would be, it tested his philosophy somewhat sorely, and he left her with singular reluctance. "If I had any faith in presentiments," he thought, as he took the train at Paris for the stage of his journey. "I should almost think I had left my darling in some danger; but it can be nothing except that I am depressed by the possibility of what may have happened to Eu-

Strangely enough, when he was some twenty miles on the way, he recollected the recent meeting with Everard Grantley, and was trou-bled by it for a moment. Then he smiled at himself for giving it a second thought.

Julia shed a few tears when Laurence was gone. It was childish, perhaps, but then she was a child in her affection, and it was the first time since she became his wife that he had ever left her for a day. The more she thought of it the more strange it seemed that he should undertake a journey to England, and leave her behind in a strange place, whore she had scar-

cely a speaking a qualitance.

"We don't like it, do we, Brutus?" she said taking the hogo brute into her confidence; "and he shall not have his own way another time. We will go with him." Brutus gave her his hairy paw by way of as-

sent, and looked as though he thoroughly sym-pathized with her under the circumstances. Sho trifled away an hour or two over some gold braid and purple velvet, which was by degrees taking the shape of a smoking-cap, such as no man in his senses could have ventured to wear, and then she hild it aside in favour of a book.

While she was deep in the middle of a chapter Rachel came in with a telegram addressed to

"It was brought by one of them commission arys, and I couldn't understand a word of him," said the sturdy Sussex girl. "Why can't they talk English like a Christian, instead of saying sivoo play, and grinning and bobbing their heads down? Is it for you, please?" Julia opened it, and clapped her hands with

"Oh, yes, dear Rachel; get me my thick travelling dress and my boots. Mr. Drayton is not going without me, after all. He missed the train, and is waiting for the next; and he says if I am quick I shall be in time to join him."

"But you won't go by yourself, miss?" Rachel, though she tried her best to get accustomed to the change, used the old familiar phrase as frequently us the other. It was difficult to realize that her sweet young mistress had attained the dignity of wifehood, and the title of

madam.

By myself: Why, yes, you simple girl; it is not an hour's journey in the broad daylight, and my husband waiting for me in Paris."

The telegram contained just a few words, and

was directed from Mr. Drayton, 23, Rue de Valle,

" Missed the irain," It ran. " Will wall for you

here. If in time, we will go together."

Never did is lady make so rapid a tollet. The French maid, upon whom Buchel looked as a natural and hereditary rival, gave little pathetic shricks of dismay. She had no time for those subtle fluishing touches in which the true femining artist delights. Julia was thurking too. nine artist delights. Julia was thinking too much of her husband to care for the exact fall of a fold, or the position of a flower.

Had she not been so preoccupied by the

thought of accompanying Laurence after all, it might have occurred to her as strange that the telegram was delivered by a commissionaire. The message itself, too, was written in good English, and the writing done with a penell, in a large, regular, hand, did not seen outledy unfamiliar; but she did not dwell upon these details. Having no suspicion of fraud, she went in perfect

innocence to her perli.

There was a porter at the door of the house to which the message directed her—a faded thin old man, with a wrinkled face, and a morsel of ribbon on the breast of his shabby coat. When Julia asked him for Mr. Drayton he

when Julia asked offin for Mr. Drayton de hesitated for an instant, and then, appearing to recollect, guided her to a door at the head of the grand staircase. She knocked timidly, wonder-ing what friends Laurence had in Paris, for she had never heard him speak of any.

The door was opened by some one who stood

behind it, and closed again before she had taken two steps into the room. She looked round, expecting to see her husband, and found herself confronted by Everard Grantley

In that single instant a conviction that she had been entrapped came upon her, and she was overcome by a deadly fear. She trembled at the passionate gaze he east upon her—the pitying, yet cruel, triumph in his eye.

