"'Hal' said Wallace, who is a bird love, in truce to Balmo, and let us watch these not hatchest Miss Brotherton's quite right to prefer them to Franch novels?" Truech novels? she said, withdrawing her eyes from the branch above her and frowning a little at Wallace as she spoke. 'Please don's expect me to talk about them. I know nothing about them...I have never whiled to.'

Please don't expect me to talk about them. I know nothing about them—I have never wished to."

"Her voice had a tone almost of hauteur in it. I have noticed it before. It is the tone of the famous actress accoustomed to believe in herself and her own opinion. I consected it, tso, with all one hears of her determination to look upon herself as charged with a mission for the reform of stage morals. Preach novels and French actresses! Apparently she regards them all as so many unknown horrors standing in the way of the purification of dramatic art by a beautiful young person with a high standard of duty. It is very odd! Evidently she is the Scotch Presbyterian's daughter still, for all her profession and her secess and her easy ways with the Sabbath! Her remark produced a good deal of unregenerate irritation in me. If she were a first rate artist to begin with, I was inclined to reflect, this moral enthusiasm would touch and charm one a good deal more; as it is, considering her position, it is rather putting the cart before the horse. But, of course, one can understand that it is just these traits in her that help her to make the impression she does on London society and the orthodox public in general.

"Wallace and I went off after the nut hatches, enjoying a private laugh by the way over Mrs. Stuart's little look of amazement and discomfort as Miss Bretherton delivered herself. When we came back we found Forbesusteching her—she sitting rather flushed and silent under the tree, and he drawing away and working himself at every stroke into a greater and greater enthusiasm. And certainly she was as beautiful as a dream, sitting against that tree, with the brown heather about her and the young oak leaves over head. But I returned in an antagonistic frame of mind, a little out of patience with her and her beauty, and wondering why nature always blunders somewhere!

"However, on the way home she had

another and a pleasanter surprise for me. A carriage was waiting for us on the main road and we strolled towards it through the road and we strolled towards it through the gorse and the trees and the rich level evening lights. I dropped behind for some primroses still lingering in bloom beside a little brook; she strayed, too, and we were together, out of ear shot of the rest.

"Mr. Kendal,' she said, looking straight at me, as I handed the flowers to her, 'you may have misunderstood something just now. I don't want to pretend to what I haven't got. I don't know French, and I can't read French novels if I wished to ever so much."

What was I to say! She stood looking at

me seriously, a little proudly, having eased her conscience, as it seemed to me, at some cost to herself. I felt at first inclined to turn the thing off with a jest, but suddenly I thought to myself that I too could speak my

"Well, I said, deliberately, walking on "Well,' I said, deliberately, walking on beside her, you lose a good deal. There are hosts of French novels which I would rather not see a woman touch with the tips of her fingers; but there are others which take one into a bigger world than we English people, with our parochial ways of writing and seeing, have any notion of. George Sand carries you full into the mid European stream—you feel it flowing, you are brought into contact with all the great ideas, all the big interests; she is an education in herself. And then Balzaci he has such a range and breadth, he teaches one so much of human preadth, he teaches one so much of human nature, and with such conscience, such force of representation! It's the same with their ovels as with their theatre. Whatever other faults he may have, a first rate French-man of the artistic sort takes more pains over his work than anybody else in the world. They don't shirk, they throw their life blood into it, whether it's acting, or painting, or writing. You've never seen Desforets, I thinki—no, of course not, and you will be gone before she comes again. What a pity!

roses ruthlessly to pieces and flung it away from her with one of her nervous gestures. 'I am not sorry,' she said. 'Nothing would have induced me to go and see her.'
"'Indeed!' I saft, waiting a little curiously

for what she would say next. "It's not that I am jealous of her, she exclaimed, with a quick, proud look at me; not that I don't believe she's a great actress; but I can't separate her acting from what she is herself. It is women like that who bring discredit on the whole profession—it is women like that who make people think that no good woman can be an actress. I resent it, and I mean to take the other line. I want it, and I mean to take the other line. I want to prove, if I can, that a woman may be an actress and still be a lady, still be treated just as you treat the women you know and respect! I mean to prove that there need never be a word breathed against her, that she is anybody's equal, and that her private life is her own and not the public's. It makes my blood boil to hear the way people—especially men—talk about Mme. Desforets: there is not one of you who would let your wife or your sister shake hands with her, and yet you rave about her; how you talk as if there were nothing in the world but genius and French genius!

and French genius!"

"It struck me that I had got to something very much below the surface in Miss Bretherton. It was a curious outburst; I remember how often her critics had compared her 
to Desforets, greatly to her disadvantage. 
Was this championship of virtue quite genuine or was it merely the best means of defending herself against a rival by the help of 
British respectability?

"'Mme. Desforets,' I said, perhaps a little 
dryly, 'is a riddle to her best friends, and

dryly, is a riddle to her best friends, and probably to herself; she does a thousand wild, imprudent, bad things if you will, but she is the greatest actress the modern world has seen, and that's something to have done for your generation. To have moved the feelings and widened the knowledge of thou-sands by such delicate, such marvelous, such conscientious work as hers—that is an achievement so great, so masterly that I for one will throw no stones at her!

"It seemed to me all through as though I were speaking perversely; I could have argued on the other side as passionately as Isabel Bretherton herself, but I was thinking of her dialogue with the Prince, of that feeble, bysterical death scene, and it irritated me that she, with her beauty, and with British Philistinism and British rights the chart of the country and with British Philistinism and British virtue to back her, should be trampling on Desforets and genius. But I was conscious of my audacity. If a certain number of of my audacay. If a certain number of critics have been plain spoken, Isabel Breth-erton has none the less been surrounded for months past with people who have impressed upon her that the modern theatre is a very

doubtful business, that her acting is as good as anybody's, and that her special missi to regenerate the manners of the stage. To have the naked, artistic view thrust upon her-that it is the actress' business to act, and that if she does that well, to act, and that if she does that well, whatever may be her personal shortcomings, her generation has cause to be grateful to her—must be repugnant to her. She, too, talks about art, but it is like a child who learns a string of long words without understanding them. She walked on beside, me while I cooled down and thought what a fool while I cooled down and thought what a fool
I had been to endanger a friendship which
had opened so well—her wonderful lips opening once or twice as though to speak, and her
quick breath coming and going as she scattered the yellow petals of the flowers far and
wide with a sort of mute passion which sent a
thrill through me. It was as though she
could not trust herself to speak, and I waited
why well on Providence wishing the others. awkwardly on Providence, wishing the others were not so far off. But suddenly the tension of her mood seemed to give way. Her smile of her mood seemed to give way. Her smile flashed out, and she turned upon me with a sweet, eager graciousness, quite indescribable.

