

dents; for he did not intend to give his pet niece to a man he had picked out of the Recorder's Court without taking good care to know who he was and all about him. The information he received was highly satisfactory. He found that Arthur had come to New York about ten years before with his father, who was sent out as managing clerk for an English banking house, but who soon gave that up and went into business for himself as a gold broker, in Broad Street, and was highly successful, amassing a large fortune in a short time. Arthur joined him in the business, and by lucky speculations managed to make a great deal of money; his speculations were bold and daring, and at the time of his coming of age and being admitted as a partner in his father's business he was judged to be worth nearly one million of dollars. Six months after the tide of speculation turned, the close of the war paralyzed Wall Street for a time and Austin & Son was one of the firms which hopelessly failed. Over speculation had done its work and both father and son were ruined. The shock so affected Arthur's father that he had an attack of brain fever from the effects of which he died. Arthur had wished to begin at the bottom of the ladder in the place where he had once held so high a position, resolved to go to Chicago and recommence life as a clerk. About this time he began to acquire habits of intemperance which had clung to him until he came to Montreal. Nothing whatever was known against his character or morals except his intemperance, and as Mr. Lubuck was quite satisfied on that head now, he gave his consent. When two young hearts are anxious to be united, and are aided and abetted by a miscellaneous formation of an ancient town of which he is a very old-fashioned old gentleman indeed who could long resist. Mr. Lubuck was not obtuse, and consequently he soon agreed to waive the provision in his consent by which the young people had to wait a year; indeed he had changed his mind entirely on that point for he insisted that they should be united as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made.

Of course he had a motive for this; staid old gentlemen don't change their minds so suddenly and completely without some good reason, and this was Mr. Lubuck's reason. The firm of Lubuck, Lowndes & Co. was a branch of an English house Lowry Lubuck and Lowndes, the said Lowndes being a young man, son of the former head of the house, and also partner in the firm of Lubuck, Lowndes & Co. One fine morning it got into old Mr. Lowry's head that he wanted to die, and so he died right off, leaving Stephen Lubuck his executor and bequeathing to him the bulk of his large fortune. Mr. Lowry, like his partner, was a bachelor; and he had no near relatives that he cared about. When Mr. Lubuck received information of his partner's death he saw that he must at once go to England to settle up his affairs, and probably to make arrangements for residing there permanently as head of the firm. A few mornings after he received the intelligence he called Arthur Austin into his private office and said: "Arthur I have received news of the death of my old friend Lowry; he has left me his executor and I shall be obliged to go to England for some time, probably for several months. I shall sail on 13th November, you must be married on 29th October and must return from your wedding tour before I leave. I shall give you a power of attorney to represent the firm during my absence, and you will, of course, take charge of my lines, while I am away. Mr. Lowndes may perhaps come out to take charge during the winter, but he will not remain long. I shall return in the spring and then we shall see about reconstructing the firm, how do you think Lubuck, Austin & Co. would sound, eh?"

The wedding took place in Christ Church Cathedral, and was a very grand affair; Frank was chief bridesmaid and looked supremely uncomfortable as she did not know whether or not to be exceedingly happy, or perfectly miserable. Charlie Benson was groomsmen and took such a deep interest in the service that one might think he was rehearsing for his own benefit. A wedding is a stupid thing to describe so I shall simply say that the Rev. Canon Baldwin united the happy pair and the ceremony proceeded in the usual way.

As the wedding party was about entering the Church a seedy looking individual who was apparently sauntering purposeless down St. Catherine street, approached evidently attracted by curiosity only. He was a peculiar looking individual; his hair was red and he wore it very long, but it was brushed to the most exasperating degree of smoothness, and indeed appeared to have been literally "plastered" to his head and then pressed down with a hot iron somewhat and glossy did it appear; his red whiskers were very luxuriant and were brushed as carefully as his hair; his dress was seedy in the extreme, and his threadbare coat was buttoned close up to his throat as if to hide any want of clean linen, but every garment was shining from the effect of frequent brushing and not one speck of dirt could be noticed on him. His dejected old hat was tipped jauntily on one side, and he carried a mean looking scrubby little cane with the air of a swell. He was quite close to the wedding party when Arthur Austin got out of his carriage, and as soon as the dejected individual saw him, he gave so natural and unexpected a start that the jaunty hat very nearly tumbled into the gutter.

