

in hell, that did not seem good to me beside that woman. I felt I must kill her, if it were only to rid the world of such a pest. There was a sense all through me that her death would rest completely something that was tired and worn out, all inside my veins and nerves; as if her blood would cool some fever that had been accumulating for years. Perhaps I have never forgiven her the unnecessary cruelty of our courting days. Perhaps it is only the tortures she has inflicted since marriage which affected my very flesh. At any rate, the longing for revenge was perfectly satisfied by the act. At each blow I gave her the other night, the black cloud that had hung over my heart lightened, and I believe—God forgive me!—that I kissed her when I left her!

"Love her?" he cried passionately, after a pause, and rising from his seat. "Yes, a thousand times more than before I gave her those cowardly stabs. I feel like a parent who has been forced to beat the child he loves most in the world. But I—unhappy wretch!—have committed murder, and, instead of hurting her a little, have destroyed the only thing that makes life tolerable. For without her life will be intolerable, that I know. Ah, why did I hurry away! What a fool I was! After being such a coward as to touch a woman, I might have had the courage to face it out. But my mind was in a whirl, and something—somebody—said: 'Get a horse, quick, and fly!' And so I did. Could it have been Lou said that?"

Pierre stared out fixedly into space, with the round-eyed look of a man trying with all the might of his memory to recall a scene. Our host had been watching him breathlessly during the recital; whenever I stole a glance at Clark's hairy face I could see that he was not the least moved of the company. A few moments before Pierre stopped, however, Clark's eyes narrowed into a crafty expression, and, rising softly, he opened and ransacked a small drawer in a chest near the wall. His manner was so peculiar that it attracted my attention. From the drawer he extracted certain large cigars of a dark colour, and during the next few moments, while charging glasses and refilling tumblers, he managed to substitute one of these for the fresh cigar lying on the chair or table which stood by each man's seat. Brown took up his and lighted it. Randall followed suit, and held the cigar to his nose, at the same time raising his eyebrows in the direction of Clark. Our host nodded, as if to say: "Try it; it's first-rate," and as he caught my glance, relapsed into his chair unobtrusively. I, too, snatched my cigar, and placed it unlighted between my lips. While Pierre stood gazing, in deep thought, Clark came round to me with a lighted match for my cigar. After a moment's hesitation, I took it, and lit the tobacco. It had a pungent and very peculiar odour, so that I thought it wisest to pretend to smoke it without doing so. My precaution was justified a moment after. Brown's head had fallen back on his chair, his mouth was open, and he was in a dead sleep. The cigar lay on the ground. Randall had folded his arms upon the table, and his long breathing told that something—perhaps the whisky and the monotonous voice of the speaker, perhaps something else—had sent him into a heavy slumber. I was drowsy myself. The room was close and warm. I threw my arms over the back of the chair near me, and, laying my head so that I could see every one on opening my eyes, shut them close, and soon was in a state of semi-consciousness which was not sleep, but certainly was not being wide awake.

Pierre at last roused himself from thought. "Yes, gentlemen," he continued, blind to the fact that he had talked a long while and that most of his audience could not hear him. "I am not only a criminal, but a vile coward to have run away. Oh," he cried with a sudden turn of feeling, "I must see her even if she is dead. But what keeps me here? Let us go back at once."

"No, you won't," said Clark, rising up and seizing Pierre by the coat. "You won't do so such thing."

"Good heaven! I had forgot. I am a prisoner. But we are going back, anyhow. Cannot these gentlemen understand my position and take me back now?"

"These gentlemen," answered Clark, with a decisive gesture at our sleeping forms, "are not able to get into a saddle, not to say sit in one. Besides, they have no orders to bring you back."

Here he grinned in Pierre's face and caught himself under the chin in an ugly and suggestive manner. Pierre turned a little pale.

"Sooner or later," he said firmly, "it makes little difference, except that I must see Lou before I die. Must I—I am a prisoner."

"Wal, now, pard," said Clark, moved by the sharp tone of despair, "I reckon you wouldn't flinch at the last, would ye? But as for being a prisoner—What made ye take old man Joey's mare?"

"I took the first horse that came to hand. I meant to send it back."

"Well, I believe you, and thought you was square from the first. I don't mind the woman so much—that's none of my business—but the mare! I tell you it ud go ag'in my grain to help a boss-thief!"

