

Who Knows?

I grant her fair—aye, passing fair, As lovely as a budding rose; But is there soul behind that face, A beauty 'neath that outward grace? Who knows—who knows?

THE GENTLEMAN BEGGAR.

One morning, many years ago, I called by appointment on Mr. John Balance, the fashionable pawnbroker, to accompany him to Liverpool in pursuit of a Levant customer—for Balance, in addition to pawning, does a little business in the 40 per cent. line.

The story produced an impression on me. I am fond of speculation and like the excitement of a legal hunt as much as some do a fox chase. A gentleman, a beggar, a wife rolling in wealth, rumors of unknown property due to the husband; it seems as if there was picking for me amidst this carrion of pauperism.

Before returning from Liverpool I had purchased the gentleman beggar's acceptance from Balance. I then inserted in the Times the following advertisement: "Horace Molinos Fitz-Roy, Esq., solicitor, St. James's, will hear of something to his advantage. Any person furnishing Mr. F.'s address shall receive £100 reward. He was last seen, etc." Within twenty-four hours I had ample proof of the wide circulation of the Times. My office was besieged by beggars of every degree, men and women, lame and blind, Irish, Scotch and English, some on crutches, some in bowls some in go-carts, and all knew him as the "gentleman" and I must do the regular fraternity of transients the justice to say that not one would answer a question until he made certain that I meant the "gentleman" no harm.

One evening about three weeks after the appearance of the advertisement my clerk announced "another beggar." There came in an old man leaning on a staff, clad in a soldier's gray coat all patched and torn, with a battered hat, from under which a mass of tangled hair fell over his shoulders and half concealed his face. The beggar, in a weak, wheezy, hesitating tone, said: "You have advertised for Molinos Fitz-Roy. I hope you don't mean him any harm; he is sunk, I think, too low for enmity now, and surely no one would sport with such misery as his." These last words were uttered in a sort of pitiable whisper.

I answered quickly: "Heaven forbid I should sport with misery; I mean and hope to do him good as well as myself." "Then, sir, I am Molinos Fitz-Roy!" While we were conversing, candles had been brought in. I have not very tender nerves—my head would not agree with them—but I own I started and shuddered when I saw and knew that the wretched creature before me was under 30 years of age and once a gentleman. Sharp, aquiline features, reduced to literal skin and bone, were begrimed and covered with dry fair hair; the white teeth of the half open mouth chattered with eagerness and made more hideous the foul pallor of the rest of the countenance. As he stood leaning on a staff half bent, his long, yellow, bony fingers clasped over the crutch head of his stick, he was indeed a picture of misery, famine, squalor and premature age, too horrible to dwell upon. I made him sit down, and then sent for some refreshment, which he devoured like a goul, and set to work to unravel his story. It was difficult to keep to the point; but with pains I learned what convinced me that he was entitled to some property, whether great or small there is no evidence. On starting I said, "Now, Mr. F., you must stay in town while I make proper inquiries. What allowance will be enough to keep you comfortably?" He answered humbly, after much pressing, "Would you think ten shillings too much?"

I don't like, if I do these things at all, to do them shabbily, so I said: "Come every Saturday and you shall have a pound." He was profuse in his thanks, as all such men are as long as distress lasts. I had previously learned that my ragged client's wife was in England, living in a splendid house in Hyde Park gardens, under her maiden name. On the following day the earl of Owen called upon me, wanting £5000 by 5 o'clock the same evening. It was a case of life or death with him, so I made my terms, and took advantage of his pressure to execute a coup d'etat. I proposed that he should drive me home to receive the money, calling at Mrs. Molinos's, in Hyde Park gardens on our way. I knew that the coronet and liveries of his father the marquis would insure me an audience with Mrs. Molinos Fitz-Roy.

