OTHER NOTES.

OF CANARIES.

Doll, a young naturalist, writes very creditable work, one chapter alone a few pages of his "Talk about Canaries." recent inquiries, will be found to certain lady readers

ry, of course we want it healthy and happy; but not, will depend almost we take of it; and it is rather very wrong—for us pleasure the charge of en though only a bird, uired to spend time and makes its captivity just as When even decently ary probably does not feel there is no doubt that ed for it has not one hour ng.

– It should be suited are to inhabit it, setting Airiness, space, light, ng should be the main re- both for our interest and birds in general, the spier a cage is the ages are to be avoided ntry, they cost high, but ause it is so difficult to best of it is, and is the simple, metallic-enamel elied cages, to carry, most of them ad commodious. The dis- it is not easy to get them where they are rather

material is cleanliness scrupu- all the time. The cage must y cleansed every morning, or morning, in all parts, and in wet days the seed is free from ter grass, and the sand or cage well cleaned by being boiled in water. The corners ts are should be cleaned out, and the perches ed, and the perches t and twice a week plugged in to kill any of those pests, the that may have got there. Pet ch every day in a sufficient quan- it is will not do to let him bathe pleases, and hence the water ith in the cage after he has ll. He must not lack a good and plenty of the number is best ter. A bird is so tiresomely warm-blooded that it uses up its ength a great deal faster than ntial. It therefore needs con- ment and a simple morning or ll will not do at all; it is not the time, and in return will re- ongs of thanksgiving without ered bird not all will sing, lose its plumpness and gloss, ments listless, and some moult- limb dead and stiff in the bot- tage.

ndence the subject of food, d is their bread and butter—the ed of their native land. They can without bits of meat they ed made up of rich biscuit, cake, butter, or the like, which will the bird's delicate digestion—but s and green parts of many other as hemp, millet, hard biscuits, and the crushed seeds of many ectables, mixed with canary seed, ed with gold in the old house- ter; her hair was combed back into a twist as hard as her heart, and was bound with two semi-circular bands of gold, studded with diamonds. Of earrings and necklace there was no sign, but she was extraordinarily long.

An artificial brunet, Mme. Lagrost by name, and living in the Rue de Choiseul, made quite a name for herself at the last Court ball with the exquisite headdresses she had composed. Some small wreaths of roses, shading from the Bengal to the milky almond white rose, were very fanciful and pretty; they were placed as a chaplet at the side of the head, and above them reared a tuft of pale-blue feathers. Some of these chaplets were very charming, shading from mandarin to flame colour; and the newest posts are composed of pale yellow orchids and rich brown leaves; to all these headdresses there is the addition of long free ends, glittering with dewdrops. The small Marie Stuart wreaths, advancing with a point on the forehead, are also much worn; some were of daisies, the buds of which fell like pearls on the hair. Others were of shaded begonia leaves, with a tuft of coral pink feathers at the side. Wreaths of ivory marabout feathers, with a frosted ornament, and a ribbon bow of Indian red or mandarin satin, were also stylish.

The new ball and evening shoes should be chronicled; they are always made to match the dress in colour, are cut very low, have a small ribbon bow on the foot, and two ribbons on sandals or the instep, which are simply tied second time round the leg. Of two colours, blue and pink for example, the shoe should be blue, and the stocking pink. For home wear, very pretty mules are displayed, now made of both Indian silk and velvet, the latter brilliantly embroidered with silks and gold. The model of the mules are not high, and there is a strip of either silk or velvet across the instep. The Louis XV. shoe for evening wear are now made of seal brown velvet; the toes are pointed, and the Spaniards put the girl down as an idiot on the subject of haunted houses—and Miss Devoen was written to.

The upshot was, that on the next Saturday Maddie bade farewell to Saltwater, and departed for Miss Devoen's, the Squire unctuously assuring her that that house had no ghosts in it. We should be leaving, ourselves, the following Tuesday.

But, before that day came, I chanced that I saw Owen, the miller, at church on the afternoon. I had taken little Joe Blair for a walk across the fields as far as Munpler (their Montpelier-by-Sea, you know), and, in returning, met Thomas Owen. He wore his black Sunday clothes, and looked a downright fine fellow, as usual. There was something about the man I could not help liking, in spite of the doubt attaching to him.

