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Nova Scotian	3.300 Capt V	V Dalziell.
Hibernian	-3 434 Cant #	A Macnicol.
Cominn	3.200 Capt E	iuch Wylie.
A	27(III L.T.K. J	Sarrett, K. N. K.
Hanoverian .	.4,000 Lt B]	Thompson, R N R J J James.
Nestorian	.2,700 Capt I) J James.
Prussian	.3.000 Capt A	uex McDougan.
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FROM QUEBEC :	
Circassian	I
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Rates of Passage from Quebec:	
Cabin	
(According to accommodation.)	
Intermediate	
Steerage At lowest rates.	
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The Steamers of the Glasgow and Quebec Ser-	
vice are intended to sail from Quebec for Glasgow	
as follows :	
Grecianabout July 21	
Nestorian	
Buenos Ayrcan Aug. 4	
Norwegian 11	
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Grecian	
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St. John's, Halifax and Baltimore Mail Service	
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FROM HALIFAX :	
Nova Scotian	i
Hanoverian	
Caspian	
Rates of Passage between Halifax and St. John's:	
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CONSTIPATION, PILES, and RHEUMATISM, By causing FRIE ACTION of all the organiz and functions, thereby **CLEANSING the BLOOD** r the normal power to throw off di THOUSANDS OF CASES

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KIDNEY-WORT

A LAY OF LAWN TENNIS. From the Boston Herald. Where the level lawn is greener, light glistens sheenest. Lo, she stands ; While the game is 'just beginning, there's, the ricket poised for winning fight and the stands ;

She'is daintily athletic, she is very energotic. In the "set : See, she's just returned a twister, that was sent

her by her sister, O'er the net.

She is great at "Renshaw smashes," 'tis a stroke that rather rash 15— All the same ;

But her pretty little muscles are quite equal to the trussles Of the game.

Happy he who stands beside her, and is privit leged to guide her,

As she plays ! I could do that pleasant duty to this Amazonian beauty

All my days.

As I watch her garmonts flutter there are words I fain would utter, But I'm dumb; For she's tennis mad, and never from her racket

seems to sever-When I come.

I must take my chance while playing-there is danger in delaying; I'll confide

My devotion so unswerving to the lady when pitcously at him. I'm "serving" By her side !

Not all Atlanta's paces, when she ran her famous races, Were more fleet;

Like Milanion in olden days, I'd cast the apples golden-At her feet.

LOVE AND MONEY

BY CHARLES READE.

Author of "It's Never Too Late to Mend," "Griffith Gaunt," "Hard Cash," "Put Yourself in His Place," de., de.

CHAPTER XII.-Continued.

Then Mary asked Mr. Hope so many questions with such eager affection that he had no time to ask her any, and then she volunteered the home news, especially of Colonel Clifford's condition, and then she blushed and asked im if he had said anything to her father

about Walter Clifford. "Not much," said Mr. Hope. "You are very young. Mary, and it's not for me to in-terfere, and I won't interfere. But if you want my opinion, why, I admire the young man extremely. I always liked him; he is a straightforward, upright, manly, good-heart-ed chap, and has lots of plain good sense-Heaven knows where he got it !

This eulogy was interrupted by Mary putting a white hand and a perfect nose upon Hope's shoulder, and kissing the cloth there-

"What," said Hope, tenderly, and yet half sadly-for he knew that all middle-aged men must now be second -- " have I found the

"You always knew that, Mr. Hope," said Mary, softly; "especially since my escapade in that horrid brook."

Their affectionate chat was interrupted by a stout servant laying a snowy cloth, and after her sailed in Mrs. Gilbert, with a red face, and pride unconcealed and justifiable, carrying a grand dish of smoking hot boiled beef, set in a very flower bed, so to speak, of carrots, turnips, and suct dumplings; the servant followed with a brown basin, almost as big as a ewer, filled with mealy potatoes, whose jackets hung by a thread. Around this feast the whole party soon collected, and none of them sighed for Russian soups or French ragouts ; for the fact is that under the

servant, some day ; and if you" was to marry any but her, I'd leave the service altogether, and so would Rhoda - Milton ; but, Mr. Walter, sir, there's a time for everything; I hope you'll forgive, me for saying, so. However, you are here now and I was wide awake, and I have made it all right, sir." "That's impossible," said Waltor. "How could you make it all right with my poor dear father, if in his last moments he felt

himself neglected ?" "But he didn't feel himself neglected." "I don't understand you," said Walter. " "Well, sir," said old Baker, "I'm an old. servant, and I have done my duty to father

and son according to my lights; I told him a lie !" "A lie, John !" said Walter.

