THE HEARTHSTONE.

"O, no, no, no." she faltered piteously; "but my father - you will place me right with

"Of course, darling; but your father is a long ty off now. There will be time enough to consider that difficulty when he is on his homeward voyage. We need only think of per-plexities to be overcome in the present, and those are not many. You must be very secret, very brave, and come away from Brierwood quietly some morning—say this day week. That will give me time for my preparations, and yours need be of the slightest order; for you can bring no more luggage than you carry in your own land. I will sleep at Tunbridge on the previous night, and meet you with a fly at Kingsbury at eight in the morning, in time for the intentional flat. for the nine-o'clock train to London.

"To London I" echoed Grace, with a little iver. "Are we to be married in London?" " My dearest, everything is possible in Lon-don; there is no place like London for keeping a secret. But don't imagine that I am going to mew you up in a smoky city. I shall find a pretty nest for my bird somewhere in the suburbs, between this and Wednesday."

To be continued.)

DESTINY.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

Three roses, wan as moonlight, and weighed down Each with its leveliness as with a crows, Drooped in a florist's window in a town.

The first a lover bought. It lay at rest, Like snow on snow, that night, on Beauty's breast, The second rose, as virginal and fair, Shrunk in the tangles of a harlot's hair.

The third, a widow, with new griof made wild, Shut in the icy palm of her dead child.

FANNY WINTHROP'S TREAT.

BY MRS. E. A. WALKER.

"Well, Bertha, is Fanny all ready?" Now that is just like papa,—to have some idea distinctly clear in his own mind, and labor under the illusion that it is just as clear to every

So when pana startled us with this uttorly disjunctive inquiry, mamma patiently waited for further light, which not forthcoming, I re-marked in my usual dutiful manner to my wrath-provoking parent: "Cortainly, papa, all but is it for dinner, or to be married,

The dazed expression of his eyes was suddenly transformed into a comical mingling of as-tonishment and delight at our obvious ignor-

"How strangely forgetful you are growing, Bertha! You can't say anything more about my little slips of memory. I told you yester-day that I would take Fanny to New York with me to-night if you would get her ready in

I sprang three feet into the air, came down on my toes, and swung dear old bethersome papa around the room in my delight, for—don't sucer, girls—I had never seen New York in my life, and my brain fairly turned with the kulcioscopic visions which the more name brought

No fears vexed me that I must lose the trip because father had neglected to speak of it until just two hours before the train would leave the station, which was itself two miles from us. No, indeed: was not that long-suffering, quick-achieving mamma of mine equal to greater emergencies than this? Had I not seen her during the seventeen years of my life, at sundry times and in divers manners, set right poor pa-pu's blunders, bring order out of his confusion, and make things that were not appear as if they

So, although the precious little woman looked grave, after a single glance at my be-seeching eyes, I was not surprised to hear her roply gently to father's outburst: "Of course, dear, she will be ready for that;" and then she briskly summoned me above stairs to a grand

The result of this ceremony was a skillfully packed hat-box, and a trimly costumed little maid tapping impatient boot-heels at her father's failure to put in an appearance when the carriage was brought around. But mamma mearthed the sinner, and where do you think she found him? Calmly seated on his his travelling-box and umbrella at his side and our tickets securely set in his hat-hand, while his own precious exasperating self was uttorly absorbed in reading the last Nation!

It required some time and eleguence on mamma's part to convince him that he was not on the train, well under way for New York, and she the neace-destroying conductor.

Now mamma was quite too loyal to her liege lord to admit his besetting weakness even to me, but it was evident, as she hurrled the somewhat shame-faced culprit into the carringe after me, that she regarded the trip as a most dangerous experiment. I even overheard a playful—though serious enough on her part little altercation between them in the hall, in tie a string around his finger, that he might be sure to remember to bring me home with him

"Do I not well to be angry" at a father with whom such precautionary measures are no joke, but a dire necessity? However, no knight of old could have been more pronounced in his de-votion than was father to me throughout that journey. Although most of its hours were to be spent in a slooping-car, yet he purchased a stock of reading-material, and of the usual corky ratiroud commerce, sufficient for a wakeful week's consumption.

