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... ending at last in utter despair and midnight

coming to her face or form, she was sure to modify in some slight way, so as to make it the perfect of grace and beauty.

read. If the sun, for instance, were a man as
to-day he might rise in the East, to-morrow in
West, and the day after, perhaps, not at all. The
women, were she human, might this month fill her horn
copiously, and at some other, during a temper-
mental, or something of the kind, repeat that
had ever done it at any time, and deny her silver

is, not to speak of. Well, my screen are going to sensation. You see Julia Lanchester did the wrong. Any woman ought to be glad to get those. Wait and see the effect when she finds out a moral study, sir, that's just what it'll be."

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BY EDWARD H. HUGHES

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"And Mr. Buckford folded together his arms, and began to write his address."

"Not much, not much," said Mr. Tetherly, "it's quite important. A person of your position, shall you be at Tetherly's to-night?"

"Who else goes?"

"All our party of last night are expected. O, go and see Julia Larcher when she comes out to see me. I will go, sir, there's no opening for a psychologist."

"Tetherly, will you drop these things?"

"Mail box," said Mr. Tetherly, "evidently. Let me look at the address."

"Of course."

"Why, then, Buckford—well, Buckford, you are a bold man."

"I did."

"You, indeed? Well, you're a gladiator. No matter, you can take care of yourself. You can rely upon me, Tetherly."

"And Mr. Tetherly dashed away with that vigor which is characteristic of experienced and determined youthfulness."

When Mr. Frank Buckford crossed the threshold of Mrs. Deane's drawing-room, the first person that greeted him was Mr. Tompkins Tetherly.

"By Jove, Buckford!" began that chatty gentleman, "I'm in trouble. I thought it would be so, and you know I warned you against it. I did all I could, but somehow your nerve will take counsel from any of my young fellows."

"What's the matter, Tetherly?" said Mr. Buckford.

"Matter? well, you tell all it what you like; matter, if you choose. Only remember that I warned you."

"Well, then?"

"Julia Larcher, don't you see, she's nobody listening to me. Julia Larcher is a temper that will frighten you, sir."

"That's appalling."

"Well, you may laugh, but it's all owing to the substance you want her. I tell you, sir, when she speaks to me about it, she comes out of her eyes like a woman, and each word is like a hammer-blow."

"The value of a word?"

"To be sure."

"But I want her, Buckford, this is too bad. Consider, my dear fellow, I made it myself."

"My poor Tetherly, go and get down in your hair, and go to bed."

"It won't do a bit. I look it myself, and you remember I said to you, 'Now, Buckford, be cautious, and don't send this, because there'll be a difficulty. Don't you remember that?'"

"Tetherly, are you weakening your mind?"

"Buckford, what the devil do you mean? I never heard you talk such nonsense in my life!" and Mr. Tetherly struck away in a dignified huff.

This conversation set Mr. Buckford to thinking with unusual earnestness. It presently occurred to him that he might, after all, have committed the extraordinary error of misinterpreting some one of his tender testimonials, as Mr. Tetherly had hinted. This certainly must be investigated; so he turned about and sought Mrs. Larcher.

Promising he might, a distant view of her; it was clear that she was not home. He moved a step farther, and he reached her without effort. She showed color in her cheeks, but made no other sign.

As he drew very near, a faint burning smile of malicious curiosity arose. Mr. Tetherly, it appeared, had not been idle in his bustling the entertainment of the evening.

Mrs. Larcher stood firm and rather unconcernedly, as he approached her. Little groups gathered as close as appearance would allow, and turned eager eyes in the direction of the newcomers.

"Mrs. Larcher, good evening."

"Mrs. Larcher's eyes rested upon him like the reflection of a sunbeam from an icicle. The feeble acknowledgment that courtesy would admit of was all she concluded."

"Are you ill, Mrs. Larcher?"

"No, sir."

"I have interrupted you, perhaps."

"Not at all, sir."

"Possibly you are occupied at something."

"Possibly."

"I understand you. Then Mr. Tetherly must have been right. In two words, Mrs. Larcher, I can remove your indignation, if you will permit me."

