CHAPTER XIX

rpets, tying up camphor-bags, laying p in lavender, sewing furs into old lips—"fixing things," as she would fined her work, for her annual flitting country-house on the North River. should reach home. At that season of Queenstown. In five more days, at furthest, the would be off Sandy Hook. Eight days from land to land, even though the passage from Europe to America is proverbially up nill, would, at that season, of the year, be no

her own convenient store-room, when eent of the outer entry.

wife of a man of business dreads her
nd's return home in business hours. It
portends anything but evil. He is ill;

hat had bad news—some telegram, some r of the day if he had good news to

she stood among her jam-pots and the heart gave a great throb in her motherly bosom. She took off her pron, and went forth prepared to meet Her look into her husband's face did not ure her, and she exclaimed at once, lat's wrong with you, husband?" e old man drew her into the breakfast-

he old man drew her into the breakfast-lour, and shut the door. She put her two, withered hands upon his shoulders, rest-ner grey head against his breast, and said in, in a low voice, "Tell me quick, Peter! he had news is coming."
It's Adela!" he cried. "The Crimea has never where the cried. "The Crimea has never the cried. "The Crimea has never the cried." It is a somewhere on the coast of Ireland.

of her passengers were taken off by a g vessel, but many have been lost. Two and a child were on board of her this ties and a child were on board of her this raing when she went ashore. I have telephed to know their names. The Morea, the same line, sails at twelve o'clock. I seeme home to put together a few things, dI think I had better go out in her. There by he some great trouble about Lance; for, aggie, I never told you, but Deane got a ble telegram two days ago from Smith, ading him that Wolcott had found them out Laverpool, and that he was on board the imea with Adela."

nea with Adela."

Dear heart ! dear heart !" cried Mrs. rels, "and she had no one to protect her. It, poor girl! And she has always been eady to make up with him, talking about duty as his wife, bringing up her little to make a sort of hero of him, reading his k as if it were her Bible, and always sking of him, in spite of all that's past, as happy wife might think on her child's

"I gave him up as a bad bargain nine years ago; she never could have got any good of him—a supercilious Southerner," said the old man. "But mother, I must make haste," A loud ring at the hall-door interrupted them. Mr. Engels answered it himself, and returned, bringing a telegram.

"An answer to my question," he said.

"SAVED IN FIRST CARIN: Mrs. Wolcott, Miss Wylie, Miss Tontine, Mr. Dobson. Mrs. Wolcott at Ballinasloe, very ill."

"Husband, I must go with you."

half an hour Mrs. Engel's maid as an who had lived with her for twenty, had put a few changes of raiment in loags, and found hereelf left in charge of deserted house and several hundred and dollars' worth of valuables, while, ster and her mistress were driving as y as their fat carriage-horses would go the wharves of New York to the Morea. wife would find no state-room on a crowd-steamer. For a millionaire like Mr. gels, the captain would have given up his modation was, however, avail-

Other accommodation was, however, available, and every attention was paid to them on board; but the two poor old rich people duag only together during their sad voyage, lonely, excepting for each other's sympathy, their very wealth seeming to isolate them from the rest of the Morea's little world.

"Ah! Maggie," theold man would say to his wife, as they stood sorrowfully looking wer the taffiail at the wake, which, flashing the sunlight, seemed to mark a golden pathway back to their golden home, "it is not money, it is the home relationship that money cannot bring that makes the real good in this world. The best things to be had in life are common to us all, to poor or rich alike—health, light, air, marriage, children. Sometimes I think the Lord is punishing me for being so rich a man."

"No, Peter dear," said the old wife, "don't think hard thoughts of Him. God is not so fond of penishing as people make Him out to be. You have never wronged any man of a cent, and have always been charitable and thoughtful about others. The Lord has prospered you as He did Joseph and David and Abraham. You have been good to your write, and to all women you have had anything do with. I lay great stress on that

rife, and to all women you have had any-hing to do with. I lay great stress on that, for I have always believed that that counts agree in a man's luck than people seem to hink. You have had pleasure in making doney, and why shouldn't you? Writers assure when they succeed in making sculptors in making their statues, ike to do what we do well."

