

accompanied as it is with noise, smoke, recoil, and soiling of the gloves, is unsuited to him, and, like hunting, is only permitted as a concession to human weakness. The same remark applies to most other amusements: billiards is chummy, cards apt to excite, and the swell should never be excited. In short, I know of no pastime exactly fitted for him except croquet.

It may be that the neophyte has certain quondam acquaintances whose dress and style are compromising. If these are difficult to shake off in the ordinary way, the object may always be attained either by lending them money, borrowing it of them, or, best of all, asking them to back bills for him whenever they address him. If he is not short-sighted—in which case it would be impolitic to draw attention to a personal infirmity—he should wear an eyeglass, which will enable him *not to see* undesirable people without obviously cutting them. Rudely to cut any one is bad form, and only practised in these days at the universities. But an eye-glass in the hands of a dexterous swell will be found as useful as a parasol or a fan in those of a lady.

While the ambitious youth is qualifying himself in other respects, he must not neglect the moral and mental training, without which no amount of personal decoration can give him that high-bred air which is the peculiar characteristic of the real swell. He must never be angry or merry, or happy or unhappy, or frightened or amused or astonished; or should he unhappily experience one of those vulgar emotions, let him at any rate guard against the expression of it. He must learn to regard love as romantic folly, and friendship as a poetic myth. He may find more difficulty than at first he apprehends in cooling himself down to the proper degree of apathy and indifference, but dissipation, self-cultivation, and tobacco will aid him greatly. Let him consider to what a degree of perfection those Asiatics have attained, who spend their whole lives—as they trust to spend eternity—sitting or standing in one position, absorbed in listless contemplation of Buddha; and shall a civilised Englishman fail where a heathen barbarian has succeeded? Never! The true swell is his own Buddha.

LEWIS HOUGH.

MRS. MUDDLE'S PARTY, AND HOW IT FAILED.



MR. and Mrs. Muddle were going to give an evening party.

Mr. Muddle was a very moderately successful barrister, whose income from all sources amounted to but little over three hundred pounds a year. His amusement was painting, and in his leisure hours he laid colours on to canvas, and the result was what he and his friends called pictures, and what his enemies called by a less pleasing name.

His wife was a well-meaning little woman, anxious to show off, and inclined to do her best, but with not much idea of how to do it. They had been married some few years, and had entertained but little, though they had themselves been out a great deal. But Mr. Muddle was getting on now, and his wife wanted people to know it, "so the best thing we can do," she said, "is to give an evening party, then we can ask every one at once."

"Will it cost much?" he asked, "and won't it be a great deal of trouble?"

"Not nearly so much as anything else," she answered. "We have only to give them supper; that's all they will need. I should like it to be a really handsome supper," she added. "It is the first party we have ever given, and it must go off well."

"Yes," he said approvingly.

"So," she went on triumphantly, "let's give a really stylish affair."

And Mr. Muddle, who had also secret longings to astonish the weak nerves of his friends, gave his gracious assent.

The next day Mrs. Muddle bought some printed forms, and filled them up, and this was the effect:—

"14, Silvergilt Terrace,
"Bayswater.

"Mrs. Muddle requests the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Blank's company at an evening party on Wednesday evening, January 21st, 187-, at nine o'clock. "[R.S.V.P."

"This is the 6th," said Mrs. Muddle, "so we have given them good notice. Now we must see about ordering in things for the supper. Of course the eatables will do the day before, but what about the wine?"

"Well, let's see; suppose we have—how many are coming?"

"Oh, I am sure I don't know. I never counted, and they have not all replied. I should say about forty—oh, no, there must be fifty."

"Well, we'll have a dozen of sherry, for we have only four bottles left in the house. I wonder if it should be 'good.'"

"It doesn't matter a bit about that, so long as we have plenty. I think it would be as well to get very cheap wine. No one will find it out. I am sure I don't know the difference as long as it tastes sweet and nice."