When bed-time came, and our berths were in readiness, he assisted at my very cursory tollet. Nobody could have exceeded the highly careful manner in which he held my brush, comb, band-glass, and hair-plus for me while I braided my long locks. There was but one draw-back his brilliant success as a dressing-maid, and that was his utter inability to remember which of all the things in his hands was a reflecting medium, so that he was quite as apt to present to me the back of the brush or the points of the hair-pins as the mirror, when I wished to see

myself as others saw me. Finally, he tucked me into the berth as if I had only as many months of age as I had years, and then woke nie at irregular intervals through the night by his anxious inquiries as to whether

I was asleep or not. We arrived at New York in the morning, and drove at once at the Fifth Avenue Hotel

After a late and lingering and luscious breakfirst, paper made ready to keep an appointment he had with Judge Coates to meet him at his

Such profuse regret as that good, but alas! most fallible, man expressed because he was forced to leave me alone in a strange hotel in a strange city! Such minute charges as he gave fire or a revolution should break out during

"At last, after providing me with a new novel and a box of marrons glaces for companions, and promising to return and dine with me at ive o'clock, he tore himself away.

As for me, the day passed pleasantly, what with the solaces already mentioned, and the strange panorama of gay, bustling New York visible from my windows

The only drawback to my complete enjoy-ment was my frequent thought of how poor papa was grieving over the necessity of leaving me, and worrying over my lonely estate! Poor

papa, indeed!

Five o'clock came, but no father. I knew his business was of great importance and might easily have detained him later than he had intended, so I felt no real alarm until seven

After that time, as the evening dragged its slow length along, and instead of seeing Jeffer-son's Rip Van Winkle, as we had planned for our first "lark" together, I found myself doomed to lonellness, hunger (for I had declined to dine until papa's return), and fast-multiplying fears, I was indeed a pitful contrast to the enviable little maid whom her father had left purring luxuriously over her book and bonbons.

terrors, at first vague, took on more and definite form and blackness, until fire and burglary for myself, and apoplexy and garroting for my father, became hideously familiar to my

It is a remarkable psychological fact that, so at is a remarkable psychological fact that, so bulling had been the effect of my father's recent gallantry, no suspicion of his having relapsed into his normal state of forgetfulness came to lighten my gloom by kindling my filial rage.

It must have been long after midnight when at last I cried myself to sleep in my chair, for I dared not venture into my bed-room.

I was awakened from a horridly vivid dream of the Nathan murder (the scene of which was visible from one of my windows), with persona variations and grotesque complications, by violent knocking at the door of the room in which I ought to have been peacefully lying. Trembling as I was with exhaustion and ter-

ror, I could not have gone so far even had I dared. Presently the knocking was transferred with increased vigor to our parlor-door, and after a time I made out my father's voice, broken as it was with fatigue and anxiety. At this I managed to drag myself to the door, and, after removing the table, and a sola, and three chairs, with which I had barrieaded it, unlocked it and let in the most remorseful, heart-broken crea ture you ever saw. It makes me laugh to this day, grieved and even angry as I was and am, whenever I recall papa's absurd appearance, and how thoroughly wide awake he was, for once, to my existence and to the dangerous liabilities of his besetting sin.

After a hall-storm of tears, hugs, and kisses

he made a clear breast of it, for there was no-thing else to be done under the circumstances. It seemed that he had found Judge Coates at his office, and the interview had developed some very important complications of the case they were engaged upon, which drove all other interests out of mind. Accordingly, when the Judge and said, "Come home with me to-night and we will talk it all over after dinner," be bac

consented.

"But I told the Judge," said he, looking at me deprecatingly through eyes full of pentient tears, "I told him all the time that I was sure there was something that I ought to go back to my hotel for. So you see, darling, I didn't really forget you, only that wretched business was up-permost for the time. But the Judge talked me aut of this fancy, and off to Brooklyn I went, and we are a capital dinner (unkindest cut of and we ate a capital dinner (unkindest cut of all), and smoked our cigars, and smoothed out that whole case, so that old What's-his-unme himself couldn't ruffic it again. It was after midnight by this time, and, everybody else in the house having gone to bed, the Judge himself showed me up to my room. Just as he was bidding me good-night he said, "By the way, Winthrop, why didn't you bring down that pretty" [Did Judge Coates say "pretty," or was that a stroke of inspiration on papa's part?] "little daughter of yours, whom we met last summer at the White Mountains, to make us a visit?"