"Perhaps so, but maybe I ought not to be so rich. I do not know. And now I have got the money, what good does it all do to you or me or Adela? The only thing we really cared for was our children. Our little tellows died before I grew so rich, and left us only Adels. We educated her at great expense; we even sent her away from us to school, though it was a sacrifice, because we were told that was the right thing to be done. All our plans were for her. We would have brught her a good husband, and not have gradged his weight in gold, could that have made her happy. We did get one for her who appeared like the right thing—fashionable, well-connected, elever, and they told us without vice; and she was fond of him. There was absolutely nothing against him. It seemed as if we had done the very best we tould for her; and in three months all the fat seemed as if we had done the very best we rould for her; and in three months all the fat was in the fire. Poor Adela !—the nicest, dearest girl in all the world, but so different from other married women. Why, she is only six and-twenty now, and it makes my heart ache to see how little good she has had out of her life or our money; how she lives under a cloud, and keeps away from people, and is shy and out of place. I'd pay a mil-lion of dollars down—gold, bonds, or green-backs—to bring her back the only man she

"It will come right, Peter, somehow, some day. Just you trust and wait, husband. May be he is dead, drowned you know; or, maybe, if he is there, at this very moment they are making it up together."

No, there was only one male cabin passenger saved. I know the man—an Englishman; he travels fot a dry goods house up hown. And, even if Wolcott were alive, they would never come together. It is better as it is for us and Adela. I saw enough of him to know that if he got the upper hand he would part us from her. That plan of getting them divorced did not suit Adela. Maggie, you could not have flared up quicker than she did, had I proposed to be divorced from you. Poor, dear Adela! I'd settle a million down and never grudge it if that

to though; and he looks down upon us all, I do believe, chiefly because we are richer than he is."

"O father, never fear! All is bound to come right somehow," said the eld wife, returning to her hopeful formula. "Married love cannot be bribed by dollars; it does not grow out of gold-dust, but often it springs up in very poor soil. You have been a good man, and have done good all your life, and never harmed the widow or the fatherless, or any woman, and in your old age things will be made right for you."

At the moment when Peter Engels and his wife were thus conversing on board the Moree, their "refined and distinguished" sonin-law was sitting in torn clothes upon a dusty rock at the gate of the Ballinsaloe rectory. The sun beat hot on his head; and it is when sleepless and exhausted that the sun exerts a fatal power. It is said that no man can have sunstroke who has slept well the night before. Colonel Wolcott had not slept for two nights. He had gone through every kind of exertion, and exercises and exhausted even heads and exercises.

colonel Wolcott had not slept for two nights. He had gone through every kind of exertion, anxiety, and exposure, barely tasting food or drink, so anxious had he been to find poor Mel and to get back to Adela. He was now refused communication with his wife—thrust out, discredited, proclaimed a cheat and an impostor; nor in his present state could he make head against this opposition.

He sat there, hardly conscious. His nervous system was so highly strung that the strings nearly snapped; and he would have been beyond all human help in half an hour.

He was roused by men talking to him and shaking him. Several persons stood around him. One was a rural policeman, one Mr, Darrell, the other Father Joe the priest, Paddy Byrne, Mr. Wood, the only remaining officer on the Crimea, just returned from Killarney, a man, evidently a gentleman, though in a rough shooting-dress, who appeared to be looked up to by all the rest of the party, and the doctor.

the party, and the doctor.

The gentleman was addressing him in tone of encouragement, but in words which did more than any other address could have done to sting and rouse him.
"Come, my man, exert yourself? Get up,

Joe will be very kind to you."

