretty one, can I help it? There is a fascination in you."

"Oh! is there, though? pouted Rosa, half in jest and half in earnest. "What a pity Master Eddy doesn't feel it more!"

Of course her relations towards that young gentleman had been already imparted in Minor Canon Corner.

"Why, surely he must love you with all his heart!" cried Helena, with an earnestness that threatened to blaze into ferocity if he didn't.

"Eh? Oh, well, I suppose he does," said Rosa, pouting again: "I am sure I have no right to say he doesn't. Perhaps it's my fault. Perhaps I am not as nice to him as I ought to be. I don't think I am. But it is so ridiculous!"

Helena's eyes demanded what was.

"We are," said Rosa, answering as if she had spoken. "We are such a ridiculous couple. And we are always quarrelling."

"Why?"

"Because we both know we are ridiculous, my dear!" Rosa gave that answer as if it were the most conclusive answer in the world.

Helena's masterful look was intent upon her face for a few moments, and then she impulsively put out both her hands and said:

"You will be my friend and help me?"

"Indeed, my dear, I will," replied Rosa, in a tone of affectionate childishness that went straight and true to her heart; "I will be as good a friend as such a mite of a thing can be to such a noble creature as you. And be a friend to me, please; I don't understand myself; and I want a friend who can understand me, very much indeed."

Helena Landless kissed her, and retaining both her hands said:

"Who is Mr. Jasper?"

Rosa turned aside her head in answering: Eddy's uncle, and my music-master."

"You do not love him?"

"Ugh!" She put her hands up to her face, and shook with fear or horror.

"You know that he loves you?"

"Oh, don't, don't, don't!" cried Rosa, dropping on her knees, and clinging to her new resource. "Don't tell me of it! He terrifies me. He haunts my thoughts, like a dreadful ghost. I feel that I am never safe from him. I feel as if he could pass in through the wall when he is spoken of." She actually did look round, as if she dreaded to see him standing in the shadow behind her.

"Try to tell me more about it, darling."

"Yes, I will, I will. Because you are so strong. But hold me the while, and stay with me afterwards."

"My child! You speak as if he had threatened you in some dark way."

"He has never spoken to me about—that. Never."

"What has he done?"

"He has made a slave of me with his looks. He has forced me to understand him, without his saying a word; and he has forced me to keep silence, without his uttering a threat. When I play, he never moves his eyes from my hands. When I sing, he never moves his eyes from my lips. When he corrects me, and strikes a note, or a chord, or plays a passage, he himself is in the sounds, whispering that he pursues me as a lover, and commanding me to keep his secret. I avoid his eyes, but he forces me to see them without looking at them. Even when a glaze comes over them (which is sometimes the case), and he seems to wander away into a frightful sort of dream in which he threatens most, he obliges me to know it, and to know that he is sitting close at my side, more terrible to me than ever."

"What is this imagined threatening, pretty one? What is threatened?"

"I don't know. I have never even dared to think or wonder what it is."

"And was this all, to-night?"

"This was all, except that to-night when he watched my lips so closely as I was singing, besides feeling terrified I felt ashamed and passionately hurt. It was as if he kissed me, and I couldn't bear it, but cried out. You must never breathe this to any one. Eddy is devoted to him. But you said to-night that you would not be afraid of him, under any circumstances, and that gives me—who am so much afraid of him—courage to tell only you. Hold me! Stay with me! I am too frightened to be left to myself."

The lustrous gipsy-face drooped over the clinging arms and bosom, and the wild black hair fell down protectingly over the childish form. There was a slumbering gleam of fire in the intense dark eyes, though they were then softened with compassion and admiration. Let whomsoever it most concerned look well to it.

CHAPTER VIII.

DAGGERS DRAWN.

The two young men, having seen the damsels, their charges, enter the courtyard of the Nuns' House, and finding themselves coldly stared at by the brazen door-plate, as if the battered old beau with the glass in his eye were insolent, look at one another, look along the perspective of the moonlit street, and slowly walk away together.

"Do you stay here long, Mr. Drood?" says Neville.

"Not this time," is the careless answer. "I leave for London again, to-morrow. But I shall be here, off and on, until next Midsummer; then I shall take my leave of Cloisterham, and England, too; for many a long day, I expect."

"Are you going abroad?"

"Going to wake up Egypt a little," is the condescending answer.

"Are you reading?"

"Reading?" repeats Edwin Drood, with a touch of contempt. "No. Doing, working, engineering. My small patrimony was left a part of the capital of the Firm I am with, my father, a former partner: and I am a charge upon the Firm until I come of age; and then I step into my modest share in the concern. Jack—you met him at dinner—is, until then, my guardian and trustee."

"I heard from Mr. Crisparkle of your other good fortune."

"What do you mean by my other good fortune?"

Neville has made his remark in a watchfully advancing, and yet furtive and shy manner, very expressive of that peculiar air already noticed, of being at once hunter and hunted. Edwin has made his retort with an abruptness not at all polite. They stop and interchange a rather he