OL. XXII

Afar mid the bosky forest shades

With his flashing eye, And the shy swift-footed doe;

And the sad winds chid

Through the branches wide With a tender plaint of wee. The Indian leans on his rugged trunk

With the bow in his red right hand

But, blithe and free, The maple tree

Its thousand arms,

The wild bees revel there:

And in merry swarms

But how soon not a trace Of the red man's race

Yields to the spring's soft sighs; Then away to the wood!

And boys and girls, With their sunny curls,

Bring their vessels brimming o'er With the lucious flood,

Of the brave tree's blood

The blaze from the sugar bush glean

Its burning glow on the trees is shed.

And with noisy shout,
The busy rout
Watch the sap as; it bubbles high;
And they talk of the cheer

Of the conting year, And the jest and the song pass by,

And brave tales of old

That kindle youth's beaming eye. Hurrah for the sturdy maple tree! Long may its green branch wave.

Meet emblem for the brave-

And a nation's peace

And its worth be widely spread, For it lifts not in vain To the sun and rain

ts tall magestic head May it grace our soil,

With its growth increase,

The softly whispered word of Eddy as he crouched upon the shaking branel

In the cauldron deep to pour

For the maple good Shall unlock its honied store

Still tosses to sun and air

CARLETON PLACE, O NTARIO, APRIL 3, 1872

THE MAPLE TREE. Hail to the pride of the forest—hail
To the Maple stout and green;
The treasure it yields shall never fail
While leaves on its boughs are seen.
When the moon shines bright On the wintry night; And silvers the frozen snow, . And echo dwells

On the lingering bells,

As the sleighs dart to and fro;

Then it brightens the mirth

Of the social hearth

With its red and cheering glow. It lifts its tall head on high When the crimson tint of daylight In the clowing saffron sky;
And the sun's last beams
Through the foliage streams,
And brightens the gloom below;
And the deer bounds by,

hear no noise, that's all." With this injunction the turned away, and her footsteps were

is face burning with indignation. "And you have to put up with suc But you are not helpless while I live.

Mrs. Burns put her hand through the bars, clasping the warm hand of her

where you were born. When evening came, our friends departed. A few minutes later a summons came to Mr. Burgoyne, calling him down to the village ou urgent business. He left me EDDY'S SEARCH A RRAVE BOY'S BATTLE. for an hour, and I went into the library.'

"Mr. Burgoyne has told me so much," he said gently. "And he says that when he returned, he met you at the door of of the tall pine tree before her grated

window, penetrated to the hearing of the inmate of the lonely prison cell. She started, sprang to her feet, and looked wildly around her, her slender, stately figure trembling like a reed in the blast, Mother! It is really I-your own eager murmur. "Oh, Eddy! Are you here? Was it your voice called me? Or am I growing mad?" she added, shudam I growing mad?" she added, shuddering.

"I am here, mother! he said simply." Don't ery out, or some one will hear us."

"O my brave boy!" she whispered. "Unever expected to see you again. And all my grief has been for you. Oh, the anguish I have suffered on your account since I was been for you. Oh, the anguish I have suffered on your account since I was been for you. Oh, the anguish I have suffered on your account since I was been for you. Oh, the anguish I have suffered on your account since I was been for you. Oh, the anguish I have suffered on your account since I was been for you. Oh, the anguish I have suffered on your account since I was been for your father on that I am instance. I have no powerful friends—

"Poor mother!" said Eddy, stroking the feath of the book some back to have a was been back to have a was been back to have a wa

I ney told you that? That I was insane? Of course they did, Eddy; but I am not insane. I have not been insane. Do I look like a mad woman?"

Eddy studied his mathematical was early love letters, the first daguerreotypes we exchanged, and the few mementoes we loved to cherish. An impulse came over me to look over me to look again into that secret drawer, and I acted upon it." Eddy studied his mother's face yet more attentively, and Mrs. Burns strove to calm herself, and met her son's gaze with a steadfastness that put to rout any

you gave up the villa." "I know it, dear, and it was an odd impulse that led me to look again into the drawer where they had lain: I did not stop to reason upon it, but arose and pressed the secret spring. The drawer tertained in regard to her sanity. "No, you don't look insane, and you are not insane," cried the lad, a sudden sensation of horror creeping over him. "Who put you here, mother? And why?

