

be a very remarkable person to die in Savannah four years ago, and to have been alive and well in New York two months ago, when I had the pleasure of seeing her."

"Alive!" shouted Arthur Austin starting from his chair.

"Not the least doubt of it, dear boy; alive and kicking, absolutely kicking, for I saw her kick a bell-boy at the St. Charles Hotel, because he refused to furnish a couple of brandies and soda without payment in advance."

"It's a lie."

"Perfectly true, dear boy, perfectly true; the doctor's, and the undertaker's, letters and bills were ingenious forgeries, very neatly executed by a friend of yours who desired to relieve your mind of a load of grief. Your first wife is alive and very anxious to find you, as she is confoundedly hard up and would like her allowance renewed. The pleasant little ceremony I witnessed at the Cathedral, was, no doubt, very enjoyable to you; but it was a sad mistake for you, dear boy; it is an awkward thing to commit bigamy."

"Bigamy! Oh heavens! Poor Jessie, poor Jessie!" exclaimed Arthur, clasping his head in his hands and leaning forward on the table; "My poor little darling."

"Yes, yes, it is rather hard on the little lady with the golden hair; but it is rather harder on the other lady, Mrs. Austin, no!"

"Robert Brydon," said Arthur rising and looking at his companion with a vigilant, dangerous look; "I know you to be a scoundrel, a thief, a liar and an unprincipled adventurer."

"Don't be complimentary, dear boy, please don't, or you will make me blush."

"You will remember," continued Arthur, "that I induced my father to sell you once when you forged his name; I have always been your friend to good repute, and evil repute; I would even be your friend now, for we played together as boys and grew up together as boys; but, heaven! I find you are a scoundrel and of your infernal plots against me I would wound you to death like a dog. You are trying to raise the phantom of my past misery to blight the happiness of the present but have a care. I know enough of your past life to send you to prison, and I will do it if you try to annoy me."

"Don't, dear boy, don't. I have been there, and I can't say I like it; the grub is meagre, and their drink is bad, only water and poor at that. I have resided in Sing Sing two years and have no desire to return there; besides, dear boy, you forget I am quite safe in Canada, altho' I might be in danger in the States."

"What does your story mean," said Arthur, restraining himself with an effort, and again taking his seat. "Is it an attempt to extort money from me?"

"Extort money," said Mr. Brydon suddenly changing his manner, and rising and speaking with great force and emphasis, totally different from his former quiet, bantering style; "To extort money? Yes; but it is more than that that Arthur Austin, it is to pay off an old score; I have had a debt of hate against you for a long time and I mean to pay it, Arthur Austin; you have crossed my path three times in my life, and I mean to lie down across yours for the rest of yours, or my existence, so that you cannot get rid of me. Excuse me, dear boy," he continued, suddenly changing his manner again, and resuming his seat. "I am afraid I was a little excited; I hope you will pardon me, and allow me to tell you a little story. Can you remember twelve years ago, Arthur Austin, when we were at school together? Can you remember who you bullied me? I can. Do you remember thrashing me? I do. Do you think I have ever forgotten those days, no, no, I remember well every blow you gave me, every cross or hard word you used, and I swore then that when I came to manhood I would return you a blow for blow, and I mean to keep my oath. Oh! I kept on good terms with you, was always your good friend, but it was only because the nearer I was to you, the deeper I could strike. My blow failed; you remarked just now that I forged your father's name. I did; yes, I forged his name and tried to throw the guilt on you; I failed and was discharged, that was the second time you crossed my path. I still kept on good terms with you and bided my time. One night I was fool enough to introduce you to the girl on whom I had set my heart, and who I believed loved me; your baby face, your smooth plausible manner, and your wealth, won her from me. You married her. —Wall Effe Barron never was a good lot, and you found that out very shortly after your marriage, when the scoldes had dropped from your marriage. You tried to get divorced from her, but Miss Effe was too clever to have committed any act since her marriage which gave you any legal claim to cast her off. Oh! no, she, the devil as she was, was too clever to give you the power to throw her aside when you discovered what she had been. And as she was—and none knew better than I, how bad—I loved her, wildly, passionately, loved her then, love her now, and shall always love her." He had spoken fiercely, his voice gaining depth and passion, although it was only slightly raised. He paused now, overcome by genuine emotion, his voice almost choked by the thick, quick sobs which rose to his throat. Any one looking at him now would scarcely have recognized the easy-going, self-possessed, cynical individual who had been speaking a few minutes before. After a short pause he continued: "When she first told me she was going to marry you, I meant to shoot you. I waited for you one whole night outside her house, but you did not visit her; I watched your footsteps for three whole days, watching for an opportunity to murder you, and finding none. Then I changed my mind; death was too quick a punishment for you. I would wait, and seek some more lasting means of torturing you, as you tortured me. You will remember, dear boy," he continued, again changing to his light, playful manner, "that I assisted at that little ceremony at which Miss Effe Barron became Mrs. Austin, No. 1. I assisted at one or two of the amusing little matrimonial squabbles in which you indulged; I assisted in furnishing you information about your wife's former character; I assisted in defaming your application for divorce; and I assisted at something else which you did not suspect—your wife's funeral, which never took place." He was speaking earnestly and bitterly again, and the wicked, devilish look was on his face. "After your separation from your wife, she returned to the stage—she could scarcely be said to have ever left it—and I met her. I had some money then, and I could afford to pay for a whim. I thought that if death relieved you of your wife—or to speak more correctly, if you supposed death had relieved you—you would probably marry again. I proposed a scheme to Effe; she loved you none too well, and joined with me readily. I wrote the letters and bills you received; I prepared the advertisement for the Savannah papers, which, by the way, was contradicted next day, although you did not see that; I laid my plan carefully, and then I came North and was with you in New York when you received the letters which had been posted by Effe herself. I remember well your joy at their receipt, and I expected to see you a married man in less than a year, but your confounded failure drove you from New York and spoiled your chance of marrying for some time. I thought I was fooled again, but fortune has fa-