"A thundering lie," said John, rather aggressively. "I don't know as I ever told a greater lie in all my life. I told him you was gone up to London to fetch a doctor.'

Walter grasped John Baker's hand. "God bless you old man," said he, " for taking that on your conscience ! Well, you sha'n't have yourself to reproach for my fault. I know a first-class gout doctor in London: he has cured it more than once. I'll wire him down this minute; you'll dispatch the message, and I'll go to my father." The message was sent, and when the colonel awoke from an uneasy slumber; lie saw his son at the foot of the bed, gazing

"My dear boy," said he faintly, and held out a wasted hand.

Walter was pricked to the heart at this greeting : not a word of remonstrance at his "I fear you missed me, father," said he,

sadly. "That I have," said the old man; "but I though you dare say you didn't forget me, though you weren't by my side."

The high-minded old soldier said no more. and put no questions, but confided in his son's

affection, and awaited the result of it. From that hour Walter Clifford nursed his father day and night. Dr. Gamer arrived next day. He examined the patient, and put a great many questions as to the history and progress of the disorder

up to that date, and inquired in particular what was the length of time the fits generally endured. He found them all rather hazy. "Ah," said he, " patients are seldom able to assist their medical adviser with precise

information on this point, yet it's very im-portant. Well, can you tell me how long this attack has lasted?" They told him that within a day or two.

"Then now," he said, "the most import-ant question of all : What day did the pain

leave his extremities?" The patient and John Baker had to compare notes to answer this question, and they made it out to be about twenty days.

"Then he ought to be as dead as a her-ring," gently whispered the doctor.

After this he began to walk the room and meditate, with his hands behind him. "Open those top windows," said he. "Now draw the screen, and give his lungs a chance; no draughts must blow upon him, you know." Then he drew Walter aside. "Do you want to know the truth ? Well, then, his life hangs on a thread. The gout is creeping upward, and will inevitably kill him if we can't get it down. Nothing but heroic remodies will do that, and it's three to five

"I will," said the doctor ; and accordingly

he did put it to him with a good deal of feeling and gentleness, and the answer rather urprised him. Weak as he was, Colonel Clifford's dull eve flashed, and he half raised himself on his

elbow. "What a question to put to a soldier !" said he. "Why, let us fight, to be sure. I thought it was twenty to one-five to three ! I have often won the rubber with five to

"I'mean" in a general, way," "said the dol the very sight of you is a comfort to has man. "You have been a courting of an There's a fast train at ten; Thidrive you to angel. I know her, sir, and I hope to be her the station after preakfast myself Wour fees servant some day; and if you was to marry —they are nothing to us. We love him, and

we are the happiest, house in Christendom; we, that were so lately the saddest """ "Well," said the docior, "you north coun-trymen are hearty people. I'll stay till to-morrow morning-indeed Til stay till the afternoon, for my London day will be lost anyway.

He staid accordingly till three o'clock, left his patient out of all present danger; and advised Walter especially against allowing colchicum to be administered to the patient until his strength had recovered.

"There is no medical cure for gout," said he; pain is a mere symptom, and colchicum soothes that pain, not by affecting the disease, but by stilling the action of the heart. Well, if you still the action of that heart there,

you'll kill him as surely as if you stilled it with a pistol bullet. Knock off his chaminto the sun as soon as you can with safety; fill his lungs with oxygen, and keep all wor-

Percy Fitzroy was never mentioned, and the name of Bartley religiously avoided. The colonel had got a fright, and was more pru-

all that man could do to keep her heart up,

and reconcile her to the present situation. Returning from his wife one day, and leaving her depressed by her galling situation, though she was never prevish, but very sad and thoughtful, he found his father and Julia Clifford in the library. Julia had been writing letters for him; she gave Walter a deprecatory look, as much as to say :

"What I am doing is by compulsion, and you won't like it."

Coional Clifford didn't leave the young man in any doubt about the matter. He said :---" Walter, you heard me speak of Bell, the counsel who leads this circuit. I was once so fortunate as to do him a good turn, and he has not forgotten it; he will sleep here the day after to morrow, and he will go over that blackguard's lease; he has been in plenty of mining cases. I have got a sort of half opinion out of him already ; he thinks it contrary to the equity of contracts that minerals should pass under a farm lease where the surface of the soil is a just equivalent to the yearly pay-ment; but the old fox won't speak positively till be has read every syllable of the lease. However, it stands to reason that it's a fraud; the soil is a just equivalent to the yearly payit comes from a man who is all fraud; but, thank God, I am myself again.' He started up erect as a dart.

