## Choice Ziternture.

#### One Life Only.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A few months later, while the winter anows were falling thick and fast round Aideratone Abbey, the master of that proud old home sat in a lonely lodging in Sydney, with the sunshine of the Australian sum-mer streaming through his open window,

and all the glory of that strange climate at its fairest season, shining on earth and sky. Yet despite of the brightness which sur-rounded him, the life of Humphrey Atherthan that which chilled his being to the very centre now. Flung on the table beside him was Miss Amherst's letter to Una Dysart; but it was not on that day he had received it, for it had already been in his possession some weeks. The arrival of that letter, sent by the hand of her whom he loved with unchanged intensity, had been a crushing blow to him; of course, the substance of the information it contained was nothing new to him, though it gave him many details of the circumstances of his uncle's marriage which he had not known before; but it was the fact that it had come to him from Una which made him receive it as the death-warrant of all his kopes concerning her; he knew from the date that it must have been in her possession at the time when he was so peremptorily denied admittance to her house, and he now did not for a moment doubt that on receipt of that letter Una had at once determined to give him up finally, that she herself, and not her friends, had refused him permission to see her, and that she had sent him the letter without a word from herself, for the very purpose of show-ing him that, in consequence of the history it contained, all acquaintance between them must be distinctly at an end. It was not that Atherstone supposed Una to have been alienated from him by the loss of his estate and fortune; he knew that she was too noble and pure hearted to be influenced by so unworthy a motive; but he believed that, precisely because of her high sense of honour and her refinement of feeling, she could no longer retain even friendship, much less love, for a man who had been guilty of fraud. It never occurred to him to doubt, in the smallest degree, that on reading that letter, quick-witted Una had divined the secret of his whole conduct from the time of his uncle's death, and had thus become aware that for five years he thus become aware that for five years he had held possession of an estate which was not lawfully his, and that he had finally driven the rightful owner into exile in order that, without fear of discovery, he might bring her home as his wife to the house where he dwelt as a dishonest usur-per. No wonder she had cast him off for per. No wonder she had case him off for ever, he thought, it was but what he deserved, and might surely have expected; only, like Cain, he was ready to cry out that his punishment was greater than he could bear. Nor was the loss of Una all that he had to weigh down his spirit read an despondency. As yet he had for deep despondency. As yet he had for to discover Edward Atherstone, and the to discover Edward Atherstone, and the hope of being able, at least, to make reparation for his error, and set himself right with God and man, seemed as far distant as it had been on the first day when he landed at Sydney. He had worn himself out since then, in ceaseless journeys to every quarter where he had the faintest reason to think his cousin might possibly be, and this search had been conducted on a rigorous system of personal privation; for a rigorous system of personal privation; for a rigorous system of personal privation; for he had abstained from appropriating a sin-gle penny from the revenues of the Ather-stone estates, after that night when, in Trafford's presence, he determined to make restitution of all his unlawful possessions; he had lived from that time entirely on a very slender income which he had inherited from his father, and every part of it which he could spare from the actual necessaries of life was given to the agents whom he employed in assisting him to discover his cousin. He had placed himself in communication with the police; but the person who had chiefly assisted him in his endeavors was Wilson, the agent to whom he had telegraphed from England in the first instance. He was an honest intelligent man of high character, and Atherstone had told him the whole truth with the character. told him the whole truth with a frankness which had won his esteem and his hearty co-operation in the search. He had ascer-tained that when Edward landed at Sydney both he and his son were suffering more or less from the fever which had prevailed on board the ship, and from which Ashtaroth had died; also that during the short time he had remained in the town he had lived with the most reckless extrava-gance, and had finally joined a party of unprincipled adventurers, with whom he had gone into the interior of the country, taking his child with him, and there he had disappeared, leaving not a trace behind him. So the matter had rested ever since Humphrey's arrival; and his great dread now was that possibly Edward and his boy had succumbed to the bardships of life in the bush, when both were in an enfeebled state of health. Wilson had learnt that the child especially seemed little likely to survive, even when it left Sydney, and there was no one amongst the rough bush-rangers with whom they were travelling who would be at all capable of giving poor little Maurice the care which alone, perhaps, could have saved his life. But if Edward himself had perished in some unknown part of that tractless continent, there was small chance that any proof of his death could ever be obtained, and the position in which this uncertainty would leave Humphrey Atherstone was indeed terrible; for he had vowed most solemnly, as an immediate act of reparation for his own wrongdoing, that he would under no circumstances again take possession of his uncle's estate, exsepting in the event of his cousin's death without leaving an heir.