"So Matilda Valentine is gone, sir," he observed, after we had exchanged a few salutations.

"Yes, she went yesterday," I answered, putting my back against the stile, and hoping while young Joe went capering about in chase of a yellow butterfly, I did for my part, I do not wonder at the girl's not liking to stay at Saltwater. At least in Seaford Terrace."

"I was told this morning that Mr. and Mrs. Peahen were on their road home," he continued.

"Most likely they are. They'd naturally want to look into the affair for themselves."

"And I hope with all my heart they will be able to get some light out of it," returned Owen, warmly. "I mean to do my best to bring out the mystery, sir; and I shan't rest till it's done.

His words were fair, his tone was genuine. If it was indeed himself who had been the chief actor in the tragedy, he carried it off well. I hardly knew what to think. It is true I had taken a bit of a fancy to the man according to my customary prejudice, to take a fancy, or the contrary; but I did not know much of him, and not anything of his antecedents. As he spoke to me now, his tone was marked, rather peculiar. It gave me a notion that he wanted to say more.

"Have you any idea that you will be able to trace it out?"

"Not much, sir, yet. But I can't help thinking somebody else has."

"Who is that?"

"Matilda."

To me it seemed most unlikely. "Why do you judge so, Owen?"

"By her manner, sir. Not by much else. But I'll tell you something that I saw. On the previous Wednesday when I left the

OWEN, THE MILKMAN.

It was a grand sea to-day: one of the grandest that we had seen at Salt-water. The waves were dancing and sparkling like the shine of the sky; we could hardly tell where a painter's ultramarine. But to us, looking on it from Mrs. Blair's house in Seaford Terrace, it brightness and beauty dimmed.

"Now, you see, Johnny," observed the Squire to me, his face and tone alike gloomy—outward things take their impress from the mind—"I shall have enough to do this next door jannikling one's thoughts, the sea might as well be gray as blue, and the sky bowling with mackerel clouds. I repeat that I don't like mysteries: they act on me like a fit of indigestion."

The affair was just a mystery: to us at Salt Saltwater. More than a week had elapsed since the mysterious tragedy which took place, and poor Jane Cross now lay buried in the windy graveyard. On the said Monday evening, the unmarried maids, Jane Cross and Matilda Valentine (left in charge, Mrs. Peahen being absent, she was called with a fringe of similar flowers. A little dress of the pale shade of blue called "Marie Antoinette" was trimmed in a new style with lace, which was so arranged as to fall at the side as a pointed shawl, while beneath the lace there was a fringe of daisies glistening with dewdrops; and at the point of the shawl-shaped lace there was a bow of enormous pearls. The corsage bodice was trimmed with braces of daisies with lace arranged as a bodice over the bracing.

Satin, thick silk, and damask curtains, were made very generally from old ladies' gowns; but, however rich in texture these fabrics may be, I must confess that the prevailing fashions are very unbecoming to all who are not the happy possessors of a fashion figure, and of those the number is far, very far, from small. The dresses fit closely, the skirts are too narrow for comfort, the bodices are unmercifully low, and of course there are none, so that no one is left in doubt even of the anatomy of the body. Flesh is a large portion of the human creature, and is a mysterious manner. How few women are modelled so as to admit of such displays, without a lot of mistakes! Fashion, with its tastes that dictates them; the milliners, and some women, are to blame in these days! And these *robes collantes*, as they are termed in France, are worn by ladies of the upper ten, and by young ladies at the Elysée ball; indeed, some few *débutantes* wore a shortish dresses, and the sleeves and no trains; their skirts being draped in a simple graceful manner; and among the ladies of the Court there was a decency to revive the classic style of hair-dressing, which is becoming to high-bred types of face and features. The Princesses de Castrine was an example of this classic style; her white llama dress was embroidered with gold in the old Greek fashion; her hair was combed back into a twist as hard as her heart, and was bound with two semi-circular bands of gold, studded with diamonds. Of earrings and necklace there was no sign, but she was extraordinarily long.

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CUPID SHOULDER.

I.

When she was so gay as a linnet,
And I was as free as a bee,
Never a day but some minute
We met betwixt dawning and dark.

II.