"I'll have him off my lands; I'll drag him out of the bowels of the earth, him and all his clan."

With this and other threats of the same character he marched out of the room, strik ing the hard floor with his stick as he went and left Julia Clifford amazed, and Walter Clifford aghast, at his vindictive fury.

CHAPTER XIII. THE SERPENT LET LOOSE.

Walter Clifford was so distressed at this outburst, and the prospect of actual litigation be tween his father and his sweetheart's father that Julia Clifford pitied him, and, after think ing a little, said she would stop it for the present She sat down, and in five minutes the docid pen of a female letter writer produced an ingra-tiating composition impossible to resist. She apologized for her apparent insincerity, but would be candid, and confide the whole truth to

Mr. Bell. Then she told him that Colonel Clifford "had only just been saved from death by a miracle, and a relapse was expected in case of any great excitement or irritation, such as a doubtful law-suit with a gentleman he disliked would certain-

Leonard Monckten was sent to Pentonville, and fatter some years, transferred to Portland in dial fatter some years, transferred to Portland in both places he played the game of an old hand, always kopt his temper and carnied everybody, especially the chaplain and the turn-keys. These flast he treated as his only mas-ters; and if they gave him short, weight in bread or meat, catch him making matters worse by ap-pealing to the governor ! Toward the end of his time at Pentonville he had some thought of his time at Pentonville he had some thought of bis time at Pentonville he had some thought of chis time at Pentonville he had some thought of his time at Pentonville he had some thought of chis time at Pentonville he had some thought of chis time at Pentonville he had some thought of his time at Pentonville he had some thought of his time at Pentonville he had some thought of conter villains Their name was legion; but ashe never met one of them again, except hen Burn-ley, all these miscreants are happily irrelevant. And the reader need not fear an introduction to them, unless he should find himself. garotted a some dark arter or submo, or his home rifled

to them, unless he should find himself garotted in some dark street or suburb, or his home rifled some dark and windy night. As for Ben Burn-lep, he was from the North country, imprisoned for conspiracy and manslanghter in an attack upon non-union miners. Toward the end of his time he made an attack upon a warder, and got five years more. Then Moneton showed him the was a fool and explained to him his own plan of conduct, and bade him observe how popular with a pistol bullet. Knock off his cham be was a root and contained of minutes own plan pagne in three or four duys, and wheel him of conduct, and bade him observe how popular he was with the warders, and reaped all the fa-

fill his lungs with oxygen, and keep all wor-ry and disputes and mental anxiety from him if you can. Don't contradict him for a month to come." The colonel had a terrible bout of it so far as pain was concerned, but after about a fort-night the paroxysms intermitted, the appetite increased. Everybody was his nurse; every-body, including Julia Clifford, humored him; Percy Fitzroy was never mentioned, and the name of Bartley religiously avoided. The colonel had got a fright, and was more pru-

colonel had got a fright, and was more pru-dent in his diet, and always in the open air. Walter left him only at odd times, when he could hope to get a hasty word with Mary, and tell her how things were going, and do it to be t

Just then a warder approached, and, to Burn-ley's surprise, who did not see him coming, Monckton said, gently:

"And therefore, my poor fellow, do just con-"And therefore, my poor lenow, do just con-sider that you have broken, the law, and the warders are only doing, their duty and earning their bread, and if you were a warder to-morrow you'd have to do just what they do."

"Ay," said the warden in passing, "you may lecture the bloke, but, you will not make a silk purse out of a sow's car." "That was true, but, nevertheless the smooth

villain Monekton obtained a great ascendency over the rough, shock-headed ruffian, Burnley, and he got into no more scrapes. He finished his two sentences, and left before Monekton. his two sentences, and left before Monekton. This precious pair revealed to each other certain passages in their beautiful lives. Monekton's were only half confidences, but Burnley told Moneton that he had been concerned with others in a burghary in Stotkton, and also in the death of an overseer in a mine in Wales, and gave the particulars with a sort of quaking rusto, and washing his hands nervously in the tainted and washing his hands nervously in the tainted air all the time. To be sure the oversion had earned his fate; he had himself been guilty

