Williamson's arm. He was gripping the reins with one hand, and I could see his bones actually coming through his skin with the terrible grip he held. When we got him landed we had to cut the reins and leave the piece clenched in his grasp. He couldn't open his hand; and when he sat down he fainted away.

"He's dead!" shrieked some silly women. "He's dead!"

"He is *not!*" shouted a gentleman. "Keep quiet, can't you? Come, bear a hand, some of you lasses, and be of use."

I was ready in a minute. We bathed his face, and by slow degrees got his hand unclenched. Miss Mather was carried away in a carriage to the Hall, alive, but terribly injured, we feared. Such a fine, bright, brave girl she was, too. It seemed a thousand pities she should be disfigured.

As soon as Captain Williamson came to his senses he asked for her. We told him Miss Mather was safe and carried home. Then he was quiet, and said, "Did I save her?"

"Yes," replied the young doctor—for the gentleman was a doctor—"you have saved her life."

I wondered how he knew. I looked very much astonished, and asked him about it.

"Hold your tongue, you stupid woman!" said he. "Don't you see we must keep up his spirits? *He* will sink if we don't. He's nearly exhausted, as it is."

"Stupid! Was I? Well, I found out the old shaft, anyway," I muttered.

I then turned away, and went across to Charley as soon as Captain Williamson had been removed. We mounted into the trap and drove back. As we passed the landslip we found that the men had managed to perforate the "deborah,"* and had penetrated into the long sloping tunnel in the hill which led to the workings. We looked in and saw, or fancied we saw, how the accident had happened.

The galloping horse had trodden on the rotten bank, the ground had given way and fallen in a mass, shooting the animal and his rider into the mouth of the tunnel. Most fortunately Miss Mather had been thrown off—flung clear of the horse and the clay and stones—upon the tram-road in the tunnel. Down this she had slid for several yards, and had fallen at last some five feet down a cutting at the side. Had she continued in a forward direction she would have tumbled down the old shaft to the bottom of the mine, and would have been killed. Her groans guided the men to the spot, and she was saved.

Captain Williamson had brain fever. He was very ill for several weeks, but at length recovered. Miss Mather made a wonderful recovery, too, and after she got about again, I was sent for to Wenton Hall, where she was staying, and where Captain Williamson was also being nursed.

I was introduced to her as she was seated in a study, looking at a picture she was painting. I could not help looking at the picture as I entered. Her back was towards me, and I had a good stare at it. I declare it was the "Haunted Wood" of Scarsdale, where I had been many a time as a child. I could not help calling out, and then Miss Margaret turned round.

"Mrs. Farmer?" she said.

"That is me, miss," said I; "and right glad to see you up and about again."

"Thank you," she said. "Now, Mrs. Farmer, do you remember what Captain Williamson said before he went into that terrible shaft?"

"Yes, miss; he said no one but him should save you."

"I don't mean that," she replied, with a blush. "I mean something about a reward——"

"Oh! he said he'd give me some money if I could help him to rescue you, miss; but of course one thinks nothing about that."

(I *had* thought of it, though, I must confess—for clothes are getting dearer, I believe.)

"Well, *he* has thought of it; and here is a note for you. Take it, please. Now come and tell me how you like my picture."

"It's beautiful, miss; the very place; it's the 'Haunted Wood' itself. I remember it well. I could tell you a story about that!"

"Oh, do!" she cried, "I love a mystery. But first let me tell you that this picture is for you and your husband in recognition of your kindness. Will you accept it? Captain Williamson and I both wish it."

"Thank you, miss, a hundred times; you are most kind; and may you and the captain be a very happy couple. God bless you!"

"I pray it may be so," she said softly. "I am sure we *shall* be happy, Mrs. Farmer. I hope I deserve to be his wife."

* Our worthy contributor means *débris*, we believe.—EDITOR.

"FLATTING" IN AMERICA.

TO flat or not to flat? That was the question. Whether it were better to save a few steps by living on earth, or gain sunshine and a view by climbing towards heaven? Could we do without a garden? Would interiorly-potted vines at our windows compensate us for the vagrant grace, the gipsy light and shadow of earth-rooted ones? Would our friends willingly *climb* to see us, or would they consider us descending the social scale by as many steps as ascended from the street door to our own? Would even our own relatives—who couldn't cut us, though they yearned so to do with unspeakable yearning—would they shoot out the

lip at us, and roll up the eye, if we established our Lares and Penates under the same roof with strange domestic gods?