"Saints Alive, can't he possible? Arthur Austin as I'm a living snail! Evidently in clover too, dear boy, and about to be spilled to a very charming young lady. How well the dear boy is looking too, and dressed in such unexceptionable togs. I must do myself the honor of witnessing the nuptial ceremony."

He entered the church, and keeping well behind one of the pillars to escape observation, watched the ceremony to its conclusion. Waiting until the happy party had departed he strolled leisurely up to the sexton and began conversing with him.

"An exceedingly nice affair, and most excellent conducted, thanks to your admirable arrangements; many I inquire who are the happy parties?"

"Mr. Arthur Austin and Miss Jessie Williams. A very nice young gentleman," continued the sexton, thinking of the liberal fee Arthur had slipped into his hand.

"Undoubtedly so; and rich seemingly."

"Bless you, no! He is only her uncle's clerk, but her uncle is enormously rich, and very fond of the young man."

"Dear me how interesting. And the uncle is?"

"Mr. Stephen Lubuck, one of the richest men in Montreal; they say he is worth over two hundred thousand dollars."

"Is he then he has two hundred thousand additional claims to my esteem. The happy pair go on a wedding tour I suppose?"

"They go to New York by this afternoon's train, but won't stay long; as Mr. Lubuck goes to England shortly, and Mr. Austin must return before then. Excuse me sir, I must close the church."

"Certainly, my dear sir, certainly; business before pleasure, as we say in the classics; allow me to wish you a very good day, and to thank you for your kindness."

"Two hundred thousand dollars!" soliloquized the seedy stranger as he stood in the porch of the church, "here's a windfall, Mr.

Robert Brydon allow me to congratulate you," and he shook hands with himself, "very lucky thing for you Bob, things were getting to a very low ebb, but now the tide has turned with a vengeance. You always were a lucky fellow Bob, but this beats all. How surprised the dear boy will be. Well, Montreal is a nice place, rather dull for a man of fashion like myself, but it will do. I shall hang my hat," he continued, taking off his dejected head covering and looking at it, "No, not this hat, but a new one I mean to buy, and prepare to spend the rest of my natural days in Montreal, and lead a virtuous, happy and peaceful life. Mr. Austin I shall do myself the honor of calling on you as soon as you return from your pleasant trip."

He tucked the scrubby looking cane affectionately under his arm, tipped the dejected hat the least bit over his right eye, and walked jauntily away.

To be continued.

POWER AND LOVE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

The mighty catarrhs down the steep slopes Resistless are flowing; Yet round their sides are gentle flowers, And o'er them rainbows glowing— While for benediction to lands, Below their waters going.

O, mighty Souls whose powers rush For good to man forever, Why should not your grand mission too, That from love cannot sever, Keep all its symbols round and on Your Torrents of Will flowing, With Uni's own blessing, unto hearts Of millions broadly going?

O, let the gentlest flowers smile! O, let the rainbows sparkle! The Sun of Right sore on high, And tempest never darken! So will your missions all men bless, Their vastness never frighten, But from your waters of White Truth All Spirit-gardens brighten.

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TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

AUTHOR OF 'LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET,' ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. WALGRAVE IS TRANSLATED.

All through the long dead hours of the night, and after the cheerless winter morning had crept in through the close-drawn venetians, Hubert Walgrave sat alone in the dainty little drawing-room, littered with the things he had bought for Grace Redmayne, gay with hot-house flowers that languished in the close atmosphere, fairy roses and waxen clematis which her hands were to have tended.

She lay upstairs, in the pretty white-draped bedchamber that was to have been her own—lay with her hands folded on her breast, more lovingly than he could have supposed it possible for death to be. The two servant-maids, and a weird old woman who came he knew not whence, had summoned him to see her, when their dismal office had been done; and he had stood alone by the white bed, looking down at her, tearless—with a countenance that seemed more rigid than her own.

He stayed there for a long time—knelt down and tried to fashion a prayer, but could not; he had not command enough over himself to shape thoughts or words into any given form. There was a confusion in his mind which in all his life had never before oppressed him. Once he bent over the cold hands, and covered them with passionate kisses.