There was a gleam in Colonel Wolcott's eyes, at this speech, not lost on the officer of the Crimea. Lucifer, having paid first-class fare, would be entitled to consideration not accorded to Gabriel if he berthed in the second cabin. Defaulter and thief though he might be, no officer in the Crimea, but its captain, might lose sight of this distinction. With an emphasis intended to make others sensible of their mistake, Mr. Wood addressed his first-

class passenger.

"Yes, sir, his lordship is quite right.
Lord Lindore knows that it is always best
to be a little rough in cases of this kind. You
must exert yourself. You must not sit here
in the dust and sun. The owners are responsible for your comfort and accommodation. Here is the doctor. He wants to feel your pulse. And this gentleman is Lord Lindore, who has a castle in the neighbourhood. Besides, sir, our voices are disturbing the lady," he added, as a snatch of song from Adela's room floated from the open window,
"Is the doctor here, did you say?" said Colonel Wolcott. "Yes; here I am." Mr. Neal was a very

young practitioner.
"Then, doctor, I am Colonel Wolcott "Then, doctor, I am Colonel Wolcott.
Tell me how my wife is. Will she recover?"

"The lady who is singing? If she follows my directions, I have no doubt of it, and you too. Only she must be kept quite still, and your voice disturbs her. A shipwreck puts a great strain on a lady's constitution. In a day or two you will both be all right if I am not mistaken. Only let Father Joe take you away now."
Colonel Wolcott rose to his feet but stag

gered.

"Gentlemen," he said, "take notice. I am
Lancelot Wolcott, once colonel in the Confederate army, and author of a lately published book on Central Asia. The lady sick in
that house is Mrs. Wolcott, my, wafe. Her
father lives in New York moder. Peter
Engels."

There was silence for a moment. At last the doctor said —
"I have no doubt about what you say, my
dear sir—no doubt about it whatever, but for the present, unfeeling as it may appear to Colonel Wolcott feebly put his hand in his

"Mr. Wood," he said to the officer, "you "Mr. Wood," he said to the officer, "you are a brave man; you commanded us at the pumps. I address myself to you. You may remember when the tug came off Queenstown. I made Captain Moore aware of my identity; I showed him my passport—the passport with which I travelled from Constantinople. But I changed my coat last night. You will find it in my state-room."

"He is not Colonel Wolcott," said Lord Lindore, in a low tone to the rector. "Colonel Wolcott is a very different looking manuite bald. We have a likeness of him at the quite bald. We have a likeness of him at the

castle in the 'Illustration,'"

Colonel Wolcott caught the whisper. It filled him with a sense of atter hopelessness. He felt as a prisoner or a tramp must feel when his very identity seems taken from He was about to sink back on the stone

He was about to sink back on the stone, and to refuse to hear further from the men about him, when Harrie Tontine ran down the garden-walk and seized hold of his hand. "Mr. Dobson," she said, "you were very good to me, though you did let my mamma leave me. I'll let you know how Mrs. Wolcott is every day, if you want me to. You saved her life and all our lives, and," added the precocious child, "I am very sure you are in love with her. I think it is only fair you should know how she is, if you want to whohould know how she is, if you want to, wh ver you are.' Harrie's little speech produced an effect on

"The child shall let you know every day,"

"The child shall let you know every day," said Mr. Darrell.

"Yes," replied Harrie, whispering audibly, "He'll let me, if Mrs. Darrell lets him. But whether she will or not. I'll keep my word, certain and sure. I'd like to see Mrs. Darrell stop me. I'll find a way to do anything I want. Im an American!"

"God bless you Harrie!" said Colonel Wolcott, offering to kiss her; but Harrie withdrew from his caress. Wild as she was, and ready to take liberties with others, she was prompt to resent any attempt to herself.

"I'll let you know twice a day," she repeated positively. With that she ran into the briest and Paddy, went slowly down the road leading to the hamlet, where, beside the chapel, stood the priest's small house, his housekeeper waiting, with a kindly welcome at the door.