Surely the doctors saw that you were in your right mind? There has been some

awful wrong practised upon you!"

"Hush, my boy! Don't speak so loud. We shall be overheard. This "A few letters, a dried flower or two -those were all."

There was an undercurrent of excitenated the lad. He classed her hand in a closer, more soothing pressure, as he said:

"You speak as if those letters and flowers had been something terrible to you, mother. They must have been Mr. Burgoyne's house; no protector except Mr. Burgoyne's property. How could they affect you?"

The mother's hand shook; her sweet face grow tet solar her her death.

Eddy, "she added, her voice faltering, unloosing the clinging arms that reached out to her, and with a long kiss upon her son's lips, she said:

"Go. Eddy, while I have strength.—
Go darling! Alt!" she added, in a tone so low that the lad could not eath her words, "this is the very bitterness of death!"

A last embrace, long and lingering.

"And leave you here helpless and the two separated. The hov, with floor is the woman's ward, and there is a Don't you hear her steps? She is a very tigress, and would rouse the house if she detected your presence here. You "Yes, mother. And it is true that you married Mr. Burgoyne?"
The lady shuddered and clung to

"Yes, Eddy," she answered at length.
"I married Hart Burgoyne. I deed not tell you until it should be too late

Eddy's attention. She did not look fortnight and a mouth after Richard's so altogether hopeless as he had fancied.
"Why did they shut you up here, mother?" he asked abruptly." Draw up your chair to the window, and tell stated that he was hard at work at the Diggings; that he was healthy, hearty,

writing, and addressed to Hart Burlay in the drawer. I tore it I read it. It bore the date of rating in the door, and a hoarse voice open. I read it. It bore the date of March 14th, 1850, months after Richard's supposed death. It was in reply to a letter from Hart Burgoyne.

> Yet Hart Burgoyne, from some nefatious purpose of his own, had written to your father that you and I were dead. Oh, the wicked cruelty of his lie! And poor, poor Richard, in his despairing answer - the one I read -declared that since he had been so bereaved he could never return to the East; he would live and die in the wild country where he had gone to work for his lost ones. Here is my trunk key." Think of it, Eddy! He mourns us as [lost. While we have wept for him, he has wept for us, believing us dead. Can

"Be calm, mother. Oh, be calm, entreated the lad, himself scarcely less excited than his mother. "You said that Mr. Burgoyne was your lover before you married father. He must have hired that miner to write to us. Perhaps

"Ah, yes, I thought him almost an my place? They sent for the Rivertor

physicians and for Dr. Bullet. Mr. Burgoyne met them in the hall and told his plausible story. He brought them in to me, and I told the truth—told it

"Can I not write to him, mother?" "He would never get your letter the scene of his operations. And if h did not. I do not remember the address

"Then what is to be done? How ar we to get news to father of our trouble?" "I have thought of a plan," said Mrs

your uncle, Mathew Howe of Peekskill last week, in which he said he should start for California this week. He may not have started already: If he can do nothing to free me, he would at least search for my husband out there. And

momentarily foreaken her.

"Yes, Eddy", "she answered at length.

"I married Hart Burgoyae, I dated not tell you until it should be too late for your remonstrance. It was fory on the said. "Eddy, they were in your father's hand be happier knowing."

"What! Mother?"

"What! Mother?"

"What! Mother?"

"What! Nother?"

"What! Nother?"

"What! I may be the may suite in my girlhood, but my rejection of him had ever interface of with his friendship to me and mine. He let they your father the money to go to be never to be and with his friendship to me and mine. He let they your father the money to go to be made and your father the money to go to be made and your father the money for you. They have in the letter when the string had been may suite in my girlhood, but my rejection of him had not love him as I had loved Bichard commended you and make poor. They have in the letter when the wind a labough I told him, and, although I told him, and, although I told him, and, although I told him, and although I told him. "O' mother, I would rather have worked for you.—I had rather, have worked for you.—I had rather for have worked for you.—I had rather have

to your father, and that you will bim back to me. And, indeed, I have more faith in your efforts thin than even in Uncle Mathews can only harm me by remaining he shall know no peace unless you go quired promise the fulfilment of would take him so far from his impe the opening in the wall.

ned in the pursuit.

dollars, paying six hundred dollars down That sum I have still untouched. I meant to put it in the bank for you." "Have you it here?"

