

doubtful at times if they could. Within the carriage conversation was limited to remarks about the weather and the cold, and did not flourish at that, though the cold did. To keep warm became impossible.

It was a great relief at last to feel pavement under the wheels, which they could do in the broad places where winds had swept the street bare; and gaslights looked very kindly, flaring along the line of way. They could see the storm then! How it raged and drove through the streets, driving everybody to the shelter of a house that had a house to go to; and those who had none were slunk away into other hiding places. The wind and the snow had cleared the deserted streets; an occasional carriage was rarely met.

"Set me down first, please," said Annabella, pressing Wych Hazel's hand to mark her meaning. "My mother must be in distress—and it is just as near going that way."

Stuart laughed a little, but he did not speak his thoughts which went to the possible anxiety of some other people. With some difficulty he hailed the coachman and gave the order, and presently Miss Powder was deposited at her own door. Stuart gave the next order and jumped in again.

Now what should Wych Hazel do? During that minute, while she watched the two figures standing in the driving storm before Mrs. Powder's door, she had taken a comprehensive view of the situation, and made up her mind.

"Sit there, please," she said, motioning the incomer to his former place on the front seat. "I want to talk business." Since leaving Fort Washington she had hardly opened her lips; but now the well-remembered voice came out clear and sweet and with a ring of grave dignity.

"Am I to suppose that you do not think me worthy to talk business alongside of you?" said Stuart lightly, and obeying.

Wych Hazel left this question to answer itself. She was silent a minute, her hands holding each other fast.

"Mr. Nightingale," she said, "you once asked me if I liked to hear the truth told about myself. Do you?"

"From you?—anything," he answered elegantly. "Your voice never speaks harsh judgments—though I am afraid the truth about myself would be less than flattering. What is it, Mrs. Rollo? I am curious. It is said, no man knows himself."

"I have been told," said Wych Hazel—and she hesitated, and then went on again with quick utterance,—how intensely disagreeable it all was to her!—"I have been told this afternoon, that a year ago you wanted my fortune. Stop!—I do not care two straws whether you did or not!—But I wished to say, that upon certain conditions you can have part of it now. Think before you refuse, Mr. Nightingale. No one will ever offer you so much again—in exchange for so little."

A pause.

"I am at a loss," he began in a changed voice, "how any one can have induced you to believe"—And there he stopped. But Wych Hazel gave him no help. She sat looking out into the night, the gaslights flaring in from time to time upon her face. Had she grown fairer than ever?

"Everything is said about everybody," he said haughtily after a little. "I do not know why I should fare better than others. The truth about anybody is never public report. It is assumed in the case of every woman who has a fortune, that the man who seeks her, wants it. The gentleman who has had the honour of Miss Kennedy's choice has certainly not escaped the imputation, however he may deserve it no more than I."

"That is not business," she said in quiet tones. "If you please, we will discuss nothing else."

"I am not so happy as to know of any business between us," he said in the same haughty manner,—“great as the honour and pleasure would be."

"It will save time," said Wych Hazel, "to waste none in preliminaries. I want to buy up your present bad undertaking—and the price is for you to name."—And she looked out again into the white darkness, and wondered if this was to be her first night adventure wherein Mr. Rollo did not appear to take her home.

"Pardon me, I am very much at a loss to know what you mean. Only, through the confusion, I seem to perceive that Mrs. Rollo has lost the kind opinion which Miss Kennedy used to have of me."

He heard a soft exclamation of impatience—extremely like "Miss Kennedy!"—Then came deliberate words again.

"Mrs. Charteris," she said, "has no money of her own. I offer you what you will to let her alone. To break with her utterly. Do you understand? I believe if you pledge me your word to that, you would keep it."

"Thank you!" he said in the same tone. "May I venture to ask, how you can possibly suppose that I have anything to 'break' with any other woman, after you have broken with me?"

The words were beneath notice. Wych Hazel went on as if she had not heard them.

"And if you will come to a decision soon,—now, while I am here,—I shall be very glad."

"Mrs. Rollo supposes that everything can be done with money!" Stuart said scornfully. "It is a not unnatural delusion with those who have an unusual supply."

"No," said Wych Hazel in the same calm way. "I do not suppose that. I know better."

But with nothing in the other scale, money and honour have their weight."