Well might his thoughts be sad and hope

hess as he sat there, leaning his head on his hand, and gazing out listlessly on the hot dazzling sunshine of the street. Una and Atherstone Abbey were lost to him already, and now it seemed as if even the hope of repairing the past in any way were taken

from him also.
Suddenly, as his eyes wandered up and down the burning street, he caught sight of Wilson, the agent, hurrying along towards his lodgings at a page which he would hardly have adopted in such weather without an argent reason. Atherstone started to his feet, while the glad thought flanhed into his mind, that perhaps he was the bearer of some tidings respecting Edward or his child; it was nearly a week since he had seen Wilson last, and news from the interior of the country might have reached him in the interval.

There was a hurried step on the stair, and Wilson came dashing into the room exclaiming, "Found! found!—your cousin is found!

"Thank God!" was all Humpurey could say in the strong royulsion of feeling, while Wilson, who was a large heavy man, sank into a chair, breathless with the haste he had made to bring his friend and employer these welcome tidings. It was some min-utes before he could answer the anxious as noos enotations with which Atherstone soon assailed him, and when he did speak the tale

he had to tell was sad enough.
Edward was found indeed, but only as a dying man, and the little child had long since lain in a nameless grave, dug by rude hands in the pathless forest; Maurice had not lived many days after they had left Syndoy, nor had the father ever regained his strength; and now he had for many weeks been suffering from a malignant species of fever and ague, caught in a pesti-lential swamp to which he had strayed in his wanderings, and where he would cer-tainly have perished but for the charity of the driver of a bullock-wagon, who found him in a pitiable state, under no better shelter than a cattle-shed, and brought him back to Sydney; there he drifted into a miserable underground room in a low lodging-house, where, half-starved wholly neglected, he was rapidly sinking

into his grave.

Humphrey uttered an exclamation of bitter pain at this account, and asked how it was possible that Edward could have been reduced to such abject poverty when, on his arrival in Sydney a little more than a year before, he had in his possession the large sum of money with which he had been bribed to leave England.

"Easily enough," replied Wilson, grim-ly; "it seems he began, even before he left Sydney, plunging into all sorts of reckless speculations, which swallowed up the greater part of his money, and nearly as much again has been lost in gambling; finally, he has been wandering about no one knows whore, with some of the most undesirable companions any man could have, and they have very effectually helped him to make away with all he possessed." "How did you discover him?" asked

Atherstone. Atherstone.

"By a casual circumstance, quite unconnected with the efforts we have been making for so long a time to find him. Ill and starving as he was, some remnant of pride or shame has prevented him from taking advantage of any of our charitable instituadvantage of any of our charitable institu-tions, and he would certainly have died undiscovered in the wretched place where he now lies, if it had not been for a philannow lies, it is nad not been for a philan-thropic doctor, who stumbled upon him when visiting some other poor person in the same house. Dr. Townsend happens to be a friend of mine, and knowing what to be a friend of mine, and knowing what a search I have made for your cousin, it occurred to him, when he gave his name as Edwards, that he was probably the man we wished to find. I went to see him myself before I came to you, and there can be no doubt of his identity; in fact I had a detailed account of his proceedings since he left Sidney from another broken-down advanturar, who ledges in the next room, and venturer, who lodges in the next room, and has accompanied him in part of his wan-derings. It was from him I heard how

Edward's money had been squandered."
"I must go to him at once," exclaimed Atherstone.
"You will see a sorry sight, if you do; he is frightfully emaciated, and almost at

"What does the doctor say of his case?"
asked Humphrey; "is there no hope of
saving his life?"

"None whatever; his constitution is com-pletely worn out."

"It it be in any way possible to restore him, even yet, by care and skill, he shall not die; if he could be moved, I should like to bring him here; anyhow, I will hasten to him, and I should be greatly obliged, Wilson, if you would bring the doctor to meet me there, and then we could judge what would be best for him."