"No, it is at Burgoyne's house. n my trunk in the upper chamber prepared for my use. You must venture there, Eddy, and get the pocket-book.

She took it from her pocket, giving it into the lad's keeping. She then proceeded to describe the situation of the com in which the trunk containing the money was placed, and mentioned that Burgovne was not aware that the money

"The money is rightfully yours. ov," sher concluded, "but you must work cantiously to obtain possession of o Peekskill by the morning boat, and ind your uncle. Pray Heaven you may "And you, mother-what will becom

"I shall be in the care of the good God." Mrs. Burns answered with solemn. faith. spend the months of my imprisonment

"You will tell him how it was I consented to marry Hart Burgoyna," the lady whispered, her pale cheeks flushing.
"He may think I have forgotten him. but you will tell him better. You know how I have mourned for him-wept for him. He has been the one love of all my Tell him so. I consented to this marriage to Burgoyne-a marriage but father so. And tell him, Eddy, I love him a thousand fold better than in the old days. And I send him these kisses, my boy. Be sure you give them to

Again she pressed her white face the bars, and her kisses fell on the lad's wet cheeks like a shower of snow flakes. "The hour is growing late." the nother murmured, listening now in vain for the stealthy tread in the hall. "You have much to do, dear, and I dare not detain you longer. We must say

A sob escaped from Eddy's breast, and the tears softly rained down his

"My boy! My boy!" she whispered the utter anguish of the terrible parting "I am sending you out into a ctuel world. You may meet temptations and troubles before you find your father. that would make your mother blush for vou, or that you would be ashame to have her know. Be brave, be honest, be truthful. Remember that you can be nothing nobler, nothing grander, than a true Christian gentleman. The same heaven will be above us, the same loving Father will care for us To His keeping I trust you. And now, Eddy, my own

boy, my only son, you must go!"

She reached out her arms through the bars, and inclosed his trembling figure. Eddy's face sought hers against the grating, and the two sobbed pitifully in their terrible grief. What passionate isses the mother pressed upon the boyish face convulsed with anguish!-What blessings she invoked in broken whispers upon that fair boyish head! What prayers went up from her soul to God that He would protect and love her boy, and bring him safely back to her

tender arms! For many minutes the silence between

Bddy, I wan't Uncie Mathew to take death!

A last embrace, long and lingering, and the two separated. The box, with a full heart, turned to descend the tree. The mother, I cannot!"

"Listen, Eddy. You can do me no good by remaining at Riverton. To the mount her eyes rested upon a face at mounent her eyes rested upon a face at

down the garden walks, and made for

mahed in pursuit of the flying lad. noment later, the dogs were loo

The night, as we have said, was softly glowing with the glorious starlight. The Doctor and his assistants had no difficulty

dollars to the one who catches him while inside the grounds!" His hoarse cries reached the ears

The race was of short continuance. most school boys, and had gained the By the time he had reached the wood.

Dr. Bullet had given up the pursuit, and had called back his men and dogs. Eddy sat down upon a log to rest a few moments, but soon arose and pursued his journey toward Riverton, country road, and finally approaching the

The hour was late, it being considerably past midnight, but the house was not yet closed. A light gleamed faintly tion of Him who brought you to me to-night? The great load that lay on my heart is now removed. I can manage to still sat in the shadow of the latticed western veranda, and the gleam of his eigar as he smoked, was plainly visible to the new comer.
It was evident that Mr. Burgoyne

fancied that he was waiting him, and boldly ascended the steps, and

but sank back in his chair as he. nized the intruder. Apparently he had expected another than Eddy. "So you are back again at last?" aid grufily. "Where have you been all

this time since you left here, young

His harsh, dietatorial tone aroused the boy's spirit, but he answered repectfully:

me you would go upon the town—become a pauper? The fact may not be pleasant to you, but it is true." The boy's cheek's flushed hotly, but ne did not answer. "Hum! Sullen? I foresee I shall

Eddy assented. "Mrs. Burgoyne had that room pre-

pared for your use. You can find your way to it. The housekeeper has gone to bed. We don't keep supper waiting Eddy closed his door and flitted acros

the hall to his mother's room. He opened it and looked in. The light stole at the windows, and he could see that the room was unoccupied. The low bedstead with its white drapery, the luxurious furniture, were plainly visible through the light glooom. He leoked around him anxiously his heart throb-

sound of an approaching step Mr. Bu goyne possibly slept in this pleasant chamber, and Eddy was fearful lest be

should unexpectedly enter.