"I am afraid, my child," said poor papa, thoughtfully, "that Judge Coates may think I left him somewhat abrubtly, for of course I came Somewhat abruptly, I should think.

There he was, still wearing a pair of gayly embroidered slippers which had been lent him when his boots were given to the servant for brushing; in his hand was a little gray hat, which he had snatched as he rushed through the was a week's accumulation of pockethandkerchiefs of various materials and com-plexions, and—as truly as I live—Judge Coates's night-gown (which he had just handed his guest when he took flight so mysteriously), all of which, however, made a sorry substitute for the overcont he had left behind him. Altogethe he was such a bizarre figure as even New York cannot often show.

One of my weaknesses is that I cannot stay vexed, no matter how great the provocation may have been; so I actually forgave that guilty man, and sent him to his bed to sleep the

While we were breakfasting amicably to gether the next morning Judge Coates came in, so anxious was he to learn the fate of his eccentric guest. His version of the night scene was not unlike father's. No sooner had he uttered his inquiry after his daughter than papa, clutching his hair like a madman and rubbing his face, wet with the moisture of sudden fright and w, on the borrowed night-gown, shrieked "What a fool I am! That is the very thing I told you I ought to go back to the hote after;" and then plunging out of the room and down the staircase, he had drawn the boit of the street-door and vanished from sight before his host could recover from his astonishment

When father had reached the ferry and found how long he must wait for a boat to New York, be fairly raved with frantic apprehension for me, according to his own representation; and it of the marvels of the policing of city that he was not seized and locked up as the desperado he certainly looked.

"But, to make a long story short in the end-ing, it all came out screnely after all. Judge loates sont a dispatch home about me which brought over his wife and only son, the owne of the gray hat, to dine with us that night and take me to the opera. The next morning they sent the carriage for me and took me bodily to their house, where I finished my visit triumphantly. As for father, he gave me the daintlest set of pink coral he could find at Tiffinny's as a peace-offering, and while we remained trotted after his injured daughter wherever she went. Indeed he was, I might say, omnipresent and devoted to a fault, since Charley Coates and several of his friends stood ready to relieve his overburden-ed mind of such a responsibility. All pleasant things come to an end, and my

visit was not an exception. It was not what my fancy had painted when papa had proposed my going to New York. Indeed, it was not New York at all; but it had been a "trent" of the first quality, and I had hard work to keep the tears back when I said good-bye to the charming family who had entertained me so dolightfully.

As paper had some last husiness to attend to in New York, it was arranged that we should meet in the waiting-room of the Twenty-seventh Street station, whither Charley Cottes had promised to take me at the proper time. On our way over from Brooklyn Charley hald a wayer of half a dayon of highes two hottened.

a wager of half a dozen of Jugia's two-buttoned gloves, number five and three-quarters, that father would not be there to meet me, which was very importment in the young man (1 allow nobady to make game of poor papa's besetting sin but myself), and he lost, as he deserved. Papa was at the station before us, and we arrived just in time to catch him in the act of convoying a frumpy-tooking miss out of the waiting-room into the train. It may have been all very well for him to say, by way of excuse for himself, that "all girls look just allke in these days," and that this creature had yellow braids and a blue yell just like mine, which were all he looked for; and that when he asked her where Charley was and if she was ready to get into the cars, and took her bandbox (as if I ever would be guilty of a bandbox!) out of her hand, she had never said a word (which slience he ascribed to "grief at parting with Charley"), but had trotted dutifully after him and her bandbox.

"He ought to have known by the style,

even if you'd both been done up in mummy-cases just allke," muttered Charley Coates, in-dignantly. "Mr. Winthrop is the greatest man in the United States for a tough law 'question, and even for melting a jury; but he is no more capable of taking care of such a daughter than, etc., etc., etc.," all of which made it necessary for me to be awfully severe with the youth, so that I got through with the parting far better than I had feared I should.

