

## LOVE'S TRUTH.

She.—That verse! 'twas only pretty lies,—  
He.—'Twas truth to me in every line,—  
She.—But, dear, what nonsense—  
Love, your eyes  
Are ever bright as stars to mine.

She.—And then my lips,—  
He.—Well, aren't they ruby?  
At least, to me they ever seem so.

She.—Now, Ned, just once, I pray you do be  
Half sensible.  
He.—Then stars don't beam so.

She.—And then, you miserable fellow.  
You said my hands were soft and white;  
I do believe you think them yellow  
And almost hard—  
He.—On me, you're right.

She.—And how you raved about my hair,  
O such a lot of silly stuff,—  
He.—I didn't, dear,—  
Sir, why you dare  
To tell such fibs,—  
He.—Well, that's enough.  
I'll never do so any more.  
I only wrote to please a woman,—  
She.—You did not mean it, and you swore  
You did, oh my, you wretch inhuman!

He.—But then, my dear, you said I did not,—  
She.—But then you do, I'm sure you must?  
He.—How can I when you sternly bid not?  
She.—Now don't be foolish, dear,—  
He.—I trust  
I no more shall be, Heaven prevent it.—  
She.—Ah! now you're cross, come, let me see  
The verse again, of course you meant it.—  
He.—Yes, darling girl, 'twas truth to me.

BARRY DANE.

Manitoba.

THE  
GOLD OF CHICKAREE.BY  
SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.

AUTHORS OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," and "DOLLARS AND  
CENTS," "WYCH HAZEL," etc.

## CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE.

Rollo came forward and offered the lady his arm; then gravely led her across the big room among baskets and packages to where Wych Hazel was seated on her low cushion.

"Duchess," said he with stately form, "Primrose's cousin Kitty desires to be recommended to your grace."

"No, I don't," said Kitty. "That is a fib. The duchess and I were well 'acquaint' when Duke did not stand quite so high in favour. But I am thankful for my part, you two people have given up mischief and settled down. Sit still among your baskets, child; they become you."

"Perhaps you will sit down among the baskets too," said Dane. "Don't you want one?"

"It's only to look and choose, Kitty," said Molly Seaton. "Such another chance you won't have again."

"If you have one large enough to hold her valentines," said Hazel with a glance at 'Duke,' "that might do."

"Valentines!" echoed Kitty Fisher. "You'd better! Richard is going into a decline, madam, I suppose you know. And the major is drowning care—and himself with it. And Lancaster's pining for war and a stray bullet;—and Stuart Nightingale—Then in town here there's a list of killed, wounded and missing as long as my arm. O, I must tell you the best joke. There was a parcel of men dining at the club the other day, and toasting Miss Kennedy, witch, sorceress, etc.—till they couldn't see. Then in rushes Tom McIl tyre, out of breath, and says, 'Miss Kennedy is extinct'—Pd rather have seen their face," said Kitty, stopping to laugh, "than get Stuart's best philopona."

"It is really unkind," said Josephine, "to take people by surprise, without letting them get accustomed to the idea. Of course they are liable to fall into all sorts of ridiculous situations."

"You have undertaken a great deal, Dane," said Mrs. Powder, "in venturing to marry a lady accustomed to so much admiration."

"I like whatever I have to be admired," said Rollo coolly.

"But how do you expect she will do without it in future?"

Dane lifted his eyes for a second to the lady with a certain hidden sparkle in their gravity, and asked her, so seriously, that she was entrapped by it, "If she thought admiration was bad for people in general?" Mrs. Powder fell into the snare, and before she knew it was involved in a deep philosophical and moral discussion, as far as heaven from earth removed from all personalities. The younger ladies however found this tiresome.

"Do leave that, mamma!" said Josephine. "The question is, whether he and Hazel are going to give us a grand reception, and challenge the admiration of the world by something the like of which was never seen before. A scene out of the Arabian Nights, with enchantment, flowers, fruits and singing birds. They ought, for they can. What's the use of having money?"

"I dare say they will do something of that sort," said the elder lady smiling. "It really is society's due, I think; especially as they have cheated the world with a private wedding."

"I like to pay my dues," said Dane carelessly, turning over and unpacking things all the while. "Mrs. Powder, there is a paper knife for you."