"I think, sir, that silence would be better than excuses."

"But I have no excuses to make, only a misapprehension to correct. The objectionable note, sir, let me, letting his voice fall, to the distraction of the friends, address him, was not intended for you at all."

"This is absurd, sir," said Mrs. Larcher, in a voice the least bit changed.

"It is absurd, indeed," said he, "but still undeniable."

"I am fatigued," said Mrs. Larcher; "let me sit in this window"—and she withdrew a few steps to a partially secluded corner, drawing Buckford after her with her eyes.

"Now, sir," she continued, with a small forced laugh, "do not try to deceive me. The matter was better as it was before."

"You may be sure, Mrs. Larcher, that I tell you exactly the fact. It was a mistake, natural, perhaps, but unintended."

"Why, what is this?" suddenly broke in Mrs. Vincent Brooks, who had been suffering, inexpressible agonies since the conversation failed to reach her, and who adopted a bold coup de soleil to master the position of affairs.

"What is the subject that makes you both so solemn?"

"Nothing that interests you, dear," said Mrs. Larcher calmly.

"Do you know," added Mrs. Brooks, struggling to retain a foothold, "that Grace Dymond is here, just arrived, with the most superb wealth of jewels anybody ever saw?"

"Even at this, Mrs. Larcher showed no weakness. Whatever may have been the tension within her, she preserved an outward composure, and Mrs. Brooks, quite baffled, went away in anger."

"Mrs. Dymond, now," said Buckford—"I did send to her. Or, perhaps, dear me, I wonder, then—"

"What, Mr. Buckford! do you mean to tell me that the verses I received were meant for Grace Dymond?" asked Mrs. Larcher, with deeper blushes in her cheeks.

"How can I know," answered he; "what were they meant for?"

Mrs. Larcher repeated the first two lines.

"Ah, you remember them, then. Well, yes, they should have gone to her. Are you satisfied at last?"

"If Mrs. Larcher were satisfied, nothing could be more singular than her manner of expressing it. First she seemed covered with confusion. Then she gave a bit of a smile, and finally said, 'I don't care!'"

"And those were written for Grace Dymond?"

"Why not?"

"Mr. Buckford, how could you write such things to Grace Dymond?"

"O, only! Sentimental stationery, you know, is of little account, and manufactured devotion is nothing at all."

"Do you assure me, then, sir, that you—"

"Well, I am waiting, Mr. Larcher."

"Nothing, sir."

But Frank Buckford was no idle. A few seconds of rapid reflection brought convictions to him that were probably of no unpleasant nature, as he smiled quite radiantly.

"Mrs. Larcher," said he, after a little pause, "I think your displeasure is directed especially against the fourteenth of February decorations."

"The reason is, sir, that they all fall in society and truth."

"And if they did not?"

"I should be glad to see the one that did not."

"Mrs. Larcher, the fourteenth still lasts. It is now six o'clock. Will you dance with me soon after ten?"

"Yes, indeed, sir."

"Where shall I look for you?"

"Come here."

For half an hour Frank Buckford was unseen. Glowing, impatient, half-doubting, half-awakened, Mrs. Larcher awaited him, never moving from her reverend. Assaults from Mrs. Vincent Brooks and others were repelled with elegant success.

I know that the list of paper he brought with him, when he came, was not despatched, but read with the consciousness of all its sincerity and truth, and in brief time exhaled where none but the good letters go. I know too, that the dancing appointment was all forgotten.

The rest that I know, the reader also knows, I am sure.

Dramatic Friction.

NO ADMIRAL.

A great many very nice persons of both sexes—persons who are very good, very clever, and very philanthropically inclined—persons, in fact, who have tender hearts, fine sensibilities, artistic imaginations, and many other delightful things which I can only, alas! admit, and not share—have lately been much exercised in their minds at the rapid increase of steam in the Nil Admiralty School.

An educational institution where, in one way and another, one has to pay pretty well for his learning.

Millie de tontaines! What a long sentence!

Do not alarm yourself, I am not going to preach a sermon.