As she spoke her white face became scarlet. "But, madam, the man is starving. I have strong reasons for believing he is entitled to property, and if you refuse any assistance I must take other measures." She rang the bell, wrote something rapidly on a card, and as the footman appeared, pushed it toward me across the table with the air of touching a toad, saying: "There, sir, is the address of my solicitors; apply to them if you think you have any claim. Robert, show the person out, and take care he is not admitted again."

So far I had effected nothing; and, to tell the truth, felt rather crestfallen under the influence of that grand manner peculiar to certain great ladies and to all great actresses. My next visit was to the attorneys, Messrs. Leasem & Fashum of Lincoln's Inn square, and there I was at home. I had had dealings with the firm before. They were agents for half the aristocracy, who always run in crowds like sheep after the same wine merchants, the same architects, the same horse dealers, and the same law agents. It may be doubted whether the quality of law and land management they got on this principle is equal to their wine and horses. At any rate, my friends of Lincoln's Inn, like others of the same class, are distinguished by their courteous manners, deliberate proceedings, innocence of legal technicalities, long credit and heavy charges. Leasem, the elder partner, wears powder and a huge bunch of seals, lives in Queen square, drives a brougham, gives the dinners and does the cordial department. He is so strict in performing this latter duty that he once addressed a poacher who had shot a duke's keeper as "my dear creature," although he afterward hung him.

Fashum has chambers in St. James street, drives a cab, wears a tip, and does the grand hab style. My business lay with Leasem. The interviews and letters passing were numerous. However, it came at last to the following dialogue: "Well, my dear Mr. Discount," began Mr. Leasem, who hates me like poison, "I'm really very sorry that poor, dear Molinos—knew his father well; a great man, a perfect gentleman; but you know what women are, eh, Mr. Discount? My client won't advance a shilling; she knows it would only be wasted in low dissipation. Now, don't you think this was said very insultingly—don't you think he had better be sent to the workhouse; very comfortable accommodations there, I can assure you—meat twice a week, and excellent soup; and then, Mr. Discount, we might consider about allowing you something for that bill."

"Mr. Leasem, can you reconcile it to your conscience to make such an arrangement? Here's a wife rolling in luxury and a husband starving!" "No, Mr. Discount, not starving; there is the workhouse, as I observed before; besides allow me to suggest that these appeals to feeling are quite unprofessional—quite unprofessional." "But, Mr. Leasem, touching this property, which the poor man is entitled to?" "Why, there, again, Mr. D., you must excuse me; you really must not do it; I don't say he is not, if you know he is entitled to property, you know how to proceed. The law is open to you, Mr. Discount—the law is open—and a man of your talent will know how to use it."

"Then, Mr. Leasem, you mean that I must, in order to right this starving man, file a bill of discovery to extract from you the particulars of his rights. You have the marriage settlement and all the information, and you decline to allow a pension or afford any information; the man is to starve or go to the workhouse?" "Why, Mr. D., you are so quick and violent. It really is not professional, but you see (here a subdued smile of triumph) it has been decided that a solicitor is not bound to afford such information as you ask to the injury of his client."

"Then you mean that this poor Molinos may rot and starve, while you keep secret from him at his wife's request, his title to an income, and that the court of chancery will back you in this iniquity?" "I kept repeating the words 'starve,' because I saw it made my respectable opponent wince." "Well, then, just listen to me. I know that in the happy state of your equity law, chancery can't help my client, but I have another plan: I will go hence to my office, issue a writ, take your client's husband in execution; as soon as he is lodged in jail I shall file his schedule in the insolvent court, and when he comes up for his discharge, I shall put you in the witness box, and examine you on oath, 'touching property of which you know the insolvent to be possessed,' and where will be your privilege communication then?"