vored me at last. You are married now, married well and wealthily; and I hold the dagger in my hand which can fall and destroy your happiness and commit you to prison whenever I please; and I please to keep the dagger suspended above you."

(To be continued.)

REGISTERED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE COPYRIGHT ACT OF 1908.

## TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

AUTHOR OF 'LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET,' ETC.

### CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

In the course of these wanderings, in which he met with much hospitality and kindness in solitary homesteads, where his bright face and cheery voice won a joyous welcome, Mr. Redmayne came upon a lowland farm in Gippsland, whose owners had fallen on evil days; the rough loghouse was empty, the land neglected, and a family of squatters who had taken up their abode in one of the barns told him that the estate was to be sold by auction at Brisbane, in something less than a fortnight.

He went over the land, and his practised eye was quick to perceive its value. It had been badly worked, and the man who owned it had gone at a rapid pace to the dogs; but the squatters told Mr. Redmayne that this late proprietor had drunk himself into delirium tremens three or four times a year and had squandered every six-pence he earned playing "poker" and other equally intellectual games with any wandering stranger whom Providence sent in his way. The farm had fallen into bad odour by reason of his nonsuccess, and had been put up to auction already, and withdrawn from sale, the biddings not reaching the reserved price which the late owner's trade assignees had put upon it.

"You might get it by private contract, I desay," said the squatter, when he perceived Mr. Redmayne's inclination to buy, "if you was to look sharp about it, and make yer offer to the auctioneer between this and nex' Toosday week."

Richard Redmayne was fascinated by the place, which was called Bulrush Meads, there being a considerable tract of low-lying meadow land, with a broad stream meandering through it, richly fringed with tall bulrushes—superb land for stock. There was hill as well as dale and the site of the rough log dwelling-house was as picturesque as anything he had seen in his holiday rambles. What a king he might be here with Grace, he thought to himself. The life would not be rough for her, safe sheltered under his wing, and with honest Kentish lasses for her servants. His quick eye told him how the place might be improved: a roomy parlour built out on one side, with a wide verandah supported by rustic pillars, a pleasant shelter beneath which his darling might sit and work on sunny afternoons. And what a prospect for those gentle eyes to gaze upon! what a varied sweep of hill and valley, bright silver streamlet flashing athwart greenest of meadows, a thousand sheep looking no bigger than so many daisies upon the distant uplands, and far away on the left of the landscape a forest of almost tropical richness! A couple of bedrooms could be added above, wooden like the rest of the house, which was strongly though roughly built. Vines and pumpkins climbed to the shingle roof, and all kinds of flowers, brighter and larger than the blossoms of his native land, overran the neglected garden.

On one side of the low rambling edifice there was an orchard of peach-trees; on the other a grove of cabbage-palms, eighty feet high, their tall trunks entwined by a luxuriant flowering parasite; a giant fig-tree spread its broad leaves near at hand, side by side with a huge stinging-nettle tree, all aglitter with silvery spicule, like a vegetable needle manufactory.