"No, we won't throw stones at her! She is great, I know, but that other feeling is so strong in me. I care for my art; it seems to me grand, magnificent!—but I think I care still more for making people feel it is work a good woman can do, for holding my own in it, and asserting myself against the people who behave as if all actresses had done the things that Mme. Desforcts has done. Don't

ing, and that it might all come again; I have the thought of London and that hot the lare to-merrow sight. Oh, my primroses! What a wretch I am! I've lost them nearly all. Look, just that bench over there, Mr. Kendal, before we leave the common.

"I agrung to get them for her, and brought back a quantity. Bhe took them in her hand—how unlike other women she is, after all, in spits of her hatred of Bohemia!—and, reising them to her lips, she waved a farewell through them to the great common lying behind us in the svening sun. 'How beautiful! how beautiful! This English country is so kind, so friendly! It has gone to my heart. Good night, you wonderful place!"

"She had conquered me altogether. It was done so warmly, with such a winning, aportaneous charm. I cannot say what pleasure I get out of those primroses lying in her soft, ungloved hand all the way home. Henceforward, I feel she may make what judgments and draw what I ince she pleases, she won't change me, and I have some hopes of modifying her, but I am not very likely to feel atmoyance towards her again. She is like some frank, heautiful, high spirited

of modifying her, but I am not very likely to feel annoyance towards her again. She is like some frank, beautiful, high spirited child playing a game she only half understands. I wish she understood it better. I should like to help her to understand it, but I won't quarrel with her, even in my thoughts, any more.

"On looking over this letter it seems to me that if you were not you, and I were not I, you might with some plausibility accuse me of being—what!—in love with Miss Bretherton! But you know me too well. You know I am one of the old fashioned people who believe in community of interests—in belonging to the same world. When I come know I am one of the old fashioned people who believe in community of interests—in belonging to the same world. When I come coolly to think about it, I can hardly imagine two worlds, whether outwardly or inwardly, more wide apart than mine and Miss Bretherton's.

CHAPTER V.

During the three weeks which elapsed between the two expeditions of the "Sunday League" Kendal saw Miss Bretherton two or three times under varying circumstances. One night he took it into his head to go to the pit of the Calliope, and came away more persuaded than before that as an actress there was small prospect for her. Had she been an ordinary mortal, he thought, the original stuff in her might have been disciplined into something really valuable by the common give and take, the normal rubs and difficulties of her profession. But as it was she had been lifted at once by the force of one natural endowment into a position which, from the artistic point of view, seemed to him hopeless. Her instantaneous success—dependent as it was on considerations wholly outside those of dramatic art—had denied her all the advantages which are to be won from struggle and from laborious and gradual conquest. And more than this, it had deprived her of an ideal; it had tended to make her take her own performance as the measure of the good and possible. For, naturally, it was too much to expect that she herself should analyze truly the sources and reasons of her popularity. She must inevitably believe that some, at least, of it was due to her dramatic talent in Itself. "It is very possible that I am not quite fair to her. She has all the faults which repel me most. I could get over anything but this impression of bare blank ignorance which she makes upon me. And as things are at present, it is impossible that ahe should learn. It might be interesting to have the teaching of her! But it could only be done by some one with whom she came naturally into frequent contact. Nobody could thrust himself in

"Oh, come in, by all means. Here's some cold tea. Will you have some, or will you stay and dine? I must dine early to night for my work. Pil ring and tell Mason."

"No, don't; I can't stay. I must be in Kensington at 8." He threw himself into Kendal's deep reading chair, and looked up at his friend, standing silent and expectant on the bearth rug. "Do you remember that play of mine I showed you in the spring?"

Kendal took time to think.

"Perfectly. You mean that play by that young Italian fellow which you altered and translated? I remember it quite well. I have meant to ask you about it once or twice lately." her! But it could only be done by some one with whom she came naturally into frequent contact. Nobody could thrust himself in upon her. And she seems to know very few people who could be of any use to her."

On another occasion he came across her in the afternoon at Mrs. Stuart's. The conversation turned upon his sister, Mme. de Chateauvieux, for whom Mrs. Stuart had a warm but very respectful admiration. They had met two or three times in London, and Mme. de Chateauvieux's personal distinction, her refinement, her information, her sweet urbanity of manner, had made a great impression upon the lively little woman, who, from the lower level of her own more commonplace and conventional success in society, felt an awe struck sympathy for anything so rare, so unlike the ordinary type. Her intimacy with Miss Bretherton had not gone far before the subject of "Mr. Kendal's interesting sister" had been introduced, and on this particular afternoon, as Kendal entered her drawing room, his ear was caught at once by "You thought well of it, I know. Well. "You thought well of it, I know. Well, my sister has got me into the most uncomfortable hobble about it. You know I hadn't taken it to any manager. I've been keeping it by me, working it up here and there. I am in no want of money just now, and I had set my heart on the thing's being really good—well written and well acted. Well, Agues, in a rash moment two or three days ago, and without consulting me, told Miss Bretherton the whole story of the play, and said that she supposed I should soon want somebody to bring it out for me. Miss Bretherton was enormously struck with the plot, as Agnes

were current in all circles. She had decided in her own mind that French art meant a tainted art, and she had shown herself very pestive—Kandal had seen something of it on their Surrey expedition—under any attempts to make her share the interest which certain sections of the English cultivated public feel in foreign thought, and especially in the foreign theatre. Kendal took particular pains, when they glided off from the topic of his sister to more general matters, to make her realize some of the finer aspects of the French world, of which she knew so little and which she judged so harshly; the laborious technical training to which the dwellers on the other side of the channel sub-

dwellers on the other side of the channel sub-mit themselves so much more readily than the English in any matter of art; the intel-

lectual conscientiousness and refinement due to the pressure of an organized and continu-ous tradition, and so on. He realized that a good deal of what he said or suggested must

good deat or what he said or suggested must naturally be lost upon her. But it was de-lightful to feel her mind yielding to his, while it stimulated her sympathy and per-haps roused her surprise to find in him, every now and then, a grave and unpretending re-sponse to those moral enthusiasms in herself which were too real and deep for much di-rect expression.

rect expression.
"Whenever I am next in Paris," she said

to him, when she perforce rose to go with that pretty hesitation of manner which was

so attractive in her, "would you mind-would Mme. de Chateauvieux-if I asked you

to introduce me to your sister? It would be a

great pleasure to me."