He lifted the trunk lid, and grop the shallow partitioned tray. Took et book was there. He seized and transferred it to his pocket, locked the trunk, and stole out into the corridor,

where he again paused to listen.
The sound of stealthy steps according the veranda reached his cars. The steps vert around to the western side wher Mr. Burgoyne was sitting, A sudden papic seized Rddy. "Perhaps it's Dr. Bullet," he thou

willing to carn it ?"

Vellis assented, seating himself, Eddy trambling with a vague apprehension that harm to himself was intended, stoo that harm to himself was int like a statue in the shadow of the threshold, unable to advance or retreat.

A GOOD ONE ON BUTLER.

A rather amusing story is in circula tion at the expense of the eminent gendemen from Massachusetts, comme called "Old Stabismus." At the Pr lent's levee the other night, which was sely crowded, an old lady from the interior somewhere, in a fainting condi-tion, requested her husband to get her

"Can't be did," responded "hub" in ome irritation; "there ain't no refresh

plenty at Belknap's the other night?' the good woman said angrily; "now go and get an ice and some lem "I tell you don't be a fool; there ain'

no refreshments; everybody says so. grunted the lord and master. "You are quite mistaken, sir," the Hon S. S. Cox, who happened to be near, and who never loses an opportunity to put in a joke. "The President always provides substantially. There is his butler, whose business is to show ladies

to the supper room," and the Hon. jester pointed to Gen. Butler, "You'll find him a little stuck up and cross, but you need not mind that; tell him to get This was said so gravely that the two truggled through the crowd to where

the General stood talking to some ladies "I say, mister, are you the butler," "I'm Gen. Butler," replied Old Stra smus, pleasantly thinking the two some

country people filled with admiration of "I don't care whether you are a ger eral butler or not, my wife wants som

erranin and lemonade "Sir ?" snorted old B. in amazement "Oh! don't take on airs old cook

Come hurry up them terrapins." "You must be drunk, sir! you mus be drunk !" "No he ain't," screamed the wife. "He's a Knight Templar; he ain't

which S. S. Cox was forced to join. Gen. Butler reddened in the face and began puffing his cheeks out in the

nost violent manner. "I don't understand this extraordinary conduct. What do you want, sir-what

do vou want?" "Terrapins, I tell you."
"What do you take me for, you cussed fool?" roared Benjamin.

"You call me a cussed fool and I'll hit you on the snout," screamed the

lice seized the belligerent husband and ed him away amidst much laughter. Butler, turning suddenly, saw the mis-chief maker.

"I say, Cox, did you do that ?" "Well, yes, I'm afraid I did."
"Well, I owe you the terrapins, an I'll pay you, mind that-I'll pay you. And the two walked lovingly away.

YOUNG AMERICA AT THE WHEEL A well-known clergyman was crossing

Lake Eric some years ago upon one of the lake steamers, and seeing a small lad

at the wheel steering the vessel, accosted im as follows: "My son, you appear to be boy to steer so large a boat,"
"Yes, sir," was the reply,

ec I can do it though. "Do you think you understand you "Yes, sir; I think I do."

"Can you box the compass?" "Yes, sir. "Let me hear you box it." The boy did as he was requested en the minister said "Well, really you can do it! Can

"Yes, sir."
"Let me hear you." The boy did again as requested, when he minister remarked : "I declare, my son! inderstand your business.'

The boy then took his turn at question sking, beginning: "Pray, sir, what might be "I am a minister of the gospel."

"Do you understand your busine "I think I do, my son." "Can you say the Lord's prayer?"

"Say it."
The clergyman did so, repeating the words in a very fervent manner, as though trying to make an impression on the lad. "Well, really," said the boy upon it conclusion, "you do know it, don't you Now say it backward."

"Oh! I can't do such a thing as that. "Can't do it, eh?" returned the boy

"Well, then you see I understand my business a great deal better than you do yours."