"You will not be able to move him, that is very cerain; he looked as if every breath would be his last; but I will do your bidding and bring my medical friend to give "It it be in any way possible to restore

you any help I can. Shall I send a cab for you, and tell the driver where to go; you will never be able to find the place on foot." ing, and bring my medical friend to give

"Pray do, I can have no rest till I have seen him." And in a few minutes Hum-phrey Atherstone was on his way to the death-bed of the man he had so deeply wronged.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

Humphrey Atherstone stood in a dark underground room, more like a cellar than a human habitation, gazing, sick at heart, on the scene before him. At last the victim of his fraud was found; the hour of reparation, which, in his deep repentance he had so ardently desired, was come; but what atonement could he now ever make to him who lay stretched out at his feet, visibly dying, as every laboured breath shook his wasted frame, and all that remained to him of life seemed gathered into the eyes burning from fever, that gleamed with lurid light in their hollow sockets! His bed was a little more than a heap of straw, covered with some coarse material like a horse-cloth; a broken table stood near it, on which were some restoratives brought by the charitable doctor, and one or two chairs completed the furniture which the room contained; no sunshine could reach it from the narrow window that was level with the pavement of the street outside; but Atherstone felt instinctively that the gloom and chill which persided the whole place were those of death itself, and as he sadly estimated the extent of the misery demonstrated in these destals, it seemed to him as if the truth, that evil once wronght can never wholly to undone, were branded on his heart for ever in burning pain.

Some minutes passed while he atood there in helpless silence, then Humphrey became

aware that the eyes of the dying man were fixed on his face with a look of undoubted recognition, and, going forward, he sank on his knees by the bed-side of his unhappy cousin. An expression of exceeding bitter ness passed over Edward's ghastly countenance, as if life were too far spent within him to call up the flery passion of hate that would tain have possessed him, and slowly his lived lips framed the words, "My en-emy! evon in this last hour!"

"No, no i" exclaimed Humphrey, "not your enemy, Edward Atherstone, your friend, your cousin; I have been seeking for you these many months to give you for you these many months to give you back all that is due .c you as my uncle's son." A gleam of excitement lit up the wan fave of the dying man at those words.

"He was my father then! I was his true heir! I always felt it—knew it, though I could not prove it Dld you find his will in the ebony cabinet?"

"No! he never made a will; but it contained documents establishing your birthright. I have the proofs, and all is clear. Atherstone Abbey is yours, as your father meant it should be."

"He soknowledged me then before he

"He soknowledged me then before he

died! I felt sure he had, and you stole my inheritance, you—villain!" Humphrey started violently at the oppro-

brious term; but the next moment he showed the depth of his repentance by bowing his head as if to acknowledge "You are right, Edward, I have wronged you deeply; but I bitterly regret it, and I

have come from England on purpose to find you, and yield up to you all that is your own. I desire most ardently to make atonement to you for the past." The dying eyes turned on him with a look

of withering contempt. "You words are a wretched mockery, Cousin Humphrey, you

Too late! The voice of the man he de-frauded had but ceheed the words that were seething in Atherstone's own heart, as he looked on the wreck before him. He could not lie in the face of death by any at-tempt to refute the sentence; but he seized the emaciated hand of his cousin, and exclaimed, in a voice hoarse with emotion. "Edward, I can but entreat of you to for-give me. I would make restitution to you if I could; since I cannot, say at least that you forgive me!"

"Forgive you!" repeated Edward, slow-ly; "you can tell me to forgive you, al-though by your means I am dying in a hovel, when I should have been lord of Atherstone! It is too much to bear. Even your wife would plead for you in vain. though she stood between you and my vengeance once."
"My wife!" said Humpbrey, amazed.

"Edward, what can you mean? I am not married!

"Not to Una Dysart?" asked the sick "Mot to Una Dysart? asked the slock of man, turning round feebly, with a look of surprise. The question caused Humphrey a thrill of exquisite pain.

"No, indeed," he said mournfully, "nor

am I ever likely to know such happiness !"

"But you loved her?"
"I did, more than life itself, and I do so still unchangeably." "And she loves you?"