The respectable Leasem's face lengthened in a twinkling, his comfortable, confident air vanished, he ceased twiddling his gold chain, and, at length, he muttered: "Suppose we pay the debt?" "Why, then, I'll arrest him the day after for another." "But, my dear Mr. Discount, surely such conduct would not be quite respectable." "That's my business; my client has been wronged, I am determined to right him, and when the aristocratic firm of Leasem & Fashum takes refuge, according to the custom of respectable repudiators, in the cool arbors of the court of chancery, why, a mere bill discounting attorney like David Discount need not hesitate about cutting a blind-gout out of the insolvent court."

"Well, well, Mr. D., you are so warm—so fiery. We must deliberate; we must consult. You will give me until the day after to-morrow, and then we'll write you our final determination. In the mean time send us a copy of your authority to act for Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy." Of course I lost no time in getting the gentleman beggar to sign a proper letter. On the appointed day came a communication with L. and F. seal, which I opened, not without professional eagerness. It was as follows: "In re Molinos Fitz-Roy and another."

"Sir—I answer to your application on behalf of Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy, we beg to inform you that under the administration of a paternal aunt who died intestate, your client is entitled to £2500 8s 6d, 3 per cents; £1500 19s 4d., 3 per cents. Reduced; £1000 19s 4d. annuities; £500 bank stock; £3500 India stock, besides other securities, making up £10,000, which we are prepared to transfer over to Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy's direction forthwith."

Here was a windfall! It quite took away my breath. At dusk came my gentleman beggar, and what puzzled me was, how to break the news to him. Being very much overwhelmed with business that day, I had not much time for consideration. He came in rather better dressed than when I first saw him, with only a week's beard on his chin; but, as usual, not quite sober. Six weeks had elapsed since our first interview. He was still the humble, trembling, low-voiced creature I first knew him.

"After a prelude, I said, 'I find, Mr. F., you are entitled to something; pray, what do you mean to give me in addition to my bill, for obtaining it?' He answered rapidly, 'Oh, take half; if there is £100, take half; if there is £500, take half.' It was so settled. I then led him out into the street, impelled to tell him the news, yet dreading the effect; not daring to make the revelation in my office, for fear of a scene.

I began hesitatingly, 'Mr. Fitz-Roy, I am happy to say that I find you are entitled to * * * £10,000!' He shrieked; '£10,000!' he yelled, seizing my arm violently. 'You are a brick. Here, cab!' Several drove up—the shout might have been heard a mile off. He jumped in the first.

"Where to?" said the driver. "To a tailor's, you rascal!" "Ten thousand pounds! ha, ha, ha!" he repeated hysterically when in the cab, and every moment grasping my arm. Presently he subsided, looked me straight in the face, and muttered with agonizing fervor: "What a jolly trick you are!"

The tailor, the hosier, the bootmaker, the hair dresser, were in turn visited by this poor man of externals. As, by degrees, under their hands, he emerged from the beggar to the gentleman, his spirits rose; his eyes brightened; he walked erect, but always nervously grasping my arm; fearing apparently, to lose sight of me for a moment, lest his fortune should vanish with me. The impatient pride which he gave his orders to the astonished tradesman for the finest and best of everything, and the amazed air of the fashionable hair dresser when he presented his matted locks and stubble chin to be "cut and shaved" may be acted—it cannot be described. By the time the external transformation was complete and I sat down in a cafe in the Haymarket opposite a haggard but handsome, opposite-looking man, whose air, with the exception of the wild eyes and deeply browned face, did not differ from the stereotyped men about town sitting around us. Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy had already almost forgotten the past. He bullied the waiter and criticised the wine, as if he had done nothing else but dine and drink and scold there all the days of his life.

Once he wished to drink my health, and would have proclaimed his whole story to the coffee room assembly in a raving style. When I left he almost went in terror at the idea of losing sight of me. But allowing for these ebullitions—the natural result of such a whirl of events—he was wonderfully calm and self-possessed.