How is hot bread like a caterpillar ? It's the grub that makes the butter fly. Title of the last new novel-The oisoned gum drop, or the candy woman's

Why are a pretty girl's eyes like oat-meal cake? Because they are apt to give the heart-burn.

When does an infunt child resemble a good soldier? When he sticks to the east-works.

Speaking of the danger of catching small-pox by handling greenbacks, a country editor congratulates himself that he's safe enough.

Do you think raw oysters are healthy?"

asked a lady of her physician. "So far as I know, they are; I never knew one to complain of being out of health," he replied.

"So far to describe the Collector for the year 1871. Mr. Cochrane gave notice of a by-law to grant a Shop License certificate to Mrs. McDonnell. The Council then went into Committee, Mr. McLaren in the chair.

assessment upon each of the liquor dealers in that town who sell the ardent to her husband, and they "come down" rather than stand a prosecution.

rather than stand a prosecution.

The other day a gentleman, for being in very high spirits (of wine,) was sent to prison. Why did you not bail him out?" inquired a mineal friend, "tail him out?" exclaimed the other "hy you could not pump him out."

An exchange says: "One brand of Cincinnati whiskey is warranted to content 127 feets to the harm!" The rest

I think you'd better let that witness go ow, as you have pumped him dry.'

WELL SAID. The successful competitor of a foot race, on having the prize presented to him, said: "Gentle-

umbrella and takes up a good one, he makes a mistake; but when he puts down a good one and takes up a bad one, he makes a blunder.

A teacher, questioning little boys about the gradations in the scale of being, asked: What comes next to man?" evidently smarting under a defeat in the previous question, immediately distanced

all competitors, by promptly shouting, "His undershirt, ma'am!" The following protest of an indignant and patriotic mother was sent to a school teacher in Illinois: "miss brown I want you strictly understand that you hant to s of my children an if you keap maria for ben late you will have trouble you

hant Wee live in free land adoo." A Maryland paper tells the story of a marriage under difficulties, where first the bridegroom failed to appear at the appointed time through bashfulness, and was discovered, pursued, and only "brought to" with a shot gun; the bride then became indignant, and refused to marry so fainthearted a swain; and finally the clergyman, who is something of a wag, settled the matter by threatening to have them both arrested for breach of the honds of matrimorn. promise unless the ceremony was imme-

diately performed-which it was Speaking of the cosmopolitan character of the population of New York, the Post of that city says:—"There is a Norwegian community, and a Swedish community, and a Polish community in community, and a Polish community in this city, to say nothing of a Russian church and a Swiss military and charitable organisation. And besides all this, we have a Welsh place of worship, where a clergyman from Orytholwryld can preach in his native consonants to the exiles from the banks of the flowing Ap Llogilwaygwith or from the breezy heights of Wrythwggldidodd."

In a divorce case in Ohio the ground of the husband's application are that hi wife insists that he shall kill the old ca that has been with them for ten years He says "it is not because he hates to part with the animal, but the job is too much to ask of him in feeble health, as at present." He has drowned her twice, shot fourteen rifle balls through her vitals, given her half a pound of strychnine, committed harikari on her with appitchfork, and the only effect perceptible is a trifle more tone to her voice and a

bay window over one eye.

The following letter has been received by the principal of a public school in England, in reply to a circular asking the opinion of the parents upon the practice of flogging: "Dear Sur, Your flogging cirklar is duly receaved, I hopes as to my son John you will flog him just so often as you like. Hees a bad boy is John. Althurth i've been in the habit of teaching him miself, it seems to me he is John. Althauth i've been in the habit of teaching him miself, it seems to me he will larn nothing—his spelling is speshall outragusly deficient. Wallup him well. Sur, and you will receive my hearty thanks.—Yours Moses Walker, P. S.—Wat accounts for John being sich a bad collar is that he's my sun by my wife's

Dod was gobbled up by the Goshoot Indians, and for some months remained a captive among them. He says among other plunder obtained by the Indians when they took his train was a hand Mr. Burgoyoe, cried Eddy impetuously.

If you had a little more said pealing from the left New York of a man, with so in more, Jacob Vellis, describing fathers, was adult sort of a man, with so way upward without his help. Any boy with good some and a strong will can work his may apward to a steel may appear to a fortune manhood. If you had only reflect that his chiftless easy-natured, honorable manhood. If you had only reflect that his chiftless easy-natured, and he had written?"

