

mother usually worked. In a few moments Bob followed her. When he came back he was in a very sad and emotional mood. Anybody could see that there had been a parting of profound anguish to both.

"She is not coming back to-night," he said.

"You will see her to-morrow before you go?" said her mother.

"I may or I may not," he replied. "Father and Mrs. Loveday, do you go to bed now. I have got to look over my things and get ready; and it will take me some little time. If you should hear noises you will know it is only myself moving about."

When Bob was left alone he suddenly became brisk, and set himself to overhaul his clothes and other possessions in a business-like manner. By the time that his chest was packed, such things as he meant to leave at home folded into cupboards, and what was useless destroyed, it was past two o'clock. Then he went to bed, so softly that only the creak of one weak stair revealed his passage upward. At the moment that he passed Anne's chamber-door her mother was bending over her as she lay in bed, and saying to her, "Won't you see him in the morning?"

"No, no," said Anne. "I would rather not see him. I have said that I may. But I shall not. I cannot see him again."

When the family got up next day Bob had vanished. It was his way to disappear like this, to avoid affecting scenes at parting. By the time that they had sat down to a gloomy breakfast, Bob was in the boat of a Weymouth waterman, who pulled him alongside the guard-ship in the roads, where he laid hold of the man-rope, mounted, and disappeared from external view. In the course of the day the ship moved off, set her royals, and made sail for Portsmouth, with five hundred new hands for the service on board, consisting partly of pressed men and partly of volunteers, among the latter being Robert Loveday.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A SPECK ON THE SEA.

IN parting from John, who accompanied him to the quay, Bob had said: "Now, Jack, these be my last words to you: I give her up. I go away on purpose, and I shall be away a long time. If in that time she should list over towards ye ever so little, mind you take her. You have more right to her than I. You chose her when my mind was elsewhere, and you best deserve her; for I have never known you forget one woman, while I've forgot a dozen. Take her then, if she will come, and God bless both of ye."

Another person besides John saw Bob go. That was Derriman, who was standing by a bollard a little farther up the quay. He did not repress his satisfaction at the sight. John looked towards him with an open gaze of contempt; for the cuffs administered to the yeoman at the inn had not, so far as the trumpet-major was aware, produced any desire to avenge that insult, John being, of course, quite ignorant that Festus had erroneously retaliated upon Bob, in his peculiar, though scarcely soldierly way. Finding that he did not even now approach him, John went on his way, and

thought over his intention of preserving intact the love between Anne and his brother.

He was surprised when he next went to the mill to find how glad they all were to see him. From the moment of Bob's return to the bosom of the deep, Anne had no existence on land; people might have looked at her human body and said she had flitted thence. The sea and all that belonged to the sea was her daily thought and her nightly dream. She had the whole two-and-thirty winds under her eye, each passing gale that ushered in returning autumn being mentally registered; and she acquired a precise knowledge of the directions in which Portsmouth, Brest, Ferrol, Cadiz, and other such likely places lay. Instead of saying her own familiar prayers at night she substituted with some confusion of thought the Forms of Prayer to be used at sea. John at once noticed her lorn, abstracted looks, pitied her,—how much he pitied her!—and asked when they were alone if there was anything he could do.

"There are two things," she said with almost childish eagerness in her tired eyes.

"They shall be done."

"The first is to find out if Captain Hardy has gone back to his ship; and the other is—oh, if you will do it, John!—to get me newspapers whenever possible."

After this dialogue John was absent for a space of three hours, and they thought he had gone back to barracks. He entered, however, at the end of that time, took off his forage cap, and wiped his forehead.

"You look tired, John," said his father.

"Oh no." He went through the house till he had found Anne Garland.

"I have only done one of the things," he said to her.

"What, already? I didn't hope for or mean to-day."

"Captain Hardy is gone from Portisham. He left some days ago. We shall soon hear that the fleet has sailed."

"You have been all the way to Portisham on purpose. How good of you!"

"Well, I was anxious to know myself when Bob is likely to leave. I expect now that we shall soon hear from him."

Two days later he came again. He brought a newspaper, and what was better, a letter for Anne, franked by the first lieutenant of the *Victory*.

"Then he's aboard her," said Anne, as she eagerly took the letter.