"Katie, and when shall we marry?"
"Marry?" she said, with a sigh—
"That's what and ribbons on Monday,
And sorrow ere Saturday's by.

III.

You are as lean as a lizard,
I am poor as a mouse;
Nothing per annum, paid quarterly,
Hardly finds rent for a house.

IV.

Love and a crust in a cottage—
Capital! just for a pair!
What if the hut should grow populous?
How would the populace fare?

V.

Oh, ay! the uncle you reckon on—
Goosy, and rich, and unwed—
Dick! Dick! wait till, says the adage, who
Wait for the shoes of the dead.

VI.

Ah! if I loved you, I'd risk it!
That's what you're thinking, I guess.
Why, I would sign it in mourner,
Dick, if I cared for you less!

VII.

Love's apt to dry up at window
When Poverty looks in at door;
Poverty! Dick, I'm sorry to blush him,
Dick, just by keeping you poor.

VIII.

Kiss me! you'll look in on Sunday?
Won't my new bonnet be new?
June at its longest and hottest—
My! what a mackie we'll have!

IX.

Bye-bye! There's grandmother waiting
Patience at home from the shop.
Dick, if you wouldn't wed both of us,
You must be patient for me."

X.

Showers, if they ruffle its foliage,
Freshen the green of the grove;
This year! Dick, and all old Christmas,
Only fresh fuel to love.

If I fling off in a passion—
It does happen sometimes—
Sunday came smiling and settled it.
Katie was winter than I.

XII.

Love's but a baby that pasteboards,
Cries to be petted at birth,
Then isn't lost if it scatters your toys
What a good woman is worth.

XIII.

What if the wedding was wearisome?
What if the work-days were drear?
Then, the old thief, couldn't rob us of
Fifty-two Sundays a year.

XIV.

How long was liberty coming!
Long and cumbrous my gown!
Lustrum, or decade, or century—
What does it matter to-day?

XV.

Nunky died single at sixty:
Granny's an antiquity, sir:
Well, if we didn't weep long for 'em,
Praise's in nature, you know.

XVI.

Grannies and uncles are liable
All to die some day, that's clear;
Sorrow finds wonderful comfort in
Five or six hundred a year.

XVII.

And lovers may answer at forty:
Ay, and live happy to boot:
Though Philo be grey as a badger,
And Corydon bald as a coot.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.* H. K.

afternoon milk at that tall house just beyond Seaford Terrace, the family lodging there told me to call in the evening for the account, as they were leaving the next day. Accordingly I went, and was kept waiting so long before they paid me that it was all but night when I came out. Just as I was passing the back door at No. 7, it was suddenly thrown open from the inside, and a man stood in the opening. Her husband, or one of the girls. She was crying, for I heard her sobs, and he kissed her and came out, and the door was hastily shut. He saw us ill-looking man; so far, at least, as his clothes, for he pulled his slouching round hat well over his brows, as he walked away rapidly, and the black board he wore covered his mouth and chin.

"And do you fancy—"

"Please wait a minute, sir," he interrupted. "I haven't finished. Last Sunday evening, upon getting home after service, I found I had left my prayer-book in church. Not wishing to lose it, for it was the one my father always used, I went back for it. However, the church was shut, so I could not get in. It was a fine evening, and I took a stroll round the church-yard. In the corner of it, near to Mr. Peahen's family tomb, they had buried poor Jane Cross but two days before—you know the spot, sir. Well, on the flat square of earth that covers her grave, stood Matilda Valentine, the greatest picture of distress you can imagine, tears streaming down her cheeks. She dried her eyes when she saw me, and we came away together. Naturally, I felt for the loss of Jane Cross and the death. 'I shall do as much as in me lies to prove to light,' I said to Matilda, 'or people may go on doubting me to the end. And I think the first step to be to find out the name of the man was that called in upon you the previous Saturday night.' 'Will, sir, with that, instead of making any swearing, she spoke as a Christian would, or a rational being, left to myself, I believe, she would have let the girls chiefly alone, and have gone off to the church-yard. I couldn't make her out; and all in a night so strange and unnatural as one, though I hardly knew why, that she knew what was the cause of her sister's death, and was screaming him; or, at any rate, that she had her suspicions, if she did not actually know. And I think so still, sir."