The alarm bell was adult pealing that we had a little more said pealing that we had a little from his miter he left New York? Indian grieder shifted the stop, and you have mark out of the windows on every floor; voices were such and that she had winded part of the sudden excitoment; and that she had winded part of the sudden excitoment, and the shrinks her husband lives, in a long of the sudden excitoment; and the shrinks her husband lives, in a more a man, with so with a first the remark of the sudden excitoment to the sudden excitoment, and the shrinks her husband lives, in a long of the sudden excitoment to the sudden excitoment, and the shrinks her husband lives, in a house of the sudden excitoment, and the shrinks her husband lives, in a house of the sudden excitoment, and the shrinks her husband lives, in a house of the sudden excitoment, and the shrinks her husband lives, in a house of the sudden excitoment, and the shrinks her husband lives, in a house of the sudden excitoment, and the shrinks her husband lives, in a house of the sudden excitoment to the sudde

MCNAB COUNCIL.

of the minutes; an account from Brown & Wilson, for chain, \$3.15; an account of J. A. Devlin, for blacksmith work, \$1.90; account of John Douglas, for stove pipes and window glass, 95 cents, and postage account, \$1.49, were all ordered to be paid. Also

That Messrs. Leckie and Robertson do examine the bridge on the Lochia, at the 3rd con. line, and get the same repaired, or on the and get the same repaired, or build a new one, as they see fit. That Jas, Robertson's application for the digging of a drain be considered when the Statute Labor is being distributed. That the Reeve and Clerk continue the investigation into the Non-Resident Tax affair, and that they also settle difficulties or complaints of the charges now made, and rectify any error

his sureties that the duties of the office for the said year were satisfactorily performed as to their bond. On motion of Messr Leckic and McLaren, the Reeve and Messr petitor of a foot race, on having the prize presented to him, said: "Gentlemen. I have won this cup by the use of my legs; I hope I shall never lose the use of my legs by the use of this cup."

Josh Billings says that the difference between a blunder and a mistake is this: When a man puts down a bad umbrella and takes up a good ene had.

An Olympia (Washington Ter.) lady is And here a little shaver, who was which will cost \$1,000. Courtship defined in a lawsuit: "Look-

An institution is soon to be established in England, under the patronage of the Earl of Shaftesbury, and other distinguished philanthropists, for the purpose of teaching the art of housekeeping. Lessons in cooking and baking are to be given, and lectures are

william Schmidt, of Berlin, Wis., has been sent to State Prison for five years, with three days solitary confine ment each year, for maltreatment of his wife. He made her sit down on sharp nails, and beat her sheckingly with a club and bottle. The poor woman's injuries were so fearful that she was out of her senses for a number of days. A young lady in New Hampshire who has been suddenly lifted from poverty to opul-ence by an alliance with money and old age, called the attention of an aged lady friend

nose, and exclaimed, "Lor sakes! I thought There is actually a considerable There is actually a considerable com-merce in toads between France and England. A toad of good size and in good condition will fetch twenty-five cents in the London market, and a dozen of extra quality are worth five dollars. You may see these im-ported toads in all the market gardens where

the soil is moist, and the owners of thes gardens even prepare shelter for them. They pay their way by catching insects.

A western editor says women are so scarcin his section that a good-looking girl sure of half a-dozen suitors in the houseach night, and two or three on the fend

Mrs. Burns complied, drawing her chair to the window. She had scartely

And mourns that his race like a stream has with Eddy. "I cannont sleep. I feel "You had better keep quiet," ad-

When the snows of winter are melting fas And the sap begins to rise.

And the biting breath of the frozen blast,

Eddy, for we are liable to be interrupted must not let any one surprise us. The plans of which I told you in my letter, father was dead. And he wrote to Eddy, were carried out as arranged. On father we were dead. How we have been the morning of the tenth. I was married mistaken in him!" in our cottage parlor to Mr. Burgoyne, by our old Riverton minister. After the marriage and the wedding breakfast, Mr. Burgoyne and I walked up to the

She paused shivering, and clinging yet closer to Eddy's hand. The boy

the library, a raving maniae."

Mrs. Burns uttered a low, sighing during his absence, and while I was in the library," she said tremulously. "The room remained as Richard and I had left. When the house was sold to Mr.