"My angel, my dove, come back to me dead," he cried; "I will not believe that you are dead." But that awful coldness, that utter stillness, gave him an agony that was more than he could endure. He turned away, and went back to the room below, where he sat alone till morning, with scarcely a change of posture, thinking of what he had done.

To say that if he could have brought her back to life he would have married her, would have flung every hope of worldly advancement, every consideration for the prejudices of mankind to the winds, is to say very little. Looking back now at his conduct, in the light of this calamity, he wondered how he could ever have counted the cost of any sacrifice that he might be called on to make for Grace Redmayne.

"I loved her with all my heart and soul," he said to himself, "as I never loved before, as I never can hope to love again. What more had I to consider? The loss of a fortune—a wife's fortune? What! am I such a sordid wretch as to hold that worth the cost of a wrong done to her? But, O God, how could I think that I should kill her? I meant to be so true and loyal to her. I meant to make her life so bright."

He looked round at the scattered silk-stuff, lying in a heap on the floor as he had kicked them aside when Grace fell—the flowers and glove-boxes, and fans and scent-bottles; looked at them with a bitter laugh.

"I have been taught that women only care for these things," he said to himself; "and yet a few heartless words of mine killed her."

He thought of all his plans, which had seemed to him so reasonable, so generous even, in regard to Grace: this dainty suburban home, an orderly little establishment—no stint of anything that makes life pleasant—a carriage perhaps, for his darling. His professional income was increasing daily; he saw himself on the high road to distinction, and could afford to regulate his life upon a liberal scale.

And for his marriage with Augusta Vallory? That was not to be given up—only deferred for an indefinite period; and when it did take place, it would be like some royal marriages on record, a ceremonial political alliance, which would leave his heart free for Grace.

But she was gone, and he felt himself something worse than a murderer.

There was an [inquiet next day,] an unpleasant horror to Hubert Walgrave; but he had grown strangely calm by this time, and regulated his conduct with extreme prudence. He had taken the house and engaged the

servants under the name of Walsh. Before the coroner he stated that the young lady who had died yesterday was his sister Grace Walsh. The housemaid had heard him call her Grace while they were both trying to restore her, so any concealment of the Christian name would have been impossible. He had been down into the country to fetch her from a boarding-school, whence she was coming to keep house for him. She was his only sister, aged nineteen.

The case was a very simple one. There had been a post-mortem examination, and the cause of death was sufficiently obvious.

"There was organic disease," the doctor said, and then went on to give his technical explanation of the case. "It was the excitement of coming home to her brother, no doubt, that precipitated matters. But she could hardly have lived many years—a sudden shock might at any time have killed her."

"There could have been no sudden shock in this case, though," remarked the coroner; "there could be nothing of a sudden or startling character in the prearranged meeting between brother and sister?"

"Probably not," replied the medical man; "but extreme excitement, a feverish expectation of some event long hoped for, emancipation from school-life, and so on, might have the same fatal effect. The nature was evidently extremely sensitive. There are physiological signs of that."

"Was your sister much excited yesterday, Mr. Walsh?" asked the coroner.

"Yes; she was considerably excited—she had a peculiarly sensitive nature."

The housemaid was examined, and confirmed her master's story. They had both supposed the young lady had only fainted. Mr. Walsh said she was subject to fainting-fits.

The coroner was quite satisfied; everything was done with extreme consideration for the feelings of Mr. Walsh, who was evidently a gentleman. Verdict: "Heart-disease, a fatal syncope."

In less than a week from the day of her flight, Grace Redmayne was laid quietly to rest in the churchyard of Hetheridge, Herts—a village as picturesque and sequestered as any rural nook in the green heart of the midland shires.

Mr. Walgrave had a horror of cemeteries, and the manner in which the solemn business of interment is performed in those metropolises of the dead. He chose the most rustic spot that seemed to him most in consonance with the character of his beloved dead.

And so ended his love-story. A far off there hung a dark impending cloud—trouble which might arise for him in the future out of this tragedy. But he told himself that, if fortune favoured him, he might escape all that. The one great fact was his loss, and that seemed to him very heavy.