"Well, a dozen of sherry, say at twenty-four shillings; and I think we ought to have a little port, just for the old folks—say three bottles."

"We had better have half a dozen."

"Well, then there's the champagne" (Mrs. Muddle

gave a long sigh of relief. She had been so afraid her husband would refuse her champagne, and she remembered that the Browns, and the Crawfords, and lots of people had given *them* champagne). "It will want a good deal of that, for it doesn't go far."

"Yes," said Mrs. Muddle eagerly.

"You say perhaps fifty people coming. Well, we'll have two dozen and a half—on an average, half a bottle a person. Do you think we want anything else? Suppose we have a little hock and a few bottles of claret, half a dozen of each."

"It will come in useful afterwards."

"Well then, say three bottles of port at two and six, two dozen and a half of champagne at four shillings, six bottles of claret at one-and-six, and six of hock at two-and-six."

A week passed. The wine arrived, and Mr. Muddle brought home four dozen crackers, with which to garnish the table, and then Mrs. Muddle and her husband had a consultation as to what must be ordered in the eating way.

"Do you think we had better have in a supper at so much a head, and have done with it?" he asked.

But this, she said, would be very expensive, and, moreover, if they provided the things themselves, they would certainly have enough left to live upon for two or three days afterwards.

"We must have a turkey."

"Are we going to have a sit-down supper?"

"Oh, yes; it's so much more comfortable."

"But we can't seat fifty people at once."

"Then they can come down in two sets; we'll divide them."

"Then the first lot will gobble up the turkey."

"So they will. We must have two turkeys, two tongues, a ham, a large piece of sirloin of beef—about sixteen pounds, to look handsome—and some fowls—we shall want quite four fowls—and a piece of collared veal would look nice. Then we shall want some lobster salads—I should say four—and we had better have these from the pastrycook's, for I really don't know how to make them. Then we must have a raised veal and ham pie, and three dozen oyster patties—they pile up on dishes and look so nice. That will do for the solids and savoury things, unless we can get a couple of dishes of prawns—they look so nice."

"My dear Annie! There'll be too much."

"No, there will not; indeed, I think we shall want six fowls. Remember, only half this will go on table at once, and the other half will be left for the second batch. We have fifty people coming."

"Yes, but not fifty wolves, seeking what they may devour."

"Well, now for the sweets; it will be best, I think, to cook the other things at home, all but the patties and raised pie, which we must order from the pastrycook's, and also the salads. As for the rest, I can't bear home-made sweets, every one can tell them, so we must order them in. The Charles Muddles, remember, ordered in their entire supper, and it cost ten shillings a head. This won't cost anything like that."

"Well, let's do it well while we are about it. Young Carrington has accepted, you know."

"But, to continue the sweets, let us make out the list, and then I can order them," and then she continued—"Two trifles, two tipsy-cakes, four jellies, four blanc-manges, four creams, and then we might have a cold plum-pudding, as it's Christmas time, and plenty of mince-pies—say three dozen—and three dozen other tartlets, and those sort of things, which we'll tell them to mix. And we might have a twelfth-cake, and a couple of sponge or pound cakes; and that will do, with the crackers and fruit. We will have any amount of fruit—that will make a good many more dishes—almonds and raisins, oranges, apples, grapes—plenty of grapes—and that's all," and she said the last words quite regretfully, and wondered if she *could* think of anything else, and suddenly recollected "two dozen boiled custards in glasses, and some dishes of macaroons, and those sort of things."

The house in which the Muddles lived was at Bayswater—one of the type common enough there. Let us briefly describe it. The rent was sixty pounds. On the ground floor was the dining-room; next to it the study, sacred to Mr. Muddle and litter; at the end of the hall was a little off-room, in which Mrs. Muddle commonly stowed away boxes. Up-stairs, on the first floor were drawing-rooms with folding doors (thrown open). On the second floor were two bed-rooms; the front one, being that occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Muddle, was the most imposing as to furniture and appearance.