and what he was doing. Meantime he begged his way northward from Portland, for the south-

ern provinces were a dead letter to him. Monckton's wife wrote to him as often as the wonckton's wite wrote to nim as often as the rules of the jail permitted, and her letters were full of affection, and of hope that their separation would be shortened. She went into all the details of her life, and it was now a creditable one. Young women are educated practically in Gormany; and Lucy was not only a good scholar, and almost a linguist, but excellent at all needlework, and better still, could cut dresses and other garments in the best possible style. After one or two inferior places she got a suation with an English counters ; and from that time she was passed as a treasure from one member of the aristocracy to another, and received high stipends, and presents of at least equal value. Being a German, she put by money and let her husband know it. But in the seventh year of her enforced widowhood her letters began to undergo subtle changes, one after another.

First there were little exhibitions. Then there were signs of languar and diminution of gush. Then there were stronger protestations of affection than ever.

Then there were mixed with these protestations quevies whether the truest affection was not that which provided for the interests of the

beloved person. Then in the eighth year of Monckton's imprisonment the added to the remarks of the above kind certain confessions that she was worn out with anxieties, and felt her lonely condition; that youth and beauty did not last forever; that she had let slip opportunities of doing herself substantial service, and him, too, if he could look at things as cooly as he used to ; and she began to think she had done wrong. This line once adopted was never given up though it was accompanied once or twice with passionate expressions of regret at the vanity of long cherished hopes. Then came a letter or two more in which the fair writer described herself as being torn this way and that way, and not knowing what to do for the best, and inveighed against Fate.

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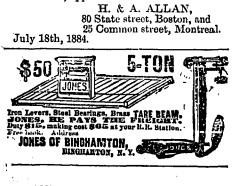
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St. Anicet July 24th, 1884. 51-4 $\sum_{i=1}^{n}$

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OUR HABITS AND OUR CLIMATE. All persons leading a sedentary and inactive life are more or less subject to derangement of the Liver and Stomach which, if neglected in a hangeable climate like ours, leads to chronic not treating him with confidence ; indeed, she disease and ultimate misery. An occasional was passively deceiving him, and that chilled dose of McGale's Compound Butternut Pills [her; but then it would not be for long, and will stimulate the Liver to healthy action, tone up the Stomach and Digestive Organs, thereby riving life and vigor to the system generally. For sale everywhere. Price, 25c per box, five boxes \$1.00. Mailed free of postage on receipt

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title of boiled beet there exists two things, hree against mo one of which, without any great impropriety,

might be called junk; but this was the powdered beef, of our ancestors, a huge piece just slightly salted in the house itself, so that the generous juice remained in it, but the piquant slices, with the mealy potatoes, made a delightful combination. The glasses were Nervous Complaints, after having tested its filled with home brewed ale, sparkling and vonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, clear and golden as the finest Madeira. They all ate manfully, stimulated by the genial hostess. Even Mary outshone all her former efforts, and although she couldn't satisfy Mrs. Gilbert, she declared she had never eaten so much in all her life. This set good Mrs. Gilbert's checks all aglow with simple honest satisfaction.

> Hope drove Mary home in the dog-cart. He was a happy man, but she could hardly be called a happy woman. She was warm and cold by turns. She had got her friend back, and that was a comfort, but she was that comforted her, and yet even when the day should come for the great doors of Clifford Hall to fly open to her, would not a sad, reproachful look from dear Mr. Hope

somewhat embitter her cup of happiness? Deceit, and even reticence, did not come so natural to her as they do many women : she was not weak, and she was frank, though very modest.

Mr. Bartley met them at the door, and,

owing to Mr. Hope's presence, was more de-monstrative than usual. He seemed much pleased at Mary's return, and delighted at

her appearance. "Well," said he, "I am glad I sent you away for a week. We have all missed you, my dear, but the change has set you up again I never saw you look better. Now you are well, we must try and keep you well." We must leave the reader to imagine the Walter mixed feelings with which Mrs. Clifford laid her head upon the pillow that night, and we undertake to say that the female readers, at all events, will supply this blank in our narrative much better than we could, though we were to fill a chapter with

that subject alone. Passion is a terrible enemy to mere affection. Walter Clifford loved his father dearly, yet for twenty-four hours he had almost for gotten him. But the moment he turned his horse's head toward Clifford Hall, uneasiness and something very like remorse began to scize him. Suppose his father had asked for him, and wondered where he was, and felt himself deserted and abandoned in his dying moments. He spurred his horse to a gallop, and soon reached Clifford Hall. As he was afraid to go straight to his father's room, he went at once to old Baker, and said, in an agitated voice:

'One word, John-is he alive?"

"Yes, sir, he is," said John, gravely, and rather sternly.

"Has he asked for me ?"

"More than once or twice, sir."

Walter sank into a chair, and covered his face with his hands. This softened the old servant, whose manner till then had been sullen and grim. "You used not frut, Mr. Walter," said he:

1

a set of a fam.

"it's all right. In course T know, where you ~ <u>f</u> have been. 31.1 .

Walter looked up alarmed Million Sam

12-

"Ah !" said Dr. Garner, "these are the patients that give the doctor a chance. Then he turned to Baker. "Have you any good champagne in the house-not sweet, and not too dry, and full of fire ?"

"Irroy's Carte d'Or," suggested the patient, entering into the business with a certain feeble alacrity that showed his gout had not always been unconnected with imprudence in diet.

Baker was sent for the champagne. It was brought and opened, and the patient drank some of it fizzing. When he had drank what he could, his eyes twinkled, and he said : "That's a hair of a dog that has often bit-

ten me." The wine soon got into his weakened head,

and he quickly dropped asleep. "Another draught when he wakes," said

the doctor, "but from a fresh bottle." "We'll finish this one to your health in the ervants' hall," said honest John Baker. Dr. Garner staid there all night, keeping ur

he patient's strength with eggs and brandy, and everything, in short, except medicine; and he also administered champagne, but at much longer intervals. At one o clock next day the patient gave a

dismal groan ; Walter and the others started up in alarm. "Good !" said the doctor, calmly ; "now

I'll go to bed. Call me if there's any fresh symptoms."

At six o'clock old Baker burst in the room :

"Sir, sir, he have swore at me twice. The Lord be praised !"

"Excellent !" said the doctor. " Now tell me what disagrees with him most after champagne ?"

Why, Green Chartreuse, to be sure," said old Baker. "Then give him a tablespoonful," said the

"Get me some hot water." loctor.

"Which first ?" inquired Baker.

"The patient, to be sure," said Dr. Garner. Soon after this the doctor stood by his atient's side, and found him writhing, and to tell the truth, he was using bad language occasionally, though he evidently tried not to Doctor Garner looked at his watch.

"I think there's time to catch the evening train.

"Why," said Walter, "surely you would not desert us ; this is the crisis. is it not "

"It's something more than that," said the doctor; "the disease knows its old place; it has gone back to the foot like a shot ; and if you can keep it there, the patient will live he's not the sort of patient that strikes his colors while there's a bastion left to defend." These words pleased the old colonel so that he waived a feeble hand above his head, then groaned most dismally, and ground his teeth to avoid profanity.

The doctor, with exquisite gentleness, drew the clothes off his feet, and sent for a lot of ficecy cotton or wool, and warned them all not to touch the bed, or even to approach the lower part of it, and he once more proposed to leave, and gave his reasons.

" Now, look here, you know, I have done my part, and if I give special instructions to the nurse; they can do the rest. I'm rather doar, and why should your waste your " Dear !" said Walter, 'warmly'; "you're

v cause. line pr was, 10 ious reasons, most distressing to his son and successor, Walter Clifford, and would Mr. Bell be so very kind as to put the question off as long as possible by any means he thought proper." Walter was grateful, and said :

'What a confort to have a lady on one's side !" "I would rather have a gentleman on mine," said Julia, with a laugh.

Mr. Bell wrote a discreet reply. He would wait till the Assizes—six week's delay—and then write to the colonel, postponing his visit. This he did, and promised to look up cases meantime. But these two allies not only baffled their iras cible chief ; they also humored him to the full. They never mentioned the name of Bartley, and they kept Percy Fitzroy out of sight in spite of his remonstrances, and, in a word, they made the colonel's life so smooth that he though he was going to have his own way in everything, and he visibly improved in health and spirits; for, you know, it is an old saying :

Always get your own way, and you'll never die in a net.

And then what was still a tottoring situation

was kept on its legs by the sweet character and gentle temper of Mary Bartley. We have already mentioned that she was superior to most women in the habit of close attention to whatever she undertook. This was the real key to her facility in languages, history, music, drawing, and calesthenics, as her professor called female gymnastics. The flexible creation ture's limbs were in secret steel She could go thirty feet up a slack rope hand over hand with wonderful ease and grace, and hang by one hand for ten minutes to kiss the other to her riends.