Kendal made a very cordial reply, and

they parted knowing more of each other than they had yet done. Not that his lead-

ing impression of her was in any way modi-fied. Incompetent and unpromising as an artist, delightful as a woman, had been his

earliest verdict upon her, and his conviction of its reasonableness had been only deepened

by subsequent experience; but perhaps the sense of delightfulness was gaining upon the

sense of incompetence! After all, beauty and charm and sex have in all ages been too much for the clever people who try to reckon without them. Kendal was far too shrewd

not to recognize the very natural and reasonable character of the proceeding and not to smile at the first sign of it in his own person.

Still, he meant to try, if he could, to keep the two estimates distinct, and neither to confuse himself nor other people by con-founding them. It seemed to him an intel-

lectual point of honor to keep his head per-fectly cool on the subject of Miss Brether-ton's artistic claims, but he was conscious that it was not always very easy to do—a consciousness that made him sometimes all the more recalcitrant under the pressure of her collecter.

her celebrity.

For it seemed to him that in society he beard of nothing but her-her beauty, her

enormously struck with the plot, as Agnes told it to her, and the next time I saw her she insisted that I should read some scenes from it to her"——
"Good heavens! and now she has offered to

produce it and play the principal part in it berself," interrupted Kendal. Wallace nodded. "Just so; you see, my drawing room, his ear was caught at once by the sound of Marie's name. Miss Bretherton drew him impulsively into the conversation, and he found himself describing his sister's was impossible for me to say no. But I never was in a greater fix. She was enthusiastic. She walked up and down the room after I'd She walked up and down the room after I'd done reading, repeating some of the passages, going through some of the situations, and wound up by saying, 'Give it me, Mr. Wallace! It shall be the first thing I bring out in my October season—if you will let me have it.' Well, of course, I suppose most people would jump at such an offer. Her popularity just now is something extraordinary, and I see no signs of its lessening. Any piece she plays in is bound to be a success, and I suppose I should make a good deal of money out of it; but then, you see, I don's want the money, and" mode of life, her interests, her world, her bo-longings, with a readiness such as he was not longings, with a readiness such as he was not very apt to show in the public discussion of any subject connected with himself. But Isabel Bretherton's frank curiosity, her kindling eyes and sweet parted lips, and that strain of romance in her which made her so quickly responsive to anything which touched her imagination, were not easy to resist. She was delightful to his eye and sense, and he was acconscious as he had ever beense, and he was as conscious as he had ever been of her delicate personal charm. Be-sides, it was pleasant to him to talk of that Parislan world, in which he was himself I don't want the money, and"—
"Yes, yes, I see," said Kendal, thought Parisian world, in which he was himself vitally interested, to any one so naive and fresh. Her ignorance, which on the stage had annoyed him, in private life had its particular attractiveness. And, with regard to this special subject, he was conscious of breaking down a prejudice; he felt the pleasure of conquering a great reluctance in her. Evidently on starting in London she had set herself against everything that she identified with the great French actress who had absorbed the theatre going public during the previous season; not from personal jealousy, as Kendal became ultimately convinced, but from a sense of keen moral revolt against Mme. Desforets' notorious position and the stories of her private life which were current in all circles. She had decided in her own mind that French art meant a

Man

"It's a shame to disturb you."

"Oh, come in, by all means. Here's sor

fully; "you don't want the money, and you feel that she will ruin the play. It's a great fool that she will ruin the play. It's a great bore certainly."

"Well, you know, how could she beip ruin-ing it? She couldn't play the part of Elvira —you remember the plot?—even decently. It's an extremely difficult part. It would be superb—I think so, at least—in the hands of an actress who really understood her busi-ness, but Miss Bretherton will make it one

long stagey scream, without any modula-tion, any shades, any delicacy. It drives one wild to think of it. And yet how, in the name of fortune, am I to get out of it?"
"You had thought," said Kendal, "I re member, of Mrs. Pearson for the heroine. "Yes; I should have tried her. She is not first rate, but at least she is intelligent; she understands something of what you want in a part like that. But for poor Isabel Brether ton, and those about her, the great points in the play will be that she will have lon speeches and be able to wear 'mediaval' dresses! I don't suppose she ever heard of Aragon in her life. Just imagine her play-

ing a high born Spanish woman of the Fif-teenth century! Can't you see her?"
"Well, after all," said Kendal, with a little laugh, "I should see what the public goes for mostly—that is to say, Isabel Bretherton in effective costume. No, it would be a great failure—not a failure, of course, in the ordinary sense. Her beauty, in the mediaval get up, and the romantic plot of the piece would carry it through, and, as you say, you would probably make a great deal by it. But, artistically, it would be a ghastly failure. And Hawes! Hawes, I suppose, would play Maciasi Good heavens!"

"Yes," said Wallace, leaning his head on his hands and looking gloomily out of the window at the spire of St. Bride's church. "Pleasant, isn't it! But what on earth am I to do! I never was in a greater he to do! I never was in a greater hole. I'm not the least in love with that girl, Kendal, but there isn't anything she'd ask me to do for her that I wouldn't do if I could. She's the warmest hearted creature—one of the kind est, frankest, sincerest women that ever stepped. I feel at times that I'd rather cut my hand off than burt ber feelings by throw ing her offer in her face, and yet that play has been the apple of my eye to me for months; the thought of seeing it spoiled by

clumsy handling is intolerable to me."
"I suppose it would hurt her feelings, said Kendal, meditatively, "if you refused." "Yes," said Wallace, emphatically, "I be lieve it would wound her extremely. You see, in spite of all her success, she is beginning to be conscious that there are two publics in London. There is the small, fastidious public of people who take the theatre seriously, and there is the large, easy going public who get the only sensation they want out of her beauty and her per sonal prestige. The enthusiasts have no difficulty, as yet, in holding their own against the scoffers, and for a long time Miss Bretherton knew and cared nothing for what the critical people said, but of late I have noticed at times that she knows mor and cares more than she did. It seems t me that there is a little growing screness in her mind, and just now if I refuse to let her have that play it will destroy her confidence in her friends, as it were. She won't re proach me, she won't quarrel with me, but it will go to her heart. Do, for heaven's sake, Kendal, help me to some plausible fic-