The fancy once having seized upon him was not to be put away. He was very fond of Brierwood—fond with a traditional love which was an instinct of his mind; but he had always been more or less cramped in that narrow orbit. This rough-and-ready life, with such wide space for roaming and adventure, suited him a great deal better than the dot-and-go-round of a farmer's existence at home. And then the novelty of the thing had a powerful witchery. To take this neglected estate in hand, and make it a model of high farming, was a task worth an enterprising man's labour. At Brierwood everything was so narrow, his best experiments had failed for want of room. Here, in this wide field, he saw his way to certain fortune.

Fevered by visions of a veritable Arcadia, of which his beloved Grace should be queen; fired too by the squatter, who hung about him as he explored the place, and was eager to carry favour with a probable purchaser, cherishing his own peculiar vision of a comfortable berth under the new rule—Mr. Redmayne ultimately resolved to make a bid for Bulrush Meads, and mounted his horse to ride to Brisbane. He did between thirty and forty miles a day, sometimes riding from daybreak till sunset along a narrow channel cut through a bush so dense that it would have been impossible to swerve to the right or the left, sometimes crossing grassy hills two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and at nightfall hobbling his horse on the dewy sward. Wherever he met with human habitations, he met with kindness and hospitality and so prospering as he went, he reached the city in time to attend the sale. He made no attempt at negotiation, thinking it wiser to await the hazard of the auction. Circumstances favoured him; the biddings were feeble and spiritless; and Mr. Redmayne bought Bulrush Meads for one thousand seven hundred pounds—just one hundred above the reserved price. The auctioneer congratulated him upon having got the estate for an old song, and drank a bottle of champagne at the lucky purchaser's expense.

"And, upon my word, it ought to be a three-dozen case," he said, "considering your luck, Mr. Redmayne."

All legal rites being duly performed, Richard Redmayne went back to take possession of his estate, thoroughly delighted with his investment. He left the squatter as a kind of caretaker, giving him a ten-pound note as an advance payment for work to be done in the

way of repairing fences and improving boundaries.

"If I find you know anything about farming, I shall take you on as a regular hand when I come back," he said; "and I shall count back as soon as ever I can settle my affairs in England."

He meant to let Brierwood, or to leave his brother James in possession, if things had gone as prosperously as James asserted they had gone in his absence, and thus work the two estates. For himself it seemed to him that no state of existence could be so delicious as a wild free life at Bulrush Meads, with a prosperous farm-yard and a goodly army of corn ricks, a comfortable hearth by which the wandering stranger might rest, a hospitable table at which there should always be room enough for the traveller, and half-a-dozen good saddle-horses in his stable. He would teach Grace to ride, and she could cauter about the farm with him, ride beside him many a mile on moonlight nights across that splendid country, over grassy hill-tops that looked down on the broad waters of the southern sea.

The fact that the life might be somewhat lonely for his daughter flashed across his mind occasionally; but he dismissed the notion carelessly enough. What mode of existence could be duller than her life at Brierwood? In Kent she was only a small farmer's daughter. Here in these backwoods she would be a queen; and he had confidence enough in her affection to believe that any life would be acceptable to her that was to be shared with him.

Of the day when she might desire to form new ties he thought but vaguely. No doubt that time would come: some lawless young emigrant would woo and win her; but even that event need not result in separation between father and daughter. There was room enough at Bulrush Meads for a patriarchal household; and Richard Redmayne could fancy himself sitting under his vine-clad verandah, cool and spacious as a Sevillian patio, with a noisy crowd of grandchildren clambering on his knees.

"I will never part with her," he said to himself fondly.

He sailed from Brisbane early in March, and arrived at Liverpool towards the end of May. He had received no letters from home for some months before his departure; but this was the result of his own nomadic habits rather than of any neglect on the part of his correspondents. The last bore the date of October, and told him that all was well. He was not a man to be tormented by morbid apprehension of possible evil. He made his homeward journey in high spirits, full of hopes and schemes for the future. He had a rude map of Bulrush Meads, which he used to spread out before him on the cuddy-table and ponder upon for an hour at a stretch, with a pencil in his hand, marking out so many acres for wheat here, so many for barley there, inferior tracts for mangel-wurzel, patches of turnips, and bits of outlying land that would grow beans, wide level pastures for his cattle; dotting down hedges and boundaries, putting in every five-barred gate which was to impart to that fertile wilderness the trim aspect of an English farm.

