

"But why, Willy?"
 "I don't like him."
 "Good day, Mr. Pearly; how d'ye do, m'm? Rode along to consult on a little matter of business, Deacon."
 "Come in, Mr. Inkle," said the lady; "come in the parlour, please; let us hear the wonderful news; more gold found?"
 "Just come to talk of it, come to request that you grant leave in writing, Mr. Pearly, to a prospecting party to dig and make assays of ore on your land. I'll guarantee none is carried unlawfully away."
 "No, sir; I will not."
 "Will you sell the farm? I'll buy it right out, right away, money down: name price."
 "I'll not sell the farm, sir. Not a rod of it."
 "How are the young ladies, Mrs. Pearly? Saw Miss Essel at Squire Steelyard's the other day. Every one is full of the praise of Essel Pearly."
 "Yes, the girl is well enough to look at; and, I hope, as good as she looks. Indeed I know she is."
 "Stop, Nancy. If Mr. Inkle came to 'prospect' for gold on my farm, he has got my answer. If to buy the land, he has my answer. All final answers. He cannot look for gold, nor buy. This reply should be sufficient."
 "But suppose, Deacon, I had another errand?"
 "What other errand can you have with me? I don't borrow money; nor do I owe money."
 "William, give the young gentleman leave to speak. Hear what his errand is."
 "Inkle can have no proper business here, Nancy. The sooner he departs the pleasanter for us all."
 "Mrs. Pearly, I could do better with you; the Deacon is too blunt in manner. Suppose I had been constrained by love of charming Essel Pearly to come and ask permission to pay my addresses?"
 "Did you come with that object? You say if you had; did you?"
 "I did, Deacon."
 "Then away from the house as fast as you came. Never shall daughter of ours be permitted to assort with you. Take that for answer, and away."
 "What does Mrs. Pearly say? I prefer having the mother's opinion of me."
 "I cannot say otherwise than my husband in such a matter as this."
 "I was told you speculate on Toby Oman, De Lacy Lillymere, as he now calls himself. But the question of his identity is not settled yet, let me tell you."
 "At which Mrs. Pearly spoke as became her."
 "Mr. Inkle, my husband, I perceive, judged you right, and I did not. You are impertinent. We speculate on nothing for our daughters; though, if half the tales be true, your mother speculated a good deal to get her daughter married lately, and would have preferred De Lacy Lillymere, had she known in time that he is heir-at-law to great estates, and an English Earldom."
 "He heir-at-law to an Earldom! An imposter and forger. I know as much as would half hang him."
 "Sir, we know who De Lacy Lillymere is. I knew him as a babe; have seen natural marks of identity on him at Conway within the last month, which I knew when he was an infant. He is no imposter."
 "Anyway, he is illegitimate, so cannot lawfully succeed as heir to Earl Royalfort, and never will."
 "Never will is too much for you to say, Mr. Inkle. We know he is legitimate."
 "And so you expect Essel Pearly to be the Countess Royalfort! he! he! he!"
 "If you don't get out of this house, Mr. Inkle," cried the Deacon, "I'll call force and eject you."
 "And I'll call force and have Toby arrested. My agents of private inquiry have for months past been on his track. We know his confederates in false pretence and forgery thoroughly. I'd advise you, Mr. and Mrs. Pearly both, to be very careful in connection with him; and not less careful as to how you treat me."
 "How would you choose be treated?"
 "As a gentleman of property and position in society; one offering to pay honourable attentions to your daughter."
 "Have you Essel's permission to say this?"
 "Perhaps not, but with yours I'd be like to have hers; seeing the money I have, and position I offer her."
 "This interview is closed, Mr. Inkle. Go. Go at once. Never set foot on this farm again. Nor for the life of you speak to Essel, or any daughter of William and Nancy Pearly. If you do, it may be dearly rued."
 "And I vow by all that is worth vowing by, that the rascal De Lacy Lillymere will rue the day he came between me and Essel Pearly. Good-bye. The weevil's on your wheat, Deacon."
 "Two men on horseback rode down the lane, arriving at Pearly's homestead gate as Tom got to the saddle. One laid hold of the Inkle bridle rein. The other spoke:
 "You had better alight, young man, and come in the barn or house and talk. Some business you're concerned in wants settling."
 "Who are you?" demanded Inkle—"what is the business? By what assurance do you pre-