CHAPTER XX. FOR BETTER.

The Morea, on the eighth day of her voy-ige, stood into the Cove of Cork, and found terself surrounded by the green hills and white cottages of Queenstown.

A tender at once came off to her with fresh vegetables and the latest intelligence. Peter Engels was one of the first to get hold of a ewspaper. In capital letters he read : CURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE WRECK OF THE

ADVICES FROM HALIFAX. TRANSFERRED TO THE BOTHNIA.

GALLANT CONDUCT OF CO'ONEL WOLCOTT, THE DISTINGUISHED TRAVELLER. BOMANTIC INCIDENT.

MEETS ON THE CRIMEA HIS FIRST LOVE. A NEW YORK WIDOW, AND IN SAVING HER LIFE LOSES HIS OWN, Poor Mr. Engels stood glaring at this an

root Mr. Ingels stood garing at this an-nouncement without reading the particulars, when his wife came up to him.

"Deary," she said, "Adela is still alive, though very ill. The captain tells me that a man has come on board from. Ballinasioe, the man has come on board from Ballinasice, the place where she is, to get ice and champagne for her. He is sent by a gentleman who has been very kind to her. I think it must be that Mr. Dobson who was saved. The man called him Wolcott, but he has got the names mixed

ready to go ashore in the tender.

"Not Woloott—ne! He's dead. We may be thankful for that, Maggie, See how he died! Adela is rid of him at last." And

he died! Adela is rid of him at last." And he gave her the paper.

"Poor child! Poor child! So he left her to perish, at the last, that he might rescue Cora Noble! My poor, poor Adela! This will come hard to her. I know she was very fond of him, for all that's come and gone." said the mother. "Well, we ought to be thankful. I said things would come right at last. It's all over now. When people's married lives have got into such a snarl as that, it's easier to cut than disentangle. "Till death do us part, you know. So Adela is a widow. I told you, Peter, all would happen for the best. Don't you remember, dear, I said so?"

for the best. Don't'you remember, dear, I said so?"

"I know, I know, you always make out things are for the best. I wish I saw them so," he said, and left her for a few momenta. He soon came back, accompanied by the captain and an Irishman.

"See," said he, "what you can make out of his story, Mag. He blunders so in his names. He confounds Wolcott and Dobson."

"Is the sick lady called Mrs. Wolcott?" said the old lady.

"Shure, my lady, an' that seems the lady's name. But we just calls her 'the lady."

"And you have been sent here to get ice for her. Who sent you?"

"It was the jantleman. Him as saved her life, an' was coortin' her an' goin' on about her, the child says, on board the steamer. Him as is married to her already, he says himself; but no one seems by rights to know

Him as is married to her already, he says himself; but no one seems by rights to know how that is, because the sailors say his name is Mr. Dobson. He give me money, two five pound notes, 'and, Paddy,' says he, 'here's a bit of a list of the things you are to ask for.' An' Mr. Wood, the third officer, he give me a note to this captain here to get 'ice off the Morea. I was to fetch it back for her, an' he's writin' for the things you. he's waitin' for the things now. He give me the list of 'em all—lemons, sugar, oranges, an' tam—tam—I don't know the names o' them things. But there was a basket o' wine cost more than all the rest of them. He wante its name down. See, sir, here—"
"Where does the gentleman come from?"

"Shure, it's from off the ship that is breakin up upon the reef, an' serrow much comfort the boys is gettin' out of her, at all, at all. He saved the lady an' the governess at all. He saved the lady an the governess an himself an the man that was drowned on the reef an the child an the dog an all of them. Day before yesterday he got a rale physician for her, from Killarney. But, bless you! he said our Mr. Neal done just as good. His rivirince's wife, though, Mrs. Darrell, won't let him come anigh her. She says sh nust see things all respectable about

"How does this gentleman look?"