"Mr. Grantley," she fattered, "I did not ex-

pect to see you here."

ect to see you here."
"I know you did not," was the quiet reply.
"Where is my husband?"
"By this time," said Grantley, looking at his watch, "he must be near Calais, on his way to

"Your pardon. I sent for you. I wrote that telegram, Julia, and saw it delivered. I wanted to see you, and I knew there was no other way You must forgive me, my dear cousin, if I could not forget you so easily as you did me. Come, come, do not be frightened. You never found me otherwise than gentle, and you never joind "Oh, Everard, let me go back home." "My dearest Julia," he said, with intense for-

vour, "you must have a little pity on me. You knew years ago, child as you were, how passionately I loved you. It was in your power then to have turned the whole current of my destiny, and I believe you would have been mine, had not Laurence Drayton come between us. He was my rival and my onemy from the first. Had he never come in my way I should never have been tempted into such desperate sin, for at the bottom of all that I have there was one purpose, one motive-love for

"But," she said, with an appealing glance, "though I liked you very much, you know, I could not care for you like that."
"For a long time I hoped otherwise. It is

and was an easy thing for you to say you liked me very much, and did not care for me as I cared for you. You had your idel in another— I had no other then yourself. There is nothing so merciless as an indifferent regard like yours. When you gave yourself up to your love you cared very little for the torture you inflicted on

"Why did you bring me here, Everard, to tell

me this now that it is too late? "It is not too late."

"Can I listen to this now that I am Laurence

"Say rather that you were," he said. In voles as inexorably calm as the voice of destiny, "for you will never see him again. I have risked too much for this to let you go now that you are here; and long before he can return from the false quest I have sont him on we shall be on our way to another land. You mine, Julia now, my beautiful adored one—you are mine for ever!"

Terrible as was her danger, the thought of Laurence Drayton made her brave, and she did not faint or cry now that she knew Grantley's

purpose; but he saw a white look creep to her very lips, and in his heart he pitted her. "She loves him," he thought; bitterly, "and it will go hard with me at first; but she must grow reconciled in time."

"If more than earthly love or worship can make you happy in the time to come," he said, tenderly, " you will be very happy. I know all that you would say. You would plead to me for his sake, ask me to give you back to him who has been my bitterest foe, and in nothing so bitter as that he has robbed me for six whole months

as that he has robbed me for six whose months of you. I count the years before as nothing, for you were not his wife then "
"You say you love me," she said, with proud reproach, "and yet speak to me like this, with

shame in every word. "The world might say so, but I am too far outside it, too far beyond the pale of society to care much, since the power to make my own happiness is in my grasp. There are many places where a rich Englishman and his beautiful young wife can live unquestioned; and a woman is more the wife of him to whom she belongs than to him to whom she is married. It is needless to look towards that door, Julia. It is locked, and I have the key in my pocket. If Laurence Drayton were on the threshold, he could not take you from me, for I would kill

And he meant it every word, for there was murder in his eye at the very thought.

"He will never find you," he went on, " or if he does it will be at some time so far distant that he could not take you back. I do not want to tell you these things, Julia, except that you may see how hopeless it is to think of returning to him. I want you to love me, and it will be your own fault if I cannot win you with the ten-

derest devotion."
"No more," said Julia. "No more, in mercy Oh, heaven save me from him, or let me die! "Is it so hard a fate to be loved by me? You know men's nature better than you did, and you must understand what depth of passion it is that made me take this step to win you."

"I never thought you could be such a coward, Everard. Think of the many years when Eu-gene treated you as if you were his brother, and now you take a poor revenge on a defenceless

I learned to love you in those years, Julia,

and on my soul no thought is further from me than revenge at this present moment," Laurence Drayton's wife looked round the chamber in despair. From the window there was a view of the wide and stately street, but Grantley stood between that window and her-self. The first shock of terror had passed, and she had time to collect her thoughts. On one thing her whole energies were centred. She

"You must let me go," she said, beating with her small hand against the door before he was aware of her intention. "I will not stay here. Help!"

He sprung towards her with a muttered oath, and lifting her as if she were a child, took her into the next room, where Margaret, who had

had care recom, where Margaret, who had heard every word, sat in sorrowful silence. Julia had fainted when he put her down.

"Take care of her," he said, giving her to his sister with one lingering kiss. "I shall be gone two hours making preparations. See that she does not escape. Mark me, if you let her go my doubt with her at your deer! death will be at your door.'

(To be continued.)

ON BONNETS.

BY A SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY.

Oh the bonnets of my girlhood—the kind I wore a school! I really thought them pretty—I must have been a fool.

And yet I used to think mysolf on hats a jaunty miss:
Porhaps I was, as fushion wont—but what was that
to this?

