

Geoffrey gave Dolly, eyeing with suspicious distrust every man who ventured to approach her.

So a few weeks ago she returned to Holme Regis, to bury herself, as her father had done before her, in her library, to write clever and eccentric articles in favour of the emancipation of her sex, and to await with impatience the time when Geoffrey and Dolly and their two boys should pay her their annual visit.

But that visit was never to come off, for before the July sun had turned the green corn the palest yellow, Margaret's restless solitary soul, burdened with riches that were distasteful to her, and longing for a love that was denied her, had passed away.

This time it was Mr. Bruce himself who met Geoffrey and his wife as they landed at Dover, too late for the funeral, but very anxious to learn from him all the particulars of the poor girl's death: how that, taking one of her long solitary rides, against which she had so often been warned, and in which she so greatly delighted, her horse must have taken fright at something—possibly the railway train—and have thrown her. Whatever the cause, she was found, late in the evening, lying in a solitary country lane, not far from the line, just alive, and that was all. Borne carefully home, she had lived through the night, tended by all that thought and money could procure, to die, as Harry had done, with the first rays of morning light.

So much Uncle Tom, with many a sad detail of

interest, told Dolly and Geoffrey before their arrival at the Vicarage; but not till the next morning, when they were rested, did he reveal to them the important fact that by Margaret's will, drawn up with every legal formality, Holme Regis, with all its demesnes and appurtenances, and money sufficient to keep it up, was left to Dorothy Ingram, and to her eldest son after her, "in compliance with the wishes of her beloved brother, Harry Leonard, whose surname she was to take in conjunction with her own."

And here we may as well bid farewell to Geoffrey Ingram and his wife, seeing that we leave them at Holme Regis. Not, however, till they had sought out every remote Leonard relation, and found that the very few existing were old people in a humble class of life, amply, even magnificently, provided for by Margaret's will, would they consent to enter upon the enjoyment of a property which had come to them through so much pain and trouble. As long as they lived it always seemed to them as though they were holding it in trust for Harry, and every improvement, every alteration, was dedicated to him.

As years sped on, and his memory ceased to give any pain, few people felt that there was cause to regret the day when Holme Regis passed once more into the hands of its former owners, the Ingrams—now become, by a different fulfilment of Mrs. Burslem's castle in the air, the Leonard-Ingrams.

THE END.

LONDON FOGS.

BY AN AMATEUR OBSERVER.



THE dreadful fogs which characterised last year have not yet been effaced from the memory of the inhabitants of London. Every one is anxious to prevent if possible the recurrence of the evil, but how is the difficulty. Some suggest stoves that consume their own smoke, but there are such obstacles to this course being adopted, that they may without exaggeration be termed insurmountable. Let any one take an Ordnance map of London and glance at the thickly crammed portion lying to the eastern side: streets crossing and recrossing in a confused labyrinth, and each of these streets holding hundreds of poor people, living almost from hand to mouth. To prevent the fogs by means of the smoke-consuming stoves, every house in this labyrinth must be furnished with a new stove to consume its

own smoke. How are either the people or the landlords to stand the enormous expense? From the East-end of London all our fogs come, and that would have to be the cost of our freedom. May not the remedy, to some, be worse than the disease? Another plan is advocated, and seems more feasible. There is a particular kind of coal which burns with little or no smoke, and this might be exclusively used—by those who can afford it—but look at those who can afford but the cheapest, commonest fuel. How would they manage? If all the West-end of London burnt this coal and the poor burnt the old sort, where would be the good? We should still have our dusky torrent of fog streaming up, mitigated no doubt in a trifling degree, because it would receive no reinforcements on the way up as it does now, but in London properly speaking there would be no material advantage.

Some time ago an ingenious Frenchman wrote to the papers, and suggested that if a balloon was sent up during the thick of a London fog from Regent's or Hyde Park, and a person in the car dropped a package of dynamite, the force of the explosion would cause a rift in the fog, and the air rushing in would disperse it. We are afraid that the windows in Park Lane or Bayswater would suffer more than the fog, and unfortunate persons crossing the park would be

considerably alarmed. A balloon ascent during a bad fog would be very interesting, and would allow observations to be made as to the aerial currents and the smoke-cloud.

