# Choice Ziternture.

Still and Doop.

BY F. M. F. SKRNE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED,"
"ONE LIFE DRLY," RTC.

### Onapter XXIV.

It was the night following that day when Laura had mede her final and most successful attempt to enthral Bertrand Lisle absolutely and for ever, and the inhabitants of Chiverley Rectory were supposed to be all trauquilly slumbering away the hours of darkness, but Trevolyan's little rost nor sleep in Mary Trevolyan's little room: she was kneeling by the side of her bed, with her arms stretched out across it, and her head laid

stretched out across it, and her head laid low between them, in an attitude which betokened a complete abandonment of herself to thoughts too sad with their weight of grief almost to be borne.

There had been a time when Mary Trevelyan thought she had almost attained the summit of earthly happiness; when, standing on the little bridge beneath the shade of the summer trees, with her hand in Bertrand's she felt that he was about to utter the words which would have linked her life to his for evermore, and then, just her life to his for evermore, and then, just at that crisis of her fate, had come the mournful melodious sound—the wail of anguish in the voice she knew so well, the voice of the syren, who, by every art, had been trying to lure him from her—and instantly it had been to him as though she to sisted not, and he had fled away from her to follow the beguiling sound, and she knew, she felt, that he would return to her as her true lover never more! for she had easily recognised that the cry, half-musical, half sad, was no true shrick of terror drawn forth by some sudden danger, but rather the studied expression of some bitter sorrow, some dark foreboding, more like the poetical idea of the death-song of the swau than any real outcome of trouble or distress, and she well understood what it all meant for her. Somehow the subtle Lorelei had discovered how near in that instant she was to losing Bertrand altogether, and forthwith she had sent out the sweet appealing wail which drew him so quickly to her side.

And long they had lingered in the lonely wood, those two—hours and hours—while Mary kept her watch upon that deserted bridge, unwilling to leave the spot where he had stood with her, though no hope lingered in her heart, prophetic of its future, that he would ever seek her there future, that he would ever seek her there again; and morning had ripened to uoon, and noon faded to the stur's declining hours, and twilight came, but still she was alone; then slowly, wearily, she had returned to the home which sheltered them all alike, and there she had seen Bertrand with eyes that never quitted Laura's radiant face, and looks averted from herself, and manner constrained and from herself, and manner constrained and cold. And now night had come, and she was alone with the dark terrible shadow was alone with the dark terrible shadow that enfolded her, precursor of the dead-liest ovil her life could know, even now very close at hand; for weeks she had dreaded its coming, and had seen the danger, but hope had nover quite left her, and it was hard to lose it altogether, even in this the saddest hour her life had known; but she was trained to steel herself. known; but she was trying to stool herself for whatever might be coming upon her, she was trying to give herself up to her merciful God, that he might work His will upon her in any way He pleased. Mary Trevelyan was herself too single-hearted and pure minded to be able to imagine that Laura had been influenced by motives of worldly ambition only, and although she could not but be aware of the absolute determination with which the Lorelci had set herself to win Bertrand, she yet believed that she did love him truly; and Mary was schooling herself to feel, as she lay there, that if indeed her Bertrand had given to Laura all his heart's love in return, she ought for his sake to be glad and thankful that they had learnt to know and prize each other; for surely Bertrand's happiness was that which she desired most in all the world; and if he was to find it best with Laura, and not with her—alas, not with her!—then ought she to rejoice that Laura was his own, that with her he would walk. then ought sho to rejoice that Laura was ling with horror-stricken eyes, as if she his own, that with her he would walk had seen a spectre. through sunny paths in life, while the poor Mary, who having loved him could seat, saying, "Don't mistake me, Mary; never love another, went on to her distant grave over and ever joyless and alone! It was a hard lesson to learn, and Mary's chest heaved with sobs, and her face was wot with bitter tears under the veil of her long dark har, while her lamp parts low:

And seen a spectre.