"No, no, no; of course I'm no horse-thief," said Pierre impatiently. "But what do you mean by help?" His face had grown bright with hope.

"Aha," said Clark, "now you see light ahead. Go back to Jocyltown indeed,—not much! Do you see them fellows? Opium—opium did it. Just a whiff of it and off they

go as sound as woodchucks, and good till 12 o'clock to-morrow morning. Now, then, you just hop on to my horse, take the road I tell you, and light out. They'll never ketch you, or my name ain't Clark."

Pierre said nothing, but his face was joyous with a solemn kind of gladness. He only grasped Clark's thick hand and shook it over and over again. They disappeared at once from the room. To all intents and purposes I was asleep,—at least so I argued to myself—and had no call to interrupt their proceedings. My best occupation was sleep, and to this I turned with such entire success that the sun was high in the heavens before we discovered our bird was flown.

Brown, Randall and I rode into Jocyltown at a sharp pace the next day with the missing mare, and didn't care to talk to anybody until we got into the bar-room, where we told our story. I was surprised to find how little effect it had upon the audience. Instead of breaking out into curses against Pierre, they received the news of his escape very much in the light of a good joke on us. Old Joey never knew what a joke was, or else thought it was some form of expense to laugh, and therefore systematically refrained. There was a peculiar vein of regret in his voice, when he said:

"I suppose you don't know that she's mending—doing well, the doctor says."

"Don't say!" said Brown. "Well, women folks do hang on to life; they beat cats. That Pierre was a lucky fellow to have lit out just when he did. If he hadn't, I don't believe he'd have ever known he wasn't a murderer."

"Taint like you to do things by halves," growled Joey. "But who's goin' to pay for the two days' use of the mare? I don't see how I'm to get even anyways, what with a wounded woman in the house and you lettin' the husband escape!"

"Bother the old mare! You may thank me for getting her back at all. But as to the man, there's no two ways about it, Clark must have drugged the liquor. No straight whisky could have fetched me that way."

"Or the cigars," I suggested; but no one took the trouble to listen to what I had to say.

"I never was so fooled in my life," said Brown, with several gentle oaths. "If ever I catch that fellow alive, I'll take him by the ear and walk him right up to that pretty young wife he's been a-cavvin',—and what she says to do that I'll do, if it's to hang him instant!"

Everybody chimed in with a chorus of approval, for Brown was standing treat at the time, partly with a shrewd idea of taking the edge off the natural resentment of the crowd at the loss of Pierre, and partly to stop the mouths of the jokers at his expense. I had stopped to the window, when I saw cause to give Brown a private signal to come outside into the entry leading to the front door. Pulling him out on the veranda, we perceived a man alighting hurriedly from a weary horse. As he walked unsteadily up the steps, we saw that it was Pierre. Brown was so surprised that he hadn't a word to say. I stepped forward.

"What are you doing here?" I asked in a low tone. "Don't you know your danger? Or have you heard the news?"

"What—what news?" gasped Pierre, leaning up against a pillar white as a sheet. My questions were confusing. "You don't mean she's—"

I did not answer at once, for I, too, was at a loss. Did the fool expect to find her alive after he had tried so hard to kill her? Was he hoping she was dead, or did he fear to hear that she was?

"She's going to get well," said I, sullenly, feeling thoroughly disgusted at the bare idea that he might still wish her ill.

Pierre started with an inarticulate noise, and hurried along the veranda to the "ladies' entrance," but Brown was before him.

"Where are you going?" cried Brown, seizing him roughly by the arm and swinging him round. "You're my prisoner. You don't get off this time."

"I must go upstairs to see her," said Pierre, setting his teeth.

"Right, you must," said Brown, wrathfully. "But I shall take you there, mind that. I've sworn it."

"Then come on!" cried Pierre, pushing open the door and hastening upstairs with Brown at his elbow. I followed, without stopping to ask myself what business I had there. At the head of the staircase was the door of the room; Pierre stopped and drew himself up with surprising dignity. His tone would have imposed on bolder men than Brown.

"Gentlemen," he said, "stand aside. This is my wife's room!"

