

old aunt, bread not over freely given. So they married and got themselves homes.

And now Mary was Mrs. Woolford; and Geoffrey Hilton, her lost young lover, whom she had loved with heart and soul, to whom, had he been true, she would have proved true in life and in death for ever, stood again in the flesh before her, her husband's cousin, a guest beneath her roof.

A very few minutes, and she sat upright, pushed back her hair, and spoke in a quite new tone, and with a smile.

"You are right, Mr. Woolford. The past is altogether past—so very long ago, too; it is most foolish of me even to recollect it. Won't you sit? My acquaintance with Mr. Woolford begins to-day; I have never met him before, you know; and I trust it may prove a pleasant one."

As she spoke, Mr. Woolford's eyes scanned her curiously, but she did not shrink. When she asked him to sit, he dropped into a chair on the other side of the window. Then a new feeling of admiration was stirred in him. "By Jove, what a splendid creature!" was his thought,—"game to the backbone." What he said was,—"It shall not be Mr. Woolford's fault if it does not; and yours it cannot be."

She smiled again. "Will you take luncheon? No? A stroll in the grounds, perhaps? You would prefer to remain here and chat? By all means, then." And Mrs. Woolford discoursed of croquet, birds, neighbors, &c. in the lightest and easiest style imaginable. More than once Mr. Woolford thought, "By Jove!" more than once he experienced a very real admiration for the pale quiet woman who, after the first sudden shock, covered her wound so well. She was something very different from the simple artless girl whom he had so lightly won, so lightly left; very different, and much more to his taste.

Mrs. Woolford made a great mistake. The eyes, the voice, the touch of Charles Woolford stirred old memories of a love thought to be dead, and frightened her. She knew the General's frank generous nature well by this time, and would not have feared to tell him an early episode of a dead love; but was the love dead? While those eyes, resting on her, set her pulses beating wildly; while that voice thrilled her; while even the sound of his coming steps sent a tremor through her frame—could it be that the love was indeed dead? Conscience made a coward of her; she shrank inexpressibly from letting the General know of that bitter-sweet past, and kept the secret; dwelt in dally intercourse under her husband's roof with Charles Woolford, with the secret of a former love between them; a love which, at first, she thought to be living still.

Charles Woolford had no such thoughts about his love. He knew well enough that it had been but one of many forgotten loves with which he had amused himself when wandering under his painting alias; so well forgotten, that but for the meeting it would in all probability never have been brought to mind. So light a thing, that but for the special circumstances, and Mary's evident emotion and fear, it would, when brought to mind, hardly have cost him a single reflection. As it was his memory was roused keenly, and some breaths of earlier genuine feeling were wafted to him across the years; then Mary's coldness and avoidance, patent to him though invisible to others, plucked his pride and self-love. She was a splendid woman; brave, cool, and wonderfully self-possessed; but should it be that, when the girl had been so wholly scorn on him, let her be ever so cool and ever so scornful to every other son of Adam?

A little twinge of remorse came to him at the thought of the General, his kinsman, who had lived a hard life in foreign lands, and known little of the joys of home or country until now; but he laughed it off. He was not going to hurt the General, he only meant to have a little pastime; the pastime of making Mary sigh and blush and tremble for him. Of course there had been nothing of that with the General—never could be; so it would be no loss to him. And when Mary had fallen before his fascinations; when she had learned again to watch and wait and long for his presence, as a parched thirsty soul for running waters—why, he would enjoy it for a while, and then he would ride away. He was very sure of himself, was Mr. Woolford. His love or passion had never mastered his will. Perhaps he forgot to reflect that, as he had always given his passion the rein, this was not so much of a victory as it might seem.

The General was delighted that Charles found his wife so charming; and thoroughly approved the routine of riding driving, walking, &c., which Charles soon succeeded in establishing, despite of Mary's efforts to the contrary; for she was fettered by the fear of self-betrayal, and soon by the fear, also, of angering him too far. And in all these occupations and amusements he was constantly at her side; low of voice, gentle of manner; with soft passionate eyes, that grew more passionate and less soft from day to day.

But presently the General saw with concern that his wife was growing pale again; that her face wore the still Spitzin-like look which it had done when first he saw her; while she started at every sound. Had he made a mistake? Did she find her old husband a weight and a drag to her; and had the society of Charles and tiresome and old? A very wistful look grew into his eyes. If true it would be so sad a thing, for he could not help her, could not set her free; and he began to fear that it was true indeed. He could not free her, but he kept away from her; sparing her as much as might be the burden of his presence.