It was short, but as much as she could expect in the circumstances, and informed them that the captain had been as good as his word, and had gratified Bob's earnest wish to serve under him. The ship, with Admiral Lord Nelson on board, and accompanied by the frigate *Euryalus*, was to sail in two days for Plymouth, where they would be joined by others, and thence proceed to the coast of Spain.

Anne lay awake that night thinking of the *Victory*, and of those who floated in her. To the best of Anne's calculation that ship of war would, during the next twenty-four hours, pass within a few miles of where she herself then lay. Next to seeing Bob, the thing that would give her more pleasure than any other in the world, was to see the vessel that con-

tained him—his floating city, his sole dependence in battle and storm—upon whose safety from winds and enemies hung all her hope.

The next day was Weymouth market, and in this she saw her opportunity. A carrier went from Overcombe at six o'clock, and having to do a little shopping for herself in Weymouth, she gave it as a reason for her intended day's absence, and took a place in the van. When she reached the town it was still early morning, but the borough was already in the zenith of its daily bustle and show. The King was always out-of-doors by six o'clock, and such cock-crow hours at Gloucester Lodge produced an equally forward stir among the population. She alighted and passed down the esplanade, as fully thronged by persons of fashion at this time of mist and level sunlight as a watering-place in the present day is at four in the afternoon. Dashing bucks and beaux in cocked hats, black feathers, ruffles, and frills, stared at her as she hurried along; the beach was swarming with bathing-women, wearing waistbands that bore the national refrain, "God save the King" in gilt letters; the shops were all open, and Sergeant Stanner, with his sword-stuck bank-notes and heroic gaze, was beating up at two guineas and a crown, the crown to drink his Majesty's health.

She soon finished her shopping, and then, crossing over into the old town, pursued her way along the coast-road to Portland. At the end of an hour she had been rowed across the Fleet (which then lacked the convenience of a bridge), and reached the base of Portland Hill. The steep incline before her was dotted with houses, showing the pleasant peculiarity of one man's doorstep being behind his neighbor's chimney, and slabs of stone as the common material for walls, roof, floor, pig-stye, stable-manger, door-scraper, and garden-gate. Anne gained the summit, and followed along the central track over the huge lump of free-stone which forms the peninsula, the wide sea prospect extending as she went on. Weary with her journey, she approached the extreme southerly peak of rock, and gazed from the cliff at Portland Bill.

(To be continued.)

Talks with Girls.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

"SOCIETY" GIRLS.



THE poorest use to which a girl can put herself is to become what is popularly known as a "society" girl; for it is the hardest of work, with the least compensation. Society, cultivated at first from the fascination and pleasure which woos the pretty and attractive young girl at the entrance to what seems to be a perpetual round of gaiety and amusement, is soon discovered to be a

madly rushing whirlpool, from whose enthrallment it is almost impossible to escape, and which exhausts life and strength faster than standing in a shop—faster than any amount of hard work. This is not over-stated. The history of society girls—those who are seen everywhere, who attend balls and parties, who keep late hours, who eat late suppers—is the same, at least in large cities, and it is not very different in smaller towns. Five years is as long as they hold out; if they are deficient in health and vitality to begin with, one, two, or three years is enough to do the work. Many die of consumption, some are prostrated by debility, others succumb to the modern nervous disorders which attack the stronghold of life so insidiously that no one knows what has been done until the citadel has been undermined, and its forces given in to the hands of the enemy.

Of course no one begins with the intention of digging their own grave in this idiotic way. The wine-drinker never begins with the intention of being a drunkard; social pressure is brought to bear continually, vanity is flattered, and the danger is all the greater because it is not realized. Who carries an umbrella, or looks out for a storm in fair weather? and if the sky were to always remain clear there would be no necessity for preparation for storms at all.

But even in the midst of the brightness, girls of any sense or intellect feel distressed at the waste of the young, strong, bright years, in such a hard, yet purposeless routine. Time keeps sounding the pitiless gone, going, gone; and nothing remains for the vanishing years to show but some mortifications and heart-breaks, pieces of torn tulle, some faded (artificial) flowers, a legacy of corns from tight shoes, and a blank future. Occasionally a beauty and a belle will be "snapped up" within the first few years of her career by some courageous man. There is no attempt to disguise the fact that this is the expectation and main object of society girls in general; it can not well be otherwise. But the chances are no more than would occur in a lottery, and the success—what is it? If the man is rich, the young wife becomes his property—part of his establishment—with only so much of individual existence as he chooses to allow her. If poor, she very often becomes a complaining and unhappy drudge, or sinks into listlessness because she is unfit to perform the natural duties of her position, and her means are too narrow, her resources too small to permit of much social excitement or activity.