sume to hold my bridle rein? See this? Let go!"
 From his breast pocket he drew a revolver, and smartly put the hammer on cock; not as one afraid, but with the courage of a double inheritance from Inkles and Cleggs of Oldham, among whom were no cowards."
 "Let go!" he again exclaimed, spurring his horse. The noble charger, one of Canada's best, which a general or emperor might have been proud of, reared and broke from the stranger's grasp. At the same moment a blow from the second stranger's hickory baton knocked Inkle's pistol to the ground. He would have ridden away, but with the adroitness of a skilled dragoon the man with the hickory sprang his horse across the narrow way of retreat as he delivered the blow, thus interrupting flight.
 They led Inkle to the house, Mr. Pearly following; a man of the farm taking charge of the horses.
 "You asked who we were and what we wanted, but did not wait for a civil answer before your shooter was out; looks bad to be carrying a seven shooter, young man; very bad."
 "Would need to, so many robbers about, and I carrying money most times; though none now thank fortune. So, if you be robbers you'll get no money."
 "Mr. Pearly," said Ragstrath, the man who struck at Inkle with the hickory, "you are a school trustee, and have noted the movements of people around the late chief governess of Ramasine school, Anna Liffey, as well as her movements; how long since she was last seen alive?"
 "I'm not aware she has been seen dead. She absented herself on resigning the place of teacher about three weeks ago. The trustees accepted the resignation; paid the salary, promoted one of the juniors, requiring that she was not to trouble herself and cause commotion in the township, as Anna had, with geological and mineralogical researches. Farther we know nothing."
 "Have you heard nothing?"
 "Some of the trustees heard she had sold gold nuggets and ore at Inkle's bank. Had been seen going in by the garden gate at dusk, and coming out of the bank into the garden, but not from the garden to the lane. So, I heard one of them tell that he had been told. But I gave little heed. To sell gold ore, or dust, or nuggets, was a likely thing if she had them. And to depart with her money to escape scores of worthless fellows seeking to marry her because she had money, and was supposed to know where natural gold lay, was also a step a prudent woman would take. Anna Liffey was a discreet and very superior young woman. Discreet in everything but in raising this commotion in the country about gold."
 "Mr. Inkle," said Ragstrath, facing round; "when did you see Anna Liffey alive last?"
 "Alive last! like Mr. Pearly I've not seen her otherwise than alive."
 "When did you see her?"
 "When? about that time she came at dusk to sell her gold."
 "Where did Anna Liffey go after she had delivered the nuggets, and you had paid the price?"
 "Father paid the price; I had nothing to do with it."
 "You conducted her out of the bank buildings, but not out of the garden; where did she go? But before you reply, be careful. I'm bound by law to give this caution; any statement now made may be hereafter used against you. When conducted out of the bank buildings into the garden, but not conducted out of the garden, where did the young lady go?"
 "Why in name of Jupiter do you presume to ask me such a question? Miss Liffey departed the way she entered. The young lady came there by appointment with my father to sell her gold; to sell it unseen by a crowd of people who constantly pestered her to disclose where the nuggets were found."
 "Isn't she in the garden now?"
 "Don't know what you mean. In the garden now?"
 "Did you demand of her to disclose the place where her mineralogical acumen had discovered precious ore?"
 "Very likely I invited her to assist us; to be one with us; to give information and share the profits. Very likely, as a business man I did."
 "And she refused?"
 "I'll answer no question on a topic about which you can have no right to insult me."
 "She didn't come out of the garden; where is she now?"
 "I conducted her to the lane by a private way through the house; and she departed. I know no more."
 "You know more. Whose bones are they you have in the private cellar where you have been at work some hours nearly every night the last two weeks? Using charcoal to absorb smell, acids and quick lime to consume flesh? Whose bones are they?"
 "If you know about the bones in the cellar, you also know I got them by purchase from the medical student, Dicky Rickaby."
 "The clothes beside the bones, who wore them in open day, not long ago?"
 "I don't know there are clothes. Anyway