The business of life had to go on nevertheless, the great Cardium case came on, and Hubert Walgrave reaped the reward of a good deal of solid labour, spoke magnificently, and made a considerable advance in his professional career by the time the trial was over. In the beginning of December the Acropolis-square house emerged from its state of hibernation, and began to give dinners—dinners to which Mr. Walgrave was in duty bound to go.

When he called upon Miss Vallory after one of these banquets, she expressed surprise at seeing a band on his hat.

"I did not know you were in mourning," she said. "You did not tell me that—that you had lost any one."

"It was hardly worth while to trouble you about it since the person was a stranger to you, and not a near relation of mine."

"Not a near relation! but your husband is as deep as a widower's—as deep as that of a widower who means to marry again almost immediately, for they always wear the deepest."

"Is it?" asked Mr. Walgrave, with a faint smile; "I told the latter to put on a band. I gave no directions as to width."

"But tell me about your relation, Hubert. You must know that I am interested in everything that concerns you. Was it an uncle, or an aunt?"

"Neither; only a distant cousin."

"But really now, Hubert, that husband is absurd for a distant cousin. You positively must have it altered."

"I will take it off altogether, if you like, my dear. After all, these customary suits of so-called black are only outward show. I have a feeling that there is a kind of disrespect in not wearing mourning for a person you have esteemed. But that is a mere fancy."

"Pray don't suppose that I disapprove of mourning. I consider any neglect of those things the worst possible taste. But a distant cousin, hardly a relation at all—the mourning should be appropriate. Did your cousin die in London?"

"No; in the country." He saw that Miss Vallory was going to ask him where, and anticipated her. "In Shropshire."

He said this at a venture, having a vague idea that no one knew Shropshire.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Augusta; "we have been asked to visit friends near Bridgenorth; but I have never been in Shropshire. Did your cousin leave you any money? Perhaps that is the reason of your deep hatband."

"My cousin left me nothing—but—but a closer acquaintance with death. Every loss in a family brings us that, you know."

"Of course, it is always very sad."

The Cardium case being a marked and positive triumph for Hubert Walgrave, he assumed his silk gown early in the ensuing spring, very much to the gratification of his betrothed, who was really proud of him, and anxious for his advancement. Was he not indeed a part of herself? No position that her own money could obtain for her would satisfy her without the aid of some distinction achieved by him. She knew to the uttermost what money could and could not purchase.

happy to hold myself at your disposal," Mr. Walgrave replied politely.

"Thanks; I know you are very good, and all that kind of thing; but I wanted a friendly talk, you see; and I never had half an hour in Great Winchester-street free from junior partners or senior clerks bobbing in and out wanting my signature to this, that, and the other, or to know whether I will see Mr. Smith, or won't see Mr. Jones. The truth of the matter is, my dear Walgrave, that I am very much pleased with you. I may say more than pleased—surprised. Not that I ever for a moment doubted your talents; no, believe me,—this with a ponderous patronage, as if he feared that the younger man might perish untimely under the fear of not having been appreciated by him—"no, no, my dear follow, I was quite aware there was stuff in you, but did not know how soon—ha, ha!—you might turn stuff into silk. I did not expect your talents to bear fruit so rapidly."

"You are very kind," said Hubert Walgrave, looking steadily down at his plate. He had an apprehension of what was coming, and nervously himself to meet it. It was his fate; the destiny he had once courted eagerly, set all his wits to compass, why should he shrink from it now? What was there to come between him and Augusta Vallory? Nothing but a ghost.

"Now I am not a believer in long engagements. I am a man of the world, and I look at things from a worldly point of view, and I can't say that I have ever seen any good come of them. Sometimes the man sees some one he likes better than the girl he's engaged to, sometimes the girl sees some one she likes better; neither is candid enough to make a clean breast of it; and they go dawdling on, pretending to be devoted to each other, and ultimately marry without a ha'porth of love between them."

"There is sound philosophy in what you say, no doubt; but I should imagine where the affection is sincere, and not weakened by separation, time should strengthen the bond."

"Yes, when a man and woman are married, and know that the bondage is a permanent business. Now when you first proposed to my daughter, with a full knowledge of her position as a young woman who might fairly expect to make a much better match, I told you that I could not consent to your marriage until you had achieved some standing in your profession—income was a secondary consideration with me. Augusta has enough for both."

"I hope I made you understand clearly that I could never submit to a position of dependence on my wife?" Mr. Walgrave said hastily.