However, when the train was fatrly off, and I found myself seated directly behind the cre-ature with the yellow braids and the bandbox, so that I could not have forgotten my last grievance if I had tried, I cried a little behind

Papa found me out, for a wonder, and dragged out of me my opinion that I was mourning in secret over the fact that I was the unfortunate daughter of an unnatural father who didn't even know his own only child by sight, although there were people who thought that she wasn't just like everybody else! (sniff, sniff), Then he pronounced judgment on the case in his most wide-awake and Impressive manner, and affirmed that it was not "the nice-looking (such taste!) girl in front" of me, "or the nice-looking boy" I'd left behind me (the idea!), that had thrown me into "this mandlin state," but that I was a "dear little tired-out girl" who had quite too much gayety and dissipation during the last two or three days for such excitable nerves. And then he told me stories of the good times he had when he was young and nobody can be more entertaining than and noboty can be more entertaining than my futher if he will only keep present-minded) till I forgot my troubles, and we "made up" beautifully, and I fell fast asleep on his shoulder and only waked when we stopped at the junction where we were allowed time for refreshments.

The framey young woman had left the train long before at some way station; and pape had turned over the back of her seat so that we could be comfortable, and taken out the showls from the strap to wrap around me as I slept, for it was getting late on a cold winter's day. I was still half asleep, but hurrically rolled my

wrips together, not strapping them, and fol-lewed father into the arter rook. The change of air, and a few sips discrong collect woke me sufficiently to recall that this most confusing of all junctions was the place where we were to change cars for home, and that very possibly our traps, which we had left to keep our seats for us, might already be on their way back to New York, or any other destination than the right one. Father rushed frantically of into the midst of shielding whistles, lingling bells, shouting porters, and crashing luggage, but soon emerged with the statement that all was right,

emerged with the statement that all was right, and finished bis systers complacenty.

"Your hand-bag was black, wasn't it, pet?" he asked, with his last spoonfut.

"No, indeed, papa! It was beautiful Russialeather, and you gave it to me yourself, last Christman!"

"O-nh-y-c-s-I remember. A pretty dark color, wasn'it ?"

" Father, you haven't made another blunder ?"

" No. no. child! It's all right, as I told you. There was no one in the ear we left but a poor little woman in black, and she had chosen to get into your seat and go to sleep there; how she managed to do it so quickly I can't imaginc. There must be something soportie in that situation, musn't there, Fanny? I just picked up the things as quietly as I could, so as not to disturb the poor soul, who looked as if she had cried herself to sleep over tougher sorrows than yours, my girl, and put them on board our train. I have taken a compartment in the drawing-room car this time, as I thought you would want to finish your nap. It is well you brought so many wraps (I had no idea they were so heavy till I moved them into the other car; they must weigh a dozen or affecen pounds), for it is going to be a fearfully cold

Now I have only as definite ideas of weight as girls in general, but father's estimate of the avoirdunois of my black and white plaid, my water-proof cloak, and a fleecy struck me as extra vagant, and awakened alarming suspicions as to the possible fate of my lovely Russh-leather satchel.

But as we entered the drawing-room car whom should we find in sole possession but

Tenzie Phillips and her father! Now Teazle is one of my two "most inti-mates," and as she had been spending a fort-night in Boston, we had so much to say to each other that I quickly forgot my fears. To be sure I asked papa where my wraps were, soon after the train started, and he ran and peeped into the first compartment, and came back saying, "There they are, all right; but we will stay here with our friends instead of taking a map. Shall we not?" So we four settled back in our easy-chairs and had the best of gossips,—

at least Teazle and I had.

At what time we became actually conscious of the fact that we were not, as we at first supposed occiseives to be, the only occupants of the car I cam ot say. I remember that the conduc-tor had been back and forth several times, and that latterly he had eyed Teazle and mesharply and with a peculiar expression of countenance which did not seem simple admiration. Papa, too, had remarked to Colonel Phillips, apropo to a stifled wall and intermittent gargle which came to our ears from the dusky recesses of the car, "We have a baby among us, have we?" and each of us made facetious remarks about its vocal development, as light-hearted people will do who have no responsibility for the young performer.