I shook my head, not seeing grounds to agree with Owen. He resumed:

"The next morning, between nine and ten, I was in the shop, putting a pint of milk into a jug, when Matilda came down, to my surprise. Matilda walked in, and out of sales. She said she had come to tell me that the man I had seen leave the house was her brother. He had fallen into trouble through having married beneath for a fellow workman, had had all his things sold up, including his tools, and had walked every step of the way—thirty miles—to ask her if she could help him. She did help them as far as she could, giving him what little money she had by her, and Jane Cross had added ten shillings to it. He had got in only at dusk, she said, had taken a supper with them, and left again afterward, and that she was letting him out at the gate when I came to the door. Matilda said she did not see me, for her eyes were dim with crying; her heart felt like to break in saying farewell. That was the truth, I declared, and that her brother had had no time to do any harm to Jane Cross. He, I said; he was away again out of Saltwater the same night he came into it."

"But why did he come into it, sir?"

"No, sir," answered Owen, boldly. "I did not. It was enough for me to have gone off into that smothered shriek in the church-yard when I mentioned him, and run away for fear of it."

I could not tell. Owen's words set me thinking.

"I did not know which of the two girls it was who let the man out that Wednesday night, for I did not ask her. But I got the impression on my mind at the moment, was that it was Jane Cross. Jane Cross had not Matilda's face, sir, but she was the more like Matilda of the two, and that was why I mentioned it."

"And it was Jane Cross?"

Owen shook his head. "All sorts of fashions there are, sir. Sometimes it's fancy that the man might have been there again on the Monday night, and done the mischief in a foreign manner, that Matilda is holding her tongue because it is her brother. Let the truth be what it will, Matilda's conscience is clear of it. But I think there's something she is concealing, and that it is bitter to her to conceal it, sir. I hear. You are going to leave Saltwater, I hear, sir," added the young man in a different tone, "and I'm glad of it, for it gives the opportunity of saying this, for I should not like you to carry away any doubt of me. I'll do bad things, sir, but I'm no liar."

Touching his hat, he walked onward, leaving me pondering on his mysterious intrigue.

"Why Matilda? Is it you?"

It was fourteen months later, and eighteen months had elapsed since I left London at Miss Devoen's. My question to Matilda, who came into my drawing-room with some tea, was prompted by the trembling shut, as I had slipped them inside, touching nothing else. She was shutting down the lid when she heard her name, and to by me on the landing below. She walked in, not to look the boy, but not to petit joy, leaving it standing on the table. I quite well remembered calling to the girl, having left my hat in her run up stairs. I wanted her in my room."

Miss Devoen passed a minute, apparently thinking.

"Matilda has assured me again and again that she is quite sure she locked the boy's trunk, that there can be no mistake on that point. Moreover, she asserts that the letter was not there when she opened it, and that the trunk beneath other things, and that she had taken it from thence or touched it for months and months."

"And when she went up stairs again—did she find the little trunk open or shut?"

"She says she found it shut—shut and locked just as she had left it; and she replaced it in the box, not suspecting that any body had been to it."

"Was she long in your room, Miss Devoen?"

"Yes, Johnny, the best part of an hour. I wanted little more than a glass of wine, I told her to sit down there and then and do as I did for during this time that the cook going upstairs broke one of the wine, and took the opportunity to do what she did do."

"I think I should feel inclined to believe Matilda. Her tale sounds the more probable."

"I don't know that, Johnny. I can hardly believe that a respectable woman, as I fall undoubtedly is, would deliberately unlock a fellow-servant's box with a false key. Where did she get the key? Why, she did it the previously provided herself with one? The lock is of the most simple description; the key was quite small. Why, I tell you, I might possess a key that would readily fit it; I mean, as a respectable woman myself, I could she know it? In short, Johnny, it is one womanly word against another's; and, I repeat, I don't like to be obliged to them to be equally credible."

"I am sure there was reason in the girl's thinking.

"Were it proved to have been as Matilda says, still I should not like to be summed Miss Devoen. "Mine is a peaceable, well-ordered household, and I should not like to have that one word spoken of it. Half of temper was a member of it. Though Will, in that case, would get her discharge also."

"Do the people where Matilda is going know anything of her?"