"Quite so; but you can't help absorbing the advantages of your wife's money. Your wife can't eat turtle soup at her end of the table, while you eat mutton broth at your end. Augusta is not a girl who will out her cost according to your cloth. She will expect the surroundings she has been accustomed to from her cradle; and she will expect you to share them, without question as to whose banking account contributes the most to the expenses of the household. What she has a right to expect from her husband is personal distinction; and as I believe you are on the high road to achieve that, I give you my full permission to as early a marriage as may be agreeable to you both."

Mr. Walgrave bowed, in acknowledgement to this concession, without any outward semblance of mirth; but as they were both Englishmen, Mr. Vallory expected no such demonstration.

"You are very generous, my dear sir," said the younger man quietly; "I am Augusta's slave in this matter; her will is mine."

"So be it. I leave you to settle the business between you. But there is one point that I may as well explain at once—John Harcross's will is rather a remarkable one, and provides for the event of Augusta's marriage. Weston and myself are her trustees, as you know; and it is the testator's express desire that the money, which is for the most part in floating securities, and so on, all of a remarkably remunerative character, shall remain invested exactly as it was invested by him. He prided himself amazingly upon his genius for finance in all its branches, and above all for his knowledge of the Stock Exchange. "But that is not the subject I was about to speak of. He was a peculiar man in many ways, my old friend Harcross, and had a monstrous reverence for his own name; not that he ever pretended that any Harcrosses came over with the Conqueror, or when the Conqueror came were all at home, or anything of that kind. His grandfather was a self-made man, and the Harcrosses were a sturdy, self-reliant race, with an extraordinary opinion of their own merits."

Mr. Walgrave raised his eyebrows a little, wondering whether all this rambling talk was drifting.

"And to come to the point at once," continued Mr. Vallory, "my good friend left it as a condition of his bequest, that whoever Augusta married, her husband should assume the name of Harcross. Now the question is, shall you have any objection to that change of name?"

Hubert Walgrave shrugged his shoulders, and raised his eyebrows just a shade higher.

"Upon my word I don't see why I should object," he said. "The proposition seems a little startling at first, as if one were asked to dye one's hair, or something of that kind. But I suppose any shred of reputation I may have made as Walgrave will stick to me as Harcross."

"Decidedly, my dear boy; we will take care of that," Mr. Vallory answered. "There is no name better known and respected in the legal profession than the name of Harcross. As Hubert Walgrave you may be a very clever fellow; but as Hubert Harcross you will be associated with one of the oldest firms in the Law List. You will be no loser professionally by the change, I can assure you."

"Then I am ready to take out letters patent whenever you and Augusta desire me to do so."

"Hubert Walgrave Harcross," not a bad signature to put at the foot of a letter to the free and independent electors of Eatonswill, when I go in for a seat in Parliament by and by. Hubert Harcross—so be it! What's in a name, and in my name of all others, that I should cherish it?"

CHAPTER XIX.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

A GREAT ship far out at sea, an English ship homeward bound, and among the passengers on board her one Richard Redmayne, agriculturist, gold-digger, and general speculator, sailing back to the home of his forefathers.

He is returning to England sooner than he had hoped to return by at least a year. Things have gone well with him during the last twelve months; almost as well as he had fancied they might go in his daydreams under the old cedar at Brierwood, in those summer-afternoon reveries in which he had watched his daughter's face alight with the smoke of his pipe, and thought what a grand thing it would be to go out to Australia and make a fortune for her.

He has done it. For a long time the Fates seemed against him; it was dreary work living the hard rough life, toiling from misty morning to misty evening, facing all weathers, holding his own against all competitors, and with no result. Many a time he had wished himself back in England—ay, even with Brierwood sold to strangers, and only a field and a cottage left him—but a field and a cottage in England, with English flowers peeping in at his casement, English fare, English climate, and his daughter's sweet face to make the brightness of his life. What did it all matter? he asked himself sometimes. Did a big house and many acres constitute happiness? Had his broad fields or goodly rick-yards consoled him in the early days of his widowhood, when the loss of his fair young wife made all the universe seem dark to him? A thousand times, no. Then welcome poverty in Kent, among the orchards and hop-gardens, with the daughter of his love.