tion or other!"
"I wish I could," said Kendal, pacing up and down, his gray bair falling forward

this his based stories of her, some of them within investions, but all tending in the same direction—that is to my, illustrating either the girl's proud independence and her determination to be patronized by nobody, not even by royalty itself, or her lavish kind-beartedness and generosity towards the poor and the inferiors of her own profession. She was for the moment the great interest of London, and people talked of her popularity and sould prestige as a sign of the times and a proof of the changed position of the theatre and of those belonging to it. Kendal thought it proved no more than that an extremely beautiful girl of irreproachable character, brought prominently before the public in any capacity whatever, is sure to stir the susceptible English heart, and that lasted Bretherton's popularity wha not one which would in the long run affect the stage at all. But he kept his reflections to himself, and in general talked about her no more than he was forced to do. He had a sort of chivalrous feeling that those whom the girl had made in any degree her personal friends ought, as far as possible, to stand between her and this inquisitive, excited public. And it was plain to him that the enormous social success was not of her seeking, but of her relations.

One afternoon, between 6 and 7. Kendal then Kendal walked corgetically up to his friend and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"You oughtn't to let her have that play, Wallace; I'm quite clear on that. You know how much I like her. She's all you say, and more; but art is art, and acting is acting. I, at any rate, take these things seriously, and you do, too. We rejoice in it for her sake; but, after all, when one comes to think of it, this popularity of hers is enough to make ome despair. Sometimer I think it will throw back the popular dramatic tasts for years. At any rate, I am clear that if a man has got hold of a fine work of art, as you have in that play, he has a duty to it and to the public. You are bound to see it brought out under the best possible conditions, and we all know that him Bretherton's acting, capped with Hawes, would kill it from the artistic point of view."

"Perfectly true, parfectly true," said Wallace, "Well, would you have see tell her sof" "You must get out of it somehow. Tell her won't do her justice."

"Much good that would do! She thinks the part just made for her, costumes and all."

"Well, then, say you haven't finished your revision, and you must have time for more work at it; that will postyone the thing, and she will hear of something else which will put it out of her head."

"There are all sorts of reasons against that," said Wallace; "it's hardly worth while going through them. In the first place, she wouldn't believe me; in the second, she won't forget it, whatever happens, and it would only put the difficulty off a few weeks at most. I feel so stupid shout the whole thing. I like her too much. I'm so afraid of saying anything to hurther, that I can't finesse. All may with desert me. I say, Kendai!"

Wallace sestiated, and glanced up at his friend with his most winning expression.

"Do you think you could earn my eternal gratitude and managy the thing for me? You know we're going to Oxford next Sunday, and I suppose we shall go to Numeham, and there will be on the owell and it is not be a fine of the scheme withpu

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relations.

One afternoon, between 6 and 7, Kendal was working alone in his room with the unusual prospect of a clear evening before him. He had finished a piece of writing and was standing before the fire deep in thought over the first paragraphs of his next chapter when he heard a knock; the door opened and Wallace steed on the threshold.

"May I come in! It's a shame to disturb you, but I've really got something important

to walk up and down the room again cogitatto walk up and down the room again cogitating. "I don't mind trying," he said at last,
in a very gingerly way. "I can't, of course,
undertake to be brutal. It would be impossible for any one to treat her roughly. But
there might be ways of doing it. There's
time to think over the best way of doing it.
Supposing, however, she took offense! Supposing, after Sunday next, she never speaks
to either of us again?"

posing, after Sunday next, she never speaks to either of us again?"
"Oh!" said Wallace, wincing, "I should give up the play at once if she really took it give up the play at once if she really took it to heart. She attaches one to her. I fee towards her as though she were a sister—only more interesting, because there's the charm of novelty."

Kendai smiled. "Miss Bretherton hasn't

got to that yet with me. Sisters, to my mind, are as interesting as anybody, and more so. But how on earth, Wallace, have you escaped failing in love with her all this time?"

"Oh, I had enough of that last year," said

"Oh, I had enough of that last year," said Wallace, abruptly rising and looking for his overcoat, while his face darkened; "it's an experience I don't take lightly."

Kendal was puzzled; then his thoughts quickly put two and two together. He remembered a young Canadian widow who had been a good deal at Mra Stuart's house the year before; he recalled certain suspicious of his own about her and his friend—her departure from London and Wallace's long absence in the country. But he said nothing, unless there was sympathy in the cordial grip of his hand as he accompanied the other grip of his hand as he accompanied the other to the door.

On the threshold Wallace turned irre lutely. "It will be a risk next Sunday," he said; "I'm determined it shan't be anything more. She is not the woman, I think, to make a quarrel out of a thing like that."

"Oh, no," said Kendal; "keep your courag up. I think it may be managed. You be leave to handle 'Elvira' as I like," "Oh, heavens, yes!" said Wallace; "get m out of the scrape any way you can, and I'll bless you forever. What a brute I am never to have asked after your work! Does it

"As much as any work can in London just now. I must take it away with me som

now. I must take it away with me somewhere into the country next month. It doesn't like dinner parties."

"Like me," said Wallace, with a shrug.

"Nonsense!" said Kendal; "you're made for them. Good night."

"Good night. It's awfully good of you."

"What! Wait till it's well over!"

"What? Wait till it's well over!"
Wallace ran down the stairs and was gone. Kendal walked back slowly into his room and stood meditating. It seemed to him that Wallace did not quite realize the magnificence of his self devotion. "For, after all, it's an awkward business," he said to himself, shaking his head over his own temerity. "How I am to come around a girl as frank, as direct, as unconventional as that, I don't quite know. But she ought not to have that quite know. But she ought not to have that play; it is one of the good things that have been done for the English stage for a long time past. It's well put together, the plot good, three or four strongly marked characters, and some fine Victor Hugoish dialogue, especially in the last act. But there is extravagance in it, as there is in all the work of that time, and in Isabel Brotherton's hands a great deal of it would be grotseque; nothing could save it but her reputation and the ing could save it but her reputation and the get up, and that would be too great a shame No, no; it will not do to have the real thing swamped by all sorts of irrelevant consider swamped by all sorts of irrelevant consider-ations in this way. I like Miss Bretherton heartily, but I like good work, and if I can save the play from ber I shall save her, too, from what everybody with eyes in his head would see to be a failure."