And so it came to the end of May, bright joyous weather, the first flush and bloom of summer, and Richard Redmayne, with a heart as light as a feather, trod firmly on the soil of his native land.

He lost no time. Up to London as fast as an express train could carry him, from one railway-station to another in a rapid hansom, at London-bridge terminus just in time to catch the train for Tunbridge, from Tunbridge homewards in a fly. He could scarcely sit quietly in the vehicle, as the familiar hedgerows went by him, so eager was he to arrive at the end of his journey. "I could walk faster than this," he said to himself; and this impatience so grew upon him at last, that he called to the driver to stop, got out hurriedly, and paid and dismissed him within a mile of Brierwood.

He felt freer when he stood alone amidst the still evening landscape. It was sunset—a sunset in early summer after a cloudless day. The western sky was like a sea of gold, and over all the heaven there was a pale tinge of rose-colour. There were woods near at hand, and even in his feverish haste Richard Redmayne stopped for a minute or so to listen to the song of a nightingale—a new sound to him after those musicless forests yonder, with only the sharp ringing note of the bellbird, or the mocking tones of the laughing jackass. There was not a shorn elm in the hedgerow that he did not recognise. How familiar, how sweet the scene was! If he had come across that waste of waters only for this, his voyage would hardly have seemed profitless. The landscape moved him as if it had been a living soul—a human creature he had fondly loved.

But it was not for this he had returned; it was for Grace's sake, and for hers only. On every other account it would have suited him better to remain yonder, and set his new estate going. His home-sickness had been only a yearning to see that one beloved face, to feel the gentle touch of that one dear hand.

A quarter of an hour's rapid walking brought him in front of the old house. There it stood, stout and substantial as when he left it, a goodly homestead, untouched by wind or weather, with the stately air of hale old age. The garden was all abloom with flowers; there were flower-pots on the window-sills—bowl-pots, which he had called them—and the upper casements stood open. He looked up at the windows of his daughter's room, half hoping to catch a glimpse of her bright head above the geraniums and mignonette; but he could see nothing. Everything about the house looked orderly and prosperous; he heard the geese screaming and the turkeys gobbling in the farmyard, and that deep lowing of cows which has always something awful in it. All things were very fair in the golden evening light. If there were trouble in store for him, the outward aspect of his home gave him no hint of that trouble.

At the last moment, with his hand upon the bell, he changed his mind. He had given them no notice of "his return by letter. He would go round to the back, slip in quietly through the garden, and take them all by surprise.

And Grace? He could fancy her shriek of joy, her wild rush into his outspread arms. The picture was in his mind as he went round by a narrow strip of orchard into the garden behind the house. It had never entered into his thoughts that there could be anything amiss.

All was very still; the day's work was over; it was the one delicious hour of breathing-time before supper—the hour in which even Aunt Hannah's tongue was wont to be at rest, while

she sat with folded hands and shambled—an hour in which the fumes of uncle James's pipe ascended like incense burnt before the shrine of the goddess Hestia.

The parlour window was wide open; he went up to it softly over the close-cut grass, and looked in. Yes, his brother and sister-in-law sat in the very attitudes he had fancied; James Redmayne, smoking with a solemn face, his legs stretched on a chair, and a huge silk handkerchief spread over his knees. He looked older and a shade more careworn, the wanderer thought. Aunt Hannah slept in her still-backed wooden armchair by the empty hearth, and on her face too there were signs of care.

"If I hadn't seen the grass as I came along, I should have thought from Jan's face there was a bad look-out for the hay," Richard Redmayne said to himself.

But where was Grace? In her own room, perhaps, making some bit of finery for her next Sunday's adornment, or reading a novel in the best parlour, or in the garden. He glanced behind him, but could see no light dress flitting by the distant flower-borders, or between the gray old trunks of the apple-trees.

It chilled him a little. The delay would be but a few moments, doubtless. She was somewhere near at hand, and would fly to him like a mad thing at the sound of his voice; but he had so languished to see her, that the briefest delay was kind of disappointment.

"Jim," he said gently, not wishing to awaken Aunt Hannah too suddenly from her slumbers.

James Redmayne let his long churchwarden pipe slip through his fingers.

"My God!" he cried, "is it a ghost?"

"A very substantial one, old fellow—thirteen stone in the saddle. It's your affectionate brother Richard in the flesh, and sharp-set enough to enjoy an honest English supper presently."

He stepped lightly across the low window-sill into the room.

"Where's Grace?"

Dusk as it was he saw the white change on his brother's face, the awful look which Aunt Hannah Redmayne turned upon him as she opened her eyes and beheld him standing there.

"Where's my daughter?" he cried sharply.

The dead silence that followed turned his heart to stone. Those two scared faces, the white dumb lips of his brother, and the silence were enough.

"Is she dead?" he asked, in a low hoarse voice; "is she dead? Speak out, can't you, and have done with it!"

Aunt Hannah was the first to find courage to speak.

"She is not dead, Richard—at least we have no cause to think so. She may be well and happy, for anything we know. But, O, dear, dear, dear! didn't you get James's letter, telling you everything, with a copy of the letter she wrote to me when she went away?"

"When she went away?" repeated the father sternly; "when she went away! I thought I left her in your care, Hannah Redmayne?"

"And God knows I took good care of her, Richard. But could I help it, if she had the heart to deceive me—to steal away one dark morning, without leaving a trace of where she was gone? But you must have got the letter, surely?"

"I got no letter, after the one about the hopping. I was out of the way of letters; and I thought my daughter was safe with you. Do you think I would have left her, woman, if I hadn't thought that?"

He dropped heavily into a chair, and sat looking at them with an awful face. He who had been all life and eagerness five minutes ago seemed changed into a man of stone.

"What has become of my child?" he said, in the same stern accusing tone. "Begin at the beginning. She is not dead; but she is gone. When did she go, and how?"

"On the 11th of last November, secretly, stealing away one morning at seven o'clock, when we were all busy. But her letter will tell you the most. We know so little."

Mrs. James went to a side-table where there was a huge mahogany desk, which she unlocked, and from which she took Grace's poor little letter. It had been read and re-read many times. The folds of the paper were almost worn through. Richard Redmayne read it aloud twice over, rapidly the first time, then very slowly.

"Well!" he exclaimed, "a runaway marriage; there's not so much harm in that. I shall write to my father by the next mail to beg his forgiveness. I missed her letter, poor child, along with my other letters. But why should the marriage be secret? and who the devil did she run away with?"

"There was only one person ever suspected—a Mr. Walgrig. She says in her letter that she was going to marry a gentleman, and he is the only gentleman she knew."

"How did she come to know him?"

"He came here to lodge last summer. Mr. Wort recommended him."

"Come here to lodge?" roared Richard Redmayne. "Who gave you leave to turn Brierwood into a lodging-house?"

"It was to oblige Mr. Wort, and to make a twenty-pound note to help you on Richard. He was a perfect gentleman."

"—you!" cried the father, with a tremendous oath. "A perfect gentleman; and he stole my daughter! A perfect gentleman; and he has ruined my daughter!"

Mrs. James pointed to the letter.

"She was going away to be married," she faltered.

"Going away to be married! As if every one didn't know that old story! Is there anything easier than for a villain to promise that? And my darling, that was little more than a child! Keep out of my way, woman!" cried Rick Redmayne, rising suddenly, with his hands and arms twitching convulsively. "Keep out of my way, for I feel as if I could murder you!"

Hannah went down on her knees before him. She was not a woman to be easily moved, but she had a heart.

"If I had act or part in this trouble, Rick," she said piteously, "may God and you forgive me! I know I tried to do my duty, and that I loved that poor child truly. As I have a soul to be saved, I did everything for the best. I trusted Grace."

"Yes, I brought a stranger into her home, and trusted him."

"I had John Wort's word for his character." "And to please John Wort you made Brierwood a lodging-house, and brought about my daughter's ruin."

"Why should you look at it on the darkest side, Richard?" asked Mrs. James, who for her own part had never since Grace's flight taken any but the darkest view of the subject. But to console this grief-stricken man she was ready to affect a hopefulness she had never felt. "Has she written to you since she went away?"

"No."

"If she had been honourably married, and happy, do you think she would have been silent?"

"There was no answer to that question. Was she so ungrateful, so wanting in affection, that she could turn her back upon her home, leave her own flesh and blood to think her false and heartless, to blush for her perhaps, and never write a line to tell them whether she was dead or alive?"

"She may have written to you, Richard."

"She may. O, my God, what a fool I was to be so careless about getting my letters! I never thought of trouble. I was coming home to my daughter, coming home to find—this!"

He looked round the room, with utter despair in his eyes, with the look which a man might give who stood among the ashes of his home. What would the burning of Brierwood, the loss of every sixpence whereof he stood possessed, have been to him, compared with the loss of his child?

"And it was for this I worked!" he muttered, passing his arm across his forehead with a half-bewildered air; "it was for this fortune favoured me?" Then, after a pause, he said suddenly, "You did something, I suppose; you took some means to find out what had become of her? You didn't sit down to eat and drink and sleep, while she was a wanderer and an outcast?"

"We did everything, Richard," replied Mrs. James—her husband stood by speechless, staring at his brother with dumb compassion. "John Wort would tell us nothing about Mr. Walgrig; but he was very sorry for what had happened, and he went up to town to see Mr. Walgrig, and taxed him with having tempted Grace away; and Mr. Walgrig denied it. He knew nothing about her. He had never seen her since he left this house, he declared. "Lying would come easy to the man who could tempt that child away. Was there no one else you suspected?"

"No one else."

And then little by little Hannah Redmayne told the whole story of Hubert Walgrig's residence at Brierwood. He had been attentive to Grace, it is true; but no more attentive than any man might be who happened to find himself in daily association with a very pretty girl. From first to last he had shown himself a gentleman. Mrs. Redmayne was emphatic upon that point. Then came the reluctant admission that Grace had dropped after his departure; and no one had thought of putting the two facts together. And then the story of the locket.

Richard Redmayne sat like a statue, with a frown upon his face, but no further expression of his anger, while Aunt Hannah rambled on helplessly. His heart was on fire with resentment against these kindred of his who had suffered his darling to be lost. In his mind it was a certain thing that they could have saved her, that she had perished by reason of their carelessness. But he said very little. Such a grief as his is apt to be dumb; and as yet there was a kind of numbness about his feelings that dulled the sense of grief. The news had stunned him.

When Aunt Hannah had said all she could say, with no interruption save a few words mumbled now and then feebly by Uncle James, Richard Redmayne rose abruptly and put on his hat.

"You're not going out to-night, Richard?" exclaimed his sister-in-law, glancing at the clock. It was half-past nine—a late hour according to Brierwood habits.

"I am going to John Wort. I am going to call him to account for this business."

"Don't be hard upon him, Rick," Mrs. James pleaded. "He did everything for the best."

"Hard upon him! Between you, you have let my daughter go to her ruin. Do you think there can be much softness in me for any one of you? Hard upon him; hard upon the man who sent a scoundrel into my house with a false character! I wish to God the days were not over when men shot each other down like dogs for a smaller injury."

"He's an old man, Richard, and has been a good friend to you. Remember that."

"I'll remember my daughter. You've no call to look so scared, woman. I shall keep my hands off him. Nothing I could do to him would be any good for her. I want to find my daughter. Do you think any shame has fallen upon her will lessen my love? I want to find her, that's all, to take her away with me to the other end of the world. Once let me hold her in my arms. I'll answer for the rest. There doesn't live upon this earth the man who could divide us; no, not if he was her husband."

(To be continued.)

The question of compulsory education is again the subject of debate in the various municipal assemblies in France. It will form one of the principal topics of discussion in the councils-general, where the difficulty of applying compulsion universally is felt to arise from the difficulty of doing so without coming into collision with parental rights. The subject has been under debate in the council-general of the Meuse lately, and the compromise adopted there by the President affirmed the principle of compulsory education, but with the absolute reservation of the right of fathers of families to select the manner and the place of teaching for their children. The proposal was adopted almost unanimously by the council-general.

POLISHING ENAMELED PAPER.—The polish of enameled paper is a very simple and rapid process. The sheets, previously prepared with the enameled material, are laid in heaps convenient to the operator. In an establishment in Albany, N. Y., seven or eight young ladies are seated at small tables in the polishing room. Each takes a single sheet from the pile at her side, and places the edge of it on a slightly concave band of very hard wood. To and down this band of wood an agate wheel, four inches in diameter, and an inch and a half thick, runs with considerable velocity and a firm pressure. The girl slowly and carefully pushes the paper from the wheel, and the wheel leaves a surface as brightly polished as a new varnished book. A sheet is polished in a few seconds. One variety of this enameled paper is very pretty—the speckled looking paper known as "snow-flake," which is so often seen outside boxes. The appearance of "snow-flake" is given to it by mixing a solution of rock-salt, and vinegar with the color. This causes the color to disintegrate and shade itself, and to fly off in star and diamond shapes, bearing a fanciful resemblance to snow. No less than forty thousand reams of enameled paper of all colors are manufactured annually at this factory, using up five tons of plain white paper a day, and 3,500 pounds of color a week. The general business of the company, who employ 180 women and 30 men, amounts to \$500,000 a year.