But if this is success, what can be said of failure? Of days growing into weeks, weeks into months, months into years, and passing never to return; taking with them youth, beauty, brightness, and leaving premature age, embittered by slights, neglects, wounded feeling, a tortured heart, a perpetual sense that the past is gone and cannot be recalled; that it has been thrown away upon what has left only a bad taste in the mouth, and that even the one possibility of a husband is daily becoming more remote.

For young men fight shy of society girls; the cost of keeping them is too great. The

only person who dare approach them with a view to matrimony, is the successful middle-aged man who has killed the wife of his youth in his struggle to get rich, and who now thinks he can afford the luxury of a "high-stepping one," as he can of a fine house or a pair of trotters.

There is one other class, the ambitious professional men, who sometimes marry society girls less for themselves, however, than their "connections"—the girl may not have money, and the gentleman gets all the credit for disinterestedness, but all the same he expects to strengthen his position and influence through his new relations with an influential circle, and he considers the chances worth the risk which her habits of living and spending may entail upon him. It is possible that the risk may not be so great as he imagines.

Girls, even in society, very often get the credit of being extravagant when they are in reality economical. There are girls who make their own bonnets, who design and work the trimming for their dresses, and in fact rarely get anything more than the cast-off garments of some other and wealthier relative—who pass for idle, luxurious and incapable, and are proud of it; they would not have the truth known for the world. Such pride is false and unworthy, and they must suffer the consequences—the consequences are to be mistaken, misapprehended, and finally neglected; or they are perhaps to sacrifice herself finally, as she does now the best of herself, to what seems to her the actual necessity for keeping up certain traditions before the world, for which the world does not respect her half so much as it would for an exhibition of truth and honesty.

There is some excuse for the girls. An American society girl is really a charming object for five years (if she does not break down in that time), that is to say, between eighteen and twenty-three. After that, every one begins to talk of her as "getting pretty well along."

Life is very, very short after all, though it seems so long when we start out upon it. Twenty-five years is about the average of working life, the years between twenty-five and fifty. What we have not done, or carefully prepared for before fifty, we shall not accomplish afterward. To all practical intents and purposes, life ends for us at the close of half a century, though after this, for us may come the harvest, the garnering of what we have planted during our more active working days. It is at about twenty-five therefore, that the serious aspects of life begin to present themselves, and we cannot escape them, even though floating in the misty atmosphere of fashionable society, and still subject to some of its illusions.

The girl may still be brilliant, more brilliant possibly for having become a trifle bitter; but she cannot help knowing that her life as yet affords no foundation upon which to build a useful or honorable future, and that any effort in that direction is daily growing more difficult. What must her life be between twenty-five and fifty, that quarter of a century, so full of hope and splendid promise to

men, so destitute of all interest, so pitifully sad to the majority of unmated women, who are reproached with being idle, yet are not permitted to work by the society code.

There is still the chance of marriage growing smaller day by day, but then her ideas have changed, and she is less ignorant. Must she sit down and play second fiddle to a married sister—take care of her babies, and wear her cast-off clothes? Must she grow into years at home, gradually losing her hold upon those things which constitute her world, and having nothing to fill the place? Must she make a business of religion, or a profession of philanthropy in order to have an object of interest, or be cut off even from these, for want of the independent resources necessary to carry on a work, even one from which no return in kind is expected?

Poor girl, what a muddle she thinks the whole thing is,—and what is the use of living at all, anyway. Life for her, in effect, ended when she was a baby of six years and went to dancing-school balls in pink silk and lace, and carried a fan and bouquet in her exquisitely-gloved little hands. She experienced then all she has known since of gratified vanity,—pleasure in a dainty toilet, a taste of power, and the fascination of such charms as appeal to the senses. She ate her fruit when it was green, and hardly cared for it when it was ripe, and now it is turning to dead ashes in her hands. "Is this all?" she asks wearily, feeling that she has exhausted life at the threshold.