So the very day she was surprised into con-senting to marry Walter secretly she sat down to the Marriago Service and learned it all by eart directly, and understood most of it.

By this means she realized that now she had nother man to obey as well as her father. So now, when Walter pressed her for secret meet-

ings, she said, submissively : Oh, yes, if you insist." She even remarked that she concluded clandestine meetings were the natural consequence

of a clandestine marriage. She used to meet her husband in the day when she could, and often for five minutes under the noon. And she even promised to spend two or three days with him at the lakes if a safe oppor tunity should occur. But for that she stipula ted that Mr. Hope must be absent.

Walter asked her why she was more afraid of Mr. Hope than of her father.

Her eyes seemed to look inward dimly, and at at first she said she didn't know. But, after pondering the matter a little, she said medita-

tively : "Because he watches me more closely than papa, and that is because -- You won't tell any-body?" "No."

"Not a soul, upon your honor?"

"Not a soul, dearest, upon my honor." "Well, then, because he loves me more."

"Oh, come!" said Walter, incredulously But Mary would neither resign her opinion

or pursue a subject which puzzled and grieved We have now indicated the peaceful tenor of things in Derbyshire for a period of some month's. We shall have to show by and by that elements of discord were accumulating under the surface; but at present we must; leave Derbyshire, and deal very briefly with another

Derbyshird, and don very priety with anomous tissue of ovents, beginning years ago, and run-ning to a date three months, at least, ahead of Colonel Chifford's recovery. The reader will have no reason to regret this. apparent interruption. . Our tale, hithefto, has.

Then came a long silence.

Then came a short letter imploring him, if he loved her as she loved him to try and forget her, except as one who would always watch over his interests, and weep for him in secret.

"Crocodile!" said Monckton, with a cold sneer

All this showed him it was his interest not to lose his hold on her. So he always wrote to her in a beautiful strain of faith, affection, and onstancy. But this part of the comedy was cut short by

the lady discontinuing the correspondence and

concealing her address for years. "Ah!" said Monckton, "she wants to cure-me. That cock won't fight, my beauty. A marth before her was let become service and month before he was let loose upon society came a surprise—a letter from his wife, directing him to call at the office of a certain solicitor in Sergeant's Inn, Fleet street, when he would receive fifty pounds upon his personal receipt, and a similar sum from time to time, provided he made no attempt to discover her, or in any way disturb her life. "Oh, Leonard," said she, "you ruined me once. Fray do not destroy me again. You may be sure I am not happy; but I am in peace and comfort, and I am old enough to know their value. Dear Leonard, I offer them both to you. Pray, pray do not despise them, and, whatever you do, do not offend against the law again. You see how strong it is." Monckton read this with calm indifference. He did not owned to sime a manufold

did not expect a woman to give him a pension unconditionally, or without some little twaddle by way of drawback. He called on the lawyer, and sent in his name. He was received by the

lawyer in person, and eyed very keenly. "I am directed to call here for fifty pounds,

sir," said he. "Yes, Mr. Monckton. I believe the payment is conditional."

'No, sir; not the first fifty pounds. It is the future payments that are to depend upon my conniving at my wife's infidelity;" and with that he handed him the letter.

The lawyer perused it, and said :

"You are right. sir. The fifty pounds shall be paid to you immediately; but we must request you to consider that our client is your friend, and acts by our advice, and that it will not be either graceful or delicate to interpret her conduct to her discredit."

"My good sir," said Monekton, with one of his cynical sneers, "every time your client pays me fifty pounds, put on the receipt that black is white in matters of conjugal morality, and I'll

white in matters of conjugat morality, and in sign the whole acknowledgment." Finding he had such a serpent to deal with, the lawyer cut the dialogue short, and paid the money. However, as Monekton was leaving;

"You can write to us when you want any more, and would it be discreet of me to ask

where to address you?" "Why not?" said Monokton. "I have no-thing to conceal. However, all I can tell you at present is that I am going to Hull to try and

tind a couple of rogues." "Dear !" said Walter, 'warmly'; "you're is in fature, when two streams unit e their force geance, This dangerous villan was quite master as cheap as dirt, and as good as gold, and the current becomes broader and stronged." I Bartleys secret, and Hope's To be sure,