Oh, the lovely little paneake—the charming little ma It makes my head so level, and so very very flat. Oh a sistor's love is charming, as everybody knows And a handsome cousin's love is nice (that is I sup

pase;)
And the love of a true lover is a love that annot pall—
But the love of a new bonnet is the dearest love of all.

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IN AFTER-YEARS:

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER XXV.

They walked along, the old man and Margaret, the latter feeling on that lovely autumn morning as she used to in her sweet spring time; to her the sky was more pure, the air purer; the very sidewalk had an elastic spring Adam looked in admiration at the full radiant face, and thought there was never one so beautiful: the old man sighed and wished in his heart Ernest De Vere would come back again.

All of a sudden, first one and then another great boom of cannon rent the air, the gay beat of drums, the sweet bugles' call, the clash of cymbals, came with sound and flash; ever all, the belis rung out loud and clear gleeful notes of triumph; and the people shouted cheer on cheer, hurrah! hurrah! for the conqueror of India.

One of the regiments which had won such world-wide honours in saving, not only Eng-land's territory and honor as a nation, but her people, had returned from India, and the soldiers were riding down the street.

The street was filled with soldiers, pressing the enthusiastic people, who were waving their Margaret took refuge on the upper doorstep of one of the shops, and stood there, with Adam's tall figure on the low step in front, keeping off the crowd. On the soldiers came, amid the loud drums

and bugles, and the fluttering of flags, the British Lion, shot through and through, baptized with the deadly dew of battle

Margaret looked up in the face of their leader to meet the smiling eyes of Ernest De Vere, outflashing in swift glad surprise her own uplifted face, white and crimson from sheer de-

How swift it came, like a sudden flash, that smile to her, only to her!

In every window along the street fair faces camed upon him, and lace handkerchiefs were freely waved; but what were their beautiful aces to the conqueror riding there. He turned away from their sparkling gems and radiant eyes to the graceful head bent amid its pale brown curls, blushing to meet the flushing of the smiling eyes that looked on her, only her,

Margaret dwelt in dreamland, and lived on that flashing look of glad surprise untilwhon?-ayo-whon?

CHAPTER XXVI.

Arthur Lindsay had not perished when the Sword " was lost. Two others besides himself were saved on that wild sea, each clung to some slight spar, but for which they too would have found a nameless grave amid the coral caves, beneath the blue waves.

A Chinese privateer was the means of saving them, and for a time their lives were little better than that of slaves, until at first one made his escape and then another. Arthur Lindsay being the last. It was a full year after he set sail from Britain that he found himself in Melbourne, having worked his way thither on a Dutch ship, to which he had made his escape during the night. On arriving at Melbourne he at once sought the British Consul, who pro-mised to assist him in obtaining employment in Melbourne or to advance him money to bring him home. He preferred remaining in Melbourne. The situation he obtained was a Government one, and he now wrote to his He preferred remaining in wife telling her of his escape from both ship-wreck and pirates, and asking her if she would come out to Australia, where he felt sure he would soon be able to retrieve his broken fortune. This letter the never received, but Catchem did, who, after Mrs. Lindsay's departure from the Isle of Wight, again assumed his clerical dress, and came in that costume regularly every week to ask for any letters addressed to Mrs. Lindsay and Miss Cuninghame, being at last rewarded for his perseverance by receiving the one Colonel Lindsay had written from Melbourne.

To this Catchem replied in a sorrowful strain, telling Colonel Lindsay that a few months after his departure for China, Miss Cuninghame was drowned by falling over the side of the gangway of the steamer in coming from Southampton, where she had only gone for a day or two; that her sister, whose health had been very feeble since his departure, had died of a broken heart in a few weeks after Miss Cuning ame's body had been found, and both had been buried in one grave; that the furniture of the house | ad been sold to pay the expenses of the funeral: and that both the servants had gone to London.

Catchem signed the rhodomontade " Robert B. Brown," giving the address "Honeysuckle Cottage;" offering to do anything in the way of putting up a monument, or, in short, in any way obliging Colonel Lindsay by correspondence with him or otherwise.

A courteous reply was received by Catchem in the character of Robert B. Brown, Honeysuckle Cottege, and there the matter ended.