It was a rash determination. Most men would have prudently left the matter to those whom it immediately concerned, but Kenda had a Quixotic side to him, and at this time in his life a whole hearted devotion to certain intellectual interests, which decided his action on a point like this. In spite of his life in society, books and ideas were at this moment much more real to him than men and women. He judged life from the standpoint of the student and the man of letters, in whose eyes considerations, which would have seemed abstract and unreal to other records but become magnified and all ten have seemed abstract and unreal to other people, had become magnified and all im-portant. In this matter of Wallace and Mis-Bretherton he saw the struggle between an ideal interest, so to speak, and a personal in-terest, and he was heart and soul for the ideal. Face to face with the living human creature concerned, his principles, as we have seen, were apt to give way a little, for the self underneath was warm hearted and im-pressionable, but in his own room and by

himself they were strong and vigorous, and would allow of no compromise.

He ruminated over the matter during his solitary meal, planning his line of action. "It all depends," he said to himself, "on that; if what Wallace says about her is true, if my if what Wallace says about her is true, if my opinion has really any weight with her, I shall be able to manage it without offending her. It's good of her to speak of me as kindly as she seems to do; I was anything but amiable on that Surrey Sunday. However, I felt then that she liked me all the better for plain speaking; one may be tolerably safe with her that she won't take offense unreasonably. What a picture she made as she pulled the primresses to plees—it seemed all un with primroses to pieces—it seemed all up with one! And then her smile flashing out—her cagerness to make amends—to sweep away a harsh impression—her pretty gratefulness— enchanting!

On Saturday, at lunch time, Wallace On Saturday, at lunch time, Wallace rushed in for a few minutes to say that he himself had avoided Miss Bretherton all the week, but that things were coming to a crisis. "Pre just got this note from her," he said despairingly, spreading it out before Kendal, who was making a scrappy bachelori meal, with a book on each side of him, at a

"Could anything be more prettily done? If you don't succeed to-morrow, Kendal, I chall have signed the agreement before three days are over?"

It was indeed a charming note. She saked him to fix any time be chose for an appointment with her and her business manager, and spoke with enthusiasm of the play. "It cannot help being a great success," she wrote; "I feel that I am not worthy of it, but I will do my very best. The part ecoms to me, in many respects, as though it had been written for me. You have never, indeed, I remember, consented in so many words to let me have 'Elvira.' I thought I should meet you at Mrs. Stuart's yesterday, and was disappointed. But I am sure you will not say me nay, and you will see how grateful I shall be for the chance your work will give me."

will not say me nay, and you will see how grateful I shall be for the chance your work will give me."

"Yes, that's done with real delicacy," said Kendal. "Not a word of the pocuniary advantages of her offer, though she must know that almost any author would give his eyes just now for such a proposal. Well, we shall see. If I can't make the thing look less attractive to her without rousing her courage to refuse—why, you must sign the agreement, my dear fellow, and make the best of it; you will find something else to inspire you before long."

"It's most awkward," sighed Wallace, as though making up his perplexed mind with difficulty. "The great chance is that hy Agner account she is very much inclined to regard your opinion as a sort of intellectual standard; she has two or three times talked of remarks of yours as if they had struck her.

Don't quote me at all, of course. Do it as impersonally as you can."

"If you give me too many instructions," said Kendal, returning the letter with a smile, "I shall bungle it. Don't make me nervous. I can't promise you to succeed, and you must'nt bear me a grudge if I fail."

"A gradge! No. I should think not. By the way, have you heard from Agnes about the trains to morrow?"

"Yes, Paddington, 10 o'clock, and there is an 8:15 train back from Culham. Mrs. Stuart says we're to lunch in Halliol, run down to Nuncham afterward, and leave the boats there, to be brought back."

"Yes, we lunch with that friend of ours—I think you know him—Herbert Sartoris. He has been a Balliol don for about a year. I only trust the weather was all that the heart of man

has been a Balliol don for about a year. I only trust the weather will be what it is to-day."

The weather was all that the heart of man could desire, and the party met on the Paddington platform with every prospect of another successful day. Forbes turned up punctual to the moment, and radiant under the combined influence of the sufshine and of Miss Bretherton's presence; Wallace had made all the arrangements perfectly, and the six friends found themselves presently journeying along to Oxford at that moderated speed which is all that a Sunday express can reach. The talk flowed with zest and gayety; the Burrey Bunday was a pleasant memory in the background, and all were glad to find themselves in the same company again. It seemed to Kandal that Miss Bretherton was looking rather thin and pale, but she would not admit it, and chattered from her corner to Forbes and himself with the mirth and abandon of a child on its holiday. At last the "dreaming spires" of Oxford rose from the green, river threaded plain, and they were at their journey's end. A few more minutes saw them alighting at the gate of the new Balliol, where stood Herbert Sartoris looking out for them. He was a young don with a classical edition on hand which kept him up working after term, within reach of the libraries, and he led the way to some pleasant rooms overlooking the linner quadrangle of Balliol, showing in his

which kept him up working after term, within reach of the libraries, and he led the way to some pleasant rooms overlooking the inner quadrangle of Balliol, showing in his well bred look and manner an abundant consciousness of the enormous good fortune which had sent him Isabel Bretherton for a guest. For at that time it was almost as difficult to obtain the presence of Miss Bretherton at any social festivity as it was to obtain that of royalty. Her Sundays were the objects of conspiracies for weeks beforehand on the part of those persons in London society who were least accustomed to have their invitations refused, and to have and to hold the famous beauty for more than an hour in his own rooms, and then to enjoy the privilege of spending five or six long hours on the river with her, were delights which, as the happy young man folt, would render him the object of enry to all at least of his fellow dons below forty.

In streamed the party, filling up the book lined rooms and starting the two old scouts in attendance into an unwonted rapidity of action. Miss Bretherton wandered round, surveyed the familiar Oxford luncheon table,

groaning under the time honored fare; the books, the engravings and the sunny, irregu-lar quadrangle outside, with its rich adorn-ings of green, and threw herself down at last on to the low window seat with a sigh of satis-

faction.