Involuntarily we stepped back and Pierre opened the door. The bed stood opposite, at its head sat the doctor, and in it, propped up by pillows, was his young wife, still wonderfully pretty in spite of her thin white face and grief-darkened eyes. Her inborn tact had kept her sweet-looking and coquettish even under these circumstances, where the doctor was the only visitor that could be expected to enter. Pierre leaned speechless against the door-post, unable to advance, retreat, or shut the door from our profaning eyes. His wife's eyes were closed, and the long dark lashes made her face even more charming from the child-like effect they gave to her countenance. At a low exclamation from the doctor, she opened them wide on the door with the three men standing within and beyond. But plainly her eyes saw only one, for they dilated with joy, and fairly

blazed upon poor Pierre, who stood vacillating in the door-way.

"I knew you'd come back," she cried with a little hysterical shriek. "You have forgiven me, I know," she went on, as Pierre ran across the room and, dropping on his knees by the bedside, raised his hands to her in dumb appeal for pardon. "And I—why I never have known what it was to love before; I promise never to torment you any more. I will be a good wife. Promise to pardon me and never go away again!"

What Pierre answered, and what he felt, Brown and I never knew, for the doctor sprang across the floor into the door-way and pulled to the door after him. Pierre could not have felt meaner than Brown and I thought him, for the woman's beauty, her lovely ways and her generosity in taking all the blame, made us ready to fight anybody and everybody on her behalf. We followed the doctor downstairs in silence, and made our way at once to the bar-room. Only oaths and whisky could relieve, in some little degree, the unwanted emotions stirring in the mind of Brown. It was in a silence big with imprecations not yet ready to burst, that Brown, with a sweep of his arm, ordered up every man and lounge to drink.

Then the torrent fell, and chiefly on the head of the ruffianly husband who could put cold steel to such a lovely bit of humanity as Mrs. Pierre. But at the end there was a breathing space to take a calmer survey of the whole affair and look at it from other standpoints.

"And yet," said he reflectively, "to see the way she took him back again! That knocks me. Why," he cried looking around and bringing his clenched fist down on the walnut, "I do believe he begun wrong. There wouldn't have been any fuss at all, if he'd only have knifed her a little first off!"

THE GLEANER.

THE Prince of Wales, it is expected, will visit the Australian Exhibition.

THE Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-on-Avon hangs fire for the want of subscriptions.

THE sons of the Prince of Wales will leave the *Britannia* at the close of the present term in July.

OWING to the drought, the Government in Cyprus has removed the import duties on all kinds of grain and fodder.

It is expected that Victor Hugo will visit England in June, and take part in the International Literary Congress.

MR. MILLAIS'S "The Order of Release," sold at Christie's the other day for 2,835*l.*, was painted by him a quarter of a century ago for 400*l.*

THE largest houses in England are Wrest, Earl Cowper's; Wentworth, Earl Fitzwilliam's; and Knobe, Earl Delawarr's, where there are five acres of roof.

It is said one of the London Tramway Companies have bought fifty Spanish mules, of the largest size, with the view of trying the experiment of using them for draught purposes in place of horses.

THE artistic sensation of Paris is an artist named André Gauthier, who draws large crowds to see him paint a landscape in five minutes, a portrait in six, and two different pictures simultaneously, one with each hand.

A WINDOW is being erected in Cork Cathedral to the memory of Lieut. Coghill, who was killed at Isandula, while trying to save the colours of the 14th Regiment. The funds for carrying out the project are being raised by public subscription.

THE candidate for the Slade professorship of fine arts at Oxford who has been elected to succeed Mr. Ruskin, who resigned some time ago, is W. B. Richmond, the well-known painter and son of the eminent Royal Academician, George Richmond, D.C.L., of Oxford.

A LARGE number of French political refugees in London refuse to take advantage of the amnesty, or to make the necessary application at the French Embassy. They prefer to wait until another revolution shall have been effected, and they are invited over to help to save their country.

THE new armour-plated torpedo ram *Polypheus*, 2,610 tons, and 5,500 horse-power, building at Chatham, is being hastened forward with all despatch, and will be ready for launching in a few months. The very peculiar construction of the ship has attracted much attention, as she is so unlike any other vessel yet built.

ONE of the military balloons made at Woolwich arsenal, 800 cubic metres in size, has been wrecked. When about to be tried, it was inflated, but by a strong current of wind it was set free. The balloon, happily without passengers, rapidly rose to the clouds, where an explosion took place, and the remnants fell into the Thames.

THE French post offices now collect bills for persons; they do more, they receive, as in Germany, subscriptions for newspapers and periodicals in France. Another facility is the cheap telegram-card, sent like lightning through tubes across the city, and delivered within an hour; a telegram is dearer, and apparently takes twice the time to be delivered.