Leaving theories, however, we come to facts in connection with our subject. Few people, we believe, notice it (but it is a fact proved by our own careful observation) that there are two distinct kinds of London fogs. In the first, the fog *par excellence*, the air is close, heavy, and pungently suffocating, causing the throat to ache and the eyes to smart. In the second, the air is perfectly clear, but there seems a layer of fog suspended in mid-air, varying in colour from bright yellow-orange to black. The thick London fogs are caused by the presence of a heavy white fog in the valley of the Thames—which rises from the marshy grounds during the chilly night hours. This fog prevents the smoke going up, and as the morning approaches and the smoke from the fresh-lit fires comes out, this heavy blanket-like mist acts as a buffer and thrusts the smoke down. As the volumes of smoke increase, the mist and smoke become thoroughly amalgamated and form that plague of London, our text. In the short winter days the sun has no power to pierce the thick veil, which hangs over the City like a pall. A curious fact connected with these fogs is their locality. When there is a regular thick fog in the City, up in the N.W. parts of London the air is quite clear and fine. This is the case when a N. breeze is just stirring. When the wind is S. or S.E. the fogs up at St. John's Wood are very bad.

Fogs lie frequently in belts; in January, 1879, a regular series of bands lay across the West-end; they were not very dense, but they lay in the same places for several days. Then a fresh W. breeze dispersed them.

In January last, a few days after the snow-storm, we had occasion to go into London. The air at St. John's Wood had been heavy, but when we started it was quite clear. Down the Edgware Road, just by the bridge over the Paddington Canal, there was a stationary belt of thick fog. The omnibus seemed as if it was going straight at a black wall. When we

were in the middle of the belt, the fog was an olive colour.

Before we reached Church Street, a few hundred yards on, the air was quite clear, and we saw the fog we had passed through behind. Crossing the park that same day, we encountered a slowly-moving belt of fog and passed through it.

The "high" fogs differ from those before mentioned. They cause neither the eyes to smart nor the throat to ache. Objects can be clearly discerned at a good distance. They come up in waves at irregular intervals, and vary in colour from pale chrome to olive-green, or (but rarely) black. Our idea is that the same causes produce them as the others, only that the smoke is arrested in its upward course by a stratum of mist at some height from the earth. This refuses to let the smoke ascend freely, but is not so low as to beat it back on the earth. The wave-motion may be attributed to currents of air just moving the smoke, but not so as to disperse it altogether. These fogs often accompany heavy rain or snow-storms. A remarkably dark one occurred in December, 1876, after a severe snow-storm; about 2 p.m. it became perfectly dark, and the wave of darkness lasted about seven minutes, then it became quite bright; another wave followed, but neither was it so dark nor did it last so long as the preceding one. During both there was no fog, strictly so called; the trees could be perfectly well seen outlined, and the lights a quarter of a mile off. Fogs are also occasioned by the shifting of the wind. A few weeks ago, the wind, which had been E. for some time, veered suddenly to W. The long train of smoke, which had been going merrily no doubt before the wind, suddenly found itself faced and driven back by an opposing current. Back it all came, and what is more, hung over London all day, when in the evening the wind went into the old quarter, and the smoke resumed its interrupted journey.

In this brief sketch of foggy weather, we have just noted down the results of years of careful watching of fogs. We have written down our ideas on the subject as plainly as possible, and hope the study of their phenomena may enlighten some who shut the shutters and light the gas when our November enemy comes.

J. ERSKINE.

"GROWING GREY:" A RONDEL.

BY FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

THE wall's warm red is growing grey,
The lichen slowly creeps and lies;
O'er the old house time's finger flies,
O'er gable, roof, and garden-way.
And, darling, there will come a day
When time shall dull thy lucent eyes,

And tinge thy gold hair moonlight-wise;
For all things, love, are growing grey.
Yet check the tearful thoughts that rise.
Have we not love to bless our way?
Love grows not old, love never dies,
Though all things else be growing grey.