But at last the conductor, standing at the door of the first compartment, called out: " I beg

pardon, but which of the young ladies do these

things belong to in here?"

"They are mine, sir," said papa with emphasis, for the conductor's tone had an unpersunt ring.

"Well, why in thunder, then, don't you come

and stop your baby's noise!"

At this astounding challenge father " went
for that shaful" conductor, who made way for
him just in time to save himself from a crushing reprimand, for as he stepped back from the door of the compartment he opened to his wrathful passenger a vision which silenced him. When I saw papa clutching his own unlucky

when I saw papa contening his own uninery head with both bands I ran to him.

• Papa! papa! what is it?"

• What should he do but whirl upon me with the startling cry: • Frances Winthrop, where under the canopy did you borrow this buby

I pushed him aside, and there, surely enough, was a baby wrapped in a black and white plad, somewhat like mine, and doing its best to profest against its mufflings.

Father Winthrop! Are THESE the things that you brought from the other car for mine?"
 Mereiful powers!" was all his answer, but it

was sufficient.

The "borrowed" baby had by this time disentangled itself with its indigmant little fists sufficiently to cry at its case, and I, who am a desporate lover of bables, caught it up and tried to soothe it with all the arts at my command.

Poor papa clutched his head, and stamped his feet, and execrated himself and his fate gener-ally. Colonel Phillips and Teazle and the conductor stared in blank amazement at the three actors in this pleasing little drama, until it happened to occur to me that they had not the cue; so I proceeded to explain that this was only one of the frequent little entertalnments which papa and his besetting sin were wont to get up for the benefit of whomsoever it might

" Help me, Phillips! Think for me!" cried poor pape, his wis utterly demoralized by the horrors of the situation and the shricks of the chief victim there present. — That poor little woman in black!" he went on; — there she had cried herself to sleep, and I, like an internal scoundrel, must needs make off with her baby and the rest of hor titues!" and the rest of her things !"

"A1 al?" walled the little Greek chorus from out my unfamiliar arms in litting response to papa's remorseful apostrophe. So I left the gentlemen to canvass plans for the reliet of the

poor mother's agony, and bentall my powers to the care of her vociferous offspring. Lucktly, Teazle was wiser in her generation than 4, thanks to an overflowing nursery at home, and suggested that the child was hungry; and that, perhaps, since papa was in the haoit of stealing babies, he might have been provident

enough to bring away proper nourishment also. Accordingly, while I trotted and 'shr'shr'shed and dandled papa's elephant up and down the whizzing car, Tonzio went on a foraging expedition and soon brought back a rusty old black bag (which looked even less like my Russia-leather beauty than that yellow-halred creature like me), and out of it she pulled, surely enough a bottle of milk!

I snatched it, and would have popped it at once into the baby's mouth, which was accommodatingly open; but Teazle swooped upon it with all the airs of a mother in Israel, exclaim-

"What a little goosie! It must be warmed

It actually was half-frozen, and what we should nave done in this dilemma without the impertinent conductor I don't know.

He was now transformed into the most gra-He was now transformed into the most gra-cious, fatherly creature imaginable. He putted father soothingly on the back; he devised ways and means with Colonel Phillips; he chirruped to the baby; he complimented me on my not very marked success as misse-maid; and scarcely had Tenzio proclaimed the necessity of heating baby's suppor than he rushed to the disused water-tank at the other and of the car and after a gallant strugglo with the chained cup tore it off, returned triumphant, and stood polishing away its dust and rust with his scent and pocket-insulkerchief, while we looked on admiring. Nor did he stop here. He himself, with his own bediamonded fingers, poared the milk into the cup and held it over the hot stove to the great detriment of his comfort and com-plexion, until Mother Teazlo expressed herself satisfied with its temperature (that of haby's

mik—not the conductor's color).
If you do not think that this was very much to do, then all I have to say is, just examine the next drawing-room car conductor you chance to see, and imagine his serence elogance teasting before the dre in an uncomfortable, and even indicrous attitude, all in a howling baby's behalf, and perhaps you will change your mind. Moral: Men are sometimes better than they