nothing is there but what I purchased from Rickaby."
 "Where is Rickaby?"
 "In California, perhaps; am not sure, but think he is."
 "California is a far way off, isn't it?"
 "Rather a way off; but people travel far in these days."
 "Don't you know the clothes are Anna Liffey's, and were worn by her when alive?"
 "I don't know that. If they be, Rickaby got them from her for some purpose."
 "And the bones? Do you admit you murdered Anna Liffey? Consumed the flesh of her body with chemicals and lime; and that those are her bones?"
 "You are two ruffianly imposters, and possibly Anna Liffey's murderers, whoever you be. I answer no more questions, but will at once proceed to town, and have you arrested."
 "Thomas Inkle, you go to town with us. This is a warrant for your arrest. You are in custody. Get us a spring wagon, Mr. Pearly. We'll drive to the gaol, and send for the horses."
 [To be continued.]


An amusing story of a fashionable summer resort on the Potomac is told in the American papers. The captain of a steamboat running on the river was astonished one day lately, upon stopping at the place, to see all the guests assembled with their luggage ready to take passage for Washington. In making inquiries as to the cause of this general exodus he soon discovered that thereby hung a tale. A cat's. It appears that the fare of the hotel had disagreed with the boarders, and not satisfied with complaining, they took French leave. A batch of dough had been prepared for the oven and placed on the table. A playful kitten thought it would be nice to run over it, it looked so snowy, warm, and tempting. Kitty tried it and soon found her delicate little feet sinking in the dough. She struggled to escape, and like Governor Morton in the stolen treaty business, only struggled to sink deeper until this youthful cat disappeared entirely, and so like young Lochinvar went into the yeast. She never rose again, but the bread did. It closed over this unfortunate specimen, not leaving a hair apparent. Cooky of course was not aware that instead of a loaf of bread she had a kitten dumpling, and put the mass into the oven and baked it. When the bread was opened at breakfast next morning the birds did not begin to sing, but the boarders did. They fairly howled with wrath. They knew that there had been a family of kittens, and as hash had been served for breakfast before this extraordinary loaf was opened, the conclusion was natural that the other part of the family had gone into the hash and down their throats. They were first taken with sea-sickness, next with home sickness, and then ensued a general pecking up. The fashionable summer resort was left with no inhabitants but the cook and the baker, and what remained of the family of kittens.

The following curious train of thought was suggested the other day to a Leinster gentleman, on observing in a French paper the signature of Marshall MacMahon to an official document as "De MacMahon"—"The Mac" of the name has already the same significance of intention as the 'de,' and if some etymologists are to be believed, 'ma' is possibly an equivalent, the original name having, perhaps, been 'hon.' And so names are built up from the simple etymological brick to the edifice of many stages. 'Hon' first became converted into 'Mahon,' then into 'MacMahon,' now into 'Demacmahon,' and possibly future changes will, in the course of ages, make it 'Vondermacmahon,' 'Fitzvondermacmahon,' 'Fitzvondermacmahonoff,' according to the designations of the different generations of the family, until at last, in the days when the original fatherland of the family calls home all its scattered children, the name may finally become 'O'Fitzvondermacmahonoffski!'

THE GRECIAN BEND.—I would ask my medical brethren what is, or rather was, the true Grecian bend? I am sure that it was not the ungainly forward stoop which is assumed at the present day, and which clearly originates in the hips or loins, or both combined. My belief is, that it was a natural and national peculiarity in the conformation of the cervical or humeral (neck or shoulders) portion of the spinal column; throwing the head a little more in advance of the bust than is usual with our modern ladies, but at the same time curving it gracefully downwards. In a population of 30,000 I only know one young lady who, in my opinion, has this true Grecian bend, and I need scarcely say that it is neither the result of art nor affectation.—M. D.