Lurline rose, and drew her back to her seat, saying, "Don't mistake me, Mary; Mr. Lisle caused his death, but not wilderia, in which your father, trying to escape Mr. Lisle's volonee, fell overboard, long dark har, while her lamp parts low:

and were appetre. long dark hair, while her lamp burnt low and cast a dim light on her prostrato figure, when suddenly the door of her room was opened by a quick impatient hand, and shut again as rapidly, leaving the intruder by her side, while a voice clear and musical, but with a ring of sharpness in its tone, said authoritatively, "Rise up, Mary Trovelyan, and prepare to lister up, Mary Trevelyan, and prepare to listen to me, for I have much to say to you. which is of great importance to us

Then slowly Mary raised her wan face, and looked round, to see Laura Wyndham and looked round, to see Laura Wynderman standing before her, holding a lamp in her white hand, which sent a strong glow her white hand, which sent a strong glow he came to Chiverley, and then he met his over her beautiful face. more buildent fate in Laura Wyndham. He had told it than over from the light of trumph which to me this day with bitter anguish, beglittered in her eyes, and proud hap-piness which curved her lips in a meaning

Without a word, Mary raised herself from her knees, gathered the white garments round her, which contrasted strangely with the scarlet robe ver which Laura's fair harr waved in ree luxuriance, and having placed a chair for hor unwelcome guest, she sat down herself, and said, "I am ready ! ...ura; say whatever you will."

"Has no one ever told me tin truth before?" said Mary, raising her sad eyes calmly to Laura's bright face.

but the time has come when your delu-sions must no longer he suffered to exist, less they wreck forever a life that is too precious, even to yourself, to he ruined."

"Of whom do you spock?" asked Mary, with lips calm as ever, but from which all colour had fied.
"Of Bertrand Lisle," answered Laura,

and then she added, in a soft, clear voice, "who loves me, and whom I love."

Mary did not atter a syllable; it might have seemed that she did not hear the words which came to her laden with the weight of her own life-long misery, but for the convulsive movement with which she gathered her loose dress closer to her breast, as if to shield herself from the arrows which were about to pierce her heart. The Loreler's keen eye noted it heart. The Lorder Brown by and all. She had seated herself immediately opposite to Mary, so that she might read each changing expression on her face, and she now went on, with a composure re-sembling the judicial calmness of a judge when summing up the case against one who is about to be condemned to

death.
"I have said that I am come to tell you the truth, Mary Trevelyan, and, to show you that I have indeed a perfect knowledge of it, I will first go over the matter on which I wish to undeceive you, as I know it appears to you, and then I will reveal to you the real state of the case. You had lived for twenty-one years in Bertrand Liele's home, without there ever having been the faintest hint of any idea of a marriage between you. On his death-bod Mr. Lisle told you that such a mar-riage was his dearest wish, that he believ-ed or hoped you were beloved by his son, and in roply to his questions you distinctly

said that you at least loved Bertrand."
At these words Mary Trovelyan started as if she had received a stab, and burled her face in her hands, while she said, in a tone, of unspeakable pain, "Laura who told you this?"

And the Lorelei answered, "Bertrand Lisle, who heard it from his father's

And she know that in uttering the cruel sentence she had laid the corner stone of that edifice of her own happiness which she hoped to build up on Mary Trevelyan's

Her victim remained silent, with her face hidden, praying in her heart that she might have grace not to blame one lying in the helplessness of death for his breach of confidence.

Lurline continued. "You were aware that Bertrand had a long conversation with his father the night before the old man died, and you could not doubt, after his statement to yourself, that he had told his son his desire for a union between you. When Bertrand therefore uttered some cautious words to you respecting his father's wishes, in the passing excitoment of griof, at the new-made grave, you interpreted them as a sort of proposal of marriage."

"Laura, no!" exclaimed Mary, letting her hands fall from her burning face. "I did not! I could not! I never for an instant considered that Bertrand had bound himself to me."

"I only know," said Lurline, "that you managed to impress him with the idea that you wished and expected him to marry you, and he came here to see whether he could make up his mind to do it, as a duty his father had laid upon him."

'How could even his father's wishes make such an act seem a duty, Laura? Are you not mistaken?" said Mary, with

trembling eagerness.

"Not in the least," said Laura. "I will now give you the true history of this affair which has been cruelly hard on Bortrand. Mr. Liele imposed this duty upon him as an act of reparation to you."

"Of reparation to me? How? Why?"

"Because he had killed your father,"
was Laura's answar. trembling eagerness.

the duty of giving you a home as ms wife."

"And this was Bertrand's reason—this only?" asked Mary, faintly.

