

The undertaker came first in his hat-band and scarf, and then the black chariot containing the Reverend Mr. Leicester. Before the hearse walked six carriers, and the mourning-coach came last. It was a plain, respectable funeral.

It drew up at the church-yard gate, in full view of the parsonage windows, all of which had their blinds closely drawn, out of respect for the dead. But they managed to peep at it behind the blinds.

The rector stepped out first, and stood waiting at the church door in his officiating dress, his book open in his hands. There was some little delay in getting the burden from the hearse, but at length the carriers had it on their shoulders, and bore it up the path with measured, even steps, themselves being nearly hidden by the pall. Mr. Castonel followed, his handkerchief to his face. He betrayed at that moment no outward sign of emotion, but his face could not have been exceeded in whiteness by that of his dead wife.

'Oh!' said Ellen, shivering, and turning from the light, as she burst into tears, 'what a dreadful sequel it is to the day when he last got out of a carriage at that churchyard gate, and she was with him, in her gay happiness! Poor Mr. Castonel, how he must need consolation!'

'It is nothing of a funeral, after all,' said Mrs. Chavasse, discontentedly;—'no pall-bearers, no mutes, nor any thing. I wonder he did not have some!'

CHAPTER V.
OF THE STRANGE WOMAN AT BEECH LODGE AND THE STRANGE SCENE GOING ON THERE.

Beech Lodge was a queer, quaint place—a cottage set far back among the trees—built after the fashion of a gamekeeper's lodge which it had been as we have said before, and hence the name; but a comfortable dwelling enough, when, as in this instance, the family was small.—Here dwelt the retired female, of whose coming and con-

tinued residence all Ebury went into spasms of wonder—a wonder grown chronic, and not to be abated by time. Had the lady been seen sufficiently near and often, Ebury would have admired still more. As Mr. Leicester had observed, she had the manners of a gentlewoman, and she was young and handsome. What Mr. Leicester did not observe, however, was a wedding-ring on the customary finger.

It was the day after the funeral of Mrs. Castonel, and a strange scene was being performed in the game-keeper's lodge.

In the little drawing-room sat Gervase Castonel, quietly, mockingly it would seem; but the young and handsome woman was not quiet, neither was she seated. She paced the room at times, gracefully but vehemently, and spoke as vehemently as she walked.

Mr. Castonel responded in the same style as he sat; and his quiet, mocking manner added fuel to the flame in his companion's mind. At length he spoke, with some irritation in his tone:

'It is idle to talk so, Lavinia. What does it all matter to you? You choose your own position. If this thing grows irksome, you know the alternative. Disgrace to your proud race, for their name, lineage, and all will come out. Did you ever know me to fail in a promise for evil?'

'Do you expect me to stand by, and see you commit—'

'Hush! that will do. You have hinted that before. Do not say it, when you have no proof. Have I not spared him and you?'

She burst into tears and threw herself into a chair, sobbing violently.

'What do I gain?' he continued. 'I think that was your question just now.—What can that concern you? It is my whim—my will. Say that I gratify my passions—can you object to that?'

She started up and stood over him with clenched hands.

'I will expose all.'

'Remember your oath—remember everything, and then do it.'

Another burst of tears on the part of the woman, who sunk back again in the chair, was followed by a low, mocking laugh on the part of Mr. Castonel.

'I am a mourner,' said he. 'You should not disturb my sadness with these harsh

threw herself on her knees before the surgeon.

He looked at her contemptuously and laughed.

'That posture would suit an actress or a nun. You are neither—only a duke's daughter. I am—well, just now, I am only a country surgeon. Some people would call me an apothecary. Merit and standing is never appreciated. I have forgiven partly but not punished enough. Beside, there are others to punish.'

She looked up in astonishment.

TO BE CONTINUED.