These were but a fraction of the questions we asked ourselves before the Flat, as opposed to the Cottage, carried the day. Perhaps even then the cottage might have had the majority of votes—for the cottage *orné* is a prominent feature of our Boston suburban civilisation—but for the years we had "flatted" in Paris. The memory of the unbroken quiet, the complete convenience, the perfect seclusion, as of one's own independent vine and fig-tree, enjoyed for so many years over the sea, finally decided us to try a system entirely new to us in our native land, and, indeed, of but few years' acquaintance even to our country-people, who have been taking their ease in their own inns during all the years we were both easy and uneasy in foreign ones.

Flats are only growing into favour in American cities, and their proportion to other modes of living is about the same as in England—that is, vastly less than in Paris. As a rule, Americans cling to the old habit of a bit of garden-space, no matter how small; to the old manner of the washing done at home, and dried upon "the estate"; to the old manner of a cellar all to one's self, and a "wood-shed," where knockings and poundings and splittings may not incense neighbours above or below.

We, however, didn't care to pound anything, our chief skill in that direction being upon nails not of iron. We had had no personal interest in a clothes-line for years, and had forgotten what a cellar was like. We liked everything that could be done for us outside done there, and without the co-operation of even our eyes and ears; and therefore, finally, between a pretty little cottage and a flat, both of the same rent, we decided upon the latter, it having one room more than the former.

We moved into our flat in high glee.

"Good luck to our flat," sang Charlie, as we unpacked casts and pictures that last saw the light in Woburn Square, moved by our usual principle of taking care of the beautiful first, in faith that the useful will always take care of itself.

By degrees our glee abated, as glee, even when best founded, is sure to do. It abated, but did not leave us disconsolate, for we knew in advance that there are bitters to every sweet, even to that of an American flat!

Let us look about us and count our conveniences. We have six nice rooms, reasonably spacious, a roomy bath, and closets and pantries in profusion. We are three flights from the street, with two flats below, none above us, and but three families served by the wide stairway. On the roof—a flight of stairs above us—stands a glass house, or at least one so generously bewindowed as to seem so, one where, in inclement weather, the linen may be dried of any family who clings to the ancient prejudice that washing is better done at home than elsewhere. Outside this glass house is a generous space, defended by a machicolated wall, like a Gothic castle, where, in fine weather, the family linen may disport itself in the sunshine. That American families, as a rule, even when adopting the new flat system, still cling to their "Monday's wash," is proved by the countless roofs just above the level of our ordinary vision, during the first few days of every week, when roof after roof seems tearing its thick white hair in a very delirium, or giving space to white ballets more active than graceful!

Our drawing-room has two bow windows, looking far away over hundreds of roofs, in unbroken perspective, to the distant hills. It is a pretty drawing-room, but, alas, how Philistine! The chimney-piece is cold, white marble; cold and white is the wood-work; the wall-paper white and gold, costing, our landlord impressively announces, three dollars the roll! In the library is another world-embracing bow window; in the dining-room another, all four facing different ways, being enabled to do so from the position of our flat at an end of the block, and affording evidence of the universal American love of these showy architectural features. Water, of course, is laid on all over the building; and a chute behind the kitchen range sends all ashes and kitchen refuse flying into a bin three storeys below, from whence the ash-man removes them every morning. The chute is probably intended *only* for kitchen refuse; nevertheless it refuses nothing offered to its amiable maw, and swallows ancient raiment, broken statuary, decrepit chairs and tables, as smilingly as ashes and potato-skins. Once the kitten went in, over-persuaded by a juvenile Curious-Impertinent. The kitten came out again, having, by dint of claws and falsetto expostulations, convinced some of us elders that the chute of an American flat is not a proper passage to the feline paradise.

As in Paris, our coal-bins are down-stairs—three of them, one for each flat—upon the ground floor. In Paris, our *concierge*, for a consideration, brought the day's coals up to us every morning. Here in Cambridge the *concierge* is unbuyable, for the simple and cogent reason that *there is no concierge!* This fact is to us one of the most curious and inconvenient proofs of the high cost of labour in this country, and the consequent habit of Americans to do things for themselves that in Europe are invariably done by servants. Englishmen travelling in this country are aghast at being frequently compelled to black their own boots; and Matthew Arnold nearly starved to death because he waited to be waited upon at railway restaurants, instead of snatching and grabbing for himself, *à l'Américaine.* So in these flat houses of moderate price, the proprietor never imagines it his business to provide a janitor. With a speaking-tube connected with the front door, every flat manages its own social and practical business with the street; and a cord or wire from every flat opens the closed general door with ease. The halls and stairs are kept in spotless order by a woman who comes from outside twice a week; during the rest of the time they are left to their own devices. A curious result of this lack of a janitor shows in our dealings with the postman, or "letter-carrier," as he is invariably called in

this country. Three or four times a day comes a ring at our bell—a ring in no way different from every other ring through the day. We haste to the speaking-tube, and cry blithely, not "*Qui va?*" not "*Qui vive?*" not even "Who's there?" but the simple, airy interrogative—"Yes?"