And she grew sick and sad at heart. Woolford

ing if he had found out anything; how much? Wondering and fearing. Fearing in more ways than one; for Charles Woolford's passion had been told in all but words; it trembled in his tones, and glowed in his burning eyes. A fierce strong passion that made her shrink with fear; for he would not go, and she could not make him. Oh, if only she had told the General at first! But now after this long concealment, she could not tell him—it was not possible.

One day she was left at home alone. She had proposed that Charles Woolford should accompany the General, who was going to look at an outlying farm; to her surprise he had consented, and the two had ridden away together. She was very worn and weary, and the sunshine of the late October had no power to cheer her; it seemed to make her feel more sad. As she looked at it tears welled from her eyes, and rolled slowly down her cheeks. They eased her somewhat. It was a relief to know that for a certain time she was free; to think, to weep, to do as she would. Presently she wrapped a shawl round her, and walked for a while slowly round the croquet lawn, watching the withered leaves that shivered in the passing wind, then dropped unheeded to the earth. She went to a seat, placed back amongst the evergreens, and sat down there; her hands lay idly in her lap, while again the slow tears rolled down her face.

A little path led through the evergreens, close by the seat, to the gardens in front of the house. Mary had been seated but a few minutes, when a step sounded on this path—a hurried step—but she paid no heed to it; for there was no one at home whose presence could concern her. The step came near, and Charles Woolford stood before her.

She looked at him with head thrown "back and dilated eyes. "Mr. Woolford—you here!" she said.

"Yes, I am here; I found I had a headache," he laughed; "so left the General to pursue his way alone. I am here, and you are here; and there is no one here besides. At last, at last!" And he drew near to her.

"No," she said, "oh, no! Go away, Mr. Woolford, go!"

"Go away! Not if all the fiends in hell were here to drive me," he said fiercely. "I am mad with love of you, Mary, mad; do you hear? And you say go away? But you don't mean it, Mary; you can't;" and his tone softened. "You remember the old days too well; you remember our walks by the river, when the sun glistened through the trees, and I tried to catch his beams upon your waving hair. You remember the old hawthorn, where first I pressed your hands, while the blossoms fell about our feet. You remember that walk from the picnic through the summer woods, and hearts and lips were joined, and you vowed to love me, me only, for ever!" As a rushing torrent his words had come; while Mary sat pale, shrinking, speechless. "Ah, had she not remembered?" Then he paused for an instant, and his voice grew infinitely soft, "And you do, Mary, I know you do. I only have been false; but I am false no longer. And you, you have always been true. O Mary, my darling, come to me!"

He opened his arms to embrace her, when another arm was stretched between him and her; and, turning, they saw a rigid ashen-gray face looking down on them.

"No," the General said, in deep stern tones; and stood there still.

Mary uttered a sort of moan, and covered her face with her hands.

"I did not know my cousin played the spy!" said Charles, in the fury of his passion, at the sudden and hopeless check.

"Nor I that mine played the villain," said the General coolly. "I met John Sykes, who told me his father had gone to market; so I turned and rode home fast, thinking to surprise you. I have surprised you.—But oh, Mary, why did you not tell me? If you had only told me you loved him before we were married, he should have had house and lands, but you should have been happy! Now it is too late; I cannot help you. Come home, Mary;" and he held out his arm to her.

Mary's heart was very full. Full of passionate admiration; full of love and pride in this gentle, generous, kindly man, whose only thought was pardon, pity, help for her. But she shivered and trembled; there was something in her throat; she could neither speak nor move.

The General spoke again, sternly this time. "Mary, come—you must."

She rose and staided herself, not touching him, but holding by the seat. "It is a mistake," she said; "you do not understand. I do not love Mr. Woolford. Years ago, when I was a girl, I loved a man who called himself Geoffrey Hilton. It is Mr. Woolford—and I—I loathe him! he is wearing my life away. Harold, I love you, you only! I almost worship you, I think!" she cried passionately.

Then ensued such a terrible scene of fierce reckless passion, so unlike the calm quiet proprieties of English life, so out of character with the ordinary actions of an English gentleman, that Mary, looking back on it, always felt as if it must have been some sudden evil dream; that it could not have really and actually happened in the quiet garden of Woolford Manor. She felt this always, even while looking at the physical traces which showed that it had been no dream, but very deadly fact.

When Mary avowed her love for her husband, Charles Woolford's face changed fearfully: it was an awful face—like the face of one possessed. It seemed as if the hopeless obstruction of his headlong passion, just when it was pre-

of reason, judgment, or feeling. He was a madman and a savage; as such he acted.