"Mrs. and Miss Soamer. Yes. I told them all about it. But I told them, at the same time, what I had to say about Matilda's temper. I had doubtless been much tried by it, poor girl! I told them their house, they believed, and took her readily. She is an excellent servant, Johnny, let who will out her."

I could not resist the temptation of speaking to Matilda about this, an opportunity which offered that same evening. She was in room with some letters just left by the postman.

"I thought my mistress was here, sir," she said, hesitating, with the tray in her hand.

"Miss Devoen will be here in a minute; you can leave the letters. So you are going to-night, Matilda. I hear you are glad of it about it. What a silly thing you must be to get yourself into that wonderful tantrum!"

"She broke into my box, and turned over my things, and I felt as if I could kill her, ma'am," retorted Matilda, her fever-lighted eyes taking a momentary fierceness. "I'm not used to be treated as if I were one to pick a tantrum, sir!"

"But she says she did not break into it."

"As surely as that is heaven's sun above us, she did it, Mr. Johnny. She has been full of spite against me ever since I let her see that I knew her. Why, I'm not. I had thought she was pretty, and I had thought she was good, and I looked at her again instantly and brought the key away with me. I can never say anything to her, I think, for it makes a mistake about it is impossible."

No pen could convey the solemn earnestness with which the girl might have been interrupted me. I hoped Hall would get served.

"Yes, the wrong has triumphed for once. As far as I can see, sir, it often does. Hall, I hear, is to be married to her sister. Hall, but she is deceived in her; and I dare say she will find her out some time. It was Hall who found the key, and gave it to me instead of me. Not that I would stay any longer if I could."

"But you like Miss Devoen?"

"Very much, indeed, sir; she is a good lady and a kind one. I like her very well, indeed, of me to the new family, where I am going, and I dare say I shall do well enough there. Her sister died lately, sir?" she added abruptly.

"Never since. Do you get news from the place?"

She shook her head. "I have never heard a word from one of them. I wrote to Jane, to nobody, and nobody has written to me."

"And nothing more has come out about poor Jane? Who was the man?"

"And likely to be one," she replied, in a tone of mystery.

"Perhaps so. Do you know what Owen the milkman thought?"

She had been leaning the last sentence or two with her eyes bent, fiddling with the silver waiter. Now they were raised quickly.

"Owen thought that you could clear up the mystery if you liked, Matilda. Owen is a clever person; some clue to it. He told me so."

"Owen as good as said the same to me before I left," she replied, after a pause. "He is wrong, sir; but he must think it if he like. Is he—is he Saltwater still?"

"For all I know to the contrary. This morning, that he was coming in, was one you were beginning to write to Owen. Did—"

"I would rather not talk of that letter, Mr. Johnny; my private affairs concern myself only," she interrupted—and went out of the room like a shot.

Owen, I had said, that during this short visit of mine in London I should fall across the solution of the mystery of Jane's tragedy enacted at No. 7. I might have been now to credit it. Nevertheless, it was to be.

Have you ever noticed in going through life, that events seem to carry a sequence in themselves, and that something leads to the other? Owen had made the guiding thread that connected the mysterious tragedy. For I can this thread will seem to be lost; to lie dormant as though it had snapped, and then it will come up in a new shape, to have disappeared for good. But lo! up peeps a little end of when least expected, and we catch hold of it, and find it to be quite a handful; and what we had thought lost is again full of activity, and, gradually works itself out. Not a single syllable, good or bad, had we heard of that calamity at Salt-water, since the fourteen months which had passed since. The thread of it lay dormant. At Bay Terrace I had a letter from my sister Matilda, and her passion, and the letter she had commenced to Thomas Owen were to her form; and there was that vital difference to us and, the thread had, strange to say, unwound itself.

"Is a favourite of Miss Devoen's; you may have gathered that from past papers. One day, when I was going shopping, she sent me to accompany her and not Miss Cattledon, which made that rejected lady's face all the more like vinegar. So we set off in the carriage.

"Are we going to Regent Street, Miss Devoen?"

"Not to-day, Johnny. I like to encourage my neighbours' trades people, and shall my new silk here. We have excellent shops not far off."

"After a few intricate turnings and windings, the carriage stopped before a large linendraper's, which stood aside a colony of shops nearly a mile from Miss Devoen's. George came round to open the door.