"How quiet you are! how peaceful! how delightful it must be to live here! It seems as if one were in another world from London. Tell me what that building is over there. It's too new; it ought to be old and gray like the colleges we saw coming up here. Is everybody gone away—'gone down,' you say! I should like to see all the learned people walking about for once."

should like to see all the learned people walking about for once."

"I could show you a good many if there were time," said young Sartoris, hardly knowing, however, what he was saying, so lost was he in admiration of that marvelous changing face. "The vacation is the time they show themselves; it's like owls coming out at night. You see, Miss Bretherton, we don't keep many of them; they're in the way in term time. But in vacation they have the colleges and the parks and the Bodleian

way in term time. But in vacation they have the colleges and the parks and the Bodleian to themselves, and you may study their ways, and their spectacles, and their umbrellas, under the most favorable conditions."

"Oh, yes," said Miss Bretherton, with a little scorn, "people always make fun of what they are proud of. But I mean to believe that you are all learned, and that everybody here works himself to death, and that Oxford is quite, quite perfect;"

"Did you hear what Miss Bretherton was saying, Mrs. Stuart;" said Forbes, when they were scated at luncheon. "Oxford is perfect, also declares already; I don't think I quite like it; it's too hot to last."

"Am I such a changeable creature, then;" said Miss Bretherton, smiling at him. "Do you generally find my enthusiasms cool down!"

"You are as constant as you are kind,"

down!"

"You are as constant as you are kind,"
said Forbes, bowing to her. "I am only like
a child who sighs to see a pleasure nearing
its highest point, lest there should be nothing
so good afterwards."

"Nothing so good!" she said, "and I have
only had one little drive through the streets.
Mr. Wallace, are you and Mrs. Stuart really
going to forbid me sight seeing?"

"Of course!" said Wallace, emphatically.
"That's one of the fundamental rules of the
society. Our charter would be a dead letter society. Our charter would be a dead letter if we let you enter a single college on your way to the river today."

"The only art, my dear Isabel," said 'irs. Stuart, "that you will be allowed to study today will be the art of conversation."

today will be the art of conversation."

"And a most fatiguing one, too!" exclaimed Forbes; "it beats sight seeing hollow. But, my dear Miss Bretherton, Kendal and I will make it up to you. We'll give you an illustrated history of Oxford on the way to Nuneham. Fil do the pictures, and he shall do the letter press. Oh! the good times I've had up there—much better than he ever had," nodding across to Kendal, who was listening. "He was too proper behaved to enjoy himself; he got all the right things, all the proper first classes and prizes, poor fellow! But, as for me, I used to scribble over my note books all lecture time, and over my note books all lecture time, and amuse myself the rest of the day. And there, you see, I was up twenty years earlier than he was, and the world was not as virtuous

then as it is now by a long way."

Kendal was interrupting when Forbes, who
was in one of his maddest moods, turned
round upon his chair to watch a figure passing along the quadrangle in front of the bay "I say, Sartoris, isn't that Camden, the

tuter who was turned out of Magdalen a year or two ago for that atheistical book of his, and whom you took in, as you do all the disreputables? Ah, I knew it.

By the pricking of my thumbs Something wicked this

That's not mine, my dear Miss Bretherton; it's Shakespeare's first, Charles Lamb's after-wards. But look at him well-he's a heretic, a real, genuine heretic. Twenty years ago it would have been a thrilling sight; but now, alas! it's so common that it's not the victim but the persecutors who are the curi-

"I don't know that," said young Sartoris. "We liberals are by no means the cocks of

were larned going up against the Philistines, who had us in their grip. But now things are changed; we've got our own way all round, and it's the church party who have the grievances and the cry. It is we who are the Philistines and the oppressors in our turn, and, of course, the young men as they grow up are going into opposition."

"And a very good thing, too!" said Forbes.

"It's the only thing that prevents Oxford becoming as dull as the rest of the world. All your picturesquences, so to speak, has been struck out of the struggle between the two forces. The church force is the one that has given you all your buildings and your beauty, while, as for you liberals, who will know such a lot of things that you're none the happier for knowing—well, I suppose you keep the place habitable for the plain man who doesn's want to be builted. But it's a very good thing the other side are strong enough to keep you in order."

The conversation flowed on vigorously—Forbes guiding it, now here, now there, while kendal presently turned away to talk in an undertone to Mrs. Stuart, who sat next to him, at the turther corner of the table from Miss Bretherton.

"Edward has told you of my escapade,"

him, at the ture.

Miss Bretherton.

"Edward has told you of my escapade,"

"Yes. I have put my foot aid Mrs. Stuart. "Yes, I have put my foot in it dreadfully. I don't know how it will turn out, I am sure. She's so set upon it, and Edward is so worried. I don't know how I came to tell her. You see, I've seen so much of her lately, it slipped out when we were talking."

of her lately, it slipped out when we were talking."

"It was very natural," said Kendal, glad to notice from Mrs. Stuart's way of attacking the subject that she knew nothing of his own share in the matter. It would have embarrassed him to be conscious of another observer. "Oh, a hundred things may turn up; there are ways out of these things if one is determined to find them."

Mrs. Stuart shook her head. "She is so curiously bent upon it. She is possessed with the idea that the play will suit her better than any she has had yet. Don't you think her looking very tired! I have come to know her much better these last few weeks, and it seems absurd, but I get anxious about her. Of course, she is an enormous success, but I fancy the theatrical part of it has not been quite so great as it was at first."

"So I hear," too," said Kendal, "the

"So I hear," too," said Kendal, "the theatre is quite as full, but the temper of the audience a good deal factor."

"So I hear," too," said Kendal, "the theatre is quite as full, but the temper of the audience a good deal flatter."

"Yes," said Mrs. Stuart; "and then there is that curious little sister of hers, whom you haven't seen, and who counts for a good deal. I believe that in reality she is very fond of Isabel, and very proud of her, but she's very joalous of her, too, and she takes her revenge upon her sister for her beauty and her celebrity by collecting the heattle things people say about her acting, and pricking them into her every now and then, like so many pins. At first Isabel was so sure of herself and the public that she took no notice—it seemed to her only what every actress must expect. But now it is different. She is not so strong as she was when she came over, nor so happy, I think, and the criticisms tell more. She is heartily sick of the 'White Lady,' and is bent upon a change, and I believe she thinks this play of Edward's is just what she wants to enable her to strengthen her hold upon the public."

her hold upon the public."