I am afraid that my style has been corrupted by reading "Leaves from Nature." Nature is a good thing to do, but guide-books are never entertaining.

We are, however, talking about art, which, in this line of commerce, is not at all like nature.

I do not purpose to defend the Nil Admiralty School. I do not hold my chair in it for that purpose. To the point of this delightful art, all things are the same—weakness and strength, right and wrong, praise or blame; the only question is, To what does it lead, what is it all worth? It is nothing that comes from nothing, and there remains nothing but nothing.

The whole public, with here and there an exception, the personal friend of an actor or actress, or some person whose taste, or want of it, makes them in line to the confusion, belongs to the Nil Admiralty School.

The public is not such a fool as you may imagine. The public doesn't think that, as far as theatres go, there is such a wonderful amount of genius floating about, even in the metropolis.

Actors and actresses singly rolled up in the blanket of egotism, fancy themselves admired of gods and goddesses of men and women. The public laughs and says nothing.

The public don't consider itself bound to be bored to death during four mortal hours for the sake of one good scene which may last five minutes.

The public is not a well-meaning, but it will not go about to seek adolescent artists, feed them with pup, put purple and fine lines upon them, and then bow down and worship them.

Not exactly.

Yet this hard-hearted public can have its little refinements as well as another. See how it baffled Patti, who sprang, like Minerva, a full-blown artist from the brain of Jove. Mark how it discomfited James Fenn.

Regarding the real enjoyment which it has at the Circus.

As for art, in its real sense, if we leave out the opera, we are in the desert. The public knows that as well as you or I, and struts its shoulders at the pretensions of quacks and humbugs.

The Schaeffer, having no fixed rules of thought or action, no settled principles or ideas, no friends or enemies, no enemies to punish—and looking with cold compassion on people who have—belongs to the views of the public. That is, like the public, he doesn't think it worth while having any views about art when there isn't any art to have them about.

Some of these thoughts occurred to me the other night, when I saw Oliver Twist for the second time. The piece, since its first performance, has been much improved, but it is still unsatisfactory. Its comedy is generally serious, and its seriousness is painfully comic. According to the profound definition of the Youngest and Loveliest, it must be a pure comedy.

She is good as well as young and pleasing, but the manager must not be permitted to hide behind her disguise. Read the modest announcement by Charlotte Cushman, being the character in which she played her dramatic career, will be mentioned by Mrs. Helen.

Why the Helen should play Nancy, because the Cushman "clashed her dramatic crown" in it (which she didn't, by the way), shows my comprehension in fact, to use a phrase which I perceive has obtained a somewhat extended popularity, I don't see it.

It seems that Matilda "condescended" to play Nancy. Why is this person to whom "condescension" is an epithet for a mediocre performance? Her name!

It is not however of Matilda Helen that I speak, particularly.

It is of the Winter Garden, the only theatre in the United States, so far as I know, that is conducted under the supervision of a gentleman by birth, education, culture, and association. It is here that we should look for dramatic art, if anywhere. Let us take a scene of Oliver Twist and see how near they come to the proper standard.

First, as to the number of Nancy's friends.

In order to be clearly understood, I quote the author's description:

"The subject of my report is a girl of about fifteen years of age, and having been brought up in the most respectable manner, she was the daughter of a respectable tradesman, and had been educated in the best manner."

"Bill," said the girl, "I have been brought up in the best manner, and I have been educated in the best manner, and I have been educated in the best manner."

"You have been brought up in the best manner, and I have been educated in the best manner, and I have been educated in the best manner."

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looking at his own unimpaired, and saying "There's blood upon my hands, she's dead! she's dead!" goes into another impossible apartment. The public gives a shout. It really can't help it. And that is art!

Take Wallace's, as well, with the Poor Tony also leaping from the tower, which last must inevitably have resulted in the breaking of his neck. It is equally as absurd as the hanging of Bill Sykes by a hook in his coat collar.

I am afraid that if these things are permitted to go on, our School will have more pupils than we can well accommodate.

FAIRY DREAMS.

That piquant scene and pretty woman, Fancy Mont, who has broken the hearts of all the poor young men, and whose name alone, Wallace's, has gone and been done and got married to a person of the name of Smith. They all do it. I remember that the original A. M., or one of 'em, took out her head certificate in the name of the Smith family. He was 'an actor,' and had a governor with large amounts of brown-stone fronts, corner-lots, and things of that kind.

So she couldn't see genius and the moral virtue in the person of the Subcriber. However, I had my revenge on this particular Smith: years passed on and I met him not. At last, at last he came.

Time had only deepened the sense of injury in my breast.

My vengeance was terrible; but, considering my wrongs just, I induced Le Chavre to send Smith a private letter, and he had to stand the whole of London.

The next evening he was on his way to Utica.

The men at the Club object to Smith, Fancy Mont's Smith; they think of calling him Smith, in the following order: Joseph Balsano, 1; Edward the Blonde, 2; the last of the Howards, 3; the Baron, 4; Paul, 5; Whiskers, 6; Penelope, 7. Probably that will finish off Smith, but if it don't, the Virginian Colonel and the Oriental sports can have a match with him next Sunday.

The French Garçon, which makes jokes, sometimes, alluding to the marriage of a negro-mistress with a rich young woman whose parents didn't see it, thinks that the father-in-law of the happy man ought to have charged *Lease the girl* alone. The collector, with deference, suggests that there may be an opportunity of a private performance of the pretty little French comedy, this very day, at 8 p. m.

The father of the little girl who was burned to death last year at Marion, Georgia, with, as an epitaph, "no mother," now comes out the signs of love not bringing her back to life again. When it is understood that the child's life might have been saved by the expenditure of a few shillings for leeches, it is evident that the movement is a bad financial speculation, unless it is introduced as an advertising dodge.

The Chafery Minstrels at Nibbs's saloon are worth doing occasionally.

The Boston Garçon says that the Wood-mason opened at the Theatre of that village, on Monday, to a "disappointing house," and the voices of the actors resounded in impudently hollow tones. "Come back, O Queen of the Subscribers! and I'll engage that the W. O. shall not display one vacant seat. What, as I have before remarked, what is a Garden, Winter or Summer, without Wood?" Likewise bring with you the serious Jefferson, and the fascinating Davenport. We have had sometimes enough. We are bored to death. We want to laugh.

The Philadelphia Dispatch has a notice of a distinguished young American actress, which 'critique' I recommend to the young man of the Sunday Times. The notice is reprinted (omitting the lady's name), as it is very good for some people hereabouts:

"The style of action is steadily unusual, and necessarily good in its effect. When she does not play a tender part, she gives us a character of a more powerful nature, and her action is as full of life as her voice. Her style is as full of life as her voice. Her style is as full of life as her voice."

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Mr. Rogers left his house upon the "very age and" "body of the time."

He knows no one to fill his place upon the stage in his possible role.

Wendell! Mourn all ye way-dimmed gods of Mirth! Mourn himself is dead!

A new Art paper is about to be established in Boston by Russell & Tolson, made publishers. It will be called the Boston Art paper, and will be published weekly. It is understood that Mr. Henry O. Perkins will be the editor, and Messrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, W. R. Underwood, Charles Sprague, Jr., and others, will contribute regularly.

Second volume of Dr. Palfrey's "History of New England," is nearly ready for publication.

The third number of *Harper's Monthly* will contain a complete history of the war, as far as it is known at present, by Thackeray, on Irving and Macaulay.

The next number of *Harper's Monthly* will contain the first part of "The Unconquered Traveller," an original story of journeys, by Charles Dickens; and the commencement of "The Master of the Paragon," a new novel story of American life, by Ella Robinson.

BOOKS, ETC.

WORCESTER'S

Royal Quarto Dictionary.

LIBRARY EDITION.

For Subscribers Only.

It is now completed, and the distribution of copies to subscribers is taking place. To those who have not an opportunity to examine the work, we present the following extracts from the preface, as given by the publisher, Messrs. Worcester & Co., New York.

1. The dictionary is a complete and accurate work, and is the most complete and accurate work of the kind ever published.

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