He had been sick to the heart when the tide turned. His first successes were not large; but they cheered him beyond measure, and enabled him to write hopefully home. Then he fell into companionship with a clever adventurer, a man who had a smattering of science, and a good deal of rough genius, in his peculiar way; a man who was bent upon the chemistry of soils, but lacked a strong arm, and Herculean muscles, like Rick Redmayne's; whereby there arose a partnership between the two, in which the farmer was to profit by the knowledge of Mr. Nicholas Spettigue, the amateur chemist, while Mr. Spettigue on his part was to reap a fair share of the fruits of Rick Redmayne's labour. The business needed four men to work it well; so they took a brace of sturdy Milesians into their company, whose labours were to be recompensed by an equitable share in the gains; and with these conditors began business in real earnest.

Nicholas Spettigue had got scent of a tract of virgin soil, reputed worth working. The two men went in quest of this El Dorado alone, and camped out together for a spell of three months, toiling manfully, remote from the general herd of diggers; standing knee-deep in running water for hours at a time, rocking the cradle with a patience that surpassed the patience of maternity; living on one unvarying fare of grilled mutton and damper, with unlimited supplies of strong black tea, boiled in a "billy," and unmodified by the produce of the cow.

They slept in a cavern under one of the sterile hills that sheltered their Paetolus, and slept none the less sweetly for the roughness of their quarters. Not very long did they hold the secret of their discovery; other explorers tracked them to their land of promise, and set up their claims in the neighbourhood; but Mr. Spettigue had spotted the best bit in the district, and Fortune favoured him and his Kentish partner. They were not quite so lucky as a certain Dr. Kerr, who, in the early days of the gold discoveries at Bathurst, found a hundredweight of gold one fine morning on his sheep-walk, lying under his very nose as it were, where it had lain throughout his proprietorship of the land, and might have so lain for ever, had not an aboriginal shepherd's eye been caught by the glitter of a yellow spot amidst the quartz. They did not fall upon monster nuggets, but by patience and toil realised a profit varying from three pounds a day per man to twenty.

When they had exhausted, or supposed they had exhausted, their field of operations, they divided the spoil. Richard Redmayne's share came to something more than five thousand pounds. All he owed in England could be paid with half the amount. He had seen a good deal of the country since he had been out—had seen something of its agricultural capabilities, and wanted to see more; so now that the chief business of his exile was accomplished, he gave himself a brief holiday in which to explore the wild sheep-walks of the West. He was not a man who loved money for its own sake; and having now more than enough to pay his debts, and set him going again in the dear old Kentish homestead, he had no desire to toil any longer; much to the surprise and vexation of Nicholas Spettigue, who had his eye upon a new district, and was eager to test its capabilities.

"I shall have to look out for a new pal," he said. "But I doubt if I shall ever find an honest man with such a biceps as yours, Rick. If you'd only keep on with me, I'd make you a millionaire before we shut up shop. But I suppose you're homesick, and there's no use in saying any more."

"I've got a daughter, you see," Richard Redmayne said, looking down with a doubtful smile, "and I want to get back to her."

"As if I didn't know all about your daughter," exclaimed Mr. Spettigue, who had heard of Grace Redmayne very often from the fond father's lips. "Why don't you write to her to come out to the colony? You might settle her somewhere comfortably in Sydney, and go on with your work up here, till you were as rich as one of the Rothschilds."

Richard Redmayne shook his head by way of answer to this proposition. "A colonial life wouldn't suit Gracely," he said; "she's too tender a flower for that sort of thing."

"I dare say she's an uncommonly pretty girl," Mr. Spettigue remarked in his careless way, "if she's anything like you, mate."

"Like me?" cried the farmer; "she's as much like me as a lily's like me—she's as much like me as a snowdrop is like a sunflower. If you can fancy a water-lily that's been changed into a woman, you can fancy my daughter Grace."

"I can't," answered the practical Mr. Spettigue. "I never was good at fancying, and if I could, your water-lily-faced woman is not my style. I like a girl with cheeks as red as peonies, and plenty of flesh on her bones, with no offence meant to you, Rick."

So the partnership was dissolved, and Richard Redmayne bought himself a horse, and set off upon an exploring expedition among the sheep-farms.

(To be continued.)