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THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE DANCE.

A Set Arranged in Eight Figures by Tom Hood.

THE PRELUDE.

Since dancing first in the world began
With the Cavalier soul of the primitive man,
When chaos gave way to an orderly plan,
And all things "took their places;"—
Since the spheres' wild music struck up a tune,
And the sun was seen to set to the moon,
In polka, quadrille, gavotte, regadoon,
Each age has display'd its graces.

There have been improvements in many ways
In what one dances and what one plays:
What a change—to note but a single phase—
From the Pagan music of early days
To the music of Paganini!
It was cymbal music for simple men,
Who played upon pipes whose stops were ten—
In short, it was "flute and brassy" then,
But now it is "Joote and Tinney."

But whether in every case the dance
Has made with music a like advance
Is a question concerning the which perchance
(And whether they manage it better in France)
Good judges may fairly differ.
We need not admire the style we get
By the importation of Miss Finette;
And yet we must own the old "First Set"
Could not uglier be, or stiffer.

The awkward quadrille through which we march
(Like an awkward-squad drill, steeped in starch)
Is a calm one longs to ruffle;
Yet one does not feel like a char ty chap,
Whose notion of bliss is a cellar-flap,
Whereon with a rytomical rap-a-tap-tap,
To cut him a double-shuffle.

Oh! why not revive the old Minuet?
It might have been slow and stately, yet
It boasted a grace you'd scarce forget
Its figures, did you but see a'l.
But trace to digressions like this: I feel
It's time I began to consider the reel,
Dismissing the more ideal.

The Dance Al Fresco.

I. THE GAMBADE CLASSICAL.

'Twas pleasant, I ween, in the Age of Gold,
When the lovely nymphs and the Fauns so bold,
With the laughing Cupids, and Satyrs old,
Joined hand in hand in a ring, to hold
A festival dance al fresco!
(A custom, whence we may fairly trace
The out-door dance of each rustic race—
A term intended, of course, to embrace
The hops that yearly in Kent take place,
The Maypole polka—in any case
What villagers styled the Moresco.)

The attire was scanty, I must allow,
In the case of the nymphs; so airy, I vow
No full-dressed lady of fashion, now,
Owes less to the linendrapers.
Gaily tripped they—a careless rout—
To the pipe's shrill music, circling about
The oak, where Pan took a seat, no doubt
(Whose feet had a touch of the goat—not gout),
Presiding o'er all the capers.

And as they footed it round and round,
Each nymph smiled sweetly, as I'll be bound,
On the Faun—who her lover was—and frowned
On the Satyr—who was hirsuter.
For dancing p'ays an important part
In all the so-called "affairs of the heart."
Ask any mother of match-making art,
With several girls in the marriage-mart,
If dancing be not down in her chart
As the port whence most of the court-ships start,
And you'll find her no disputer.

But now farewell to the Classic Age,
It's time we turned to the second page.
(Although the theme on which we engage
Is dancing, we'll have no skipping.)
The antique antic existeth not—
Old Pan (in the vulgar) has gone to pot;
Fauns, nymphs, and satyrs—ay, scot and lot—
Are long since laid by the heels, I wot,
And their faults and follies should be forgot,
Since you'll not now catch them tripping!

2—THE WHIRLIGIG ROSHERVILLIAN.

The dance al fresco we treat of now
Is a very different thing, I trow—
For what, oh! what could with grace endow
The scene—save the skill of Watteau?
A bustling, riotous, good natured mob
Of what "blood and culture"—if given the job
Of depicting the sight—would call the Snob;
With a general feeling of hob-and-nob;
And "Get as much fun as you can for your bob,"
The universal motto.

As for dancing, they dance with a will,
As if they never could get their fill—
They're strong in spirits, if not in skill:
Polka, mazurka, waltz, quadrille,
Footing it merrily, Jack and Jill—
Each Jockey has got his Jenny.
Man and woman, and boy and girl,
Their only delight is to twist and twirl,
And dance their ringlets all out of curl:—
The field for displaying their powers of whirl
Would certainly be a spinney.

Hark! the strains of the band invite—
"Will you dance wi' me, miss?"—"Charmed, sir, quite!"
And away, on "a toe" that one really might
Describe as "fantastic," but hardly "light"—
Down the middle, and left and right—
Away goes the couple prancing.
The stout and slender—the short and tall—
The neat and clumsy—the huge and small—
Uniting madly to keep up the ball
Without a stop—as if, one and all,
Their lives depended on dancing!

And now and then, as they skip and jump,
The giddy couples together bump,
With a crash and a smash and a terrible thump,
That ends at times in a spilling.
For some so rapidly gallop round—
Or get so recklessly over the ground
With a head-long rush, as if they were bound
Straight on, over every one else to pound,
That many additional charges are found
Besides the admission—a shilling.

Ah, well! The Highlander has his fling,
So let the Londoner have his swing,
To shake off the cobwebs that thickly cling
Round the City's daily labor.
If you are on legs of mutton fed,
While your neighbor, who earns but his daily bread,
Must take his capers with that instead,
You need not sneer at your neighbor.
Nay! whatever judgment some people pass,
Who—themselves in clover—enforce, alas!
On others an abstinence e'en from grass,
In my opinion the working class
Has a paramount right to its pipe and glass,
And eke to its pipe and labor!

Colors.