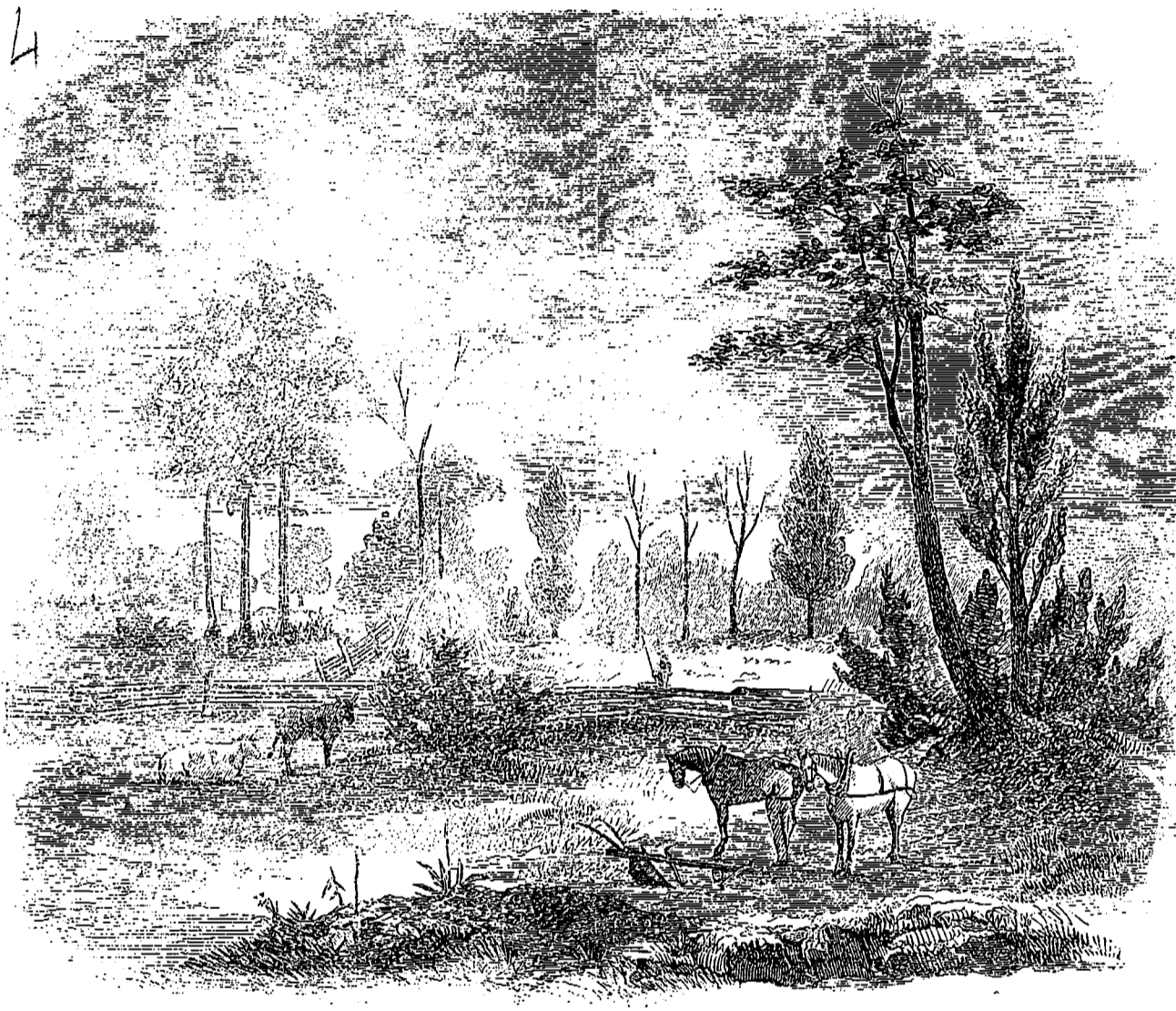
WOMAN IN HER PROPER PLACE.

Surely a pretty woman never looks prettier than when making tea. The most feminine and most domestic of all occupations imparts a magic harmony to every movement, a witchery to her every glance. The floating mists from the boiling liquid in which she infuses the soothing herbs, whose secrets are known to her alone, envelope her

been less than three pounds and a half, while that of the beetle was about half an ounce; so that it readily moved a weight 112 times exceeding its own. A better notion than figures can convey will be obtained of this fact by supposing a lad of fifteen to have been imprisoned under the great bell of St. Paul's, which weighs 12,000 pounds, and to move it to and fro upon a smooth pavement by pushing therein.—Prof. Goss.