"Yes—good son that he was!—he tried to obey his father; but, Mary, he had never loved you or any other woman enough to make him wish for a union till he came to Chiverlay and then he met his cause he feared you would hold him bound to accomplish his father's reparation. He teld me that he loved me, and me only; that a life spent with me would be perfect bliss, and without me, utter torture, and I love him-with all my heart I love him!' Laura spoke now with genuine vehem-ence. "Oh, Mary! will you hold him to his bond? will you ruin his life for ever,

her unwelcome guest, she sat down herself, and said, "I am ready Laura; say whatever you will."

"I shall do that, even will out pour permission, Mary, for I have come to do for you an act of friendly kindness, which have come to tell you the truth."

"Has no one ever told me the truth before?" said Mary, raising her said even the promote it."

"I shall do that, even will out your permission, Mary, for I have come to do for you before. I consists in a marriage with you, I will do all I can to promote it."

"But. Mary you must tell him so your before?" said Mary, raising her said even self, said Laura, engaging "on her ill not promote it."

self, said Laura, eagorly, "or he will not believe it. I told him you intended to be one of those noble heromes of charity—a

means to ask you to morrow, what are your plans for your future life, and all our happiness in this world depends on the an-

swer-you give."
"Then you may be quite at rost, Inaura,"
said the low, calm voice; "you and he
shall be made perfectly happy if words of
mine can ensure it; and I thank yor for tolling me the truth. And now may I ask
you to leave me? I must be blone."

Something there was in Mary's manner which subdued even Laura Wyndham. She stooped silently, and kissed her on the forehead, and then, without another word, turned and left the room. Her work was accomplished, her victory complete!

### CHAPTER XXV.

Bortrand Lisle had not, of course, the smallest suspicion that any conversation had taken place between Laura Wyndham and Mary respecting himself; nor could he ever have conceived it possible that re-velations of so terrible a description could have been made to the adopted daughter of his father, especially in such orugily-distorted shapes. He could not therefore in the least account for the position impression made upon him by Mary Troyelyan'd appearation, when he saw her for the first time on the following morning. It was in the breakfast room, where all the rest of the family were assembled, that they met, and there was nothing in Mary's memor, or in the few words with which she answered those who spoke to her, that was at all different from her usual gentle still-ness; and yet it was with a strange shivness; and yet it was with a strange sinv-oring sonso of pain that Bertrand gazed at her, for it seemed to him precisely as though he were looking on the face of the newly dead. Dead, surely, in some sense she was to him. The heart, the soul, where, once at least, he felt that he had reigned supreme, were now, he was conscious, wholly locked away from him, as if the grave itself had consummated their separation. What it was, so like to death, that had passed over her, he could not tell; but, as his glanco rested on the set immovable expression of her face, and noted how the dark eyes, that ever had turned to him with such soft tenderness, were now fixed and soloma under the shadow of some heavy thought which held her wholly in possession, he felt, with a conviction none the less sure that it was indefinite, that for him at least Mary Trevelyan lived no longer. He had scarce time, however, to dwell upon the impression thus unaccountably made upon him, before the Lorelei flashed into the room, all brightness and joy; and, as his eyes turned with delight to her radiant face, the quiet figure of Mary Trevelyan seemed to fade away from his thoughts as completely as he felt she had even now passed out of his life.

It was a lovely summer morning, and as they all passed into the hall when break-fast was ever, they saw through the opendoor the sunlight streaming on the green lawn and waving trees, seeming to invite them into the sweet fresh air; but it was them into the sweet fresh air; but it was with no small astonishment in the case of all save Lucline, that Mary Trevelyan was seen to pass, with her noiseless step, through the little group, till she found her-self face to face with Bertrand; and then she said, in tones which were perfectly distinct, though soft and low,

"Bertrand, will you come and walk with me in the garden for a little time? I wish to have your advice on some arrangements I propose to make.'

Such a request from the silent retiring Mary seemed very strange, for she had never sought Bertrand in any way since he had been at Chiverley; but he could only agree at once, with ready courtesy, to her request; while the others went their ways in different direction. Laura so far from manœuvring, as she generally did, to prevent Mary and Bertrand from being alone together, now did her best to facilitate their interview. Only, with the subtle instinct of that artfulness which was her fatal gift, she turned to John Pemberton, and whispered, "Dear old John, it is a long time since you have had any music; shall I sing to you this morning, while those two are out?"