The next day his first care was to distribute £50 among his friends the cadgers, at a house of call in Westminster, and formally to dissolve his connection with them; those present undertaking for the "fraternity" that for the future he should never be noticed by them in public or private. I cannot follow his career much farther. Adversity had taught him nothing. He was soon again surrounded by well-bred peers, who had forgotten him when penniless; but they amused him, and he was as good as rich. The £10,000 were rapidly melting when he invited me to a grand dinner at Richmond, which included a dozen of the most agreeable, good-looking, well-dressed dandies of London, interspersed with a display of pretty butterfly bonnets. We dined deliciously, and drank as men do of iced wines in the dog days—looking down from Richmond hill.

One of the pink bonnets crowned Fitz-Roy with a wreath of flowers; he looked—less the intellect—as handsome as Alcibiades. Intensely excited and flushed, he rose with a champagne glass in his hand to propose my health. The oratorical powers of his father had not descended to him. Jerking out sentences by spasms, at length he said, "I was a beggar—I am a gentleman—thanks to this—"

Here he leaned heavily on my shoulder a moment and then fell back. We raised him, loosened his neckcloth—"Fainted!" said the ladies. "Drunk!" said the gentleman. He was dead.

In the latest importation of rings for men the English becher takes the lead. It is a flat-band of iron-alloyed gold, beautifully set with selected jacinthes, and calculated to reduce the apparent size of the band. Nugget gold rings are set with mixed gems, and on some of the seal rings the crest is not on the surface of the stone. The new broche gauze with lace designs in tiny blocks or striped with velvet make very handsome dresses over satin or the soft-repped silk known as faille. All these tissues will be lavishly trimmed with beaded ornaments and more elaborate than ever, and will be used for entire bodices, vests, panels, and many of the diminutive mantellettes now in vogue. Very frequently the hat or bonnet made of the same rich delicate network will be en suite with this effective wrap.

FASHION NOTES.

In a young girl's dress of plain and fancy striped silk the lower skirt has stripes so set as to make two flounces; full drapery, the back having a stripe down the edge as trimming; a plain coat body over full vest, with stripes down the middle; collar and cuffs of stripes; revers of velvet. This is very stylish and becoming for a slender girl. A very pretty narrow-striped gingham is made with the lower skirt in side plaits; the body is in slip fashion, with a shirred front at the neck; a band around the lower edge of the overdress; the collar, the waist trimming, cuffs, sleeve trimming and belt are of fancy striped goods.

Another has the lower skirt of narrow striped goods and jacket of wide stripe, with revers, collar and cuffs of plain; rest of narrow stripe; a full sash passes around the waist under the jacket and ties in a large bow at the back. A very unique dress is of plain and plaid surah. The plaid is made up bias; the skirt is in wide side plaits; the waist full, falling over the skirt in front in blouse fashion; long coat body of plain goods, with extra points of velvet, very narrow at the top and widening to a point below the waist; standing collar, with bow at the side, and plain cuffs.

In a tiny girl's dress of casimere the body and skirt are in one piece, with shirring at the waist, surah sash with fancy ornament at the side; wide collar and cuffs of embroidery. Another dress for a tiny girl is of velveting; petticoat of embroidery; princess body of velveting, with embroidered plaits, yoke, collar and cuffs, vest in lapels, ribbon belt, with bow at the side and loops and ends; the skirt is slightly caught up under this bow and shows the embroidered skirt beneath.

A princess dress of surah is made with full fronts; the skirt in front trimmed with a fall of lace, velvet yoke and wide velvet cuffs, full sleeves; ribbon sash tied in front. Another dress is of plain and striped summer silk and lace; sides and back of skirt of plain silk in wide plaits; front of lace, which extends to the throat, making a full vest; cut-away belt and sleeves of striped silk; velvet belt, drawn loosely around the waist and fastened with a clasp, velvet shoulder-knots, collar and cuffs of wide goods made up bias and with velvet bows.