THE success of the elevated railways in New

York has led to serious consideration of the construction of similar means of communication along the line of the Liverpool docks. Mr. Ismay has urged that not only would the proposed means of transit be a profitable undertaking for the Dock Board, but would prove a great convenience to the public at large.

A SOMEWHAT curious history is attached to Mr. Wills's very excellently painted picture of "Laertes and Ophelia." It appears that, some years ago, the artist made a particularly correct sketch of Ellen Terry, but failed in being able to reproduce the study of head and face upon the present canvas. From the original picture, therefore, he has cut the head and pasted it on to his present work. This has been so delicately done that, save to the initiated, the fact would not be noticed or believed.

THE Marquis of Lorne has not altogether abandoned literature since he went to Canada. On the contrary, he has utilized a portion of his leisure from official duties in composing both prose and poetical descriptions of his travels in the Dominion. The Princess Louise is expected to enhance the value of the forthcoming volume with sketches. The projected work of Lord Dufferin on Canada, which will be to a considerable extent of a political nature, has only been postponed by his lordship's appointment to the Embassy of St. Petersburg.

PERSONAL.

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH will leave for Rome early this month.

LIEUT.-GOVERNOR CAUTION has returned to Winnipeg.

LIEUT.-COL. B. STRANGE arrived at Quebec by the steamship "Polynesian" a few days ago. Welcome!

THE Duke of Edinburgh will not assume command of the British North American and West Indian stations this year.

It is reported that Sir John A. Macdonald will visit Manitoba on his way to British Columbia.

THE Hons. Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Samuel Tilley will, it is stated, await the return of the Premier from the Pacific slope before proceeding to England on official business.

MR. SMITH, C.E., and Dr. Smith will shortly leave for Winnipeg, en route for the Bacons Mountains, on an exploring expedition.

THE Governor-General and Princess Louise will not spend the summer at Halifax, but may pay the city a visit for a week. They will visit and be formally received in St. John, N.B., and various parts of Ontario.

THE Marquis of Lorne is having two beautiful cars built for him in Troy at a cost of \$15,000. One is to be used as a sitting room, the other for smoking. Their fittings are luxurious, and they are made to run on any road. They will carry the Marquis and the Princess on their trip to the States.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

AN important seizure of agricultural implements has been made at Coaticook coming from the States. N. P.

THE New Brunswick Government are making arrangements to push forward the settlement of Crown lands.

RIDEAU HALL is to be completely renovated during the absence of the Governor-General and Princess Louise this summer.

THE Prince Edward Island Legislative Council will be abolished at the end of the present session.

THE Manitoba Legislature resumed work on Tuesday. There is nothing of importance yet before the House. Hon. Mr. Royal, one of the local Ministers, has resigned.

FROSTS at night have done a good deal of injury to growing crops in the Province of Quebec, and in many places clover, peas and oats will have to be sown over again.

THE interior of the tower of the Parliament buildings at Ottawa has been completed, and is now open to visitors. A door-keeper has been selected and a registrar for visitors provided.

THE American Institute of Mining Engineers have accepted an invitation from their Montreal brethren, endorsed by some of the leading citizens, to hold their fall meeting this year in Montreal.

THE United States Consul at Hamilton, Ont., reports that more than 6,000 people left that Province during the past two months for Manitoba, besides 2,800 from other Canadian Provinces and Europe.

A NUMBER of men have been employed by the Princess Louise for some time past in manufacturing splints and bandages for soldiers wounded in the Zulu campaign. A bundle will be sent to the Cape of Good Hope in a few days.

THE official return of the strength of the forces engaged in the celebration of Her Majesty's birthday at Montreal is as follows: General-officers, one; officers, 350; non-commissioned officers and men 3,940; guns, 14; horses, 252.

DUFFERIN Terrace, Quebec, is now fully open to the public. It is the largest promenade of this kind in the world, over a quarter of a mile, and 200 feet above the river. The view from both extremities is said to be unexcelled anywhere.

FARMING operations on Prince Edward Island are pretty well advanced. The farmers are planting a large quantity of potatoes this spring, and they believe it will pay much better to grow potatoes at a fair price than to impoverish the land by growing so much oats, for which the island has become proverbial.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station B, New York City.