Nothing contributes in a more particular manner to heighten the beauty of the skin than the choice of colors. For example, females of light complexion ought to wear the purest white; they should choose light and brilliant colors, such as rose, azure, light yellow, etc. Women of a dark complexion who dress in such colors, as we have often seen them do, cause their skin to appear black, dull, and tanned. They ought, therefore, to avoid white robes and rose color, or light blue ribbons, which form too distasteful a contrast to their carnations. Let such persons, on the contrary, dress in colors which are best suited to them; in particular, green, violet, purple; and then that darkness, which was only the effect of too harsh a contrast, will suddenly disappear, as if by enchantment; their complexion will become lively and animated, and will exhibit such charms as will dispute and even bear away the fairest of the fair. In a word, the fair can not be too careful to correct, by light colors, the paleness of their complexions, and darker women, by stronger colors, the somewhat yellow tint of their carnation. We must not omit a very important observation respecting the change of colors by light. Thus, crimson is extremely handsome at night, when it may be substituted for rose color, which loses its charms by candle light; but this crimson, seen by day, spoils the most beautiful complexion; no color whatever strips it so completely of all its attractions. Pale yellow, on the contrary, is often very handsome by day, and is perfectly suited to persons who have a fine carnation; but at night it appears dirty and tarnishes the lustre of the complexion, to which it is designed to give brilliancy.

The Victims of a Maniac.

A horrible incident recently occurred in the city of Trebizond, Turkey. In the space of a few minutes seventeen victims fell under the knife of a madman, each victim receiving but a single wound, which in all cases was aimed at the heart. The assassin commenced his butcheries at eight o'clock in the morning, armed with a knife sharpened on two edges, the blade of which was about six or seven inches in length. Having fastened the knife to his hand with a cord, keeping the blade beneath his arm, thus prepared he commenced walking slowly up the street, seizing his opportunity to stab every one whom he found within his reach, and quickly concealing his weapon after each murderous blow, left his surprised victim totally unconscious of the hand that dealt his death wound, and unable to denounce the assassin. An end was finally put to the bloody work by a baker who succeeded in felling the assassin to the earth with a well aimed blow from a heavy stick of wood, when he was immediately seized, disarmed, and handed over to the authorities. The excitement and horror created among the entire population of Trebizond was so great that the government was obliged to hasten the execution, and after a summary trial the culprit was taken into the public square and beheaded in the presence of the whole population of the city.

From "London Society."

HOW ALGY WON THE BET.

Chapter I.

HOW THE BET WAS MADE.

Mr. Algernon Bates was one of those individuals whose youth is full of so much precocious genius as to justify their friends in prophesying all sorts of great things of them, to come off at some future period of their prospective career. Strange to relate, however, this future period never arrives, or at least is such a very long time putting in an appearance, that the said friends become dubious and desponding, though loth to acknowledge the unfulfillment of their predictions.

When Algy was a boy he showed so much dawning talent with his pencil that "the friends" were positively certain he would "turn out" a great thing in painters; when he grew up and assumed the *toga virilis* he made himself so conspicuous as an amateur actor that "the friends" declared the laurels of another Garrick awaited him; and when he brought out his comedy-drama, in four acts, of "Nathalie, or the Model," with a terse, spirited dialogue, and two or three capital "situations," it was considered that he was on the high road to fame and fortune.

Eheu, fugaces anni. Years rolled over Algy's spruce, carefully-tended head; his back hair does not take him so long in the "doing" now, there is not so much behind as of yore, and it's "getting very thin on top, sir," for poor Algy is going on for thirty now, and both fame and fortune are as far off as they were ten years ago. He has written another comedy-drama since, which he fondly thought would draw overflowing houses, but it did not keep its place in the bills after the second week; he managed to get a burlesque produced, with a new "skedaddle break-down" of his own invention, which he likewise was certain would be a "great go" and fill the treasury, but some how or other it did neither. He has had several little pictures in the Suffolk street exhibition, and his "Dead Warrior" was hung on the line in the academy; but again, some how or other, people didn't buy them there. Then they were sent off to Manchester exhibitions and sale-rooms, then traveled round to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and so back again to London and the Art Unions, ultimately, perhaps, finding their way in sheer desperation to Algy's studio, where they turned their faces meekly to the wall, and gave themselves up to dust and the tender mercies of the charwoman.

Once Algy managed to work the oracle so that Mr. Bompas, the eminent dealer, was induced to visit his studio in company with Tickler, the art critic of the "Daily Thunderbolt," who had promised to say a good word for him. But Mr. Bompas only screwed his lips tightly together, and said, "Yes, yes, very nice, very nice; but hardly popular, my dear sir, hardly popular, too big by a size; wouldn't go anywhere but in the hall. Concentrate and popularize yourself, my dear sir; concentrate and popularize yourself."

So Algy set to work and tried to "concentrate and popularize himself;" to do which he painted "My love, Agnes," a tall and crummy young lady with large eyes, wonderfully golden locks, and plenty of them, in a bewitching species of bedgown attire, which showed the shape of "Agnes" rather too transparently, and gazing pensively over a marble parapet into an imaginary future, while the last glory of the setting sun was skillfully adapted to fall on her hair and upturned face.

Unfortunately for Algy, this was so different from his usual style that Tickler took it to be the work of some man he had never heard of, so was down upon "Agnes" directly.

He was at great pains to show "how woolly was her hair, how long and stiff her left arm, how out of all drawing her chin, and how palpably theatrical were the means by which the effect was produced;" lastly, "he was surprised that the hanging committee had 'placed' so absurd a caricature of all art.'

Thus poor Algy was hopelessly sat upon, and threw his brushes out of the window in disgust.