"So I am to be fooled like this?" he said slowly, drawing the gaze of both to his distorted evil face, and holding it there with a sort of fascination while his hand slipped into his pocket and fell upon a something there, a something which, in his wandering life, he had grown used to carry always about with him. "So I am to be fooled like this? Well, then, your precious love shall at least do him no good!"

Quick as lightning the pistol was levelled at the General's breast; but it took the fraction of a second to cock it. In that second Mary had thrown herself upon him, her arms round his neck, covering him all but the head; the noble head that had raised itself proud and happy when Mary had uttered those precious words.

With her body she covered him. Then, even in his madness and ferocity, Charles Woolford would have held his hand, but it was too late; the trigger was pulled, the bullet sped. The hand which held the pistol dropped, a pallid horror grew into his face, a darkness fell upon his eyes, so that he could not see. The next few seconds were as years to him, years of agony and remorse.

Then he saw the General supporting Mary; her head lay on his shoulder, but she was not dead—no, thank Heaven, she was not dead! She was faint and pale, and the blood was oozing from a wound in her arm, but she was surely alive. With a gasping cry he moved towards them, as if to help, but the General signed to him to keep off, as to some noxious and unholy thing. He looked at the pale, sweet, true face of his wife, and murmured in tender broken tones, "O Mary, Mary, I would rather have died!"

Though the faintness and pallor of Mary's face her happiness shone; she spoke, though with effort. "I am so glad," she said, "so very glad; I don't think it is much; but if it is—if I were to die even, I am so very glad!"

Charles Woolford, standing near, saw and heard. He had grievously sinned, and he had his reward. This love of Mary's had become Paradise to him, and he was driven from it hopelessly for ever. That he knew. One last look he gave to her face; then, saying hoarsely, "I will send assistance," went into the house, asking neither pity nor forgiveness, expressing no remorse. He did send help at once, and rode himself to fetch the doctor; then, after hearing that there was no fear for Mary's life, without seeing either of them again he went his way and troubled them no more; as how could he?

Mary's wound was painful, and took long to heal, but finally it was cured; and a painful arm does not seem a very sore trouble when you have just escaped from heartache. Mary was very happy; she had no more secrets and no more trouble; neither had the General any more troubles on the score of his age, or any other score. Well assured of his wife's love he could bear any minor evils very lightly; the few that met him were but as floating straws on the deep current of his full content. Loyal, kindly General Woolford! he deserved to be happy; and he was.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A CONUNDRUM.—Napanee had a conundrum contest the other evening, at the conclusion of an entertainment:—The first prize for the best conundrum was awarded to Mr. William Brown, printer, Ann street, who was the author of the following:—Why was the Shah of Persia during his visit to England the greatest card-player in the world? Because the swells gave up their clubs, the workmen threw down their spades, and the ladies were within an ace of losing their hearts, when he came to show his diamonds.

COMMEMORATIVE MEDALS.—The Paris Communists have struck a medal in commemoration of the fiery days of May, 1871, and a seizure of nearly 8,000 has been made by the Paris police. This medal is about the size of a 5s. piece. On the obverse is a Phrygian bonnet with the words "Commune de Paris, 1871." On the reverse, in a circle, is inscribed (translated), "Battalion of Petrolists, called Children of Thunder, 20th May, 1871," while inside the circle is a second inscription (translated), "The citizens Pariselle and Giffault organized bands of women and children, with brushes and saucepan, to paint and fire the walls of the houses."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—What an unselfish thing is a mother's love for her baby! No other ever equals it. Children love their parents partly because they are necessary to them—because all good things are the gifts of their hands—because they are the wonderful, powerful creatures who keep danger away, and bring about their pleasures. The all-absorbing love of after-life is never quite unselfish. We love both passionately and tenderly, perhaps; but it is because we know ourselves to be beloved—because of the personal charms or fine mental qualities of the object of our affection; but a baby—what does a baby do to win such all-absorbing love from its mother? If any grown mortal gave her such ceaseless anxiety, such pain, and toil, and trouble, such wakeful nights, and in return gave no greater meed of love or gratitude, how long would her affection endure? Yet this small thing not yet beautiful, so helpless that it cannot hold its head up properly—that is almost always in a paroxysm of grief from unknown causes, save when it has such legitimate reason for wee as the colic, or an ill-placed pin—something that robs her almost entirely of all her former pleasures; this she adores—this she lavishes her heart's wealth of tenderness upon—would wake for, toll for, starve for if necessary, die for if need

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

"WHAT," said a teacher to a pupil, "makes you feel uncomfortable after you have done wrong?" "My papa's big leather strap," feelingly replied the boy.