"There never was a greater delusion," said Kendal; "it's the last part in the world she ought to attempt. Properly speaking, unless she puts it in, there's no posing in it, none of that graceful attitudinizing she does so well. It's a long, tragic part—a tremendous strain, and would take all the powers of the most accomplished art to give it variety and charm."

"Oh. I know," sicked Mr.

charm."

"Ob, I know," sighed Mrs. Stuart. "I know. But what is to be done?"

Kendal shrugged his shoulders with a smile, feeling as hopeless as she did. The paleness of the beautiful face opposite indeed had touched his sympathics very keenly, and he was beginning to think the safety of Wallace's play not such a desperately important matter after all. However, there was his promise, and he must go on with it. "But I'll be hanged," he said to himself, "if I come within a thousand miles of hurting her feelings. Wallace must do that for himself if he wants to."

It had been arranged that Miss Bretherton should be allowed two breaches, and; two only, of the law against sight seeing—a walk through the schools quadrangle and a drive down High street. Mr. Sartoris, who had been an examiner during the summer term, and had so crept into the good graces of the clerk of the schools, was sent off to suborn that functionary for the keys of the iron gates which on Sunday shut out the Oxford world from the sleepy precincts of the Bod-leian. The old clerk was in a lax vacation leian. The old clerk was in a lax vacation mood, and the envoy returned key in hand. Mrs. Stuart and Forbes undertook the guidance of Miss Bretherton, while the others started to prepare the boats. It was a hot June day, and the gray buildings, with their cool shadows, stood out delicately against a pale blue sky, dappled with white cloud. Her two guides led Miss Bretherton through the quadrangle of the schools, which, frosh as it was from the hands of the restorer, rose into the air like some dainty white piece of old world confectionery. For the windows are set so lightly in the stone work and are so nearly level with the wall that the whole great building has an unsubstantial card board air, as if a touch might dint it.

"Then doctrinaires call it a fault," said Forbes indiguantly, pointing out the feature

Forbes indiguantly, pointing out the feature to his companions. "I'd like to see them build anything nowadays with half so much imagination and charm."

Imagination and charm."

The looked enviously at the closed door of the Bodletau, they read the Latin names of the schools just freshly painted at intervals round the quadrangle, and then Forbes lead them out upon the steps in front of the Radcliffe and St. Mary's, and let them take their time a little.

cliffe and St. Mary's, and let them take their time a little.

"How strange that there should be any-thing in the world," cried Miss Bretherton, "so beautiful all through, so all of a piece as this! I bad no idea it would be half so good. Don't, don't laugh at me, Mr. Forbes. I have not seen all the beautiful things you other people have seen. Just let me rave. "I laugh at you!" said Forbes, standing ack in the shadow of the archway, his fine

back in the shadow of the archway, his fine liped face, aglow with pleasure, turned towards her. "I who have got Oxford in my bones and marrow, so to speak! Why, every stone in the place is accred to me! Poetry lives here, if she has fied from all the world beaide. No, no; say what you like, it cannot be too strong for me."

Mrs. Stuart, meanwhile, kept her head cool, admired all that she was expected to admire, and did it well, and never forgot that the carriage was waiting for admire, and did it well, and never forgot that the carriage was waiting for them, and that Miss Bretherton was not to be tired it was she who took charge of the other two, piloted them safely into the fly, carried them down the High street, sternly refused to make a stop at Magdalen, and finally landed them in triumph to the minute at the great gate of Christ church. Then they strolled into the quiet cathedral, delighted themselves with its irregular bizarre beauty, its unexpected turns and corners, which gave it a capricious fanciful air for all the solidity and business like strength of its Norman framework, and as they rambled out again Forbes made them pause over a window in the northern nisle—a window by some Flemish artist of the Fifwindow by some Flemish artist of the Fifteenth century, who seems to have embodied

teenth century, who seems to have embodied in it at once all his knowledge and all his dreams. In front sat Jonah under his golden tinted gourd—an ill tempered Flemish peasant—while behind him the indented roofs of the Flemish town climbed the whole height of the background. It was probably the artist's native town; some roof among those carefully outlined gables sheltered his own household Larcs. But the hill on which the town stood, and the mountainous background and the purple sea, were the hills and ground and the purple sea, were the hills and the sea not of Belgium, but of a dream coun-try of Italy, perhaps, the mediaval artist's paradise.

paradise.

"Happy man!" said Forbes, turning to Miss Bretherton; "look, he put it together four centuries ago, all he knew and all he dreamed of. And there it is to this day, and beyond the spirit of that window there is no getting. For all our work, if we do it honestly, is a compound of what we know and what we

Miss Bretherton looked at him curiously. It was as though for the first time she con-nected the man himself with his reputation and his pictures, that the great artist in him was more than a name to her. She listened to him sympathetically, and looked at the window closely, as though trying to follow all he had been saving. But it struck Mex

half blindfold person trying to find her waters strong stranger roads.

They peared out into the out and darks of the cloisters, and through the new had ingo, and soon they were in the little tree as old as the common water has overhead, and in front the desaiting provided the June meadows, the alfaning river he distance, and the sweep of cloud seated he arching in the whole.

The gentlemen were waiting for the measurorphosed in boating clother, and two boats were ready. A knot of identity lookers on watered the embarisation, for Sunday the river is forceless.

members of the party in the other.
Bretherton had thrown of the write with her always carried with her, and which had gathered round ber in the cathedral, it lay about her in green fur-edged to bringing her white dress into relief, shapely fall of the shoulders and around alimness of her form. As Kendet to the stroke our, after he had arranged out thing for her comfort, he asked her Oxford was what abe had expected.

"A thousand times better," she meagerly.

"A thousand time better," the cagerly.
"You have a wonderful power of enterment. One would think your London life would have spotled it a little."
"I don't think anything ever could. I wis always laughed at for it as a child. I enjoy everything."
"Including such a day as you had your day! How can you play the "White Ledy twice in one day! It's enough to wear yout."

day! How can you play the 'White Lady' twice in one day! It's enough to wear you out."

"Oh, everybody does it. I was bound to give a matines to the profession, some time, and yesterday had been fixed for it for age. But I have only given three matines altogether, and I shan't give another before my time is up."