Arthur Lindsuy was now without hope in the

world, a weary-hearted man. He possessed a portrait of a girl just budding into womanhood, a face of perfect beauty, the auburn hair, even

in the portrait, shining with gold.

At the back of the portrait, enclosed in glass, were two curls of shining hair, the one dark auburn, the other fair and soft, as of a child.

Arthur Lindsay would sit for hours gazing on those locks of hair, that pictured face, until his own dark hair was streaked with silver, and deep furrowed lines of sorrow marked his brow; the lines on his heart ploughed far

A life among his kind was hateful to him : and at last, to be away from human kin, he purchased a great sheep-walk and went to live on it himself, seeing no one from year to year but his own shepherds, or occasionally a stray traveller, who was always sure of a hearty wel-

He was no misanthrope, but he felt himself alone in the world, and he cared not to mingle among men with whom it seemed he had not one feeling in common. All others had a motive for their enterprise; he had none.

His herds and money increased, until after five years' residence in Australia he could count the latter by tens of thousands. Each year seemed to double his wealth, wealth he cared not for. Those whom he had loved and would have labored for, he believed to be above his power to please or comfort.

Arthur Lindsay's sheep were the finest in the district, and men came from far to pur-chase part of his stock to improve their own. A man who had been a settler in Australia before Arthur Lindsay, but from one cause or another, had never been able to do more than live and keep a large family of children, came One of those sudden hurricanes

peculiar to the country came on; and Mr. Duncan (such was the man's name) was fain to Duncan (such was the man's name) accept of the invitation tendered him to remain a few days until the storm was over and the roads again in a fit state to travel.

The host and his guest became friends in those few days: and as the evening of the third day closed in calm and red, giving promise of fine weather and dry roads in the morning, both telt loath to part, Arthur Lindsay

saying:
"I will feel my solitary life more solitary now, since I have enjoyed a few days' converse with one of my own education, and more than all, my own bent of mind"
"Why don't you turn your effects into

noney and go home?" " Because I am happier here than I could be

"Then if you are determined to pass your life here you must marry. " I cannot do that either."

Arthur Lindsay took from his bosom his wife's picture, and putting it into Mr. Duncan's hands, said :

Because that is my love." "What a benutiful face."

" Sie is dead." Mr. Duncan raised his eves to the speaker's face. He was answered; the man that looked

so could never marry another. He turned the portrait over, looked at the hair and then read, "Agnes Cuninghame, Haddon Castle," which words were engraved

on the gold rim of the picture.
"Agnes Cuninghame," repeated he aloud. I have a curious reminiscence of a name like that; one of the greatest unhanged villains in Scotland bears that name, Sir Richard Cuning-hame of Haddon Castle, I once gave him a fright and have oft n b ing sorry since I did not warn those he was plotting against, of his villany."

"You are speaking of my wife's grandfather will you tell me what you allude to?"

"I will," said Mr. Duncan, and he then detailed all the reader is already aware of having passed between Mr. Duncan, editor of the Pe-

terstown Journal, and Sir Richard Cuninghame on the occasion of the Baronet's visit to PetersArthur Lindsay seemed transfixed with hor

ror.
"Oh I that I had known this nine years ago. Tat wretched old man with his printed lies has desolated my home and killed these two

He now told his own story to Mr. Duncan

adding:

"I shall go home and take this aspersion off
my wife and sister in law's memory; you say
you have not succeeded, will you take my sheep
farm on profits until I return, we can then
make other arrangements which will be satisractory to both. I will return, I like this solitary life, it suits my isolated solitary position.'

The arrangement was made, and in four months and two weeks from that time, Arthur Lindsay was in the Isle of Wight, asking the clergyman who had shown him such kindness when his child was lost, to shew him the grave of his wife and sister.

"Your wife and sister did not die here, I have never heard that they were dead."
"Where then are they?"

"They left this upwards of three years since and went to Southampton, I used to hear of them occasionally through Doctor Hargreve, the clergyman whose ministrations they at tended there."

Southampton was reached by the next steamer, and to Doctor Hargreve Colonel Lindsny next betook himself.

That gentleman had left Southampton for

Canada two months previous. He spent a week in Southampton going from one place to another, he found several who had known them, some who now that they were gone felt ashamed at having been influenced against them by one whom they knew less of than those he aspersed : and all were anxious to aid him in his search; no one knew whitter they had gone, by the advice of Doctor Har-greve they had not told their destination to anvone.