On a hot afternoon in August, some few days after the above notice appeared in the journal, Mr. Tickler was good enough to write for, our friend was sitting in his Temple chambers smoking the pipe of consolation, and pondering upon things. Essentially a hot and drowsy afternoon, the gardens in front of his opened window were drowsy; the two or three men whose sole duty appears to consist in moving the pots of chrysanthemums from one part of the grounds to another, were too drowsy even to go through that performance; the river was drowsy as it lay winking in the glare; the young lady in book muslin who found the broad walk so charming a promenade, and was there of course by the merest accident, had given up the restless peepings at her watch, and composed herself to drowsy meditation; and Mr. Bates himself was drowsy; the influence of the hour was upon him; his soul was vexed within him; he had much upon his mind—"mental anxiety was killing him," as he told his friends pathetically. In the first place there was Jenkins's bill coming due at the end of the month; there was Rowney's account for the last two years still unpaid, and he couldn't put them off any longer; there was another picture returned from Manchester unsold; and there was the eighteen-gallon cask of Allsopp he had just got in "turned" by the late thunderstorm; and, worse than all, there was that horrid nightmare which had been keeping him sleepless for weeks, and, like an indigestible piece of pork, always kept turning up when least expected; for the truth could be stifled no longer—he was getting bald on the top of his head.

Getting bald! He didn't care a rush for Truefitt's young men; he never used to believe what those flippant and unfeeling creatures told him; but now, here was the evidence of his own eyes. His only hope of redemption was in making a good thing in the way of a marriage, and he was getting bald already!

"Any odds you like I'll pitch upon the winner—I should say your thoughts," drawled a languid voice behind him.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Algy, without removing the pipe from his lips. "The most comfortable one is in that corner," indicating a leather easy chair with the toe of his Turkish slipper.

The owner of the voice, who had been testing the softness of a sofa with a delicate hand, muttered a feeble "Tha-anks," and dropped into the chair.

"Thought I'd look in, and—that sort of thing, you know. Eh? Trichinopoly? No, thanks; too strong; always carry my own weeds. Dull? Oh, shocking. Goin' away next week—Eh? Baden, I think. Where are you going to?"

"The devil."

"Ah, yes. What's the matter?—down on your luck?"

"Yes; I've pretty nearly got to the end of my tether."

"H'm, so have I."

"Ah. Well, what's to be done then?"

"Marry."

"Just what I was thinking of."

"Thought you were; looked like it."

"Well, of course; you see it's a risky affair."

"How much do you mean to go in for?"

"What, tin?"

"Of course; what else could there be?"

"Well, I put myself down as worth twenty-five thou'."

"Deuce you do!"

"Decidedly; or I don't object to a present income of seven or eight hundred."

"Bet you don't either one or t'other. Bet two to one you don't get either one or t'other within six months."

"I think I shall; don't you see?" And Algy began to explain how many men of his acquaintance put themselves down at so much, and had gone in and won.

"I never argue," said the other, without attempting to answer him; "life's a doosid deal too short for that sort of thing. If—fellow begins that sort of thing, I stop him at once by offering odds against his proposition. Don't you see, it brings him to a point; practical, and all that. Then, too, there's the chance of a little excitement being got out of it. Bet you five to one in fifties you don't do it in six months; ten to one in ditto don't do it in three."

"I'll take you."

"Good," said the other, deliberately taking out an elaborate memoranda-book. "All sorts of little transactions here; every one of 'em shut some fellow up. Know Peyton? Big, positive, Scotch brute in Guards? Said other day in club, Jack Saltmarsh gave five hundred for the bay ponies Rosey Watson drives. Knew they weren't worth that. Told him so. Contradicted me, and began argument. Bet him two to one I was right. Peyton tried to draw off; knew he was wrong; only said it for argument. Beastly Scotchman! Kept him to the mark, and booked the bet. 'July 20.—Eighteen pairs of gloves with Mrs. Balfour.' Contradicted me about Mario's age. Bet her d'rectly. Couldn't say any more, you know. 'August 3—Old Jowler said he could tell the vintages of all the wine in——club, by smell. Argument. Bet him. Stopped argument.' 'August 8.—Even fiver with Haldane, that the receipts of his theatre would fall short of a hundred per night after three weeks' run. Haldane positive the piece would draw. All puff and brag. Bet him. Got him in regular hole.' 'August 18.—Bet Tom Fletcher five pounds he would get tired of Baby Fane in three months, or that she threw him over within ditto time.' Here you are. 'August 21.—Bet Algy Bates ten to one in fifties he don't get married to five-and-twenty thou', or an income of seven hundred per ann. clear, within three calendar months from date above.' Will that do?"

"Ten fifties; all right." So the bet was duly entered, and Dick Winslow, who affected a fashionable indifference to everything, but in the matter of business was particularly shrewd, then took his departure.

Then Algy lit another pipe, and pulled himself together to think the matter out.

Now it so happened that about this period of Mr. Bates's existence, he, strange to relate, had fallen in love. Not for the first time, by any means, but the first time it was accompanied with the idea of matrimony; for, with Algy, the two generally meant something very different, and had nothing whatever in common with each other.

Miss Rose Chumley had been "doing," the "leading business" at the Theatres Royal Liverpool and Birmingham for some two or three years before she attracted the notice of London managers. At last a paragraph appeared in the "Era," announcing that "Miss Chumley had accepted a liberal offer made her by Mr. Slum, of the "Parthenon," and would appear on such and such a night, in a "new drama written expressly for her by Ferrers Brown, Esq."