"He is rale tall, fine-looking, with the biggest black beard ever your ladyship see on hin, an' a pair of eyes that pierces through the very soul of you. He sings beautiful. An' iviry night he's outside of her window, an' she a singing Prodestan hymns. Mrs. Darrell wants him to be removed by the police; but he's free with his purse, an' the

police; but he's free with his purse, an' the police doesn't like exactly to be after him."
"That can't be Wolcott. I don't believe he would know a Protestant hymn if he heard one," exclaimed his father-in-law.
"Well, he's a Prodestan, anyhow, himself, an' was up at the church Sunday morning. Father Joe himself tould me so. Says he, 'That's the only word I have to say agin Colonel Wolcott. He calls him Wolcott, but the rector an' his wife calls him wolcott, out the rector an' his wife calls him chat an' imposture. He's been sending to Valencii an' Killarney, right an' left, telegraphing since Sunday. He's been very ill himself but the last two days he's got a dog-cart, an

but the last two days he's got a dog-cart, an' been all over the counthry."

"Can it be Wolcott, Maggie?"

"Ah, but he's the jantleman, I'll go hail for him. I helped him go look for his servant on the reef. He wouldn't leave looking for him to the sailors, fearing they'd give up before he was dead—an' so they would—an' so the poor fellow that laid there dead under the rocks warnt-drownded."

"Are you going back at once to the place where the wreck lies?" asked the captain of the Merea.

"A a fact as the storing will be dhrivin' me." "As fast as the engine will be dhrivin' me.

your honour. It's at Killarney his bonour will be expectin' me with his things," was the t Then, Mr. Engels, you had better go along with him. He will put you in the way of getting to the coast. The railroad termi-

"Shure, his honour will be at Killarner waitin' for me an' the lemons and the ice-all the things I was to fetch," said the Irish In a few minutes the old couple found then elves on board the Queenstown tender; and

in half an hour, with ice, champagne, lemons, tamarinds, etc., they were rushing across Ireland, no travellers ever paying less attention than they did to the scenery and characteristics of the Emerald Isle. At Killarney there was the usual Irish rush

of carmen, guides, gossoons, beggars, and hotel runners. It was the harvest season of the place. No child so small, no man so poor, but crowded to glean after the chief reapers.
Paddy shoved the crowd off from strangers, crying aloud to some one in torn trousers and a long beard, "Shure, I've

brought your honour all you named upon the list, an' an owld lady an' owld jantleman, all the way from Ameriky, to see the lady." "Mr. Engels! Mrs. Engels! How unex pected," said the figure, advancing towards em, "and how glad I am to see you!"
"Colonel Wolcott! Bless me! Then you were not drowned. But what - how

"Better. She has recovered her but I am not allowed to see her. Things may change now that you have come. Engels, take pity on us both and let me see her! But first tell me about that Indiana business. Is she my wife still? Deane has not answered a telegram I sent him yesterday

morning."
"I left word not to go on in the case until
we heard from you again," said Mr. Engels.
"But about seeing her, we can say nothing
till we know what she wishes. She herself till we know what she wishes. She herself must decide for or against that. How can we get on as quick as possible?"

"I have a dog-cart here and a pair of fast ponies. I will put you there in about two hours. Paddy, don't put those things into the dog-cart; hire a car. The sight of her father and mother will do Mrs. Wolcott more good than ice or champagne."

In a few minutes they were en route. Colonel Wolcott, in high spirits, drove fast along roads rough as the well-known lime.

along roads rough as the well-known lime-stone roads in the Valley of Virginia; but though he drove fast, he contrived to talk fast too, and gave his listeners full particulars of the wreck of the Crimea.
"How about the Robert E. Lee!" said Mr.

Engels. "I saw a report from Halifax that you had lost your life saving a New York widow."

"When Adela is well enough you must ask her about that," said Colonel Wolcott, with a laugh; and his laugh seemed to remove the need of further explanation.