Now to proceed. Mrs. Muddle concerned herself with little but receiving answers to her invitations till three days before the 21st. Then she bestirred herself.

Her first trouble was that all round the neighbourhood she could not find a confectioner to undertake the order for the sweets, &c., at so short a notice; and when at last she did discover one, it was at so grand a shop, that she felt she was putting herself under an everlasting obligation to the proprietor thereof, and did not dare to inquire the price of a single article beforehand.

The beef and the tongues were ordered, and then she had a grand consideration about the fowls.

"Four fowls," she thought, "will only give eight wings, and there are fifty people, I think—though I have never counted them, by the way—and every one likes the wing of a fowl. I shall order six—it's as well to be on the safe side."

So six were ordered. The day before, the ham and the tongues were boiled, and the beef was roasted; and then Mrs. Muddle found that by the time these were done and put away, and two of the fowls roasted, she was tired with trotting in and out of the kitchen; so she decided it would be best to get up very early, and cook the turkeys and remaining fowls next morning, which was done accordingly; and then she got out all the knives and forks and spoons she possessed, and all the glasses; but, alas! of the latter she had only two dozen of each kind—a very good stock, but not enough for fifty people.

"Jane," she said to the housemaid (her domestic force numbered two), "you must go to Mrs. Fanshaw's, and ask her if she would mind lending me two dozen glasses of all kinds.—Mrs. Fanshaw is the only one I really would ask," she thought, "for she is so good-natured."

Then Mrs. Muddle had a brilliant notion. She would have all the supper things put into the little room at the end of the hall. She had decided that she would not go to the expense of rout seats, so all the chairs she could muster in addition to the dining-room ones might also be placed there. Tea and coffee were to be placed in the dining-room first, for the benefit of the guests when they arrived. All this was settled to her satisfaction, and the servants carefully instructed how to lay the cloth; and then Mrs. Muddle felt greatly relieved, and went to lie down for an hour.

At seven o'clock Mr. Muddle came home, and was implored to dress himself; but it was remembered that he had to open and decanter the wine; so Mrs. Muddle made her own toilette, and had just accomplished it at a quarter past nine, and then the first double knock came to the street-door.

"Oh dear me!" cried Mrs. Muddle, as she rushed into the drawing-room; "it is very inconsiderate of people to come so early. I am so afraid the house smells of those horrid fowls and the turkeys. I wish I had had them cooked yesterday; and look at that drawing-room fire: it won't burn up; and the room feels like a vault." Then, as she heard the street-door open, she had a thrill of horror. Muddle was in the bed-room dressing, and there was no other cloak-room for her lady guests! Moreover, of course the room was horribly untidy!

"Oh, dear Mrs. Fanshaw!" she said, with a sigh of relief, "I am so glad it's only you. I was afraid it was Mrs. Charles Muddle come early on purpose to quiz. Would you mind waiting here a minute?" and she ran up-stairs, turned Muddle and his belongings bodily into the back room (which was not grand enough for visitors), banged her old dresses and everything else that looked untidy into the back room after him, and called out, "Come up, dear Mrs. Fanshaw;" and then she stayed chatting with her a minute or two in the bed-room, and descended to find that half a dozen guests had arrived, and found no one to receive them.

"I must tell Jane to show them up-stairs," she thought, and did so; and the cook poured out the coffee, and opened the door, but found it was impossible to continue doing both; so in the end Muddle had to descend (bad-tempered, of course, because he had no looking-glass before which to tie his white choker) and to pour out the coffee.

"If you please, sir," whispered the cook, "where am I to put the gentlemen's hats and coats?"

"On the hat-rail in the hall, of course."

"But, please, sir, it's full."

"Then pile it up."