"Now, Johnny, you go, I suppose?" said Miss Devoen. "I dare say I shall be half an hour in here, looking at silks and calico; and I won't infict that penalty on you. Shall the carriage take you for a short drive the while, or will you wait in it?—or walk about?"

"I will wait in the street here," I said, not caring to go with them, and I like to be looking at shops." And I do like it.

The next shop to the linendraper's was a pawner and glider's; he had some nice pieces displayed in his window; at any rate, they looked nice to me; and these I took up my mind to begin with.

"How do you do, sir? Have you forgotten me?"

The words came from a young man who stood at the next door, close to me, causing me to turn quickly in this same direction of the pictures. No, I had not forgotten him. I knew him instantly. It was Owen, the milkman.

After a few words had passed, I went inside. It was a spacious shop, well filled with cans and things pertaining to a milk-man's business. The window-board was literally set in of tin, with holes, for holding gold and silver fish, a miniature fountain, and a little boy stood in front. Over the door was his own name, Thomas Owen.

"You are living here, Owen?"

"Yes, sir."

"But why have you left Saltwater?"

"Because, sir, this place looked nearer and more to me. People, in their own minds, set down that miserable affair at No. 7 to my poor Jane. I felt as if I could look in the street boys, asking what I had done with Jane Cross. My mother couldn't come to me, and I felt as if I could not bear it."

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"You are living here, Owen?"

"Yes, sir."

"But why have you left Saltwater?"

"Because, sir, this place looked nearer and more to me. People, in their own minds, set down that miserable affair at No. 7 to my poor Jane. I felt as if I could look in the street boys, asking what I had done with Jane Cross. My mother couldn't come to me, and I felt as if I could not bear it."

In my heart I could not help being sorry for the poor fellow, and said so. She looked so truly, sadly unhappy!

"I am very, sorry for her," assented Miss Devoen. "And had I known where there were making her life uncomfortable, I should have been reason to stop their pastime. Of the actual facts, with regard to the letter, I cannot be at any certainty—I don't defend her conduct; but yet it is plain she was not in her right mind. Hall is a respectable servant, and I have never had cause to think her untruthful during the three years she has lived with me; and she assures me strictly holds to it that the little trunk was standing open on the table and the letter lying open beside it. Allowing that it was so, she had, of course, no right to touch either trunk or letter, still less to take the letter down stairs and exhibit it to the others, and I don't defend her conduct; but yet it is different from having stuffed the lock of the trunk and filched the letter out."

"And Matilda accuses her of doing that?"

"Yes; and, on her side, holds to it just as positively. What Matilda says, she says this: On that day it chanced that Miss Cattledon had paid the women servants their quarter wages. Matilda received hers, to her chamber, took this said little trunk out of her box, opened it, where she keeps it, unlocked it, and put the money into it. She disturbed nothing in the trunk; she says she had wrapped the sovereigns in a bit of paper, and she just slipped them inside, touching nothing else. She was shutting down the lid when she heard her name called to by me on the landing below. She walked in, not to look the boy, but not to petit joy, leaving it standing on the table. I quite well remembered calling to the girl, having left my hat in her run up stairs. I wanted her in my room."

Miss Devoen paused a minute, apparently thinking.

"Matilda has assured me again and again that she is quite sure she locked the boy's trunk, that there can be no mistake on that point. Moreover, she asserts that the letter was not there when she opened it, and that the trunk beneath other things, and that she had taken it from thence or touched it for months and months."

"And when she went up stairs again—did she find the little trunk open or shut?"

"She says she found it shut—shut and locked just as she had left it; and she replaced it in the box, not suspecting that any body had been to it."

"Was she long in your room, Miss Devoen?"

"Yes, Johnny, the best part of an hour. I wanted little more than a glass of wine, I told her to sit down there and then and do as I did for during this time that the cook going upstairs broke one of the wine, and took the opportunity to do what she did do."

"I think I should feel inclined to believe Matilda. Her tale sounds the more probable."

"I don't know that, Johnny. I can hardly believe that a respectable woman, as I fall undoubtedly is, would deliberately unlock a fellow-servant's box with a false key. Where did she get the key? Why, she did it the previously provided herself with one? The lock is of the most simple description; the key was quite small. Why, I tell you, I might possess a key that would readily fit it; I mean, as a respectable woman myself, I could she know it? In short, Johnny, it is one womanly word against another's; and, I repeat, I don't like to be obliged to them to be equally credible."