"I fear not, Edward; why should you suppose it?"
"Because Ashtaroth, my dead wife, who is Because Ashtaroth, my dead wife, who had power from her race to read the secrets of others, told me that it was so; she said if I struck a blow at you it would piece the heart of the fair-faced woman who saved the life of our little child at the risk of her own, and she persuaded me, for Una Dysart's sake, to forego a well-planned scheme of revenge I had prepared for you; it seems then that I was fooled in that as in all else."

in all else."
"No, Edward," said Atherstone, "I do not doubt your wife was right at the time, and that in sparing me you spared Una too real pain and sorrow. I think she did love me then, and if she has ceased to do so now if I have lost all hope of happiness with her, for that very reason you should forgive me; it is for your sake that she now stabs me to the heart, even as for her sake you saved: because of my sin to you she has abandoned me." A faint smile of triumph stole over Edward's pale lips; but the effort he had made to speak had exhausted him, and he lay back in silence, while Hum-phrey tried to make him swallow a little of the wine which stood on the table beside him. Fortunately at that moment Wilson came in, accompanied by Dr. Townsend, who proceeded to administer various restoratives, which seemed slightly to revive storatives, which seemed singuray to revive him. While the doctor was doing what he could for his patient, Atherstone, feeling completely overcome, went out into the street, that he might escape for a few minutes from the sickening atmosphere of the death-chamber. "My Una!" he murmured, as a rush of tender recollections almost unmanned him, "my Una! who saved me unconsciously, and now will never love me more! Oh! that I could have gone to her then with clean hands and a pure heart. and won her for my own in face of day.
Too late! Edward said well—it is too late

for him and for me." Slowly he paced up and down beneath the soft evening sky, watching a glorious sunset, whose long beams of light, streaming down out of the liquid glory, seemed like golden paths leading from earth to heaven; and he had grown calmer and more patient, even in the prospect of expiating his error all his life long in solitude and unavailing regrets, when the doctor came out of Edward's room to speak to

"Is there a possibility of saving him?" asked Humphrey, eagerly.
"Not the slightest! the poor fellow's

case is perfectly hopeless; no human skill can avail him now; he will not pass the night. "I had wished so much to move him to

my own rooms, that at least he might not die in that wretched place. Is it quite impracticable 21 "My dear sir, he would expire in your hands if you attempted to lift him off that

"In that case I would rather remain alone with my consin. I shall not leave him till the end."

"Well, send to my house if you want aimsers we assistance of any kind. I fear I must leave you now, as I am due elsewhere;" and then, as Atherstone declined Wilson's offer Herbert.

to remain with him, the two men took leave of him, and he was left alone.

He went back into the room, and found

Edward lying with his face to the wall; he bent over him and spoke very gently, asking if he would sllow him to hit his head into an easier position, but the dying man into an easier position, but the dying man was either unconscious of his presence, or wilfully ignored it; and he desisted at last from any attempt to attract his attentiou, and sat down in silence by the eide of the miserable couch. Truly Humphrey Atherstone's reflections were bitter enough as he remained there, leaning his head on his hand, and wearily counting the passing moments by the laboured breathing with which the blighted life was slowly sighing which the blighted life was slowly sighing itself away. How utterly worthless seemed all earthly possessions in that hour! Justice—meroy—humility! where had they been in his life who had brought his unclo's lawful hair to such a near 2 M. lawful heir to such a pass? M re than an hour had elapsed, when Edward became very restless, and seemed endeavouring to turn round from the wall, without having strength to do so. Humphrey tenderly placed his arm round him, and moved the light wasted frame into the position he appeared to desire. Edward was now lying facing the window, with his fast-glazing eyes fixed on his cousin; a dim awful shadow was stealing over his face, and it was plain that death was very near. He seemed conscious, however, and Humphrey thought conscious, however, and Humphrey thought he might make one more effort to win that pardon from him without which he felt as if his whole life yet to come mus be unhallowed and unblest. He felt on his knees beside his cousin, and stretched out his pleading hands to him, exclatming, "Edward, you are passing to the tribunal of the Most High God, where, one and all, we shall have to answer for the deeds done in the flesh; you will yourself have need of shan have to answer for the decus done in the flesh; you will yourself have need of mercy and forgiveness there, and I pray that for Christ's sake you may obtain it; but in His name I ask you to forgive me too, even as you hope to be forgiven!" The dying man heard him, his lips moved, but he could not articulate; then he made a feeble effort to hold out his hand. Humphrey grasped it eagerly, saying, "You do forgive me, Edward; I may believe that you do, may I not?" The chill fingers gave a faint pressure

The chill fingers gave a faint pressure—so faint that Atherstone could scarcely feel it, but it was all he was to receive as a token that his attempted reparation was accepted by the man he had so greatly injured. A few minutes later death had locked the cold lips of his cousin in impenetrable silence for evermore in this world, and Edward Atherstone had gone to meet the righteous Judge. meet the righteous Judge.

(To be continued.)

## How to Make Home Safe.

Punch has some good ideas of how to keep everything safe and enug about a house :

"1. In the first place, I, Punch. would have you careful in the matter of matches. Avoid those to which proprietors and manufacturers have given the title 'safety' for use can be made of them only when you have the box by you. Rather choose those which strike not only on the box, but on anything. By employment of these yourself, and by encouraging the careless use of them by your servants, you may do your part in keeping up the average of metropolitan confagrations.

"2. In these days of universal improvement, your house is probably lighted with gas from attic to basement. On this head I have little to say. Remember, however, the proverb which illustrates the futility of seeking for anything in the dark. If therefore, you smell gas, and are thus warned of an escape, go or send one of your house-hold, with a lighted candle, to discover the source of it.

"8. If there be no gas in your house, it is probable that you will use oil lamps. Paraffine will do for your dinner and draw. ing-rooms. In the nursery, schoolroom, or wherever else there is likely to be romping, employ petroleum or kerosene. Consider the cow of Chicago.

"4. Never indulge in fire-guards. They intercept a great part of the heat of the fire, which no prudent householder can afford, at the present price of coal. If, in your absence, a gassy coal explodes and the fragments are projected into the room, how can you possibly be to blame? "5. Some housewives are of opinion that

linen should be aired gradually. This is mere old-fashioned nonsense, unsuited to an age too rapid to permit of things being oone slowly. Air your inen quickly. Have a roaring fire, and bring your clotheshorses as near it as possible.

6. The medical profession strongly con-

demn chlorodyne of chloral. Therefore, if you have wakeful pights, compose yourself by means of a book in small type, which will involve your keeping your bedside-candle close to the curtains, where, if left to itself, it may burn down quietly.

7. Nothing is more soothing than for a man with his head on his pullow to maditate over the affairs of the day with a cigar

"8. While wages are so high, I would have you execute for yourself any little ropairs that may become necessary on your premises. The cases of Canterbury Cathedral and the Alexandria Palace show what may be done by the skillful use of a glue.

pot.

"9. In the event of any article of wearing apparel or furniture igniting, remember at once to open a door, so as to admit a good current of air. All the above directions may be rendered usoless by insitention to this hint.

" Never insure your house. Think of the luxuries you can purchase with a few pounds, and hesitate before investing your money in what is too often nothing but a

premium on carelessness.

"Il and last. Take the foregoing directions to heart and earry them out steadfastly and thoroughly. Verify the saying of Thomas of Chelsea, that the twenty millions of these islands are mostly fools. Vex the bouls of Captain Shaw and his Vex the foun of Onpum num and against men; and by year ignorance, care-lessness, lkinese, and stupidity continue to swell the fire returns and agartwate your sineses well-wisher, Punon."

God sees hearts as we see faces. - George

Scientific and Aseful.

CREAM GRACKERS.

Two pints of flour, one pint of sweet eream, and the yolks of three eggs.

BTRENGTH OF MAN.

A curious series of experiments made in France shows approximately that the heaviest load a strong man can carry for a short distance is 319 pounds; all aman can short distance is 319 pounds; all aman can carry habitually, as, for example, a soldier his knapsack, walking on level ground, is 132 pounds—or an aggregate of 1518 pounds over 8200 feet as a day's work. It he ascends ladders or stairs, as do hod-carriers, he can carry but 121 pounds continuously, and his day's work cannot exceed 1232 pounds raised 3200 feet high.

## ABOUT SLEEPLESSNESS.

Those who suffer from sleeplessnesand the number is not small—might do well to notice their position at night. A German physiologist states that the heating of the earth by the sun causes magne. tie currents from the equator to each pole. We should lie, therefore, in the direction of these currents; If we lie across these, the result is unpleasant, and want of sleep is the consequence. The head to the north is the best position—to the west the worst.

Physicians who have charge of hospitals all attend to the directions in which the beds are placed, and with the best results

#### CARROTS INSTEAD OF EGGS.

An exchange says: It is not generally An exchange says: It is not generally known that boiled carrots, when properly treated, form an excellent substitute for eggs in pudding. They must, for this purpose, be boiled and mashed, and passed through a coarse cloth or hair sieve strainer. The pulp is then introduced among er. The pulp is then introduced among the other irgredients of the pudding, to the other ingredients of the pudding, to the total omission of eggs. A pudding made in this way is much lighter than where eggs are used, and is much more palatable. On the principle of economy, this fact is worthy of the prudent housewife's attention.

## GOOD YEAST.

Take twelve large potatoes, wash them well, and put them on in a gallon of water, with a handful of hops when the potatoes are nearly done. Let all boil together until the potatoes are cooked. Take them up, peel and much them well; then etrain the water upon them, and add one tea cupwater upon them, and add one tea cupful of sugar (white preferred) and one of sait. Two cupfuls of sweet yeast to start fermentation. Set it near the fire until it begins to work, and then put it into bottles. Cork, and set them in a cool place. You should put water enough when done boiling to make a gallon of yeast. Do not use a particle of flour in making this yeast. It will not bubble and ferment as much as common yeast, but is lively nevertheless. You must remember to use less salt than usual in making up the bread.

# PRINGED CELEBY FOR GARNISHING.

This addition contributes very much to the appearance of any salad, whether "fish or fowl," and when there are two "fish or fowl," and when there are two varieties, one sort can be garnished with the fringed celery alone, and another have nastureiums dotted here and there through the edge of the dish. Select the large outer pieces of the stalk, cutting in half-inch lengths; wash, and wips dry, seeing all grit is removed. Have a large new cork, fill it full of coarse needles, putting the eye of the needle in the cork, and the points sticking up. If the cork has soaked some time in tepid water, the needles will penetrate most easily. Carehas soaked some time in tepid water, the needles will penetrate most easily. Carefully draw each piece of celery over the needles, leaving at the end about an inch of celery unfringed. Lay it in cold water two hours to cool and become crisp.

# VEAL CARE.

This is a very pretty, tasty dish for supper or breakfast, and uses up any cold veal which you may not care to mince. Take away the brown outside of your cold roast veal, and out the white meat into thin slices; have also a few thin slices of cold ham, and two hard-boiled eggs, which also slice, and two desert-spoonfuls of finely chopped parsley. Take an earth-enware mould, and lay veal, ham, eggs and parsley in alternate layers, with a little pepper between each, and a sprink-ling of lemon on the veal. When the mould seems full, fill up with strong stock and bake for half an hour. Turn out when and bake for half an hour. Turn out when cold. If a proper shape be not at hand, the veal cake looks very pretty made in plain pie dish. When turned out, garnish with a few sprigs of fresh parsley.

# LIME FOR HENS.

Lime is as necessary for the formation of the eggs as is food. The required amount of lime is readily used by fowls in amount of time is readily used by lowis in a wild state, as but little is wanted when one or two sittings of eggs a year is the limit of their efforts. But when we, by domestication, increase the number of egge from a score to one or two hundred, it will readily be seen that the fowls cannot obtain the needed quantity of lime from their erdinary food, consequently we must supply the deficiency, for soft shelled eggs, or eggs without any shells, will be the result of neglect in this respect, which may lead of neglect in this respect, which may lead the habit of hens devouring their eggs, to say nothing of their unpresentable ap-pearance if they escape. A supply of lime is easily and cheaping furnished by burning and crushing bones and oysier or clare shells; nor should old mortar be forgot-ten, because this is so readily procured, though not as good as booses or shells. The supply should be generous and constant, and not at all times accessible to fowls. A small piece of lime in their drinking water is advisable in some instances.—Poultry World.

"Why did you not pocket some of those pears," said one boy to another. "Nobody was there to see you." "Yes, there was. I was there myself, and don't ever intend to see myself do a mean thing." Noble words! Let every boy adopt and practice the sentiment.

BE not discouraged. The hill which are peers steep and precipitons in the distance becames an easy accept on near approach. Leek the tiger steedily in the eye, and he will quall before you. So, difficulties stead ily looked in the face and energetically met. will wanish. met, will vanish.