The first night came, and the "Parthenon" was crammed to the roof. A new piece by Ferrers Brown was always interesting: and then the fact of its being written for an actress who was unknown to a London audience made it still more so. Miss Chumley, rather nervous during the first act, while a running commentary of "very poor," "no power," "oh, this'll never do," "very weak," "regular frost," etc., went on from the expectant critics "in front;" then a remarkable exhibition of feeling in the next act roused the audience. From that time she gradually worked them up and held them in her grasp till the strong *denouement* in the last scene, when the curtain came down on thunders of applause, and Miss Chumley quite overcome by her feelings and the bouquets. Algernon Bates, sitting in the front stalls with Potts, the critic of the *Sunday Magnet*, was enchanted. He saw at once that she would "rise." He must be introduced to her without any delay. He had a plot in his mind's eye then that would suit her style to a hair: no claptrap and studied artificial *poses*, no showing the whites of the eyes and hysterical sobbing business—everything natural, unaffected, but graceful. She was "chawming" Potts said; and that was something coming from Potts.

"How well she kept it down in the first act. There's intelligence in everything, by Jove! Then what a good listener she is! By Jove, sir, it's a treat, a positive treat!"

And Bates was all in a glow of enthusiasm. Visions of his new comedy, with Miss Chumley bringing down the house, kept him broad awake all that night.

Now, although Algy had not succeeded in getting publishers, theatrical managers, and picture dealers to acknowledge his great genius, being people for the most part cruelly practical in their notions of the business of life, he had always found an indulgent audience among the fair sex, generally succeeding in causing them to regard him as a man whose talent had been stifled and prevented from asserting its proper position in the world by the malignant envy and spite of his enemies in power. For Algy was possessed of that gift which surely should be placed before all others—genius, talent, energy, are trifles in comparison with the faculty of p'easing women. So he considered it only necessary for him to throw his handkerchief to Miss Chumley, and did not admit the possibility of its being "returned with thanks."

Algy, therefore, enveloped in a complete fog of smoke of his own manufacturing, naturally thought of Miss Chumley at once. The only difficulty was the income; the actress's salary at the "Parthenon" at present could not be more than five pounds per week; and what was that? It must be increased by another ten before she could be put on his list. No, Miss Chumley was out of the question. "Great pity, because he really did—eh? yes, he really *did*—pshaw, can't afford that sort of thing *now*." Then he put down all the girls with money he could muster, and found that the list was not so long as he had reckoned. The time of year, moreover, was dead against him; everybody was away from town. He must go in pursuit; but where, and who should he pursue? It was a difficult matter. They were all scattered now, here, there, and everywhere. If he went to Baden after Miss Smith, Miss Jones at Scarborough would escape him; and if he laid siege to Mrs. Lazarus at Brighton, he should miss the Brown girls at Rome. The more he cast the matter over in his mind the more difficult it appeared; and he began to regret the bet with Dick Winslow.

The result of Algy's cogitations, which lasted several days, and during which time he consumed a vast amount of Cavendish, was, his packing a portmanteau and starting off to Rome in chase of "the Brown girls." There were two Miss Browns, so that he stood a double chance of success. Old Brown was said to be worth a quarter of a million, and the girls adored art. So Algy set off with the intention of personifying Art, and becoming adored by Matilda or Josephine, it didn't matter which.

Chapter II.

HOW THE FIRST GAME WAS LOST.

It is the latter end of October, and Mr. Bates is sitting forlornly before a naked canvas in his studio; his palette and brushes are in readiness for use, but Algy heeds them not. He has just returned from Rome, having proposed to Matilda, the most likely of the "Brown girls," and been refused by the "Governor," and the "Governor," moreover, in a towering rage, which made him so far forget himself as to call our friend "an adventurer, by Gad!" leaving any further chance of success out of the question. Algy had taken Brighton on his way back, only to be disappointed by finding that Mrs. Lazarus, the rich widow, who once regarded him with eyes of favor, had left for Baden the week before. So, in sheer despair, he had found his way back to London.

What was to be done now? On the twentieth of next month, barely three weeks more, time would be up, and where he should get the money from for Dick Winslow, goodness only knew. He sat thus, staring dejectedly at the canvas, till he began to think there was not much good to be got out of the prospect, and took up the *Times*. Naturally enough he turned to the theatrical advertisements; he had quite dropped out of the civilized world the last two months—the civilized world meaning with Algy the literary and artistic world of London, made up of theatres, editors' sanctums, Bohemian clubs, and exhibition rooms.

"Third representation of the 'Shadow on the Wall; or Sister Grace,' pronounced by the press and the unanimous voice of the public to be the greatest success ever known. Sister Grace—Miss Chumley."

"Miss Chumley! H'm! ha!—Miss Chumley—*Miss Chumley*. Wonder what salary old Slum gives her now? Evidently the draw in the theatre. Let's see, who can tell, see, who can tell me? Jackson 'll know, daresay."

Then he opened the door and shouted "Jackson!"

Now "Jackson" was engaged in the evenings as a permanent super at the "Parthenon Theatre," and during the day, to use his own words, "went out a-settin';" which meant, that for the sum of eighteen pence an hour he lent his portly figure for the instruction of artists painting from the "life."

Mr. Jackson, who was engaged by Algy to sit for a "Dying Gladiator," in what he considered would be a new and striking attitude, and had been beguiling the tedium of a long "wait" outside by partaking of an *al fresco* luncheon on the stairs, hereupon made his appearance. Being interrogated as to the amount of salary Miss Chumley was then drawing at the "Parthenon," Mr. Jackson replied—

"That to his certain knowlidge, hold Slum paid her as much as fifteen pound, which he, Mr. Jackson, considered a mortal shame; she no more droed fifteen pound than he did; but then, lor' bles yer, the gents in the papers wrote her hup *that* like," etc.

"Fifteen pounds! Fifteen multiplied by fifty-two was £780. Enough and to spare, by Jove. *Thank* you, Jackson; much obliged; have something to drink? So will I. Capital! Hurrah! Take care of yourself now, Dick, my bo-oy, take care of yourself."