With trembling delighted eagerness he implored her to do so, for she had greatly neglected him of late; but, deceived and hotraved as he was. Pemberton never dreamt that her object was simply, by this expedient, to maintain her influence over Mr. Lisle throughout his interview with Mary. And so it was, that during all the time that Bertrand spent with Mary Tro volyan, in the very crisis of her fate, the Lorelei's voice of haunting sweetness rose and fell upon the summer air, wafted to him through the open window of the music-room, and beguiling him even with the memory of her leveliness and genius, even while the noble heart of the gentle girl who walked by his side, was almost breaking in the anguish of uttering words that were to part them for ever.

As Bertrand and his companion walked down the steps from the hall-door, to go out into the garden, Mary Trevelyan raised out into the garden, Mary Trovelyan raised her eyes to the heavens with one long earnest appealing gaze, while she asked, with her whole heart, for strength to accomplish the dread task that lay before her. She had laboured all night long, after Laura's visit, to steel herself for its performance with a composure which should prevent Bertrand from feeling one shadow of remorse or pain, in seeing him self freed from her wholly and self freed from her wholly and for ever And she knew that not only must she have courage to go bravely and calmly through their final interview, but she must brace herself for days, and perhaps even weeks, of endurance, while she would have to stand by and see his happiness with Lurline; for, much as she longed to escape even then from Chiverley, she know that her flight at such a moment could not fail to reveal to him and to all that very trath, to her own feelings, which she most wished to conceal.

But who has ever east as much as one feeble glance to the Father's throne in vain? The eyes which Mary Trevelyan raised to heaven grow bright and calm, and the strength and peace of pure self-sacrifice filled all her heart, when she found horself at last alone with Bertrand Links in a ratical part of the garden calmly to Laura's bright face.

"No one," answered Lurline, "at least, in respect to that which most concerns lady-nurse, or something of that sort, you. Old Mr. Lisle deceived you unconsciously perhaps, and Bertrand, scarce knowing what he did, has done so too; believe it. I told him you intended to be vain? The eyes which Mary Trevelyan raised to heaven grow bright and calm, and the strength and peace of pure self-but he was so convinced you wished to marry him, that he will only be at ease if found horself at last alone with Bertrand he hears it from your own lips. He Lisle in a retired part of the garden,

while the sweet voice of the Lorelei floated

round them in sweet voice of the Lorentz floated round them in spiritaristing strains. "Bertrand," said Mary, "I have asked to speak to you because, as you are, soon going to leave us, I wish to have your approval of the plans I have made myself when I shall leave Chiverley. I know," she continued anishly as the sent in the she continued, quickly, as she saw that he was about to speak, "that your dear father, in his care for me, made you in some sense responsible for my welfare; but, whatever schemes he may himself have formed for my future, his one wish certainly was that I should do that which most commended itself to my own inclinations and feelings—is it not so ?!! And

ations and declings—is it not so?" And she lifted her eyes calmly to Bertrand's.

"Doubtless it is," he answered, heattatingly; "but Mary, he very much wished you to have a safe and happy home."

"I know he did," said Mary, "and that is just what'I have provided for myself, in the way that suits me best. I have a great dealers for try and he of some real. in the way that suits me best. I have a great desire to try and be of some use in relieving however small a proportion of the suffering which it so rife in this sad world, and I have found a post where, I think, I could carry out this wish offectually; it is in a hospital for sick paiper childron, where this managers are in want of holp, and they would no doubt be willing to accept mine."

"But, Mary, is this really the life you would prefer to any other?" said Bortrand, uneasily; "it would be ardous work, and you would be alone, away from all your friends."

friends."
"I have not many friends, as you know, Bertrand," sho answered, with a sad smile.
"You have me," he said, in a low tone, and for a moment, the ring of tenderness in his voice almost overthrow her composure ; but at that instant Lurline's soft singing came more distinctly to his ears in the silence, and Mary saw his eyes light up, and his lips part in a fond smile, as he turned his head to listen.

When Mary's answer came, it was per-fectly calm. "Yes, dear Bertrand, I have you as a friend, and as such I am sure I shall have you always; and I hope, when I am at the hospital, that I shall hear from you, sometimes, that you are very happy, for you know well that your happiness is very dear to me; and therefore you will forgive me if I speak of that which concerns your future, as well as my own."