The most fashionable of amusements this summer is yachting, and the numerous shipwrecks which mark the beginning of the season have in no wise cooled the enthusiasm of those who love to sail on blue waters under sunny skies. Yachting toilets are therefore quite the order of the day, and a subject of too deep an interest to our fair readers for us to neglect.

The difficulty in composing a costume of this style is to avoid falling into undue eccentricity. The usual thing is to wear the sailor costume with either the jacket or redingote, according to the weather, and the yacht-hat of fancy straw, with the long blue gauze veil covering head and face. But there are prettier models more novel, and with a dash of fancy tempered with good taste. For instance, a skirt of white vogue, trimmed with wavy navy-blue worsted galloon. The tunic, of the same vogue, is simply draped; on the right it leaves the skirt uncovered very high up, and is trimmed with a revers of blue serge. The jacket is white, with large buttons of blue passementerie. It opens over a chemise of blue serge, and is tied across with ribbons of blue moire, upon which is inscribed the name of the yacht. The costume is completed by a white serge cap, with flat brim, and a blue band round the crown. It is pretty and comfortable, and uncommensurate without eccentricity.

Another is of blue serge. The skirt, plaited without any drapery, opens on the left side over a panel of white and blue striped fancy woolen material cut on the cross. Blue jacket over a striped chemise cut on the straight; short striped tabs over the shoulders. Instead of buttons, large circles as big as crown pieces are made of white braid twisted round and round. There are two rows of these, one on each side. The head-gear is a white cloth cap with broad cloth brim edged with braid and a wide fancy galloon round the crown.

Of course, these costumes, especially composed for yachting, can also be worn as toilets for the beach. The same may be said for croquet or lawn-tennis dresses. For these, white woolen materials are preferred, a plaited skirt and a jacket, or chemise-russe. For lawn-tennis we have noticed a tunic of buff net-work very prettily draped over a skirt of Havana cloth. At the foot of the skirt a band of buff cloth is embroidered with the emblems of tennis, balls and battledores. By way of ornament to the cap and tunic, gilet fringes of the color of the balls.

One of the French novelties in the way of a hair ornament consists of a jeweled butterfly with silver claws. By a motion of the wings the talons can be brought together and made to catch and hold securely any fine fabric. One of the bridal dresses recently worn in Chicago was a diamond and garnet bodice on the shoulder which created something of a sensation among the elder portion of the company. The insect was balanced on very delicate spiral springs, and seemed on the point of flying with every motion of the wearer.

It is well to remember that with plain hanging, tucked or plaited skirts, especially on summer dresses of a naturally clinging, limp nature, should be worn under skirts of silk, organdie, or fine linen lawn which has a rather stiff dressing, upon which the airy fabric composing the gown should be mounted. The hem of the skirt proper should fall over a narrow "de-passant" very finely plaited, and set at the edge of the underskirt. This throws out the foot of the dress-skirt, and keeps it away from the feet, and also gives it a more graceful appearance.

HORSE NOTES.

The Charter Oak meeting has 118 entries. There will be a big race meeting at Kansas City in October. Ed. Hart has sold a 5-year-old black mare to W. L. Ekins. Class Leader cut his quarter at Buffalo, and has been laid up. Nellie R., record 2:22, recently foaled a bay colt by Wilkie Collins. Hon. T. J. Megibben's Edgewater Stud sucklings all have the distemper. Mr. Emery says he has not yet decided where he will start Patron next. Billy Gilmore's racing days are probably over. He has a bad looking foreleg.

W. H. McCarthy and Andy Welch have purchased the bay mare Equity, by Solicitor, dam by Mambrino Chief. W. T. Woodward, of Lexington, Ky., is attending the big circuit races, and is soliciting entries for his October sale. It is the belief that E. J. Baldwin has the two crack 2-year olds of the year in Los Angeles and the Emperor of Norfolk. The Buffalo meeting was a financial success. After paying all expenses there is a handsome balance of more than \$10,000.