Doctor Hargreve was an unmarried man, he had gone on a tour through Canada and the States, his curate was desired to write to him once a month and address his letters to New

Colonel Lindsay wrote to Doctor Hargreve requesting him to give information of his wife and sister, and to send an answer to Colonel Lindsay, St. James' Club.

He now went to 1 ondon, and carefully inscreed advertisements in all the leading newspapers, such as either Agnes or Margaret would at once understand and answer.

Having done this he went to visit Lady Morton in St. James' Square, she was in Scotland. His next visit was paid to his six months home where he had passed the happiest part of his life, the villa at Bayswater; there he met Ernest De Vere, now Lord Cranstonn, who himself was in search of Mrs. Lindsay and her sister; he told Arthur of his having seen Margaret just for an instant, in Re_ent street, guarded by Adam, of her looking more levely

than ever.
This was three months ago, he had never been able to trace them yet; although he had

made it his every day work.

Four months passed ere an answer came from
Doctor Hurgreve,—when it came Arthur Lindsny accompanied by Ernest De Vere went to Duke street, Oxford Street.

A stranger was in the house, Mr. Churchill and her lodgers had gone to the country to live six months ago, she did not knew where.

"Did she know the lodgers?"
"No but she had seen them, two ladies, one about twenty eight or thirty, the other a fair one about nineteen or twenty; they had two servants, a maid and an old man; they were in the house a night and a day after Mrs. Churchill left; she bought the furniture Mrs. Churchill left in the house, she understood Mrs. Churchill went first, to prepare the place in the coun-

try for her lodgers. " Have you any idea to what part of the

country they went?" " I did not speak to the ladies, their man servant waited on their table and their maid on their chamber work, the man paid me when they went away; the young lady bade me good bye and wished me prosperity in the house, the

widow did not speak; I have told you all I know about them." The woman cave a little push to the door which she held in her hand all the time spoke, she wanted to be rid of tacm, she had nothing to tell.

They, I say they because Ernest De Vere was as anxious to find Mrs. Lindsay and her sister as the husband and brother was, they now resorted to a new system of advertising as only r source, advirtisements which would tell their own tale to Agnes and Margaret, and to them only, were inserted in every provincial paper within a hundred miles of London, but days and weeks passed without eliciting a re-

ply. Arthur Lindsay made many journeys, enquiring at each Hotel if such people or of such names had passed that way, all with like suc-

CUSS. He went through Eaton Sutton, spent the night in the Hotel, walked over the village, and in answer to all his enquiries was assured there were no such names as Lindsay or Cuninghame

in the place. When he and Ernest De Vere first spoke on the subject, he smiled at what he called the faint efforts made by the latter to find Margaret,

Before I am a month in England, I will be in a house of my own with Agnes and Mar-

garet to keep me company."

Three months had passed and he knew as little about their whereabouts as when he ar

rived in England. They were at their wit's end, as a last resource they determinded to go to Incldrewer to see Adam's sister, it was possible she might know his address; the thought once engendered it seemed a certainty that they were now upon the right track, and they asked each other how they could have been so stupid as not to

think of this before.

To Scotland and Includrewer they went, their first care being to see Adam's sister, who with her children still dwelt on the hill sheep farm in Lord Cranstoun's deer forest.

The woman could tell them nothing except

what they already knew; she had not heard from her brother for over a year, she feared he was dead. Her niece Mary Simpson was also in Mrs.

of them, they had never been longer than six months without writing before.

She did not ask who her visitors were, and they did not say, only begging of her when she received a letter from her brother to shew it to Lady Hamilton, which she promised to do, ad-

ding:

"I never expect to hear from Adam or my
"I have bad been alive they niece either again, if they had been alive they would never have been so long without writ-

ing."
"But if you do hear you will send the letter

to Lady Hamilton?"
"Pll do that if I ever get a letter, but I'm sore afraid, I never will."
"The woman's words spoken with a soft sad

cadence fell on the ears listening to her like a departing knell, they feared some sudden and terrible calamity had overtaken both mistress and servants.