A deserted wife in Pennsylvania, who has advertised her errant husband, says: "He is a tall man, about fifty years old, has considerable money and a high forehead, long face and lantern-jawed man, a bad man with a flat like a giant, and has often beat me, and I want him to end his days in a penitentiary, where he belongs; and he wears a gray coat, with a very large mouth, and one blue eye, and one blind blue eye, and a hideous-looking man, and I want him brought slap up in the law with blue pants."

A NEW STORY
 BY THE
 Celebrated English Novelist,
 EDMUND YATES,
 ENTITLED
 CASTAWAY,
 Will appear in the *Hearthstone* simultaneously with its appearance in England, the United States and Australia.
 No other Journal in the Dominion will be permitted to copy this Story, the SOLE RIGHT to which as a serial has been ceded to the *Hearthstone*.


 THEATRE ROYAL
 Proprietor, BEN DE BAR.
 Manager, J. W. ALDRIDGE.
 Stage Manager, REGENT EDWARDS.
 Engagement for 6 nights only of the talented young Comedian, Mr. J. K. EMMET, who will appear in his wonderful impersonation of FRITZ VON VONDERLINDENSTOFFENHEIMER, with his new Songs, Dances, and Solos.
 LITTLE LOUISE as LITTLE FRITZ.
 (Brought from the States at a large expense specially to play that part.)
 EVERY EVENING will be performed *Waxley's* 3-Act Comic Drama of
 FRITZ, OUR COUSIN GERMAN.
 INTRODUCING
 Castle Garden, New York, (now) Phil Bobbat.
 Concert Saloon, (now) Cellar, (now) Exterior of Fritz's Mill, (now)
 MONDAY, JULY 17.
 Engagement of the Montreal Favorites,
 The CHAPMAN SISTERS,
 BLANCHE and ELLA,
 Supported by the Celebrated Comedian,
 C. B. BISHOP.
 Admissions: Dress Circle, 75c.; Reserved Seats in Dress Circle, 50c.; Family Circle, 30c.; Par. Box, Private Boxes, 5c. Seats secured at Prince's Music Store. Doors open at 7; performance to begin at 7:30.

THEATRE COMIQUE,
 (LATE NORDHEIMER'S HALL)
 BENJAMIN HAYES, Proprietor & Manager.
 HUGH HAMALL, Stage Manager.
 FRED. ROGERS, Treasurer.
 T. F. STONEHAM, Scenic Artist.
 IMMENSE SUCCESS OF THE
 GREAT STAR COMPANY.
 Hundreds Unable to Gain Admission.
 EVERY BODY DELIGHTED,
 EVERY ONE LAUGHS,
 EVERY ONE SATISFIED.
 THE COOLEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE CITY.
 MONDAY EVENING, JULY 17th.
 FIRST APPEARANCE OF
 MISS VALETIA JORDAN,
 Serio-Comic Vocalist, And
 MISS MINNIE WESTON,
 Versatile Artist.
 Admission 25 cents; Reserved seats, with fans and programmes, 50 cents. Reserved Seats may be had at Prince's and at Gould's Music Stores.


 CORPORATION OF MONTREAL.
 PROCLAMATION
 \$500 REWARD.
 WHEREAS there is reason to believe that several of the late fires in the City have been the acts of incendiaries, and attempts have been made to set fire to several wood-yards in the City; and whereas apprehensions are entertained that the parties guilty of these acts of incendiarism may attempt to set fire to other premises in the City, I, the undersigned, Mayor of the City of Montreal, do hereby offer a reward of
 FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS
 to any person or persons (not being the principal offender) who will give such information as shall lead to the apprehension and conviction of the party or parties guilty of any of the late acts of incendiarism, or of any party or parties who may hereafter wilfully and maliciously set fire to or occasion the burning of any premises in this City.
 CHARLES J. COURSOUL,
 Mayor.
 Mayor's Office,
 City Hall,
 Montreal, 6th July, 1871. 1-3a