Before long they were all laughing. There

Before long they were all laughing. There may be laughing-gas in the Irish atmosphere; but put three people together who have honest hearts and kindly dispositions, exhilarate them with a new hope after a long anxiety, shake them up in a rough drive of ten miles over a bad road in a strange country, and see if they will not, without formal explanation, come to a good understanding with each other. Indeed, explanations are apt at any time to be the new cloth in the old fabric of a quarrel.

any time to be the new cloth in the ord laboric of a quarrel.

For the first time Colonel Wolcott did not see in Mr. Engels a rich vulgarian. For the first time he appreciated the motherly heart of his unpolished mother-in-law. For the first time, too, the old people saw in him neither "the good match" they had purchased for their daughter, nor the hot-blooded Southerner who had broken away from them, despiting their breading and renouncing their lespising their breeding and renouncing their When the dog-cart drew up at the garden-gate of the rectory, Mrs. Darrell hastened from her chamber, astonished to see her ad-

versary spring from the box-seat, and hand out an old fady.

"I am Mira Engels, Mrs. Wolcott's mother, ma'am," said that person. "You have been very good to her, and I thank you with all my beart. Will you show me the way to my daughter?"

"Excuse me, msdam. Arriving in company with a person I have reason to know is a cheat and an impostor."

"Not at all, madam. He is my daughter's husband. Please stand aside and let me find her room."

This coolness in the hall of her own house discomfited Mrs. Darrell. Like every other bully, she was a coward.

At this moment Harrie Tontine rushed down stairs with a shout:—

"Good gravious! If here isn's Mrs. Engels!"

And a few minutes after, when Mrs. Darrell entered Mrs. Wolcott's room, all her suspicions vanished at the sight before her.

The patient was sitting up in bed clasped to her mother's heart, with sobs of "O mother, mother, this is too much happiness! Now you will let me see Lancelot. I keep hearing his voice downstairs, but they won't let him come up. Where is gapa? How could you get here so soon!"

"Colonel Wolcott." called out Mrs. Engels, going at once to the head of the stairs, "come up at once, please! Your wife wants you."

At the same moment she turned warning-

"come up at once, please! Your wife wants you."

At the same moment she turned warningly to Adela, who, with flushed cheeks, exclaimed, "I'll not excite myself. I will be very calm. This listening and hoping and worrying has been worse for me than seeing him could be. O Lancelot, Lancelot, is it really you!"

A few hours later, in consequence of Colonel Wolcott's telegrams, all manner of identifications began to pour in. The first person who arrived to help him out of his scrape was the American Secretary of Legation from London. There was no suitable accommodation for him in the village, so he threw himself upon the hospitality of Lord Lindere, with whom he had some acquaintance, and who, in vexed repentance for his former blunder, now lavished every possible attention on Adela and the pseudo. "Mr. Dobson."

Next day came Mr. Smith, escorting little Lance, who, his father and grandmother being absorbed in Adela, was handed over to his grandfather's care; and the pair, being warmly pressed, also took up their quarters at Castle Lindore.

ms grandiather's care; and the pair, being warmly pressed also took up their quarters at Castle Lindore.

Emma Wylie, though superseded in her functions as a nurse, was not trusted to take care of Lance, because his mother and grandmother alike dreaded any association between him and the daughter of Cora Tontine.

Harris was a correspond with a manis for

Harrie was now possessed with a mania for the reef. To go off to the wreck was her supreme delight. She had recovered her spirits, and made a slave of the third officer. Old Mrs. Engels encouraged their intimacy, to the disgust of Mrs. Darrell, who was lost in astonishment at this specimen of American in astonishment at this specimen of American

which is usually employed to please was by her used to repel—like the reverse end of a magnet. She knew to a nicety what would

magnet. She knew to a nicety what would shock, estrange, worry, and confound the rector's lady.

Where Harrie went, even upon the reef, Mrs. Engels insisted that Miss Wylie should accompany her; and the old lady smiled complacently when, one evening. