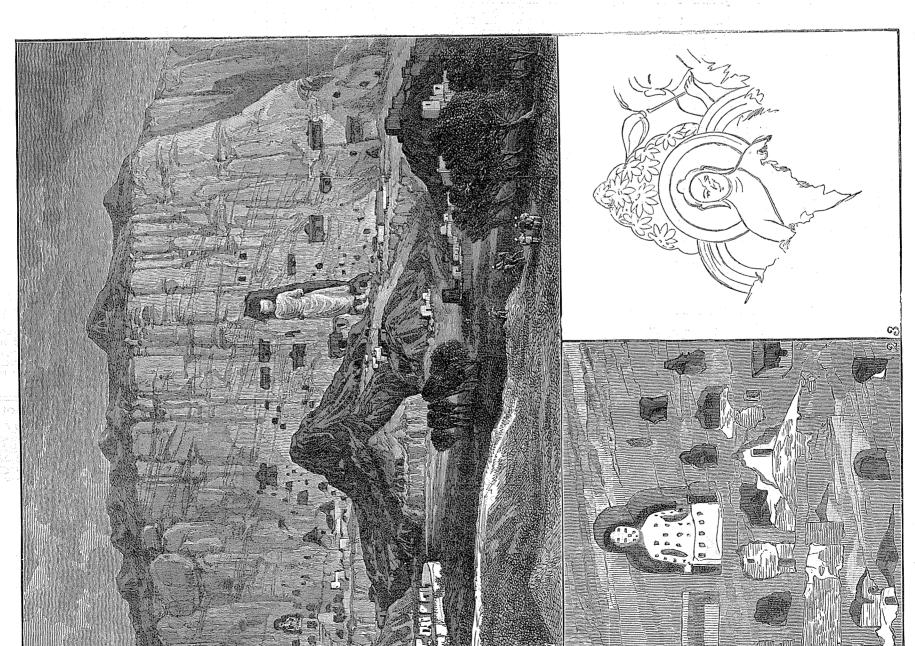
COMMISSION.--[See Pagn 525.]





MAITLAND, AFGHAN BOUNDARY J. Р. CAPTAIN  $\overline{B}X$ SKETCHES S. PAINTING IN NICHE OF SECOND STATUE. SEAWN BY MR. W. SIMPSON, FROM THE ROCK-CUT STATUES OF BAMIAN, CENTRAL ASIA. - DRAWN UE, WITH CAVES. 1. SECOND GREAT STATUE AND CAVES. 2. FOURTE STAT

with laced petticoat and kid gloves. Now, like a true woman, Bess no sooner saw this finely-dressed lady than she began to think with shame of her own common frock, her hair so rough, and her coarse hands, and to wish that she had put on her best before she left home. I know not what they were talking about, but though the lady was merry, Jack was serious; to be sure he never passed jests with women, and was not even as a boy over fond of laughing with girls; perhaps—some philosopher hath remarked—women like best the men who treat them seriously, and as if every interview with them gave birth to what the French call a grand passion.

birth to what the French call a grand passion.

At sight, however, of Bess as she stood in the open doorway, Jack started and stepped forward as if to protect his visitor, with a round quarter-deck oath.

"Oh! my poor ears!" cried the actress, "are we on board ship already?"

Then she marked the face of the woman at the open door, and there was something in her case and attitude which made

and there was something in her eyes and attitude which made her silent. There is a kind of despair which makes itself felt even by the lightest. This woman she saw had a pale face and large black eyes, which were fixed, steadfastly and piteously, upon the Captain.

"Why do you come here?" asked Jack.

"I came to see you. Oh! Jack!" she gasped, and caught

"I have sent you an answer already." "I have come to hear your answer from your own lips,

"I have come to near your answer from your own hps, she replied, with trembling voice.

"Come, Bess," he said coldly, but not unkindly, "you are a foolish girl; the past is gone. We cannot bring back again what has been. Forget it—and me. And go away. This is no place for you."

"Forget it? You think I can forget? Have you forgotten, Jack; tell me, have you forgotten?" She clasped her hands and threw them out in a gesture of pain and trouble. "Oh!

Jack; tell me, have you forgotten?" She clasped her hands and threw them out in a gesture of pain and trouble. "Oh! have you forgotten—you?"

have you forgotten—you?"

"I have quite forgotten," he replied. "Everything has clean gone out of my mind," but of course, his very words betrayed his memory. "Of course, I remember who you are. Your father taught me arithmetic and writing. You are Bess Westmoreland. We used to play together when we were hidden. Then, I went away to see, and I remember nothing. children. Then I went away to sea, and I remember nothing

children. Then I went away to sea, and I remember nothing more."

"Nothing more," she murmured. "Oh! he remembers nothing more. Oh! is it possible? Can he forget?"

The actress looked on with grave attention. She could read the story without being told. Partly, she was studying a delineation of the passion of disappointed love, rendered better than anything she had ever seen upon the stage; partly, she was filled with pity. An ordinary gentlewoman would have felt, as Castilla feels, that such a girl has no business to suppose that a gentleman can love her, the thing being, in her opinion, contrary to Nature. But the actress knew better. Besides, she understood, which ordinary gentlewomen do not, that beauty is not altogether a matter of dress. A woman who is always dressing herself in different fashions knows that very well.

"If you wish," Jack went on, "I will tell you something more that I remember. But you had better not ask me to tell you that. Best to go away now, and before harder things are said."

said."
"There can be no harder things said. Tell me what you

please."
I remember a young girl and a boy. The boy had been and knew not one woman six years at sea and among savages, and knew not one woman from another. So he thought he was in love with the girl, who was no proper match for him. And when he had been at sea again for six weeks, of course he had clean forgotten her."

"And now you have returned, Jack"—she dragged off her

"And now you have returned, Jack"—she dragged off her hat, and her beautiful black hair fell in long curls upon her shoulders—"look upon me. Am I less beautiful than I was? You, woman," she turned fiercely upon the actress, "tell me, you, are you in love with him? No: I see it in your eyes; you do not love him. Then you will speak the truth, and perhaps you will pity me. Tell me, then, am I beautiful?" "You are a very beautiful girl, indeed," said the Queen of Drury-Lane. "Upon the boards you would be a dangerous rival. Your hair and eyes are splendid; your shape is fault-less. Unfortunately, you have not learned to dress."

"You hear, Jack, what this lady, who is not in love with you, says of me. I have learned things, too, since you went away. I am no longer so plain and rustic, and—Oh! Jack"—She threw herself at his feet, regardless of the other woman. She must have known that it was a useless

other woman. She must have known that it was a useless humiliation, yet perhaps she was resolved to drink the cup to the dregs. "Jack, look upon my name printed upon thy arm; think of my hair tied about thy wrist; think of all the propises! Jack think of everything. Oh! Jack he not thy promises! Jack, think of everything. Oh! Jack, be not so cruel!"

Alas! his face was hard and cruel. As she held up her arms in this humility, he made as if he would push her from him, and in his eyes, once so soft to her and full of love, she

read now scorn and loathing.

"Go!" he said. "You have had my answer."

Then she rose meekly, and drew from her pocket certain presents he had given her—a necklace of red coral, a packet of ribbons, a roll of lace, the gloves, a broken sixpence, and laid

given me, except one thing. I keep your letter, and your promise. That I will never give you back so long as I live. I know not yet what I shall do. . . . I know not "——— She grew giddy, and looked as if she would fall, but presently

recovered, and without another word she left the room.

"Are there many such girls in love with you, Captain Easterbrook?" asked the actress. There were tears in her eyes, but she put up her handkerchief. "Are there many such in the world, I wonder? They come not to this end of town. Do you write the names of all the women you love upon your arms? Then they will be a pretty sight for a jealous wife,

Jack, when you marry."

"Let her go." He swept the poor trifles, mementoes of bygone love, upon the floor. "Let us talk of something else."

"She is a very beautiful woman," the actress continued, disregarding his words. "There is no woman now upon the boards who would better become the part of a Queen; and most certainly none who could better act the part she has just played. 'Twas a moving situation, Captain, though it moved you not. I wonder how many women's hearts thou hast broken, Jack?"

"Why if we come to questions, I wonder how many men would like to make love to you, fair lady?"
"Captain Easterbrook, it cannot escape your penetration

that there is not a pretty woman in the world to whom all men would not willingly make love, if they could. As for constancy, they laugh at it; and promises they despise; they trample upon the hearts of the foolish women who love them; and they resident is closer; in a woman, a thing nest comprehension." consider jealousy in a woman a thing past comprehension. She laughed, but her eyes were not so merry as when Bess opened the door. "Well—I am resolved not to have my opened the door. "Well—I am resolved not to have my heart broken, because I have but one, and if it chance to be broken, I doubt if I could piece it together again. Therefore, broken, I doubt if I could piece it together again. Therefore, my gallant Captain, my brave Jack, I doubt whether it were wise of me to come here any more. You may, if you please, come to my suppers, to meet my Lord and his friends. Look not so glum, Captain. Well, perhaps I may see thee once more before thy ship sails. If I do, promise to pretend a little love for this unhappy love-sick nymph? She is a seanymph, I take it—one of those whom the poets call Naiads. Comfort her poor heart a little, and perhaps when thou art gone she may very likely console herself. Alas! always one loves and one is loved."

"I loved her once. Can she expect—"
"Women are such fond creatures, Captain Easterbrook, that they are not even contented to be a toy for a month or two As for me, I make men my toys, and as for my heart, it is still mine own. Adieu, thou conqueror of women's hearts and compeller of women's tears. But, Jack," she laid her hand upon his arm, "look that this poer distracted creature doth not do a mischief to thee or to someone. There was madness in her eyes. I now know how the passion of jealousy should be rendered. It is to stand so, and to look so; and thus to use the hands." She lost her own face, and became Bess as always and the standard of the standar rendered. It is to stand so, and to look so, and the the hands." She lost her own face, and became Bess, so clever was she at impersonation, and, in dumb show, went through the pantomime of a scorned and jealous woman. Then she put on her domino, took her hood, and ran down-stairs.

## CHAPTER XXXIV. HOW CASTILLA WAS BETROTHED.

I do not think there is anything in this history more distasteful to Castilla than a certain episode in it, which one cannot choose but narrate. To omit the incident would be the concealment of a thing which clearly shows the disposition of our hero at this juncture of his affairs, when all seemed prosperous with him, but when his fate was already sealed, and destruction

about to fall upon him.

Castilla reproaches me with concealing from the Admiral and her mother, first, the previous engagement with Bess, and, next, the acquaintance of the Captain with the actress, of whom mention has been made; and declares that, if the Admiral had known it, he would have forbidden the house to so gay a Lothario. Castilla's general opinion as to her father's so gay a Lochario. Casina's general opinion as to her father's character is doubtless correct; but as to her father's conduct under certain circumstances, I prefer my own judgment. Certain I am that if the Admiral (now in Abraham's bosom) had known both these facts—indeed, I am sure that he knew a had known both these facts—indeed, I am stre that he knew a good deal of the first—he would not on that account have shut Jack out of the house, nor would he have forbidden him to pay his addresses to Castilla.

"As for me," she still says, indignant, even after so many years, "had I suspected the things which you very well knew at the time, Sir, I should have spurned his proposals. I have never foreign him because, poor boy! he was punished

have now forgiven him, because, poor boy! he was punished for his weakness in the matter of that witch and her adviser, the Apothecary, whom I believe to have been sold to the Devil! I forgive him freely, and, you know, Luke, that I have long since forgiven you for your part in the deception. But there are things which can never be forgotten, though they be forgiven."

As for my own conduct in the business, I know not why I should have told the Admiral, or Castilla either, that a celebrated actress and toast had been rescued from footpads by Jack Easterbrook; that he supped at her house, in company with other gentlemen; and that she visited him twice, to my knowledge, in his own lodging, the first time in order to them on the table.
"You shall have again," she said, "all that you have ever

and, on reflection, I think that if the thing had to be done

again I should behave exactly in the same manner.

Nor do I know why I should have warned Castilla about the old love affair. It was over, and finished. Surely a woman would not be jealous because a lad of nineteen had made an imprudent promise which he afterwards broke, or because he then fell in love with, and afterwards ceased to love, a certain girl, whether below or above his own rank in life? To be sure, I was certain that some trouble would

happen, though of what nature I knew not. Suffice it to say, therefore, that I heard no more about the actress, but that Jack came often, in those weeks between his appointment and his sailing orders, to the Admiral's, and that he made no secret to me of his passion for Castilla. Also, he took the ladies to various fashionable places of resort which they had never before seen, because there was no one to take them. Thus, we went one evening to Ranelagh, where there was a very pretty concert in the round room, with dancing afterwards, and a great crowd of ladies beautifully dressed, though none prettier than Castilla, to my simple taste. And on another evening we went to Drury-Lane, where the actress, Jack's friend, was playing the principal part; and a more merry, light-hearted creature one never beheld upon the stage. I observed that Jack showed no sign of any acquaintance with her, but discussed her performance as a stranger might be expected to do, calling her pretty well as to looks, but then, she was painted up; while as for beauty, give him blue eyes and light hair, at which Castilla blushed. And so home by moonlight, when the watermen are mostly gone to bed, and the river is comparatively quiet. Castilla sat beside Jack in the boat, and I believe he held her hand.

And, on the day after the play, the Admiral was asked and gave his consent to his daughter's engagement with Jack. He gave it with a livelier satisfaction, he said, than he had felt in any previous event of his life. "Castilla," he said, "this is the greatest day of thy life. For thou are promised to the most gallant officer in the King's Navy. I say, to the bravest and the comeliest lad, and to the best heart, though he shirks like the said of the said of the life the said of the life that the said of the life that the

and the comeliest lad, and to the best heart, though he shirks
the bottle and leaves me to finish it. If thou art not proud of
him, thou art no daughter of mine."

"Indeed, Sir," said Castilla, "I am very proud of him."

Jack threw his arms round her, and kissed her on both
cheeks, and on the forehead, and on her lips.

I say no more. Castilla declares, now, that she never
really loved him, though she confesses that she was carried away by so much passion and by her admiration of his bravery Yet I know not. He was a masterful man, who compelled women to love him, and, as the actress said, he had a conquering way with him. I think that if events had turned out otherwise, Castilla would have become a loving, as well as an obedient, wife. But let that pass. They were engaged, and the club at the Sir John Falstaff had a roaring night, in which Mr. Brinjes heartily joined, because at his age 'twould have been a sin to suffer the fear of approaching disaster to stand between himself and a night of punch and singing and the telling of

(To be continued.)

If self-restraint be an essential virtue in the conduct of life, it is also of no small value to an author who gains nothing by ill-considered and exaggerated statements. The Problems of a Great City, by Mr. Arnold White (Remington), would be more deserving of attention if the writer had avoided crude and somewhat coarse assertions. To read Mr. White's book, one would be inclined to think that the Christianity of London was a sham, and that the clergy of the Church of England for whom he has scarcely a good word from the first England, for whom he has scarcely a good word from the first page to the last, were doing nothing to stem the tide of distress by which they are surrounded. He even goes so far as to say that, to a large degree, the responsibility for reckless marriages among the poor rests upon them, ignoring the fact that they have to choose between two evils. "As the rich grow richer, the poor get poorer," is an assertion which, in the face of statistics, Mr. White would find it difficult to prove; and he asks his readers to believe that British statesmen are "poor souls," and "but pith figures, dancing only when the electricity of public opinion energizes the cellulose of their puppet systems." And we venture to think the writer is equally at fault in saying that "we live in the golden age of whited walls," for there never was a time in our history when there were such honest and persistent efforts made to grapple with social evils, when there was such active and wise charity, when there was so earnest a desire to break down as far as possible the to say that, to a large degree, the responsibility for reckless so earnest a desire to break down as far as possible the barriers of class. In spite of much that is objectionable in the style of this volume, Mr. White writes with much practical knowledge on many subjects familiar to the social reformer. There is some truth in his remarks about the way in which poor foreigners are allowed to increase the struggle for existence in London; and much truth, though far from acceptable to some reformers, in what he says about adulteration and drink. We agree, also, with his opinion that there should be in London a general system of mortuaries. Truly does he point out that the Socialists take no count of the fact that much of the misery of London "arises from idleness, as well as from overwork; from too short hours, as well as from too prolonged a period of labour; from gluttony and guzzling, as well as from ascetic abstinence; from reckless unthrift, indulgence, profligacy, and dissipation."

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