The very next morning Algy made a careful toilette, and sallied forth to call upon the now popular actress.

During the twelve months that had passed since Miss Chumley made her debut at the "Parthenon," and, in the language of the press notices, "made a pleasing impression upon a London audience," she had rapidly advanced in public favor, and, what was of more real consequence to her, in the profession. Her photographs now sell next best to those of Mr. Spurgeon, Brother Ignatius, and the notorious Miss Paynier, of "the Park" and West Brompton. Tom Sayers ran Miss Chumley very close for a long time, until a new triumph from the studio of Adolphe Beau, representing her as Juliet in the balcony scene, with a fine effect of the lime light on a satin dress, put him into the fourth place.

On this particular morning Miss Chumley is sitting in her own particular lounge chair, making belief to read a very dogs'-eared manuscript, which, indeed, is no other than Mr. Bates's new comedy. Miss Chumley's lodgings, where she resides with her mamma—an old lady addicted to snuff, and gin in her tea, but otherwise very harmless—are in the Hampstead Road. They consist of only the first floor; but then it is not a common first floor by any means; it is a first floor under peculiarly happy auspices, for Miss Chumley's graceful presence might almost be seen pervading it, even to the very furniture and belongings of the rooms. Nobody but Miss Chumley would have thought of putting that naturally ugly sofa into that particular dark corner, and hiding its bristling horsehair under the daintiest of chintzes; nobody but Miss Chumley could have arranged the books and knicknacks on that rickety little table so as to produce such a really pretty effect; and nobody but Miss Chumley could have chosen blinds of that color, which, when they were drawn nearly down, as she liked them to be, diffused so roseate a hue over everything, and suited to such a nicety her own not particularly brilliant complexion.

Somebody coming up stairs. Miss Chumley draws the blind a few inches lower, moves her chair so that she sits with her back to the light, and is absorbed in the MS.

"Mr. Bates, 'm."

And the next moment our friend is shaking hands impressively with the rising actress. Then, after a few minutes spent in anathematizing the weather, they begin to talk about the "piece."

"Did Miss Chumley like it?"

"Ye-es, she thought it a good piece."

"*So* glad to hear that. Did she like the heroine's part?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Mr. Bates, only pretty well."

"Would you like to play it yourself?"

"Oh, not as it stands; I couldn't, really I couldn't."

"No? What is there you object to?"

"Well, de Vismes (Algy's villain) has all the dialogue."

"H'm; he certainly has a good deal; but then he gives you all the situations."

"Not quite all, Mr. Bates; how about the third act? Now, he's quite welcome to any situations in the the first and second acts, but I can't afford to let anybody have those in the last. You know I always like starting quietly and keeping it all down till toward the denouement, then I want plenty of room for myself. As it now stands, he interferes with my climax."

"Well, supposing I cut out his business with the stolen will, and bring on Mugley in something comic as a set-off to your scene with the mother?"

"Anything you like, so long as there's nothing to interfere with me in the third act."

Then Algy took the MS. and showed how he thought of cutting down the villain's part, putting in another situation for the heroine, and giving her generally the best of it. Miss Chumley's face grew brighter as he showed how all this could be done.

So Algy put the "piece" in his pocket, and began to talk of other topics, gradually leading the conversation round from things in general to discuss himself in particular.

In his conversation with women, when he was sure of his audience and safe from any risk of being caught out, Algy was particularly fond of the *egomet ipse* business, and a great adept at ringing the changes thereupon. He could invest himself in a garment of sentiment and interest as easily as he put on his overcoat. His imagination was vivid, and when his well of facts had run dry, invention came gushing forth in rippling streams of eloquent *egomet ipse*. He had a way of throwing himself upon the sympathies of his audience, handing himself over to their tender consideration (as if he were "glass, with care"), which was irresistible, containing, as it did, a mute acknowledgment of their interest and recognition of a superior power of consolation.

"He had come to the conclusion," he was saying to Miss Chumley, "which was, perhaps, a foregone one, that the way in which his life drifted along was very, very unsatisfactory. Every man should have an object in his life, you allow that, don't you?"

Miss Chumley said, "Of course, that was right enough."

Now Algy had an expressive voice, and a wonderful command over its different tones. It was, in fact, a perfect orchestra, all the instruments effectively played by himself.

"Well," he said, taking out his "softened melancholy" flageolet and discoursing with it, "you see I am one of those unfortunate fellows who have gone on hitherto with no object; perhaps it is one of the causes of my general failure—I have often thought so." Here a pause and a gloomy stare into the fire. "Ah, Miss Chumley, you are in a position to be envied."

Miss Chumley said, "Good gracious me, why?"

"Because you are successful."

All women like success, which is power, and still more like to be told of it, which is a tribute to their power; so Miss Chumley smiled and was pleased. Algy saw he had made an impression.

"It is only poor, unsuccessful devils like myself," continued the flageolet, softer than ever, "that can appreciate success in others to its full meed. Success to the artist is everything. Would that I had some hope, some incentive to help *my* flagging energy." Here a new movement on the stop-notes produced a plaintive sigh, which, followed by a discreet silence for a full minute, made Miss C. feel her position becoming slightly embarrassing. Then he went on again.

"Miss Chumley," he said, "will you pardon me if I come to the point of what I wish to say at once?" He did not stop to give her the chance of refusing. "The pleasure of your acquaintance has been mine for some time now; always recognizing your true artist nature, is it surprising that my admiration for its expression should have ripened into admiration for your own person, not for the actress, but for Rose Chumley herself? Miss Chumley, I have learnt to love you most sincerely; may I venture to hope—?"

She had risen in her agitation at this climax and stood facing him.