"Mrs. Rollo has probably for the moment forgotten that she is not still Miss Kennedy. She will forgive me the remark."

"I have not forgotten that either. If I had, I should not be here talking to Mr. Nightingale."

"Why not?" said he quickly.

"The fact is enough. I am dealing only with facts to-night. Business facts." And Wych Hazel leaned back and was silent; listening to the dull roll of the wheels, and the sharper swirl of snow and hail against the windows. A few minutes of silence allowed these to be heard. Then the carriage stopped.

"You know," said Wych Hazel suddenly, "there are two names at stake. What do you decide, Mr. Nightingale?"

The carriage door opened; he had no time to reply.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SUPPER.

It was not exactly a cheery evening in Hazel's deserted rooms. Rollo had the entertainment of Prim and Mrs. Coles upon his hands, and was besides all the time busied in baffling her efforts to find out whether he was anxious, whether he knew where Wych Hazel had gone, whether he was aware what kept her, and whether he did not think something ought to be done. This sort of exercise grows wearisome in time; and Rollo finally gave it up and fled. He put on coat and hat and repaired to the great entrance of the hotel, which seemed to him just then if not a point of rest, yet to be nearest to that point. Here he had a view of the storm, which he studied at leisure in the intervals of watching everything on wheels that went by. He knew who it was, when Hazel's carriage drew up at last, and was by the side of it before it had fairly stopped.

He opened the door and took Hazel out, and led her into the house, without paying attention to anything but her. He took her up stairs to her own room, which he reached without going through the parlour where Mrs. Coles and Prim were. There he threw off his own snow-covered wrappings and then hers, that he might wrap her in his arms. He did not say what he had been feeling, but his manner of great gladness left Hazel to infer several things. And for a minute or two she was passive, shewing a pale, tired face. But then there swept over her such a sense of what she had escaped, that she could only lay her head down on his shoulder and be still; a shiver running through her as she remembered other souls adrift.

"Have you dined, in the snow, anywhere?" were Rollo's first coherent words. He was not given to talking sentiment. At the same time he was gathering Hazel's cold hands into his.

"I could not help it, Olaf!" Hazel broke out. "I have been whiled about like a brown snowflake."

"And come home frozen." He rang the bell for Phoebe, admonished her to be quick, and went back to the drawing-room. When Hazel a few minutes later followed him, she found a servant bringing in supper. Primrose gave her a welcome kiss, but the other lady exclaimed,—eyes and senses on the elert,—

"Well, my dear! we have all been uneasy about you."

"Nobody ever need—about me," said Wych Hazel. "Unless there is something afoot more serious than a snow-storm."

"It's a wild storm, isn't it?"

"Rather wild. You know, wild things are in my line, Mrs. Coles."

"But now, my dear, I hope. You have not come far in the snow, surely?"

"A little way seems far in such a drive, don't you know it, Prudentia?" remarked Rollo. And he took Wych Hazel out of the chair where she had placed herself and transferred her to a softer one.

"But Dane," Mrs. Coles continued, with her own very peculiar mixture of railery and insinuation,—“aren't you curious? or do you know all already?"

"I know all I want to know at present, thank you."

"Does he always let you do just what you like, Hazel?"

"What I like?" Hazel repeated dreamily, lifting her eyes to the person in question: a swift, secret glance of allegiance which to-night came to him very often. Then she laughed and coloured a little. "I hardly know," she said. "My 'like' and his 'let' are mixed up in inextricable confusion."

"My dear!" said Mrs. Coles in mock repression, smiling. "What an admission!"

And I think an inner voice of wisdom admonished her to let the matter rest and say no more; but Mrs. Coles was in a sort of malign fascination at the picture before her. Hazel was in her easy chair; Dane had brought up a low stand before her, and sitting between her and the supper table he was taking care of both; but the care bestowed at his left hand was something like of which was strange to see. The late Mr. Coles had never introduced his wife to anything of the kind; indeed he had been one of the men who rather expect that their wives shall wait upon them. It was not that Dane was neglecting other people, or that he was making any parade whatever; on the contrary, he was fully attentive to every want of everybody, and of Hazel he was only taking care; yet it was a sort of care and given in a manner that

put miles and miles between her and all other women. I suppose Mrs. Coles felt herself somehow out in the cold, for it was certainly with a little spice of irritation that she opened her lips the next time she spoke.