"But you don't do it," the lady went on, smiling at the same time over the paper knife, which was so pretty. "Now will you and Hazel hold a reception, as you ought to do, and let people see her as your wife?"

"No fear they won't see her," put in Kitty Fisher. "I know some people who mean to have a good time when he's away at the mills. Where are your presents, child? I came to see you on purpose to see them. I suppose they are the ninth wonder. You have seen them, Mrs. Powder?"

"I have seen nothing," said the lady blandly, for however she disapproved of Kitty's style of application, I have no doubt she would have liked it to be successful. "I have seen nothing, except baskets."

"There is a good deal here besides," said Rollo. "Mrs. Charteris, don't you want a bread trencher? Or a rocking chair? And here are pens."

"Thank you. Are you going to set up a shop?"

"That is what I was going to ask him," said Molly Seaton.

"When I do, you will not be able to buy at it," said Rollo; "so make the most of your advantage now."

It was a very silent young duchess that sat there, all the while, amid the medley of people and things. The colour sometimes coming, and sometimes going; a smile ditto; the little fingers busy with packages, the head of the brown curls bent over them. Well she knew how Rollo was shielding her by his play, amusing her inquisitive visitors, at the same time attending to her slightest movement; for his fingers came to help hers whenever a knot was too hard, or a paper wrap too obstinate, or too heavy for them.

"Well," Kitty repeated, eyeing her, "where are the presents?"

"Not on exhibition," said Wych Hazel.

"Except in detail."

"Don't see the details yet," said Miss Fisher examining her. "I have seen that opal pin before—bewildering thing! Josephine, haven't you seen them either?"

"Kitty, you are very impudent!" said Mrs. Powder laughing.

"Presents are good for nothing but to be shewn," remarked Mrs. Charteris.

"My present is worth more than that," said Rollo. "It has 'Waste not, want not,' carved on it, if you will notice. That may be very useful to you and Mr. Charteris."

"I wonder who is impudent now!" said Josephine.

"Well what did you wear?" pursued Miss Fisher. "Stephen Kingsland fell back in a swoon when he found he had missed your wedding dress."

"Well, I think people have duties to society," uttered Molly Seaton.

"And society's bound to make 'em pay," said Miss Fisher. "I won't rest till I have seen those presents, you may be sure."

"Use your eyes then," said Wych Hazel with a warning rush which Kitty remembered.

"Because they are not labelled—and never will be."

Kitty winked at Mrs. Powder.

"Stupid!" she cried, "use my eyes, to be sure! Why there's the big apron! Of course that's a present, only she don't like to say so. The child's turned economical. Nobody ever saw Miss Kennedy protect her dress, I'll warrant. Pretty pattern, isn't it? I wonder if I could get it—against my moon—so-called—of honey?"

"The apron would be no use without the economy," said Rollo.

"What have people so rich as you to do with economy?"

"Nobody needs it more."

"Hear him! Then I don't know what economy means," cried Kitty.

"I doubt if you do, my dear," said Mrs. Powder.

"What it means?" echoed Josephine. "Economy is being mean and pinching."

"Economy is saving," added Molly.

"Looks awfully proper and matronly," said Kitty, going back to the apron. "When will you give your first ball, Hazel? It might be a calico ball, you know, and then all the deesses would help out with the mill hands."

"The first ball I give," said Hazel, gravely examining a pasteboard box filled with the article, "will probably be one of soap—but just when it will be, I do not know."

"And do you mean your first cards issued to be wool cards, my dear?" said Kitty with secret delight.

"Kitty," said Rollo, "suppose you take a sugar-plum—and behave yourself."

"I can't stay," said Kitty giving way a little.

"Only came just to—"

"That's what I came for, too," said Josephine; "and now I am going."

"We have all got more than we came for, then," said Molly; "but I have staid too long, too. Will you take me home, Phinney?"

The ladies swept away; the room was full of rustling silks for a moment, and then was clear. Rollo came back from putting them into their respective carriages, and stood and smiled at Hazel.

"It has come at last!" he said.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

PLEASURE BY EXPRESS.

"It was to be expected," Dane went on resignedly. "I told Arthur to send proper no-

tices to the papers; and I suppose he has done it, and this is the consequence. Never mind; we will run away as soon as we can. Now, Hazel, what shall we do with all this lumber?"