"Oh! dear me," she said, "don't say that, please; don't say that."

Algy sat gazing with all his eyes, surprised at the nervous oddness of her manner.

"I am so sorry," she went on, "oh, so very sorry; but that is exactly what Mr. Levy has been saying."

"Mr. Levy?"

"Yes; he went away just before you came."

"You mean the Jew lawyer?"

"Nŏ, he's not a Jew now; he was converted some years ago."

"Oh, was he? Well?"

"He said the very same things you have been saying."

"*He* did—to you?"

"Mr. Levy has done me the honor of asking me to become his wife."

"The deu—. Good heavens! and what did you say?"

"I said I would."

"The deu—. Good heavens! Why didn't you tell me of this at once?"

"Really, Mr. Bates——"

"Oh," recovering himself, "Rose—Miss Chumley, I mean—pardon me—naturally agitated—this is cruel of you, cruel," and he leant his elbow on the mantlepiece, and looked despairingly at the yellow and green pattern of Miss Chumley's hearthrug.

There was a pause for a few minutes and a solemn silence; then Miss Chumley went up to him and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Don't be angry with me, Mr. Bates; I did it for the best. If I had thought for a moment that—that you—of course I shouldn't—shouldn't—but he's very good natured and has so much money, you know——"

"Whereas I have none; speak it out; I can bear anything now."

"Oh, no, no, no," and her eager face appealed against his words. "Now it is you who are cruel: do not say you think so badly of me as that Mr. Bates. Tell me you don't mean that."

As he looked down on the face so mobile in expression, and animated by every thought that at the moment dwelt in her mind, now pleadingly upturned to his, genuine feeling for the time moved him, as he said passionately:

"I hardly know what I am saying. You are the only woman I have ever loved; I say so in all truth and sincerity, and it seems very hard, very hard. I know that I do love you truly, Rose, for I can even now wish that you may be happy with that man. As for me, well, there, its all over now. Good-bye, good-bye."

"You will be friends still; you don't bear any malice? Tell me we shall still be friends."

"Friends!" he exclaimed bitterly, and turned on his heel to go. Then, as he opened the door, it struck him that he had been rather hard with her; it would not do him any harm accepting her friendship, and it might be useful to him some day, who can tell? So he went back again and held out his hand.

"Let us be friends, Miss Chumley, and forgive me my harshness," with the bright smile which so often had stood him in good need before.

She gave him both hands, after her impulsive manner, and pressed his warmly.

Then he went away and walked down the Hampstead road, thinking it all over. "What could he do now?" The vision of Dick Winslow and his memoranda book stared him in the face at every step he took. He told himself that he was "regularly done." How nice she was; how honest and unaffected; how very different to the namby-pamby young ladies he met in society! Yes, he really did—did he really? Yes, he thought he actually did love her, bar the bet and for herself. It was very hard upon him, doosid hard. That beast Levy, too, a man who blew his nose with a report like a cannon, and wore Blucher boots. However, he would be miserably jealous and uncomfortable, that was a consolation. A man who isn't in the profession never should marry an actress. Just as he comes home tired from the city, or wherever it is, his wife is putting on her bonnet.

"Time she was at the theatre already."

"Well, but there's no such desperate hurry."

"Well, but I'm on when the curtain goes up."

"Nevermind; take a hansom."

"Besides, there's James wants to see me before I go on."

"James?"

"Yes; he's making my wig for Lady Audly—such a lovely flaxen. Bye, bye."

So the poor husband has to eat his dinner with only himself for company; and as he has had himself for company all day he finds it, on the whole, rather slow. Poor Levy! and for the matter of that, poor Rose too! What affinity can exist between her thoroughly artist nature and a man who goes to sleep over Miss Faucit, and calls Tennyson "rubbishy nonsense?"

Chapter III.

"SHUFFLE THE CARDS."

When Algy got back to his chambers after his expedition to the Hampstead Road, he took out a letter from the litter of unfinished MSS., pen-and-ink sketches, unpaid bills, and other documents scattered broadcast over his writing table, and sat down to answer it. The letter was from Mrs Jortin, a most particular friend of Algy's, and it begged him to take pity on her, and come down to their place in Hampshire for as long as he could spare the time. Algy had deferred replying to this invitation, thinking it would rest, probably, with Miss Chumley whether he should be able to accept it, but now he thought it would be the very thing for him. So he wrote off a note to Mrs. Jortin, in which he said "that nothing could give him greater pleasure than going to them for a short holiday, that he had been desperately busy lately, and should rejoice in a little change," etc. Not a word did he say about Rome and Matilda Brown.

Two days later saw him bowling down to the Waterloo station, having, as he expressed it, "got over the Chumley business beautifully," which meant that he had not quite broken his heart about the "Parthenon" actress. He might pick up the money in Hampshire, as likely there as anywhere. Never say die!

The Jortins with whom he was going to stay were county people and swells in their way, so Algy had got himself up accordingly. Nobody could tell, he thought, who he might meet while there. The Miss Jortins had very little money, but there might be some one else who it would be worth while "going in for." The deuce of it was there only being three weeks left to him.

Now no one understood better than Algy the great art of getting himself up so as to be "effective" without showing that any "effect" was meant. He knew exactly what colors suited him, what sort of coats and hats were most in his "style." He never committed that great mistake most men fall into of wearing anything ultra in the way of hats and coats because everybody else did, but managed to keep sufficiently near the prevailing fashion without allowing it to ruin his appearance. When he wished to produce an impression he went in for "effects" in a deliberately professional manner. His "get up," as he jumped out of the hansom at Waterloo, was artistic in the highest degree. This particular time he affected the "swell" without any of the languid airs and graces of that animal; it was the swell carefully toned down and unaffected, with a dash of the man of genius in its composition. He was particularly happy in his boots, his gloves, and, above all, his umbrella; an umbrella, when carried with discretion, is always effective. Algy walked down the platform apparently noticing nothing, but in reality taking everything in that he considered "worth his while."