"That's a good hearing," said Kendal. "De you get tired of the 'White Lady?"

"Yes," she said emphatically; "I am tick of her. But," she added, bending forward with her hands clasped on her knee, so that what she said could be heard by Kendal only, "have you heard, I wender, what I have in my head for the autumn! Oh, well, we must not talk of it now; I have no right to make it public yet. But I should like to tell you when we get to Nuncham, if there an opportunity."

"We will make one," said Kendal, with as inward qualm. And she fell back again with a nod and a smile.

On they passed, in the blazing susking through lifley look and under the green his crowned with Iffley village and its Norman church. The hay was out in the fields, and the air was full of it. Children in tidy and day frochs ran along the towing path to head at them; a reflected heaven smiled upon the from the river depths; wild rose bushes overhung the water, and here and there may poplars rose like landmarks into the sky. The heat, after a time, deadened conversalise, for her in the showed the delicacy and weak with some comment on the moving landwith some comment on th

Forbes every now and then would break
with some comment on the moving
scape, which showed the delicacy and
of his painter's sense, or set the boat
with laughter by some story of the
generate Oxford of his own undergrad
days; but there were long stretches of al
when, except to the rowers, the world es
asieep, and the regular fall of the carthe pulsing of a hot dream.

It was past 5 before they stored in
shadow of the Nuncham woods. Them
ows just ahead were a golden blass of a
but here the shade lay deep and green es
still water, spanned by a rustle bridge,
broken every now and then by the sa
whiteness of the swans. Rich steeply a
woods shut in the left hand bank, and hot
grass and wild flowers seemed middle
have sprung into a fuller luxuriance
elsewhere.

have spring into a fuller luxuriance the elsewhers.

"It's too early for tea," said Mrs. Street's clear little voice on the bank; "at least if whave it directly, it will leave each a least time before the train starts. Wouldn't stroll be pleasant first?"

Isabel Bretherton and Kendal only walked for the general assent before they wanted off ahead of the others. "I should like we much to have a word with you," she had set to him as he handed her out of the boat. As now here they were, and, as Kendal felt, the critical moment was come.

"I only wanted to tell you," she said as "I only wanted to tell you," she said as

now here they were, and, as Kendal felt, the critical moment was come.

"I only wanted to tell you," she said, as they paused in the heart of the wood, a little out of breath after a bit of steep accent, "but I have got hold of a play for next October that I think you are rather specially interested in—at least, Mr. Wallace told me you had heard it all, and given him advice about it while he was writing it. I want so much to heaf your ideas about it. It always access to me that you have thought mere about the stage and seen more acting than any one die. I know, and I care for your opinion very much indeed—do tell; me, if you will, what you thought of "Elvira!"

"Well," said Kendal quietly, as he made her give up her wrap to him to carry, "the is a great deal that's fine in it. The original sketch, as the Italian author left it, we good, and Wallace has enormously improved upon it. Only"—

"Isn't it most dramatic!" she exclaimed, interrupting him; "there are so many streng situations in it, and though one might there the subject a little unpleasant if one only heard it described, yet there is nothing in the treatment but what is noble and tragic. I have very seldom felt so stirred by anything. I find myself planning the accence, thinking over them this way and that incomanity.

"It is very good and friendly of you," and Kendal, warmly, "to wish me to give you advice, about it. Do you really want me to speak my full mind?"

"Of course I do," she said eagerty; "af course If do. I think there are one or two points in it that might be changed." I shall press Mr. Wallace to make a few alternation. I wonder what were the changes that one points in it that might be changed." I shall press Mr. Wallace to make a few alternation.

press Mr. Wallace to make a few alteralicant wonder what were the changes that or

press Mr. Wallace to make a few alterationa. I wonder what were the changes that cocurred to you?

"I wasn't thinking of changes," mid-Emdal, not venturing to look at her as also
walked beside him, her white dress trailing
over the meas grown path, and her large hat
falling back from the brilliant flushed cheaks
and queenly threat. "I was thinking of the
play itself; of how the part would really
suit you."

"Oh, I have no doubts at all about that,"
she said, but with a quick look at him; "I
always feel at once when a part will suit me,
and I have fallen in love with this cas. It is
tragic and passionate, like the "White Lady,"
but it is quite a different phase of passion. I
am tired of scolding and declaiming. 'Eivire'
will give me an opportunity of showing when
I can do with something soft and pathetic. I
have had such difficulties in deciding upon a
play to begin my October season with, and
now this seems to me exactly what I want.
People prefer me always in something postical and remantic, and this is new, and the
mounting of it might be quite original."

"And yet I doubt," said Kendai; "I think
the part of Elvira wants variety, and would
it not be well for you to have more of a
change! Something with more relief in it,
something which would give your lightic
vein, which comes in so well in the "White
Lady," more chance!"

She frowned a little and shook her head.
"My turn is not that way. I can play a
comedy part, of course—every actor ought
to be able to—but I don't feel at hores in it,
and it never gives me pleasure to act."

"I don't mean a pure light comedy part,
"I don't mean a pure light comedy part,

to be able to—but I don't feel at home in it, and it never gives me pleasure to act."

"I don't mean a pure light comedy part, naturally, but something which would be less of a continuous tragic strain than this. Why, almost all the modern tragic plays have their passages of relief, but the texture of 'Elvira' is so much the same throughout—I cannot conceive a greater demand on any one. And then you must consider your company. Frankly, I cannot imagine a part less suited to Mr. Hawes than Macies; and the difficulties usually seated as the suited and seated as a little strain and the difficulties usually seated as the suited seated as a little strain and the difficulties usually seated as the suited seated as a little strain and the difficulties and the seated as a little strain as a little strain and the seated as a little strain and the seated as a little strain as a little strain and the seated as a little strain as a little strain and the seated as a little strain as a l

[Continued next Seturday.]

A Brunker, Man's Ride.

A man who refused to give his as crawled on the truck of a Lehigh Velpassenger train at Slatington on Tuesdight, lay face downward, and remaissing that position until the train arrived Bethlebem, where he was discovered by engineer, removed, almost smaller stant rail, and taken to the police station to the out. He said he made several alternation to the out. He said he made several alternation out at stations along the read, was unable to move. He was drunk with he boarded the truck, soher when remove and again drunk when therefore out. I morning he gave his name as Das Edmundr, and was cont to juit for ten de