"I am sure there was reason in the girl's thinking.

"Were it proved to have been as Matilda says, still I should not like to be summed Miss Devoen. "Mine is a peaceable, well-ordered household, and I should not like to have that one word spoken of it. Half of temper was a member of it. Though Will, in that case, would get her discharge also."

"Do the people where Matilda is going know anything of her?"

"Mrs. and Miss Soamer. Yes. I told them all about it. But I told them, at the same time, what I had to say about Matilda's temper. I had doubtless been much tried by it, poor girl! I told them their house, they believed, and took her readily. She is an excellent servant, Johnny, let who will out her."

I could not resist the temptation of speaking to Matilda about this, an opportunity which offered that same evening. She was in room with some letters just left by the postman.

"I thought my mistress was here, sir," she said, hesitating, with the tray in her hand.

"Miss Devoen will be here in a minute; you can leave the letters. So you are going to-night, Matilda. I hear you are glad of it about it. What a silly thing you must be to get yourself into that wonderful tantrum!"

"She broke into my box, and turned over my things, and I felt as if I could kill her, ma'am," retorted Matilda, her fever-lighted eyes taking a momentary fierceness. "I'm not used to be treated as if I were one to pick a tantrum, sir!"

"But she says she did not break into it."

"As surely as that is heaven's sun above us, she did it, Mr. Johnny. She has been full of spite against me ever since I let her see that I knew her. Why, I'm not. I had thought she was pretty, and I had thought she was good, and I looked at her again instantly and brought the key away with me. I can never say anything to her, I think, for it makes a mistake about it is impossible."

No pen could convey the solemn earnestness with which the girl might have been interrupted me. I hoped Hall would get served.

"Yes, the wrong has triumphed for once. As far as I can see, sir, it often does. Hall, I hear, is to be married to her sister. Hall, but she is deceived in her; and I dare say she will find her out some time. It was Hall who found the key, and gave it to me instead of me. Not that I would stay any longer if I could."

"But you like Miss Devoen?"

"Very much, indeed, sir; she is a good lady and a kind one. I like her very well, indeed, of me to the new family, where I am going, and I dare say I shall do well enough there. Her sister died lately, sir?" she added abruptly.

"Never since. Do you get news from the place?"

She shook her head. "I have never heard a word from one of them. I wrote to Jane, to nobody, and nobody has written to me."

"And nothing more has come out about poor Jane? Who was the man?"

"And likely to be one," she replied, in a tone of mystery.

"Perhaps so. Do you know what Owen the milkman thought?"

She had been leaning the last sentence or two with her eyes bent, fiddling with the silver waiter. Now they were raised quickly.

"Owen thought that you could clear up the mystery if you liked, Matilda. Owen is a clever person; some clue to it. He told me so."

"Owen as good as said the same to me before I left," she replied, after a pause. "He is wrong, sir; but he must think it if he like. Is he—is he Saltwater still?"

"For all I know to the contrary. This morning, that he was coming in, was one you were beginning to write to Owen. Did—"

"I would rather not talk of that letter, Mr. Johnny; my private affairs concern myself only," she interrupted—and went out of the room like a shot.

Owen, I had said, that during this short visit of mine in London I should fall across the solution of the mystery of Jane's tragedy enacted at No. 7. I might have been now to credit it. Nevertheless, it was to be.

Have you ever noticed in going through life, that events seem to carry a sequence in themselves, and that something leads to the other? Owen had made the guiding thread that connected the mysterious tragedy. For I can this thread will seem to be lost; to lie dormant as though it had snapped, and then it will come up in a new shape, to have disappeared for good. But lo! up peeps a little end of when least expected, and we catch hold of it, and find it to be quite a handful; and what we had thought lost is again full of activity, and, gradually works itself out. Not a single syllable, good or bad, had we heard of that calamity at Salt-water. The fourteen months which had passed since. The thread of it lay dormant. At Bay Terrace I had a letter from my sister Matilda, and her passion, and the letter she had commenced to Thomas Owen were to her form; and there was that vital difference to us and, the thread had, strange to say, unwound itself.

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