"But Dane," with an uneasy little laugh, "I really think you are to blame, to allow this little lady—so very young a lady as she is—to run about alone at night in this way. I have really been anxious. I thought you would be a better guardian, when you had the keys once safe."

"Will you have some salad, Prudentia?"

"Salad?—O no, my dear! I think it is very unwholesome."

"Take some ice."

A turn, or at least a check, was given to the conversation. Mrs. Coles could not refuse the ice. Primrose would eat no supper, and was evidently longing to get her sister away. Rollo cut for Hazel a slice of game.

"But, Dane," said Mrs. Coles presently, "don't you think it is very imprudent to eat such heavy things at night? Coffee and salad, and game? This ice is delicious."

"So is the salad," said Dane. "Will you have a bit of the pheasant, Prudentia?"

"My dear! no. I don't see how you reconcile it with your new principles, either, to have such suppers."

Rollo's eye had a flash of laughter in it as it went to Wych Hazel. He asked gravely,

"Why not?"

"Mr. Rollo and I have agreed about partridges," said Hazel, in whom also fun was beginning to stir, though her eyes kept a far-off look now and then.

"Agreed about partridges!" repeated Mrs. Coles.

"Yes," said Dane. "You had better take some, Prudentia. Roast—a little bit with some bread would not hurt you."

"But the expense, Dane!"

"Yes. What about it?"

"The expense must be fearful of such a supper—in such a house as this."

"A man who wants his horse to do him good service never asks about the price of oats."

"Dane!" said Mrs. Coles laughing and bridling, "do you mean to compare your wife to your horse?"

Rollo was quite silent, long enough to have the silence marked. And when he spoke, it was not to Mrs. Coles, neither did he honour her by so much as a look, during the rest of her stay in the room. Primrose made the stay as short as she could, and Mrs. Coles, who felt that she had lost her footing and did not know how to regain it, suffered herself to be carried away. But while Primrose got a kiss, she was dismissed by her host with a very ceremonious reverence. He had opened the door for the two and closed it behind them. Coming back he bent down to touch his lips to Wych Hazel's cheek.

"If you have any remarks to make, make them!" he said. "I am defenceless, and at your mercy."

But for once Wych Hazel was in a region of air quite beyond Mrs. Coles. She looked up at him wistfully.

"I do not understand," she said, "how you ever came to care about me! It always was a puzzle,—and never so much as to-night." The brown eyes were strangely soft and luminous and humble.

"How is that?" said he quietly, taking his former place beside her and making suggestions of addition to her supper. But Hazel laid down her fork, giving her plate a little push, in the fashion of old times.

"I have been looking into depths," she said,—"abysses. I think I was never really near them, but I might have seemed so."

(To be continued.)

THE EUROPEAN WAREHOUSE,

No. 1363, Ste. Catherine Street, corner of McGill College Avenue, of which we give an illustration in our present number, was opened on the 7th of June, 1876. Mr. Thomas Crathern, the proprietor, is well and favourably known to the Montreal public as an energetic and practical business man. He has a thorough knowledge of spices, oilman sundries, dietetics, &c., having had twenty-five years experience in the drug business, eleven of which as a member of the late firm of Messrs. Kerry, Bros. & Crathern; he was therefore well adapted to open such an establishment for the favourable consideration of the public: He decided to open "The European Warehouse" on strictly temperance principles, and we are pleased to know that among his patrons are many of the oldest and wealthiest families of the city, secured partly on account of the interest they have in the success of such an establishment, but chiefly from the fact that they have ascertained that they can be supplied there with all the necessities and luxuries of the table, as well if not better than anywhere else; to secure this desirable object the chief efforts of the proprietor are directed. The counter department is under the management of Mr. Walter Paul, an expert in the grocery business, he having had an extensive experience, both here and in Scotland. Such has been the success attending this enterprise, that Mr. Crathern found it absolutely necessary recently to enlarge his premises, which have been increased to double their original size, his present store being 70 feet deep, with warehouse in rear. We find him in full Christmas dress: outside are to be seen deer, wild turkey, prairie hen and partridge in abundance,

while the interior is tastefully decorated. At the extreme end of the store is a very pretty design of holly, with the motto "Glory to God in the highest and on Earth peace, good-will toward men." On the centre table is to be seen a most complete assortment of relishes from the celebrated house of Messrs. Crosse & Blackwell, of Soho Square, London; there are also here two ruby glass fountains, diffusing a most delightful perfume, constantly in play; in fact, each department seems to be complete in itself. He exhibits in his windows three transparencies, the one on McGill College Avenue being the three Graces: Faith, Hope and Charity. In the east window is a picture which evinces a good deal of taste; in the upper part are a choir of angels heralding the birth of Christ, while below is the Christmas tree surrounded by children made happy with Christmas gifts. The west window represents holiday amusements with the legendary lines,