Poor, poor girl! The only hope for her is in taking the back track—in the sudden and unlooked-for realization of a woman's destiny—in the fortunate discovery before it is too late, of the miserable falsity and pitifulness of the life she is leading, and the determination to turn it to better account. It is hard to do that sometimes,—habit is against it, friends may be against it, society is against it, and almost more than human strength is required to successfully battle against the forces from within, and the pressure from without—and our society girl is very human. She is not of the stuff of which martyrs are made, so she drifts into an indifferent marriage, or into dependence upon relatives, or into a small legacy, or to California, or Colorado, or somewhere, and ends her life with but little recognition on the part of her idol, that she was ever one of its most ardent devotees.

The society girl is not a creature to be blamed or envied, but one to be pitied—she pays a high price for the few years of empty brightness which she enjoys, nothing less than herself, the best that is in her, and the best that could have been gotten out of her. For the direction which her life took she is hardly responsible,—that was in the beginning the fault of her mother, perhaps of both her parents, or of the circumstances of her education and surroundings. From these, strong as they are, there are occasionally girls strong enough to break away, but naturally they are exceptions. One whose name I could give, the daughter of a millionaire, has been thoroughly taught painting for which she has a great deal of natural talent, and could earn an excellent livelihood if nec-

essary. It was her mother's idea that instead of taking it up for a pastime, she should make serious work of it; and she has done so; and though her work is given away, principally to her friends, the necessity for earning money not having been laid upon her, yet it is highly valued by artists, and is a source of such growing satisfaction to herself, as to have largely taken the place of her former useless round of occupations and methods of killing time.

Another elegant young girl, a beauty and a belle, took a course of kindergarten instruction after she left school. She was not strongly opposed in this, but she received no sympathy. Subsequently, out of gifts and pocket-money, she hired a room, and collected about a dozen little waifs in it, to whom for three hours in the day she gave instruction, and a most useful and beautiful kind of training, closing her exercises each day with some slight refection if her funds would permit, such as an apple, and piece of gingerbread. Her injunctions failed to bring them clean, so she provided a washstand and towels and made them clean. Their clothing was often rags, so she begged and sewed for them, and soon accomplished wonders—even the parents of the children were influenced, and after a while allowed their neglected little ones to retain the clothing she gave them, neither selling nor pawning it; and one must have had an experience among such a class, to understand the extent of this self-denial and the respect which inspired it. "Did the young lady cease to be a society girl?" No, she did not, and this was the most interesting part of it. Only a few of her friends knew of her "eccentricity," as it was called, and very many of them considered her a rather outspoken "girl of the period,"—pretty, stylish, but inclined to be extravagant, and with no thought beyond her own adornments. They were greatly surprised when she was finally sought in marriage by a serious, noble-minded man, of high position and large means, a widower of thirty-two or three with a child, who becoming acquainted with her work by accident, had quietly watched it, and decided that if she was to be won, this graceful, unpretending girl, with her strong good sense and faculty for being useful, who did good for pastime, and blushed to have it known, was the sort of mother he wanted for his gentle little girl, to replace the one she had lost.

So she became a step-mother, a young but immensely successful one. But she did not desert or neglect her kindergarten. "No," she said, "how can I? for it was not in society, but through my work that I found my happiness."

From the German.

DEATH censure's heavy frown,
Our hearts discouraged close,
As when the rain pours down,
Shuts up the frightened rose,
But opens to the tender dew,
So hearts to kindness open too.
In friendship's blue their balm unfold,
But shrink away from censure's cold.

The Home of Paul and Virginia.



THE early years of the sixteenth century were marked by a great and sudden impetus in the matter of maritime discovery. The closing hours, so to speak, of the fifteenth, had given to the restless, turbulent millions of the Old World a new and boundless field, America, in which to satisfy the craving for wealth, conquest, and self-aggrandizement that had not ceased with the decline of chivalry.

In the ranks of these adventurous and daring pioneers the Portuguese were foremost. First to double the Stormy Cape—afterward to them a Cape of Good Hope—they were the first whose ships cleft the waters of the Indian Ocean, and whose navigators opened up the wealth of India to the commerce of modern Europe, that might almost have lamented with Philip of Macedon that there were no more worlds to conquer, so well and so persistently had all the then known avenues to wealth and honor been worked.