But let us return to our little mouton. As the vocal exorcises to criticise our culinary opera-tions, its appetite was not in the least affected by the dust and the rust and the edorous pocket handkerchief, and the way that milk disappear ed was astonishing to us ignorant outsiders. indeed, remembering vaguely stories which I had heard of the fatal results of over-feeding, demarted at giving the insatiate atom its will with the bottle, but Teazle (the airs that child put on, for she was a year younger than I, were almost insufferable!) laughed at me, and informed the conductor authoritatively that she might find it necessary to have him stop the train before we reached A..., in order to replen-ish nursery-supplies, to which he listened meekly submissive to her will.

However, although we really stopped at the next suition (have I said that ours was the express train, which did not usually stop between the junction and our destination, A.—.?) It was not for milk, but to set down poor papa. The train conductor had been called into council, and although it took him some time to under-stand that father was neither a wicked kidnapper nor a madman, but only an impetuous absent-minded gentleman of the best intentions, he at last agreed with Colonel Phillips and our nursing-father, the drawing-room car conductor, that papa must get to a telegraphoffice as speedily as possible, and send back a message to the junction for the arrest and consolution of the beroaved mother, which message he was to follow in person by the night train When he meekly remarked that he supposed he had better take the buby with him, the proposition was received with shouts of laughter which greatly relieved our overcharged spirits. But poor jupa could not laugh. He had always before him the sorrow-worn face of the baby's mother. Still be looked relieved when he found that his penance was not to include lugging back the borrowed baby bodily. It was ordered by the council that I should take the baby home with me as best I could, to be kept under mamma's tender care till papa should bring its own mother there to claim it. The little crossture, now that it was no longer cold and fright ened and hungry, lay on my arms smiling and cooling and buzzing in the most bewitching manner. Indeed, it proved to be a perfect munner. beauty, and I had contrived to love it so already that I am afraid if its poor mother had appear of that night I should have almost hated her. Papa gazed at it with mingled emotions, and

finally whispered to me, with a pittful attempt itt in mit's "Pussie, don't you think your in mines will--will be rather pleased?" I She has always wanted to adopt a baby?" I coaldn't in conscience think that manima's coasta't in conscience thin; that mainta's emotions would be altegether pleasurable when she saw me return it an my "Treat" minus my father and plus somebody's baby; but I leadwest after all that things would come out right, and said so to poor papa as he now kissed me good-by, for we had reached the station where he was to be left. I even restrained my lips from saying what was in my heart; "bout for pity's sake bring home the wrong woman," for lity was forlore counts for blut to a back in For it was forforn enough for him to go back in For H was forforn enough for blin to go back in the dark, cold night, with his burden of remorse, in search of a probably half-crazed mother, instead of being welcomed home in an hour or two, as he had hoped, by his own loving little without any ugly thrusts from me.

wife, without any ugly thrusts from me.

We others reached A... specify, and, as mannan had sent the close carriage with abundant robes and wraps for us, I resisted Colonel Phillips's entreaties to be allowed to go home with me, two miles out into the suburbs, and drove off gleefully alone, with my precious baby now fast asteep in my arms. How sweet manning and Aunt Fanny looked,

as they stood in the shining hall to receive us! How unitterably annazed they looked when no papa appeared, and John handed in, not my hat-box (for, of course, papa had gone off without giving me my check), or anything that was mine, but an old black bag; while I, instead of flying through the door to hug them in my usual remnestations mainter, stemed gingerly out, of

tempestations manner, stepped gingerly out of the carriage and up the steps, an old black and white shawl hugged in my arms, and with unnatural calmness remarked:—

Mamma, I have had a beautiful time in New York, and I have brought you being a buby!" and then went off into an indefinite series of giggles and shricks;—a not very sur-trising generator from my engineer. orising reaction from my enforced matronia d

and excitement during the past few hours.