She paused for a morrant breathing

She paused for a moment, breathing hard, and gathering up all her courage; then she turned, put her hand into his, and, then she turned, put her hand into his, and, looking up to him with a faint sweet smile, she said, softly, "Bertrand, my first and dearest friend, I hope and pray that you may have with Laura Wyndham every joy this mortal life can give you!"

"Oh, Mary!" he exclaimed, grasping her hand forcibly; "who has told you this? what is it you know?"

"I know that you love the heartiful."

"I know that you love the beautiful Lurline, and that she returns your affec-tion to the fullest extent," she said still smiling. "As there is nothing to prevent your marriage, I trust it will soon take place, and that you will find in it all the happiness even I could wish you."
"Liston Mary!" he exclaimed volte.

"Liston Mary?" he exclaimed vehe-mently; "I do not, deny that I love her, but it has been-strange as it seems to say so—almost against my will. She has dazzled and bewitched me, and

sho has dazziod and bowitched me, and taken me captive irresistibly. But, believe me, I came here with very different thoughts and wishes. Mary I indeed I was sincere when I spoke to you at my tather's greve, and still even now——"

He stopped abruptly. Lurline's lovely voice still softly singing was thrilling through his heart. He could not say that he had any wish but to make her his wife as speedily as might he. Mary understeed as speedily as might be. Mary understood him; but her earnest prayer had carned for her great grace, and she was able to answer very gently, "Dear Bertraud, I ask this one favour of you—that you will wholly forget the past, except as regards our childhood's friendship, which I hope may continue between us to the end. A new life is opening out before us both; give me your good wishes, as I have given you mine. I trust your married life may be most brillion to the continuous and the same property of the continuous and the same past when the same past were the same past which is the same past when the same past were the same past which were the same past when the same past were the same past when the same past were the same past when the same past were the be most brilliant and most happy; and I pray that my own in loneliness may be blameless and peaceful."

"Yours will have the blessing of the great God upon it!" he burst out, passionately; "I think you are an angel, Mary, and it will be well for me and Laura if you give us your prayers out of the holy home

where you will spend yourself for others."
"That you may be sure you will have, over and over while I live," she answered, with a bright, sweet look, which glorified all her face. "And now, dear Bertrand, that all is settled, you must go to Lurline, and set her heart at rest. Some other time I will tell you all the future details of my future work."

And gently bending her head, while in her heart she gave him a last farewell as her one love, her Bertrand, who should have been her own, she passed away from him with her soft tread and her graceful movements, and soon had vanished from his sight among the trees.

Bertrand watched her till the last fold of her dark robes had disappeared with a sense of aching regret in his heart, even amid all the joyful exultation with which he felt that Jaura was now his own. He strove to stile the mingled remorse and tenderness which Mary had roused in him by resolving to force upon her half his fortune, which yet he know well she never would consent to touch, and an expression of uneasuress and gloom was still upon his face, when there was a rush of light feet down the gravel path, two little white hands soized his half-frantically, and the beautiful bright eyes of Lurline plunged their gaze into his own, while her sweet voice rung ont in beseeching tone, "Oh, my Bertrand l Tell me: is all well? Have you discovered that she does not love you? and are you free to make me all

Yes, darling Loreler! he exclaimed, forgetting all but that he saw her lovely face before him. "All is settled, and you are my own now—wholly and for ever. Soon, very soon, you shall be my precious

Then Laura breathed a long sigh of re-lief, and let her head fall upon his hands— her end was gained, and all her long toil WAS OVER.

To be continued.

## Scientific and Alseful.

TO MAKE GOOD FOOD OF POOR BREAD,

If dry or sour bread is out in small pieces and put in a pan, and set in a very moderately warm over till of light brown, and liard and dry in the centre, it can be kept for wooks. Whonever you wish to use a portion of them for puddings or griddle cakes, seak them in soft or gold water or milk. If the bread is sour, use sufficient soun to destroy the acidity of it in making puddings or cakes. With proper care there need not be any waste of even poor

PICKLE FOR DERF TONGUES, OR DRIND NEEF.