"An unco Tales' an' funny Jokes
Their sports were cheap an' cheery,"

while the good things displayed in the windows reflect great credit on Mr. Paul. We predict for the European Warehouse that continuation of patronage which Mr. Crathern so deservedly merits.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUERY.

No. 5.—Can you inform me if any human remains of the pre-historic man of Canada exist in any private or public collections? I have the "os navicular" of a human foot from a sand pit, five feet below the surface of the ground, with several rude implements, and in proximity to an Elk's horn and portions of the skeleton, but I could find nothing but a few fragments of ribs of the man or woman. If you choose I will get them photographed and sent to you.

J. H. G.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

"A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE."—X (see Query 3 in the News of Dec. 8) is quite mistaken in his opinion that the above proverb is "a meaningless bit of alliteration." He plainly takes the word "miss" as meaning here "an unmarried lady." If it did, his opinion would, of course, be quite correct. But it does not. It is from the verb "to miss," and means "coming short of attaining an end." The idea expressed by the proverb is, therefore, this, "However near one may come gaining an object, if he only came near it, the result is the same as if he came far short of doing so." Let us take as an illustration, the story of William Tell and the apple. Even though it should be false—which is the opinion of some—it matters not for my present purpose. He was promised his life on condition that he would, with a bow and arrow, strike an apple set on his son's head. He did so, and saved his life. Now, suppose he had missed the mark by only the hundredth part of an inch, he might as well, as regards saving his life, have shot in the very opposite direction. Illustrations of the same truth occur every day in our own experience. The religious proverb, "To be almost saved, is to be altogether lost," is a particular application of the one under consideration.

T. F.

Métis, Que.

At the battle of Fontenoy, an Irishman was standing beside his General, when a French bullet cut a portion of the epaulette from the shoulder of the latter, when the Irish soldier shouted, "By dad, a miss is as good as a mile, General." "Yes," replied the General, "no doubt God directed the bullet to miss me." Hence has arisen the proverb in case of accidents that threaten danger, but end harmlessly, "A miss is as good as a mile." I have heard several other origins for this proverb attributed to various scenes. Query: Does X dream that "A miss" means a maid? If so, he is quite "a-miss" in his dreams.

J. H. G.

SCIENTIFIC.

ON an average a man eats annually eight bushels of wheat.

A SHORT nap in a horizontal position is the best preparative for any extraordinary exertion, either of body or of mind.

A CEMENT of ashes and salt will stop cracks in a stove.

WICKS must be changed frequently to insure a good light.

A CUP of water in the oven, while baking, will prevent meats, bread, etc., from burning.

CHEESE kept in a cool larder or cellar, with a clean damp cloth constantly upon it, will never have mites in it, or, if it has, this will soon destroy them, and also improve the cheese.

It is said that if electrical wires are wrapped around a common tin can a telephone is produced capable of transmitting musical sounds to a similar can through many miles of wire.

AN important hint is given by Dr. Schaal with reference to the taking of cow's milk by persons who have weak stomachs. He says he has always succeeded in avoiding any evil effects by eating a little salt on bread either before or after taking the milk. When he omits to do this, a single glass of milk will produce diarrhoea, whereas with salt he can take a whole litre.

It is stated that by a careful analysis it has been found that apples contain a larger amount of phosphorus, or brain food, than any other fruit or vegetable, and on this account they are very important to sedentary men who work with their brain rather than muscles. They also contain the acids which are needed every day, especially for sedentary men, the action of whose liver is sluggish, to eliminate effete matters, which, if retained in the system, produce inaction of the brain, and indeed of the whole system, causing jaundice, sleepiness, scurvy, and troublesome diseases of the skin.