By a little after ten every one had arrived. The

front drawing was crammed, and the back drawing was crammed, and there were only seats enough for half of the people in the two rooms, so the remaining two-thirds stood. The atmosphere got very close, and the room was badly lighted, and somehow the people would not talk to each other; and before even an hour had passed Mrs. Muddle looked fagged and tired, and her guests seemed bored, and altogether in doubt as to what to do with themselves, or what was going to be done with them. Mr. Muddle had shown them his pictures; several were hung round the walls, and others he had fished up from his studio (as he loved to call the room sacred to litter on the ground-floor); but people did not seem to care for them. There was a little music at first, but it died away, and there was no attempt at anything else.

Somehow, too—how, Mrs. Muddle could not make out—the whole thing dragged. The people stared blankly at each other, the men doing a little feeble small talk, and the women wondering if their dresses were getting torn off their backs or not. Mrs. Muddle, to do her justice, did her best; but she found that her time was all taken up chatting a moment here and a moment there; and she made the mistake of being too polite to just a few of her guests—those she wanted to propitiate—and neglecting the general body. If she had only endeavoured to think of something that would have amused the majority, it would have made another affair of it. Then, too, she was so anxious about the supper, and so afraid the servants would not lay it properly.

"I think we might have a little more music," she said to Marian Hill; who thereupon sang a song with an inscrutable accompaniment, and apparently no melody and no words.

"I think, dear, we must be going," said Mrs. Wilmot. "It's getting quite late."

"Oh, no; pray don't," implored Mrs. Muddle. "We are going to have supper directly;" but Mrs. Wilmot thought of the dreary two hours she had spent, and would not be persuaded till Mr. Muddle, truly miserable, added his entreaties; and then a pale-faced young man, with straw-coloured hair and a plaintive look about the eye-lids, commenced to play a long, long piece of the tinkle-tinkle-up-in-the-treble description. Every one listened for the first five minutes, and for the second five minutes wondered when it would end, and during the third five minutes came to the conclusion that it *never* would, and resigned themselves to their fate.

At last there were two sensations.

The first was the ending of the piece. Then Mrs. Muddle whispered to her husband—

"What do you think? Those idiots down-stairs had put both trifles on table at once. I've told them to reserve one till afterwards. Take Mrs. Charles down when I give the sign."

Saddened and damped Mrs. Muddle at last entered the dining-room. Her next grief was that no one seemed to eat much; and as for two turkeys being wanted, after the first twenty people had supped, the first one had not half gone, and she was certain

there could not be more than five-and-thirty people. How stupid of her not to have counted them!

As for Muddle, he was a miserable man. His brother Charles had tasted the wine, shaken his head, and tasted no more.

"Where did you get your wine?" he whispered. "It's poison. My dear fellow, give a little or none, but never bad wine; and always buy it at a trustworthy place."

So the first batch went up-stairs, and the second batch descended at once, and had to wait till clean things came; and then Jane—that unfortunate Jane!—entered with a tray of glasses, and put them down on the stand of the butler's tray, and forgot that the centre strap was broken; and the result was that, with a crash that made people actually shiver, they fell through to the ground.

"Oh, Jane, it's too bad of you!" poor Mrs. Muddle said, with almost a sob—seeing, however, with relief that they were her own, and not Mrs. Fanshaw's glasses that had suffered.

At last everybody was fed, and the drawing-room had been cleared, and Mrs. Muddle asked some one to play a quadrille; but most of the people declared they must go.

Meanwhile those that were left (about twenty) tried to dance; but the quadrille didn't "go"—no one knew why.

"We'll have a waltz next time," said Mrs. Muddle. "That will set them on their feet."

But when the waltz was played, it was no better.

"I can't get into step," said Jack Crawford, who had stayed behind to dance with Nelly Roberts.

"No," she said, "no more can I, because the music is out of time."

"This carpet does nothing but ruck," said another.

"And I begin to feel quite choking," answered his partner.

Then suddenly it dawned upon every one that it was impossible to dance to music out of time, and on carpet that was not tightly put down, and that was moreover very dusty, so that people were choking, and getting smothered.

In half an hour's time Mr. and Mrs. Muddle were alone.