In 1505, a Portuguese navigator, Dom Pedro de Mascareguas, a noted adventurer, while on a voyage to India, discovered an island five hundred miles east of Madagascar and seventy-five miles northeast of the Isle de Bourbon, which was named by him Cerné. No attempt, however, was made by his government to avail itself of this new acquisition. Beyond the landing of a few domestic animals, the progenitors of the wild creatures still found in the more retired parts of the island, and making of it a halting-place for their ships employed in the Eastern trade, to renew their supplies of water, nothing was done, and no proclamation of the discovery was made, the Portuguese evidently hoping to keep the matter a secret.

In the then state of commercial and naval enterprise, this was not, however, long possible, though it would appear that they managed to hold it unmolested for upward of ninety years—or, rather, no other nation happened to find the place, which is but a speck in the vast expanse of the Indian Ocean.

But in 1598, a fleet of eight ships, under Admiral Wybrand van Warwick, left the Texel, bound for Batavia. Off the Cape they were dispersed by a violent tempest, and on the 17th of September following, the admiral's ship sighted an unknown island—unknown, because it was not laid down in any of the charts of the period. The Dutch used great caution in landing, being fearful of savages, but, after finding a most spacious harbor on the southeast coast, and adopting every precaution against surprise, a strong party of sailors and soldiers took up a commanding position. The next day boats were sent out to reconnoitre the other parts of the island and to search for traces of inhabitants. The various parties discovered numbers of animals and birds, all of which were remarkably tame; also water in plenty and a most luxuriant vegetation. On the rocky shore was found

the remains of a large vessel, which proved conclusively that at some former period a noble ship and her human freight had here met their grave. No trace of human beings, however, was found. The entire island was as solitary and uninhabited as when Dom Pedro had first landed on its shores ninety-three years previously. After the customary thanksgiving to the Almighty for having brought them to so commodious a harbor of refuge, the admiral named the island Mauritius, after Count Maurice of Nassau, then Statholder of Holland, and the harbor, Warwick Harbor, after himself. On his departure he left no settlers on the island, but affixed the arms of Holland to a tree as a token of the owners of the new discovery. The next year he returned, and some steps were taken looking toward its permanent colonization. But it was not till 1644 that the Dutch finally assumed sovereignty over Mauritius, and made a real settlement on its shores. The first governor, Van der Mester, introduced some of the natives of the neighboring island of Madagascar, as slaves, to assist in the cultivation of the soil; but these people, being of a hardy and independent spirit, refused to be enslaved, made their escape to the more mountainous parts, and so harassed the Dutch by their constant depredations that about the beginning of the eighteenth century the island was formally abandoned to its savage and untamable inhabitants.

The French, who seized and colonized it about 1710, changed its name to Isle of France.

During the French occupation occurred the memorable shipwreck which furnished to Bernardin de St. Pierre the incident upon which he founded his pathetic gem of a love story, *Paul and Virginia*, the entire scheme of which is laid in this island. Mauritius was then but little known, and the descriptions of St. Pierre are all the fruit of his imagination, but the touching incident has invested the far-away island with an atmosphere of romance that still clings to it despite the lapse of years.

In the year 1744, pestilence, drought, and consequent famine had wrought sad havoc in the island, and the next year the French man-of-war, *St. Geran*, was dispatched from home laden with provisions for the relief of the suffering people. Late one fine afternoon Mauritius was sighted, and the night proving to be moonlight, the captain, M. de la Marre, was desirous of profiting by it to enter what has since been known as Tombeau Bay or the Bay of Tombs.

In this, however, he was dissuaded, and was advised to remain outside till morning, which, unfortunately, he did. Entirely ignorant of the coast, M. de la Marre, who throughout showed himself possessed of greater honor and bravery than seamanship, allowed his vessel to drift upon a most dangerous reef about three miles from land. At all times there is a tremendous surf running at this point, and the hapless *St. Geran* was driven helplessly among the breakers, and in a very short time the vessel parted in the middle. The crew used every effort to lower the boats, but to no purpose. Some were dashed in pieces by the waves, others were crushed by the falling spars, and in a