"Lumber is something out of place, according to Byo," said Hazel contemptuously. "Now one of these two foot stools would be in place in Dr. Maryland's study;—is there another tired minister somewhere else?"

"Tired minister?" said Dane. "I suppose there are hundreds of tired ministers scattered all over the land, out west, and on the frontiers. If one knew where!"

"Somebody must know."

"I suppose somebody must."

"Well cannot you find out?"

"I suppose I can!"

"They may want some of these books, too. Dr. Maryland always wants books, although he has so many. And if the ministers are tired, their wives must be," said Hazel, with a new fit of contemplation settling over her face. Rollo stood in the middle of the floor, looking at her, and at the same time considering the confusion.

"I will make a bargain with you."

"Well?"

"These things must go somewhere, that is clear. I will find out the names and addresses of a hundred, say, who are in need of help. We will send off so many boxes; and you shall arrange what is to go in them."

Wych Hazel folded her arms and looked up at him.

"Olaf—I never was tired in my life!—At least, but once."

"I thought I was tired five minutes ago," said Rollo, "but I have got over it."

"I could think of pretty things enough to send," Hazel went on. "Do they want pretty things out there, I wonder? Good people here do not always like them, I think. But I never saw a missionary—or his wife."

"Perhaps you did not look in the right place. You make your list, and I will get mine. We might send off a couple of hundred boxes, and put fifty dollars' worth of comfort in each. These things will find a place somewhere."

"Fifty dollars!" said Hazel opening her eyes. "My dear friend, have you any idea how much one dress costs? Fifty dollars will not do much for two people."

"I will shew you what can be done with fifty dollars. And give you your second lesson in economy. Where did you get that name for me?"

"Picked it up, one day when you ceased to be an enemy."

"In some place where worn-out things were lying about. Worn-out things are shabby."

Hazel drew a protesting breath. "There is nothing shabby or worn-out about it! It is entirely new,—spick and span. Please, is my next lesson to go deeper than Prim's trunk, and take off all the glove buttons?"

"For people who have no gloves, Hazel?"

Hazel looked startled for a minute, but then she looked incredulous.

"Go and find out all about it," she said; "and then we shall know what to do. I am talking of clergymen's wives."

Dane left that point uncombated. The next evening he came in with his hands full of pamphlets. And after dinner, when the room was clear, and the gas burners lighted up the warm, luxurious comfort and seclusion, glowing and rich, around them, Dane took his papers and sat down by Wych Hazel's side.

"I have found out several things about your clergymen's wives," he began. "Here, as you see, is a bundle of reports. They concern certain funds of relief, established in various churches, for the help of disabled or superannuated ministers and their families. And, without going into details,—there are hundreds of such cases. Some of them are sick and old ministers, worn out in the service; others are widows of such men; others again, orphan families, whose mother and father are both gone. I have been told of the sort of destitution that is found among them. What do you think of a delicate child, for whom a bit of flannel could not be afforded? What do you think of a family of women and girls getting their own firing out of the woods, cutting it and backing it home, and that by the year together? What do you think of an old minister supported by the handiwork of an infirm and herself not young daughter? And I could tell you of living without books, without paper for writing, in want of calico for dresses, and muslin for underclothing, without pocket-handkerchiefs, without yarn to knit stockings or a penny to buy any, lying on the coarsest food. And I am talking of clergymen's wives, Hazel."

Hazel looked up at him with wide-open eyes while he spoke, then down at herself, taking a sort of inventory of her own belongings. What stores of embroidery and lace were there, even hidden away, and out of sight! And what sort of relation did these costly silken folds bear to those needed calicoes? Her note-paper was monogrammed and edged to double its first cost,—that shawl, tossed carelessly on a chair, would have clothed in flannel a whole hospital of sick children. Point by point she went over it all past the thirty dollar buckle at her belt down to,—I dare not say how many dollars' worth of shoes that covered the little feet.

And these people were life-long workers, for good—or children of such men and women, who had hazarded their lives for the Lord Jesus,—and she, an idler all her life! Hazel put her head down in her hands, and answered not a word.

Dane waited awhile; then he ventured a gentle query.