"Oh, Walter!" she gasped, "I am sure everything was dreadful."

"There was a great deal too much supper," he said crossly. "I have just been and looked in. Why, there were only two fowls cut, and one tongue. You didn't even count your heads, for there were only thirty-seven people."

"Oh, Walter! don't blame me," she said; "everything was wrong—everything was ridiculous; but I shall know better next time."

"So shall I," he said softening at that; "and I'll give them good wine another time, or else none at all."

So Mrs. Muddle's party failed, and left her with provisions that would spoil before they could be eaten, with wine that was undrinkable, and with the knowledge that instead of giving her friends a pleasant evening, she had given them the reverse; and all this was through want of management, and want of thought, and a desire to show off rather than to consider the comfort of her guests.

We have followed Mrs. Muddle in all the details of her party, and seen how and why it failed; let us by-and-by endeavour to show how, with the same means at her command, and at far less expense, Mrs. Fanshaw gave a party, and made it a success.

GOOD NEWS



HE sun crept in with golden ray,
The blackbird's mellow note rang clear,
A rippling brooklet murmured near,
Up came the scent of new-mown hay—

An evening calm to end a day
Of thunder-weather.

"God's love," said grandam, "stretches
wide,
He sendeth light at eventide."

A child's voice in sweet treble read

A letter in a trembling hand,

A letter from a foreign land.

"And she will come!" the grandam said;

"I looked on her as on one dead
And unforgiven;
But that is past—and my old eyes
Shall see, at even, light arise.

"Good news! good news! for which I've
prayed

Morning and-night, and through the day,
That my lost dove might find her way
Back to her nest." The little maid
Looked wondering up. A golden ray
Fell on the letter.

"God's love," said grandam, "stretches wide,
He sendeth light at eventide."

JULIA GODDARD.



MRS. FANSHAW'S PARTY, AND HOW IT SUCCEEDED.



It was Mrs. Fanshaw's turn to give a party now. She lived in the same terrace as Mrs. Muddle, so that the capabilities of the house were precisely the same. She sent out her invitations about ten days in advance.

"We'll have a nice party," she said to her husband, "but we'll aim at having things well done and pleasant rather than grand. So, to begin, I shan't have printed forms for the invitations; written ones

cost less and look less pretending." And, considering all things—the size of the house, the depth of her husband's purse—he was "something in the City," and had about £350 a year, the same amount as Mr. Muddle—Mrs. Fanshaw was right.

"Thirty-two acceptances, Charley," she informed Mr. Fanshaw; "just even to a shade, sixteen couples including ourselves. They are pretty well assorted, too—married and single, young and old."

"What do you want me to do in the way of helping you?" he asked.

"You must order in some wine, let me turn out your smoking-room the day before, and—well, that's all, dear; you are at work all day, and deserve to enjoy your party at home, and not to be bothered about it."

Mr. Fanshaw's smoking-room was the back dining-room; the little off-room at the end of the hall was Mrs. Fanshaw's work-room—*i.e.*, the place in which she kept the sewing-machine, and made the new frocks and mended the old ones belonging to Tommy and Carrie.

"Very well," he answered with a sigh, for his retreat would be washed and scented and dusted, and made to look generally respectable, he thought, and the prospect made him sad. "I think we'll order in some wine for the occasion, and not touch what we have in the house."

And then they came to the conclusion that they would give unpretending wine, and that good.

"And as I do not think, for the sake of our pockets—nor for the sake of the example it would be setting others in our position—we should give champagne to a party of thirty people, why, we'll do without it." Mr. Fanshaw was given to moralising on a small scale.

"Certainly," answered his spouse. "It is absurd for poor folk to do badly what, without being extravagant, they cannot do well; but as for the example, why, there's no one to be affected by it."

"Examples, like our servant-maids, have followers when least expected"—and Mr. Fanshaw was suddenly made to realise for his pains that ears were not merely made to hear with.

	£	s.	d.
½ doz. Sherry, at 42/-	1	1	0
½ doz. Claret, at 24/-	0	12	0
½ doz. Chablis, at 36/-	0	18	0
2 Bottles of Port, at 48/-	0	8	0
	£2	19	0

This was the wine list which Fanshaw carried off with him to a wine merchant on whom he could rely, and three days later there was a comely row of bottles in the wine-cellar of No. 15, Silvergilt Terrace.

Mrs. Fanshaw said nothing more to her husband about the details of the coming party. "He's in the office all day long," she thought to herself, "and it is a shame to bother a man about household affairs."

She thought over her plans one morning, however, and having decided how things were to be done, and what things were to be had, and the time to commence operations, she went on her daily way as usual, feeling that it would never do to upset all the house because three days hence a party was to be given in it. Just a week before, she went to the confectioner's and ordered to be sent on the morning of the 23rd (the festive day) a couple of shapes of cream, a large handsome trifle, a couple of high sponge-cakes, some tartlets and fancy cakes, a few light confectionery dishes, and a raised pie of veal and ham; and some rout-cakes and pound-cake, &c., for the evening.

Two days before the 23rd, Mrs. Fanshaw had her little work-room turned completely out, and made ready for the hats and coats of her gentlemen visitors; and the same day the drawing-room was put thoroughly "to-rights." She knew that the carpet was neither loose nor dusty, but in order to make it pleasanter still to dance upon, she got down the holland druggot, which made the drawing-room look so white and clean in the summer time, and had it put tightly down. Then she saw that the anti-macassars and trifles about the room were in their usual spotless order, and put a couple of small tables into the back room, and moved the large table in the front one altogether out of the way, and had it sent up-stairs; and the couch which went along the fireplace was put into a less obtrusive position. On that day, too, Mrs. Fanshaw had a small ham and a tongue boiled, and instructed her husband to bring home some crackers, which he did; and remembering they had some pretty little glass dishes, he also brought home some candied fruit and a few tins of preserved ditto, to fill them with, all of which put Mrs. Fanshaw in high good-temper.

"You must get back as early as you can on Wednesday, Charley dear," she observed, "so as to get dressed in good time; and mind you introduce the people who don't know each other. I have put a couple of card-tables into the back drawing-room, so

that the old folks may enjoy a quiet rubber if they please."

"Mind old Clayton has a pretty girl to talk to."

"Oh yes! he shall be provided, the arrant old flirt; and you must take care poor Mrs. Gomez has the easy chair, because she can't see very well, but likes to be comfortable, and hear all that's going on; and let little Mrs. Taylor have some one bright and full of talk near her, because she's so shy."

"What are you going to do with the people—I mean in the way of amusement? Remember what a mess the Muddles made of their party."

"Poor little woman! She didn't know how to manage. Why, she never even laid her supper beforehand; and as for amusing her guests, such a thing never occurred to her. Yet it is very easy: we have only to get the people who are likely to amuse each other near together, then we'll have a little talk, a little music, and the first dance while the first batch (which, mind, must be chiefly the married folks) are having supper; then more dances, the old folks will have their cards, and the whole thing will go off all right, I am sure."

"What do you want with my smoking-room?"

"Why, the dining-room will be all ready for supper, everything on table, and the key in my pocket; so the back room will be first a tea and coffee room, and afterwards I shall have refreshments there—just cakes and biscuits, and sherry and port, and claret-cup, and lemonade: people who are dancing like these things."

"Can you make claret-cup?"

"Oh, yes, dear—a couple of bottles of claret, a couple of bottles of soda-water, and some sliced lemon and loaf-sugar make it well and simply."

The next morning Mrs. Fanshaw saw that a couple of fowls, a turkey, and a large piece of beef were well roasted, and the smoking-room was thoroughly turned out and put in order.