To Lady Hamilton and her sister, Arthur Lindsay repeated what Dun an of Peterstown Journal had told himself, they listened with faces telling too well the selfaccusation which his story produced; Lady Hamilton clasping her hands together enculated "May the merciful Lord forgive me."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Margaret had been hard at work since the day she sold her drawings, she had now several others and during the past day she had scarcely given herself a moment for repose in order to finish a head of Portia which she expected would bring her in a sum from which she could afford to deduct sufficient to purchase an addition to her sister's wardrobe; Margaret required no new dress hers If, the dresses she had were more than sufficient, but the widow's weeds which Agnes were required a renewal oftener

than their slender means could afford. She was very tired when after ten o'clock she put on the dressing gown and sat down to read in her own room before going to bed.

A light tun at the door and then it opened just enough to admit Mrs. Churchill's head.

" May I come in Miss Farquharson?" " Certainly, come away." The good woman sat down and told her trouble to one ever ready to sympathize,

"I come to tell you something, will perhaps
put you a little about, as 1 said to you before

I'm making little or nothing of the house, I have not enough of room, and rents in London are such a heavy item, I am going to the country, down to laton Sutton where my sister's and their families live, I have a house of my own there and all I make will be found money; here it takes nearly all I make to pay my rent and taxes."

"I am very sorry you are going away, we like so much to live in your house, it is so orderly and quiet we have been more comfortable we parted with our little cottage in the Isle of Wight."

"Well now!" exclaimed the woman in a tone of pleased surprise, as her eye fell on a portrait of little Willie which Margeret constantly wore and in undressing had taken off and placed upon the toilettable "if this is not my niece Mary Brown's little Master Willie as she calls him," she lifted the picture as she spoke examining it closely, and laughing as she continued "deed it's just his own self, white hat, red feather an i all."

Margaret was strangely agitated as the woman spoke and asked :

" To whom do you allude, what Master Willie do you speak of?" "It's a little boy-deed he's a nice big boy by this time, he must be nearly seven years old—that my niece Mrs. Brown got from a gentleman in London to take care of, over four years ago, and when I last saw her sister three weeks ago, he had never come to see after the child or as much as sent a letter to ask if he was dead or living and this picture of yours is as like Master Willie as two pins, the very same embroidered body to his white frock, the same beautiful long curls, the very eyes he has "I have not," the woman answered speaking in his head, it's just Master Willie and no one sharply as if she was tired of being questioned, else; poor Mury is sure he's a Lord's child and she would go crazy with anger if any one would call him Willie without putting the master to

> mother was dead, and that was why he gave him to her to take care of; so if that's the way he'll be a poor man like ourselves." What is his Fathers name? " That's more than we can tell, Mary never saw him until she met him in the street and very curious he did not tell her his name, or the child's either for that matter, only just asked her if she would take care of him and take him to the country; he gave h r a good little sum but she has never sen the money then colour of his coin since, and if he's dead she

it; but we think the father is dead, and he

told her when he gave her the child, that the

never will." "This is a most extraordinary story," said Margaret" you say the child was dressed exactly like this portrait and the face exactly like

this also ? "Yes everything the very same; I was there the morning Mary came home in the mail coach, and the child's face couldn't be liker to that picture than it was that day, when she took him out of the gentleman's plaid he was wrapped up in; and that's just the very same white hat and long red feather and the long curly lair; there couln't be two children liker ch other in this world than Master Willie

and that picture." "Now tell me how the child was given to her ?"

"Just by a man on the street as I told you before; she never saw or heard of him after? Margaret's heart beat hard and quick. "Do you know the time of the year she got

" I do that very well, Mary came home with the boy the very day before I left Enton Sutton to settle in London, she came home on the twenty-second of May early in the morning with the mail coach, and she started at eight o'clock the night before; the gentleman paid for her tea in a restaurant, and brought child in a cab and took Mary and him both to the coach and put them in, so that was on the twenty first of May four years ago and this is the end of July, so that makes four years and

Margaret's heart almost stood still, on the twentieth of May in the same year their own darling little Willie was lost; lost, could it be he was only lost, not drowned as every one be-lieved he had been,—if he had only been lost or stolen, and some one brought him to London there would have been time to do so be-Lindsay's service, she had not heard from either fore the evening of the twenty-first; but why

two months.