His mother looked at him drearily. Burgoyne, the furniture went with it.
Richard's books were on the library

the least Richard's mans were on the tenderly. "Hart Burgoyne claims to

"But the letters and pictures were not there, of course, mother?" suggested Eddy. "You took them with you when

Was there anything in it, mother?'

and in good spirits. But Vellis said my husband, never went beyond San Fran-

"It is very singular," murmored the

you comprehend a treachery so base as I'll rescue you, if I have to walk to Albany and, tell the whole story to the tardly villain!" at any time," she said softly. "Keep he sent him to California when father We went for the very purpose of writing

angel, and he has proved to be a very demon. I thought him good and honor able, when he was secretly a viilain. villa-the Burgovne Place, as it is now working harm to me and mine. Of ealled. I had sold our cottage a week before this marriage, and my few articles goyne and me is null and void. If no, through these iron bars, I shall imagine of furniture were sent after me to the an appeal to the courts would make it so, is wafting you to your father, or bringing you both back to me. And, Eddy—"

It was evident that Mr. Burgoyne you both back to me. And, Eddy—"

was waiting the arrival of some one. passed pleasantly enough. A few of my old friends remained with us until even ing, congratulating me on becoming again mistress of the house that was built for me—the house to which I first came as a bride with Richard—the house that I was not his wife—that my hus—that I would proclaim. band still lived—that I would proclaim Burgovne's treachery and infamy throughout the land. He comprehended that I had discovered all. He called up his housekeeper, and the two bound me to a chair, under pretence that I was violently insane. I struggled—I shricked -I moaned. Ah, who would not, in

> as only a wronged, tortured, despairin woman could tell it. And they called

good-by!

he gave in the letters I discovered."

"I had a letter from my crother Eddy," she added, her voice faltering, unloosing the clinging arms that reached

Doctor instantly recognized.

"It's the boy Burns!" the Doctor ejaculated, his fat round face growing "After him men!

the young fugitive, who quickened his

advantage of a good start. He gained the gap in the incompleted wall, bounded through it, and sped onward through the meadow to a bit of woodland beyond.

Burgoyne place, which overlooked both the village and the river.

"I did not feel like coming in soone sir. The night is pleasant, and-and I felt bad-" "Your excuse will pass to-night, but you must keep better hours, sir," said Mr. Burgoyne, frowning. "You must understand that I am your master, and that I intend to keep a sharp look out upon you. Are you aware that but for

have trouble with you, young man. I will have a long talk with you in the morning. You may go to bed now. Do but I know you will never do anything you remember your old room that you that would make your mother blush for used to have when your father lived

His mother's trunk, which he instantly recognized, stood against the wall, where it had been placed temporarily before Hart Burgoyne brought home his bride. It was unstrapped, but not unlecked. Eddy drew out the key his mother had given him, and unlocked the trunk, moving cautiously and listening for the

Town Hall, March 25, 1872.

"I'm on the trail of a deer," is what a returned hunter said when he stepped on the trail of one of our fashionable young ladies.

George Stevenson and others, respecting arrears of taxes charged against their properties. Petition of Peter C. McLaren and Andrew Stewart, for a bridge on the Lochia at the 3rd concession. Application of James Robertson, Jr., for a drain to be cut on the noper side of the concession line at his farm.
Petition of Mrs. Duncan McDonnell, of
Sand Point, for a Shop License certificate.
Statement of the Treasurer on the fulfilment of the duties of the Collector for the

go in search of the fights is 1130 M.

A witness under cross-examination, who had been tortured by a lawyer for several hours, at last asked him for a drink of water. 'There,' said the judge,

An old maid, speaking of marriage says, it

ing at each other, taking hold of hands, and A jealous young lady in Oswego at emoted to poison a bride by introducing assenic into the wedding cake.

need not think Wee are Slave becas wee The New York and Boston Express Com ay, one of the creations of Erie in Fish's palmy days, has been discovered to be bank. groove, no doubt the concern would have been floated in the same manner as it was A young bachelor of Usborne, being tought in Hibbert, and got his forchead scalded with the steam of a kettle. Next day he went to see the minister and got his

to be delivered on culinary matters, the laws of health and kinds d subjects.

to one of her new presents in the shape of a beautiful cluster diamond ring. The old