When the eventful Wednesday came, there was not so very much to be done. The wine was opened and decanted before Mr. Fanshaw went out, and an hour later the confectionery came. Then Mrs. Fanshaw was very busy. First she got out a couple of bottles of jelly, and having put them down near the fire for half an hour, so that the contents might dissolve, she poured the jelly into a couple of moulds, and put them to cool. Then out of some corn-flour, milk, loaf-sugar, and some vanilla for one and essence of almond flavouring for the other, she made a couple of shapes of blanc-mange.

"Jellies and blanc-manges cost only half the price when one gets them in this way, and are more wholesome into the bargain," she said, and proceeded to mix the lobster salad—enough for two dishes she made, and it cost her four shillings. (Mrs. Muddle had paid seven-and-sixpence each for those she ordered of her grand confectioner.) Mrs. Fanshaw's next performance was to blanch a great many sweet almonds, and to stick them *all* over the two sponge-cakes she had ordered in for the purpose. Then she placed them each in rather a deep glass dish, poured a good deal of sherry over them till they were well

soaked, and wound up by making some boiled custard, and pouring that over them; and then she had the tippy-cakes ready. While all these (*i.e.*, cakes, jellies, &c.) were arriving at cool perfection, she got out the things, laid the supper-table, put everything ready, and placed relays in the side-board, and piles of plates and forks and spoons handy. The table looked exceedingly well, what with tall dishes of fruit, and the trifle, the creams and jellies, and crackers, and fowls, and turkey, and beef, and salads, and the coloured Chablis glasses. The effect was quite grand.

By half-past eight Mr. and Mrs. Fanshaw were both dressed, and in the drawing-room; the front bed-room above was ready for any one who wished to apply a few finishing touches before the glass. The supper-room was locked up. There was a neatly-dressed servant (the general servant) ready to open the door, and show the ladies into the smoking-room, where the nurse-maid retailed tea and coffee, or to direct them up-stairs; and everything was ready. Mrs. Fanshaw had even remembered to have the pretty little brass guard placed before the drawing-room fire, in case of an accident to the dancers; and cards were placed on the tables in the back room, and the piano opened in the front.

"The room looks exceedingly well. It's nicely arranged, and gives plenty of room," said Mr. Fanshaw approvingly—"and you look exceedingly well, dear—quite enough dressed to be complimentary to your guests, and not enough to out-shine them."

Whatever was it that made the whole affair so different from her own party, poor Mrs. Muddle wondered, though she was soon able to tell herself as she noticed the clear hall, with the hats and coats stowed away in the room beyond; and the tea-room, in which later there were light refreshments placed, and a sofa on which people could sit and chat. The stairs too were patronised, and a couple of chairs favourable to flirtation placed on the landing. The old folks soon took to their whist, and the rest chatted. "The right people all chance to get together here," she thought, though it was not chance but a little management that did it. Mrs. Fanshaw, too, seemed to have no anxiety, and to be enjoying herself as much as anybody, and so she was.

There was some music at first, while the people strolled about; a little later, and sooner than she had intended it, Mrs. Fanshaw proposed a dance; and in a few minutes Carrie's music mistress, who had been among the guests (for she was a lady, and Mrs. Fanshaw felt for her), and who *did* play at quadrille parties, was seated at the piano, and soon many pairs of feet were going over the nice smooth drugget with a great amount of satisfaction.

It was a bright, pleasant party, and when supper-time came, and the room was unlocked and lighted up, people could not help thinking what a nice and well-filled table it looked. Everything was good, the wine altogether drinkable, and the two servants waited well; and when one or two had finished they went up-stairs, and one or two others came down, so that there was

a gentle stream of well-dressed gobblers until all the multitude had fed.

There was plenty and to spare of everything, enough left to fill the larder for a few days to come, and yet Mrs. Fanshaw had not spent more than half what Mrs. Muddle spent.

After supper there was some more dancing and some more music, a last hand at whist, and a final chat; and when, at three in the morning—for it was such a jolly party, they said, and *would not* go before—every one went, they declared it had been the pleasantest evening they ever remembered.

"It was the management that made it go off so well," Mrs. Muddle owned to her husband. "I shall know what to do next time."

"Oh, dear Mrs. Fanshaw," said Nelly Roberts, all excitement, "it *has* been so nice—and," she whispered, "I'll tell you a secret to-morrow."

"I guess it—Mr. Crawford has pro—" the rest of the speech is lost to the ears of posterity for ever.

"A very nice party; I have spent such a pleasant evening," Mrs. Gomez said, and so they all said; and when they were alone, Mr. and Mrs. Fanshaw congratulated each other with smiling faces, put out the lights, agreed that Tommy and Carrie should have a good stuff off the remains next morning, and then trotted off to bed to sleep the satisfied sleep of the givers of a very SUCCESSFUL EVENING PARTY.

UP THE WHITE NILE.

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN THERE.



WHILE staying at Khartoum, we arranged that after the great pressure of business had passed with the traders who visited the town during the season, and before our return to Egypt, we would take advantage of the offer of some of the European residents

who owned a large trading boat, that we would accompany them on a short excursion and hunting trip up the White Nile, as it was an opportunity that would not present itself often of our seeing that seldom-visited part of the country.

Khartoum is situated on the east bank of the Blue Nile, and about one mile above the junction of that stream with the White Nile. The former river is called "blue," but the colour is really a deep brown, being much more impregnated with the rich earthy matter from the regions from which it flows than its sister stream, which is of a light grey colour. Near Khartoum, when the water is at its full height in July, the Blue Nile is about seven hundred and eighty yards wide, and twenty feet in depth; and the White Nile five hundred and ten yards wide, and fifteen feet deep; the current of both is about two miles an hour.

The situation of the town is low, and unhealthy at most seasons, and were it not for being well embanked, it would be liable to constant inundations at the periodical rise of the river. It possesses many good gardens in which fruits and vegetables are well cultivated, and dense groves of palm and tamarind trees also contribute their stores to the well-supplied market. Most of the houses are constructed of mud-coloured sun-dried brick; the Government stores and principal houses are, however, of well-burnt brick, and rather superior in arrangements; but the best establishment in the town is that of the Catholic Mission, which is built of good brown stone, with a

very superior garden, and schools in which from eighty to a hundred children are educated.

The inhabitants are a great mixture, almost every country in the East having one or more representatives; and during the trading season, numbers of naked and armed negroes from the Bahr il Gazal, and even farther south, jostle with Egyptian and Arab tribes and hunters from the Nubian Desert, traders from the Red Sea, among them a few Persians and natives of India, Abyssinians and warriors from the Galla country—more interested in slave-dealing than in the ostensible bartering of gold, feathers, ivory, or cattle—Greeks, Maltese, French, Germans, Italians, very few English, many Turks, and a good sprinkling of Bashi Bazouks and Arnauts (irregular Turkish troops), who are used as garrisons and collectors of taxes and tribute in the Soudan, which duties they carry out to perfection in the usual overbearing, tyrannical, and plundering fashion peculiar to Turkish officials in distant regions.

On the day fixed for starting on our trip, nearly the whole European community turned out to view our departure, and give us advice of all kinds, although scarcely any of them had ever been more than a few miles out of the town, and only two of our party had been up the White Nile before. Our boat was a large, single-masted, almost flat-bottomed craft, built at the Khartoum arsenal, which is situated a few miles up the White Nile; a spacious cabin reached from the stern to midships, and though somewhat crowded with bundles of bedding, boxes of stores, crammed saddle-bags, rifles, fowling-pieces, ammunition pouches, saddles, &c., afforded ample accommodation for our party of nine. On the cabin-roof were tethered four powerful and fierce dogs from Erment in Upper Egypt, which were tolerably well trained for hunting purposes.

After many farewells and much shouting, our twelve sturdy Khartoum sailors towed our boat down the river, and on rounding the point we entered the White