WHAT A VOLCANO CAN DO.—COTOPAXI, in 1738, threw its fiery rockets 3,000 feet above its crater; while in 1751, the blazing mass, struggling for an outlet, roared so that its awful voice was heard at a distance of more than 600 miles! In 1797, the crater of Tanguragua, one of the great peaks of the Andes, flung out torrents of mud which dammed up rivers, opened new lakes, and in valleys of 1,000 feet wide made deposits of 600 feet deep. The stream from Vesuvius which in 1837 passed through Torre del Greco, contained 33,600,000 cubic feet of solid matter; and in 1793, when Torre del Greco was destroyed a second

time, the mass of lava amounted to 45,000,000 cubic feet. In 1769, Etna poured forth a flood which covered 84 square miles of surface, and measured nearly 100,000,000 cubic feet.—On this occasion the sand and scoria formed the Monte Rosini, near Nicholosa, a cone two miles in circumference, and 4,000 feet high. The stream thrown out by Etna, in 1810, was in motion at the rate of a yard a day, for nine months after the eruption; and it is on record that the lava of the same mountain, after a terrible eruption, was not thoroughly cool and consolidated ten years after the event. In the eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, the scoria and ashes vomited forth far exceeded the entire bulk of the mountain; while in 1660, Etna disgorged more than twenty times its own mass. Vesuvius has sent its ashes as far as Constantinople, Syria, and Egypt; it hurled stones, eight pounds in weight, to Pompeii, a distance of



BATTLE GROUND OF THE THAMES.—ANOTHER VIEW.—[BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

words. Have pity on the sorrows of an unfortunate husband.

'You are a fiend.'

'Oh, no; fiends only exist in stage-plays, and in story-books—now and then in pantomime. Beside, you did not always think so. I remember very well when I was a sort of seraph. Lucifer fell, and why not Gervase Castonel. It is a good name that—almost as good as Richard'

'Ah!'

'Why interrupt me? I was about to utter a name that would please you almost as much as mine. I spared him—you know why, and on what terms.'

'Why was I born?' moaned the agitated woman.

'For some wise purpose, probably. You should not trouble your brains with mysteries. Live quietly here, no one disturbs you. In spite of the past, I guard your reputation, and your peace. Am I not kind? If I amuse myself, why object? There was a time when you had a right to do it—that day has passed.'

'But you will not repeat this act?'

'In due time—yes. I have said that I will take the three. Shall I not be repaid three-fold? Having lost a wife, shall I not marry again? Is not matrimony a pleasant estate, and an honorable?'

There was some hidden meaning in the words, for the woman shuddered convulsively. Then she came forward again, and

in a cloud of scented vapor, through which she seems a social fairy waving potent spells with gunpowder and bobac. At the tea-table she reigns omnipotent, unapproachable. What do men know of the mysterious beverage? Read how poor Hazzlit made his tea and shudder at the dreadful barbarism. How clumsily the wretched creatures attempt to assist the president of the tea-table, how hopelessly they hold the kettle, how continually they imperil the frail cups and saucers, or the taper fingers of the priestess. To do away with the tea-table is to rob woman of her legitimate empire.—Lady Audley's Secret.

AN INSECT SAMSON.—Every one who has taken the common beetle in his hand knows that its limbs, if not remarkable for agility, are very powerful, but I was not prepared for so Samsonian a feat as I just witnessed. When the insect was brought to me, having no box immediately at hand, I was at a loss where to put it until I could kill it, but a quart bottle full of milk being at the time on the table, I placed the beetle for the present under that, the hollow at the bottom allowing him to stand upright. Presently, to my surprise, the bottle began to move slowly, and glide along the smooth table propelled by the muscular power of the imprisoned insect, and continued for some time to perambulate the surface, to the astonishment of all who witnessed it. The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have

six miles, while similar masses were tossed up 2,000 feet above its summit. Cotopaxi has projected a block, of 109 cubic yards in volume, a distance of nine miles; and Sum-bawa, in 1815, during the most terrible eruption on record, sent its ashes as far as Java, a distance of 300 miles of surface; and out of a population of 12,000 souls only twenty escaped.

WIFE AND LADY.—The Providence Post says:—'It is certainly not in good taste for a gentleman to speak of his wife as his lady or to register their names upon the books of a hotel as 'John Smith and lady,' or to ask a friend, 'How is your lady?' This is all fashionable vulgarity, and invariably betrays a lack of cultivation. The term wife is far more beautiful, appropriate, and refined, whatever may be said to the contrary. Suppose a lady were to say, instead of 'My husband,' 'My gentleman,' or suppose we were to speak of 'Mrs. Fitz Maurice and her gentleman.' The thing would be absolutely ludicrous, and its obverse is none the less so if rightfully considered. A man's wife is his wife, and not his lady; and we marvel that this latter term is not absolutely tabooed in such a connection, at least by intelligent and educated people.'

TRANSPORTED FOR LIFE.—The man who marries happily.