Miss Tatum, the only daughter and heiress of Septimus Tatum, the eminent soapboiler and M. P., standing with her maid at the door of the ladies' waiting room, was mortified that the "extremely interesting-looking man" passed by without noticing her in the least, though she had plenty of time to observe his "melancholy" eyes, his small feet, and the elaborate rug he carried carelessly over his left arm. Our friend Algy, however, had seen Miss Tatum some ten minutes ago. He saw her from his cab get out of a brougham and pair outside the station, and happened to hear her tell the maid to take two tickets for Basingstoke; then, as he was paying his cabman, he heard some one on the platform say, "D'ye know who that is? That's old Tatum's daughter, that is." Now Algy, of course, knew "old Tatum" by reputation: who could have so much money and remain unknown? He also knew that the old gentleman had only one child, a daughter, who would have all his wealth. This young lady then with the blue bonnet and flaxen chignon, would be Miss Florence Tatum.

"Good forehead and eyes, pretty mouth, bad nose; great pity; goodish figure, what there is of it," said Algy to himself, "totting up the points" of blue bonnet rapidly. Then, "what a heap of money, too; all from soap. Rather low and common—soap; if it had only been Australian wool, now, or even tea; but there's something about soap-boiling that goes against the grain. However, he's an M. P., and that ought to carry off the soap; there's a sense a ponderosity and respectability about the House of Commons which covers a multitude of sins."

Basingstoke! He distinctly heard her say Basingstoke. *He* was going to Basingstoke; that was where Bradshaw showed that he must change trains, and take the little branch line that went to New Compton, where Mrs. Jortin's carriage was to meet him.

So Algy sauntered up to the book stall, and laid out quite a little fortune in *Punch*, *Illustrated London News*, and all the periodicals that were embellished with pretty pictures. He sauntered about there till the bell rang, and Miss Tatum, sending off her maid with divers parcels to a second-class carriage, got into a first-class by herself.

Just as the train was about to start, and people were rushing to and fro in the usual frantic state of people at a railway station, Miss Tatum saw the "interesting-looking man," more unexcited than ever, lounge quietly up to her carriage, and—yes—actually open the door! He looked in for a moment, as if uncertain whether he should honor it with his presence, then got slowly in and sat down opposite her.

Miss Tatum thought she had never before seen such—such—she couldn't find another word that better expressed what she meant—such an "interesting-looking man." His large, dark eyes seemed to gaze, right away, beyond every thing, into—into *the Past*; and his smile (did he ever smile?) would be wonderfully sweet; how could it be otherwise with such a mouth?

"Did she prefer the window up, or down?"

"Oh, down, please." She knew that she was right about the mouth; and if there was one thing she liked to see in a man, it was a *bien gante* hand.

"Did she care to look at '*Punch*?'—perhaps, though, she had seen it?"

"No, she hadn't seen '*Punch*.' Oh, thanks."

"Very dull, I'm afraid; very poor now. Want to see that picture?—allow me to cut it for you."

"Oh, thanks, thanks."

"Rather pretty, though, that high light on the girl's head, is it not? Du Maurier: but perhaps you don't admire Du Maurier?"

"Yes, I think it's pretty."

Then a pause, during which Miss Tatum looked carefully at Mr. Tenniel's cartoon, thinking that the "melancholy" eyes are regarding her the while. When at length Miss Tatum looks up, feeling very conscious, she is dreadfully mortified to find that the "melancholy eyes" are gazing far away out at the distant horizon, and that his thoughts apparently have followed them. So she crumpled up unhappy *Punch* making as much noise doing so as was possible in a limp sheet of paper. It was enough, however, to wake up Mr. Bates; and, pulling himself together, he began a conversation which Miss Tatum found so agreeable, that "she was quite astonished, and really didn't think it possible that Basingstoke could have been reached so soon." Basingstoke it was, though, and she had to change her train, to do which she was obliged to mount a precipitous wooden bridge over the station, which she "would never have done if it had not been for Mr. Bates's assistance;" then "she was so much obliged to him for taking *such* trouble" in getting all her luggage and parcels, including Trotter, the maid, who of course was perfectly helpless, into the other train. For Algy had ascertained that his fellow-passenger was going on to the same place as himself.

The small station of New Compton was reached, and Algy found his carriage duly waiting, but strange to say there was nothing come to meet Miss Tatum.

"What shall I do?" said blue bonnet; "six miles to our house, and not even a fly to be had! No, there never is a ... here. How could papa have made ... a mistake? Oh thank you; Tatum—... Tatum, of Lyme House.

Here Algy went off to interrogate ... porter, "If Mr. Tatum's carriage had ... come, or if he had heard anything of ... Nothing known of it whatever.

"Would Miss Tatum do him the honor ... accepting the carriage sent for him? ... Jortins' house was but a shortish walk, ... he should be so delighted if Miss Tat... would make use of it."

"Oh, he was most kind; but—but ... really didn't like—"

"Porter, take Miss Tatum's luggage ... that carriage. Pray do not refuse me th..."

Then Miss Tatum found herself driv... off in the brougham before she knew ... to express her thanks in what she co... sidered a suitable manner, and saw a vis... of Mr. Bates standing with his hat in ... hand, recovering his perpendicular after ... elaborate bow.