Up from far regions below comes a deep-mouthed bay—for so it always seems—"Letters!"

Thereupon we trip from our flat upon the wide landing outside, so much wider than Parisian ones, as all American spaces are. Outside, a familiar basket awaits us, one kept for exactly such occasions as this. The basket we proceed to let down by a long cord into the well of the lower hall, drawing it up a moment later charged with whatever Uncle Sam's mail may have transmitted to us.

Those who have never tried it cannot imagine the peculiar mental impressions, and emotional ones too, caused by sight of one's letters swirling dizzily up from a well, and drawn hand over hand from out the infinite possibilities of weal or woe, of good fortune or bad, of disappointment and disaster, of comedy and tragedy, that life holds. Far down we see a wide-bordered mourning letter, writhing and twisting up with the twisting cord; and a thousand black terrors gather about, as we think of first one and then another of our absent dear ones, whose going must leave us desolate. The black-bordered messenger may but bid us to the funeral of some indifferent acquaintance; and we should have known as much at sight had we received it from the postman's hands; but for a space of three or four minutes it has been a black spectre to our souls. The yellow envelope, we are sure, is a lawyer's letter telling of our accession to Aunt Stingee's fortune; and until we see a mercer's address on the corner, we can hardly draw up our basket for exultation. When bundles of newspapers dance up, we are sure our manuscript ignominiously comes back from the unappreciative publisher; and when that manuscript really does come, we draw airily, convinced that nothing but newspapers load the wicker vehicle.

Another time may come a ring at our bell. Anticipating letters or a friendly call, down again goes our sweetly-tubed "Yes?" Then from the regions of mystery below comes the pungent query—"Got enny rags, bottles, papers?"

Like the majority of Americans of but moderate means, and unlike Englishwomen of the same, we keep no servants. Neither have we an elevator, or lift, as more expensive flats have. Hence it becomes necessary to employ a *femme de ménage*, who comes to us at six every morning, and leaves us only after the dinner is cleared away at night. This woman is "an American of African descent." She does all our errands, and, indeed, all our household work save cooking. This she absolutely refuses to touch, declaring she "ain't nobuddy's cook, and don't pretend to be nothing but a fust-class scrub-lady!" When we go out we never dare leave this dusky Phillis in charge of our door-bell and speaking-tube, lest she yell some *bêtise* down to the most ceremonious of our visitors, or invite the rag-and-bottle man up to admire our new piano. So we leave a card over the door-plate bearing our name, and directly under the tube belonging to it, with the word "*Out*" upon the card. Thus the blessed assurance broods over our souls that our friends may not hear from the world above—

"Ain't no use your comin' up; 'she' ain't to home!"

In France our matron was always "madame." In England she has been known to be "the missis." In this land of the brave and home of the free all titles fall from her, and leave her in the primæval simplicity of "she."

Various features of our American flatting are vastly different from anything in English housekeeping. Our pretty hand-painted china is manufactured in France expressly for a Boston firm, so we read inscribed upon the reverse side of every article of it. We should know this without the assurance, because of the generous preserve saucers that are a part of it, and the tiny round plates for butter, known in America as "individuals," because every individual is supplied with one as naturally as with his cup and saucer. So, too, unlike English ways, our baked-bean pot is almost the largest of our food-containing vessels, while our "'larsis-jug"—*vide* our scrub-lady—is a larger treacle-jug than perhaps ever sweetened an English *ménage* the size of ours since the world began. Molasses goes into our almost daily gingerbread—into cookies, Johnny-cake, apple sauce, Graham gems, barberry preserves, brown bread; even into our baked beans! Nevertheless, treacle tart—that climax of our English boarding-school bliss—is an unknown luxury here; and the very description of it is received with sniffs of tip-tilted nose that remind us of our long-ago sniffs and tip-tiltings at the description of English pork pies.

Pork pies! Such a horror they were to me for a time that I conceived an æsthetic and, for a long time, immovable antipathy against the Empress of the French, hearing her described as wearing a pork-pie hat! How absolutely ridiculous and unreasonable that prejudice seemed to my English schoolmates, I since have had reason to realise by my own virtuous wrath and contempt at an Englishman who in my presence called our beloved Yankee dough-nuts "beastly things—all grease!"

"If you never ate any other than 'greasy' dough-nuts," I answered, with highly superior air, "you have no right to express any opinion whatever concerning dough-nuts!"

DELIVERANCE DINGLE.