Mix in four gallons of water a pound and a half of sight of molasses, and two ounces of saltpetre. If it is to last a month cunces of calibetro. If it is to last a month or two, put in six pounds of salt. Boil all together, gently, skim, and let it cool. Put the most in the vessel in which it is to be kept, well packed; pour the pickle eyer it till covered. Keep the meat down under the pickle with a stone. Use the above proportions for a larger quantity if required. You can tell how much pickle to prepare by pouring over your meat after it is packed; enough water to cover it, and pour off and measure it.

ONE of the London journals confains a statement by Dr. Berry of his successful treatment of uncomplicated whooping cough with dilute nitric neid, in doses of from five to fifteen minims, according to age, with simple syrup, given every three or four hours, alleviating the cough and or lot thous allowing the cough and spaces, and apparently cutting short the disease. During an opidemic of the disorder he prescribed this frequently, and with very satisfactory results. He offers no suggestion as to the operation of the remedy, but he believes its action to be that of a tonic. Its refrigerating properties are not to be lost sight of. In all the cases treated he has, of course, paid attention to the state of the digestive organs, and in such cases as have required it he has given an aperient combined with an alterative.

#### PRESERVING FRUIT UNDER WATER.

Take only good, sound fruit, which is not over-ripe or stale. Then get some strong, perfectly water-tight kegs, and cut a hole in one end sufficiently large to admit the hand freely. Procure a quantity of powered charcoal; put e. little of this into the bottom of the keg; add a large of fruit and then more charcoal, and layer of fruit and then more charcoal, and so on until the keg is full. Shake down and fill all interstices with charcoal, and then plug up the hole tightly, and pitch if then plug up the hole tightly, and pitch if necessary, because the contents must be hermetically sealed. Now sink the kegs in water, and if no air bubbles arise it is ready for storing away; but should any appear, the work must all be done over again. The place to store these kegs of fruit is in a deep well, cold spring or pond, with chains or ropes attached with which to draw out when wanted for use. Unspring or winter the fruit can be taken out, the charcoal rubbed off, and it is ready for use. I have tried sinking the kegs in common cisterns, but the temperature appears to be too changeable to insure long keeping.—Cor. N. Y.

ECONOMY.

One of the hardest lessons in life for young people to learn 1s to practice economy. It a harder duty for a young man to accumulate and save his first thousand dollars than his next ten thousand. A man can be economical without being mean, and it is one of his most solemn duties to lay up sufficient in his days of strength and prosperity to provide for himself and those who are or may be dependent upon him in days of sickness or misfortune. Extravagance is one of the greatest evils of the present age. It is undermning and overturning the loftiest and best principles that should be retained and hold stored in society. It is annually sending thousands of young men and young women to rain and misfortune. Cultivate, then, sober and industrious habits; acquire the art of and industrious habits; acquire the art of putting a little aside every day for your future necessities; avoid all unnecessary and foolish expenditures. Spend your time only in such a manner as shall bring you profit and enjoyment, and your money for such things as you actually need for your comfort and happiness, and you will pressure in your lives, your business. will prosper in your lives, your business, and will win and rotain the respect and honor of all worthy and substantial people.

—Our Fireside Friend.

#### ADJUSTING THE HARNESS TO FIT THE HORSE.

Every part of a harness should be buckled up shorter or let out until the harness fits the horse as neatly as a pair of boots that are the proper size for one's feet. The collar should fit closely, with space enough at the bottom to admit a man's hand. If too large it has the bad effect of drawing the shoulders together. On no consideration should a team or any work horse be compeled to wear a martingale, as it draws the head down and provents him from getting into any easy and natural position. The check rein may be used, but only tight enough to keep the head in a natural position, and should never be wound around the hames. See that the hames are buckled tight enough at the top to bring the draft irons at the proper point on the side of the collar. If too low, it not only interferes with the action of the shoulders, but gives the collar an uneven bearing. Caution should be taken that the girth is not buckled too tight, particularly on string teams, for when the traces are straightened it has the tendency to draw the girth against the belly and distress the horse. A teamster should be educated to harness a horse correctly, as this is something that cannot be taught by writing.

THE national debt of Turkey is nearly

200 millions sterling. THE Queen has granted a pension of £65 a year from the civil list to each of the three orphan children of the late Mr. Birch, who was murdored at Perak. The eldest son will have a situation in the colonial service.