"I cannot bear myself!" Hazel broke out. "I feel as if I had been stealing, and defrauding, and embezzling, and every other dishonest word in the dictionary! O do you think the cry of such labourers has been going up against me, all my life?"

"What shall we put in our boxes?" said Dane smiling.

Hazel caught up a bit of paper and ran off a list long enough to call for good packing,—then she stopped suddenly.

"Olaf—we cannot send in the dark. One man may have ten children, and another may have no wife. And people in Florida don't want thick shawls, and Oregon can do without thin muslins."

"We will pack every box according to its destination. Let me hear your list."

"Well," said Hazel, folding her hands and gazing into the fire, "let's begin with the imaginary family. People rather old, five children, and one of them delicate. And suppose they want a general outfit,—a great piece of white cotton, and plenty of flannel; and I have seen Mrs. Bywank dispense ready-made felt shirts."

"All right so far. Go on."

Then there must be dresses, of course; and one specially nice for the minister's wife. And a shawl. For her, I mean. The delicate child must have a soft quilted jacket, and a bright-coloured warm wrapper, for days when she wants to lie on the sofa."

(To be continued.)

## DEER-HUNTING.

I.

We left Montreal by the western train, and were speeded along by the iron horse in a very few hours to the town of Brockville, whence we were hurried, after a short delay, to Renfrew. Darkness had set in so we resolved to resume our journey at the break of day. We found out the village doctor, a jolly young soul, who seems to enjoy all the pleasures and comforts of life, though he assures us he has not had a holiday during the past three years. He is to join us in the morning, and has made himself acquainted with the haunts of the noble game we are in quest of, and has got everything ready. Early on the following morning, a stage waggon calls for me, and we set out while still the village slumbered. Fido, our retriever, heralds our departure, and expresses his glee by many a wag of his shortened tail, and many a yelp of content. Shamrock village is left behind, and Dacre, a collection of a few houses, is reached at noon, and after dinner we journey onward. Fido breaks upon the monotony of things every few minutes by starting up a fluttering partridge which lazily leaves the road-side until we have passed.

A few miles above Dacre, we have the Opeongo road which has joggled us so far, and we dive into what seems to be the terminus of creation. Steep mountains of granite, tufted here and there with stunted pines and cedar, surround us on every side. Onward we go, the partridges increasing in numbers and boldness, and the landscape becoming more rugged and picturesque. At last a turn in the road presents to our view Black Donald's Lake on whose shores we know there are welcome greetings for us. Soon the graceful curl of the camp fire's smoke denotes where our friends are, and we are in a few minutes seated before a blazing log, listening to the yarns of our hosts who have spent the day catching trout and prospecting for game. Deer are reported to be scarce here, and the settlers look upon us as poachers who trespass on their preserves. After supper some of us sit and smoke and chat by the light of the moon, while others glide out upon the placid bosom of the lake, preceded by the glare of numerous pine knots, in quest of that most beautiful fish, the speckled trout. We watch them as they wend their way along the sinuosities of the shore, their paddles shivering into a thousand diamonds the moonbeams on the water, and we note the success with which the man at the bow wields his three-tined spear. In half an hour they return with some forty specimens of the prince of the finny tribe. It is time for sleep; the youngest of the camp, who has acquired much experience in the North-West, prepares our sleeping apartment with an eye to our comfort, and the fatigues of the day enable us to appreciate his skill; so we sink swiftly into the land of dreams. It is dawn upon the hills, and our leader is calling us forth to admire the scenery, and to partake of the breakfast he is preparing. Nothing can be more beautiful than the view we obtain of the surrounding country. The silvery lake, hemmed in on every side by towering hills whose summits are crowned with pines and tamaracs, and maples of every autumnal hue,—the struggling light of day breaking through the mist that lingers round the mountain top, are lovely indeed, and suffice to repay us for our visit to the County of Renfrew. All are soon astir, and after the morning meal, some start for the woods with the anxious hounds, while others take up their position at various points along the lake shore. The deep baying of the dogs is soon heard, and awakens the echoes of the surrounding hills; it nears us, and it would seem that the deer must be almost upon us, but no, the sound grows weaker and weaker, and we soon realize the saddening truth that the antlered monarch has doubled back towards the fastnesses of the mountains, and is