At a public gathering lately one of the gentlemen present was called upon for a speech, and this is how he responded: "Gentlemen and women, I ain't no speaker. More'n twenty years back I came here a poor idiot boy, and now what are I?"

A BLUSHING damsel called at the office of a paper a few days since and inquired for "papers for a week back," and that innocent young publisher's clerk thought she wanted perhaps a sticking-plaster, instead of a bundle of papers suitable for a bustle.

OUR Teutonic friend Johannes K— entered one of our drug stores and thus addressed one of the clerks:

"Toctor, I feel sig all ofer, und de beebles dells me I better take one flassick."

"All right, Sir," says the clerk. "Will you have a dose of salts or some purgative pills?"

"Vell, vot it cost for dem sauids?"

"Ten cents, Sir."

"Und how much for dem flassicking pill?"

"I'll give you a dose at the same price."

After a vain search in his pocket for the required sum, he asked:

"Toctor, you tomd got no second-hand flassicking pills, ain't you?"

WHILE Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Pawling were riding through Wooster street, Friday afternoon, they were stopped by a stranger with a book under his arm, who came up to the wagon and said he had called at their house but did not find them at home, and took the liberty of addressing them now. He explained that he was canvassing for a neat little work entitled "Helps for the Home Circle," being a collection of thoughts of the best minds of the age, a work that was adapted to a larger circle of readers than any other extant, and one which must necessarily improve the tone of domestic life, add to the refinement and intelligence of society, and fill the hearts of all with a longing for the purer things of—just then Mr. Pawling's horse stepped ahead, and dragged one wheel of the wagon right over the foot of the speaker. With a howl of agony the miserable man dropped to the ground, and then immediately sprang up again, and taking the injured member up in both hands, and still howling dismally, hopped across to the side-walk. Mr. Pawling waited a reasonable length of time, but seeing that the man showed no intention of resuming the topic, he drove on.

SOMEbody who was coming down Main street after the rain a few evenings ago, swinging an umbrella and smoking a pipe, attracted the attention of isolated members of the fire department and enthusiastic outsiders, who, in turn, attracted his attention to the fact that his umbrella was on fire, and the fire gaining volume at every swing of the material feeding it. By this time a boy, with astonishing presence of mind, had attached the street hose, and immediately bombarded the man with the cooling element. Then the man threw the umbrella and went for the boy, and the boy, frightened by the prospect of danger, lost his presence of mind, and turned the hose square in the man's face. The force was so great as to knock the man completely from his feet and to drive him into a hatchway. When he threw the umbrella, it struck an old lady named Byxbee, and he disappeared down the hatchway just in time to avoid an awful kick sent after him by the indignant Mr. Byxbee, and which deprived that gentleman of his balance, and sent him also into the hatchway and on top of the drenched object of his attack. They were both helped out by the people who congregated, and, with the exception of a few scratches, were not injured. The umbrella was ruined, and Mrs. Byxbee lost a breast-pin.—Danbury News.

A MAN named Gilsey, who, by strict economy and severe industry, has succeeded in getting his family a little place, free of incumbrances, was fishing in Still river, near the Beaver brook mills, on Sunday afternoon. After sitting on the bank for a couple of hours, without catching anything, he was gratified to see on a flat stone in the water, a snapping-turtle sunning itself. The butt-end of the turtle was toward him, and he thought he would capture it; but while he was looking for a place to step, the turtle gravely turned around without his knowledge and when he got in reaching distance, and bent down to take hold of what nature designed should be taken hold of while handling a snapping turtle, that sociable animal just reached out and took hold of Mr. Gilsey's hand with a grasp that left no doubt of its sincerity. The shrieks of the unfortunate man aroused some of the neighbors, but when they arrived it was too late to be of any benefit to him, or even to themselves, for they just caught a glimpse of a bareheaded man tearing over the hill, swinging a small carpet bag in one hand, and they at once concluded that it was a narrow escape from highway robbery. However, it was not a carpet bag he was swinging; it was that turtle, and it clung to him until he reached the White street bridge, when it let go; but the frightened man did not slacken his gait until he got home. When he reached the house, the ludicrousness of the affair burst upon him, and when his wife looked at his pale face and bare head, and dust-begrimmed clothes, and asked him what was the matter, he said, "Nothing was the matter, only he was afraid he would be too late for church," and appeared to be much relieved to