The pacing stallion Brown Hal, record 2:17, will be started at the Lexington Fair to beat the stallion record, 2:13. Banburg started at Saratoga a few days ago and finished third in a good field. It was his first race since the Kentucky Derby. Mr. Edwin Thorne's youngest son went to Rochester to look after the b. m. Misty Morning. James Goldsmith is driving her. Bud Doble, John Murphy and Crit Davis always drive their horses to win. This makes them popular with the people on the big circuit.

At Buffalo Madame Marantette drove her span of runners, Major Banks and Evergreen, a mile in 1:45, the best time on record. The old mare Blandina, which was accidentally shot at Woodburn Stud, Ky., last spring by some hunters, has recovered from her injuries. The b. g. Irish Lad, 2:23, by Aberdeen, hit himself in just about the same way that Queen Wilkes did, and has been turned out for the season. The purchase by the Dwyer Brothers of the racing qualities of the brother to Eolie makes the first of the get of Eolie to be trained in their stable.

Crawford, Hickok, Turner and Splan manage all of the circuit races to suit themselves. They don't think the quartet capable and do not interfere. The Saugus (Mass.) track is about fifty years old, and yet the mile in 2:22 trotted by the b. g. Duke of Wellington is the fastest ever made over it. Charter Oak Park has added to its programme a purse of \$1500, free-for-all, barring Jay-Eye-See, Clingstone, Harry Wilkes and Oliver K. In this race it falls into line with the rest of the grand circuit. The \$1500 is taken from the \$3000 that was reserved for special attractions. The track has also barred Johnston from the free-for-all pacing race.

A movement is being made by Colonel Stamer, Granville Cecil, W. C. France, Z. E. Simmons and other Kentucky breeders, to organize a Breeders' Sales Association, under the laws of Kentucky with the idea of holding auctions of stock bred exclusively by themselves. The first sale will be held at Lexington in December next, and "no by-bidding and without reserve" is to be the motto. Ex-Mayor M. N. Nolan will soon retire from the turf, as he intends to sell all his racing stock sometime in the near future. His colors have not been seen at the front the present season, and it is doubtful if his racers paid expenses last year. A racing establishment is a pretty expensive institution, especially when there are no winning brackets to its credit, and when the owner backs his horses.

Orrin A. Hickok, started for California on the 13th taking Arab and eight other horses with him. The meeting at Sacramento will begin on September 12 and close on the 24th, and Arab is entered in the 2:17 class against Adair and Anteeo, and in the class against Manzanita, Anteeo and Adair. As Guy Wilkes is not nominated for the free-for-all, the inference is that he has done wrong. John R. Benson, of Winniepe, Man., has in his possession a colt with two legs, the forelegs being absent. It has merely scapulas, or shoulder blades, in a rudimentary state. The sternum, or breast bone, is well developed and prominent. The inferior extremity of the scapulas terminates in a blunt protuberance, having no cavity in it to receive the head of a humerus or other bone. It is very strong on its legs, and will walk by supporting its chin on your hand. It was foaled in Springfield, about eight miles from Winnipeg, on April 10, and is fat and healthy, with a good appetite.

The result of a match race for \$1000 a side between Marlowe (2:15), the pacer, and a brown gelding known as Billy Carter, but represented as Johnston (2:06), at Wichita, Kan., brought some very strange doings to light. It appears that Dr. Carter, of Cottonwood Falls, Kan., who owns the Johnston's double, came East some weeks ago and purchased the horse from two well-known individuals, and took him home feeling that he could shut out all creation. He started him at Emporia, and was beaten, but won a heat in 2:21. Immediately after the race the above match was made. It was decided on Thursday last, and Marlowe won, in 2:34, 2:27, 2:25. Recent investigations go to prove that the doctor has been deceived, and that his horse is no other than Pronto (2:17).

Freeland was worked a mile recently at Memphis in 1:52, and the last three-quarters of it in 1:24.