With his crisp toast and delicate om... ette waiting on the breakfast-table the f... lowing morning, Mr. Bates found a s... tary letter, with particularly business-l... writing; it was not from one of his cred... ors, for, as he said, "the many reminders ... received from them caused him to kn... their caligraphy to a T."

It was from Miss Tatum's papa. T... eminent soapboiler began by express... "his thanks to Mr. Bates for his though... kindness in looking after his daughte... then went on to "regret that an attack ... his old enemy, the gout, prevented his c... ing upon Mr. Bates to thank him in pers... but trusted that he would excuse that ce... mony, and come over and dine with th... the next day; would be very glad to ... him, and dinner on the table at seve... sharp."

So Algy went over to Lyme House a... made himself very agreeable to the so... boiler, as also to the soapboiler's f... daughter when he was not looking th... way. After the interval of a few d... Algy called, and was again pressed to co... and dine, which he did. In short Al... made himself so much liked at Ly... House that when the time (he made ... own time, by-the-bye), arrived for his ... leave Mrs. Jortin's and return to town, M... Tatum begged that he would make Ly... House his place of abode for another we... or so. This was one for Algy and two ... himself, for the worthy soapboiler was th... week going to have his house full of gue... and purposed giving a series of entertai... ments—private theatricals, balls and di... ners—and he knew that Algy was a use... man at that sort of thing. Our friend s... the position at a glance, and that th... would be a capital chance for ... distinguishing himself So he to... over his household gods to Lyme Ho... and was installed as master of the approa... ing ceremonies.

"He was invaluable," Miss Tatum t... her papa; "she didn't know *what* ... should have done without him." It w... "Oh, Mr. Bates, how shall we do thi... etc., and, "Oh, Mr. Bates, *will* you l... here, and tell me what you think?" ... He not only was the manager-in-gene... the principal actor, the organizer of ... amateur orchestra, and the scene pain... in the theatricals, but he actually wrote ... piece they performed—"quite impromp... you know," Miss Tatum said and believ... though it was only an old two-act come... etta Bates had by him vamped up for ... occasion. Then he got up that Irish jig ... the ball, which, but for it, would have be... a dismal failure, and was the life and s... of the "big dinners." Little Miss Tat... used to listen to him rattle about art a... literature, superficial politics, and cyni... banter on social topics, quite lost in adm... ration at such talent; "how clever ... Bates is; and knows everything, y... know."

At length the day drew near when ... this was to end; there was to be a da... the next evening, the last of the hospitab... soapboiler's entertainments, and the d... after that Algy was to return to Londo...

"To-morrow," said Algy to himself, ... night before this last dance, hanging o... his candle, extinguisher in hand, "to-m... row I shall know my fate, Bates or Wi... low."

Chapter IV.

"HEARTS ARE TRUMPS."

"A capital band, and the very bes... Mr. Godfrey's valses." Miss Tatum w... in high dancing order, and went into ... ball-room that evening with the full int... tion of enjoying herself thoroughly. ... good dance, with good music and n... partners," was her utmost ambition in ... way of enjoyment. Yet why should ... Bates find himself unconsciously indul... in a satirical grin as he said this to hims... Miss T. was not different to other yo... ladies in her ideas of enjoyment.

Mr. Bates that evening was silent ... abstracted; he was by turns tender and ... rupt in his demeanor toward Miss Tatu... When asked by her timidly "if anyth... had gone wrong; was there enough ... cumber in the hock cup—papa wan... *particularly* to know what he thought ... it?" he only gazed fixedly at nothing ... particular, and sighed absently. He to... Miss Tatum down to supper, but drank ... governor's sparkling Moselle in gloo... abstraction: then he proposed that th... should take a turn in the verandah bef... returning to the ball-room. Miss Tatu... was nothing loth, so they went out.

A lovely night, and a most roman... moon peeping from behind drifting mas... of clouds, sometimes silvering the gar... into almost the brightness of day, th... leaving all dark and sombre. Algy, w... his partner's little hand resting lightly ... his arm, stood looking out on this sce... There was a silence for some minutes: ... scene was impressive, and the silen... rendered it more so.

This was Algy's receipt. "Take a you... lady who has been whirled round a w... lighted ball-room some scores of time... Strauss and Gungl's music by the s... young gentlemen; add to this some re... genuine champagne and supplement... claret cup; serve it up in a moonlit ve... dah, hanging to the same young man's a... and it will be found cooked to a proper ... gree of susceptibility."

"It is very lovely," he said, looking ... into the sky, and turning his face so ... the moonlight fell across it with a g... effect; he had often studied this with ... limelight on the stage, and knew tha... caused his eyes to come out well.

"Beautiful!" from miss, in almost a w... per; and as her gaze was turned heav... wards she could not help also notic... Algy's fine profile blanched into a deli... marble, and his large eyes looking won... fully large just then.

"This time to-morrow I shall see it shi... on the Thames from my dog kennel ... town."

"*To-morrow?* Do you leave us ... morrow?"

He was watching her narrowly, and s... a shade pass over her face; it was dis... pointment.

"Yes," he said, "I must go back to ... mill; it would not do for a poor miser... devil like myself to have too long a s... of happiness; it unfits one for the worka... world again. I—I already feel"—... enough of a sigh to be heard by Miss ... tum's attentive ear. "Yes, I must go b... to the grindstone." You would think ... was a galley slave at least from the way ... put his case. "I shall think," he went ... with the very quintessence of sadde... melancholy in his voice, "I shall think, ... morrow, when I see yonder light, of ... place, of this hour, naturally"—here ... voice slightly trembled—"and of so... thing—I mean some one who—some... else."

No answer, but he thought the hand ... rested on his arm was heavier than it ...