I spare you explanations and further particulars, only assuring you that never was baby, a borrowest "or otherwise, so broaded and made much of as was mine. The little monkey seemed not at all to miss its mother, and indeed it had as many mothers as it could promed. it had as many mothers as it could properly attend to in manning and Aunt Fanny and mo. But I must wind up my story. Before dinner next day, as we were having a grand frolle with Miss Baby, papa marched in triumphantly, with the air of a conqueror and a philanthropist rather than the culprit he was, and accompany-ing bim was not only the sweet-faced little woman in black (and the right woman, for a wonder) but my own wraps and beloved Russia-

leather bag! Mamma says that papa's absent-minded blunders have a way of ending, after all, so satisfactorily, as to fail of making any satutary impression on his delinquent mind, and of driv-

ing him to mend his ways. And so it proved in this case, if you will cheve it. Mrs. Stimms (that was the little coman's name) was really intending to come to 3—., only five fulles from us, where some connections fived, who she thought might give her shelter till she could find work to support her.

Her husband had died three weeks before in Minnesota, and as soon as she could settle up small affairs she had started for the East. At the time when papa made his atrocious descent upon her possessions she had been travelling overal days and nights without rest, and having laid her buby down on the seat opposite her for its map had, as father surmised, cried herself

Unitiekity she slept on after reaching the junction, where she ought to have taken the same train with ourselves and the abducted

She had wakened later to find that she was on the wrong route, and—horror of horrors (— that her baby had mysteriously disappeared

The conductor was of the humane species. and as soon as he could collect her story from her agonized confusion he had put her in the way of speedy return to the junction, and telegraphed a statement of her case before her. And so it came to pass, after the lapse of two or three terrible hours of resultless search and Inquiry, in which she was nided by kindly officials, that the nows of her baby's safety and father's approach reached her. An aggravation of her case lay in the fact that

she lud not only lost her baby and her bag, but her purse, containing her ticket and about three dollars (every penny she had in the world), had bean fliched from her pocket while she slept, or during the frenzy of her search for her baby I Solt is well that she had father to care for her during the remainder of her journey. Now of course it would be vain for a man

who steals bags and bables to resent being suspected of picking pockets; and, to this very day, mamma can always bring papa to terms, whonever he rebels against her gentle, wise are you sure that you haven't Mrs. Samma's pocket-book somewhere about you?"
We had noticed that the baby's clothes,

though simple, were made with exquisite nicety, and mammit was delighted to retain Mrs. Simms, baby and all, as scamstress; and bere ie grateful little soul has remained ever since Papa obviously quite plumes himself on this acquisition to our household treasures, and froquently goes into the sewing-room to beam complacently upon Mrs. Simus and little Moses, as I named her. At first, as we observed, whenever papa appeared on the scene Mrs. Simms watched him and her baby with vigil-antly suspicious eyes, fearing probably a second attack of his singular kleptomania. This approionsion was somewhat justified, it must be confessed, by the fact that when any visitors came to us who had heard the baby-story (and it went far and wide wherever the chief actor was known) papa felt called upon to demon-strate before their incredulous eyes how inevitably-the haste of changing cars amid maddening noises of Y-. junction being undermedianing noises of 1— janction of an inder-stood—a thoroughly wrapped-up lafant must be mistaken for a bundle of wraps, and unsuspi-ciously tucked under the arm and mude off

For a time, Moses lent herself graciously to this exhibition and saved paper's reputation for sanity again and again. She long ago outgrow her role, however; but we will boldly champion ner rate, nowver, or the world as the soundest her against the infantile world as the soundest of sleepers when sleep is in order, and the sweetest and merriest of wide-awakes. And whatever class poor pape's initial may let slip, he never forgets the claims of our Borrowed

MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS, Chemist, St. John, N.B.: Doar Sir,—Having used your Compound Syrup for some time, in my practice, I have no hesitation in recommending it to my patients who are suffering from General Debility, or any Disease of the Lungs, knowing that even in cases atterly hopoless, it affords relief.

I am, Sir, yours truly, II. Q. ADDY, M.D.

3t. John, N.B., January, 1808.

Parson's Punuative Pills—Best family physic, keridun's Caoulry Condition Powders, for Horses.

A Hundern and twenty Cashmero goats have been aported into Utah.

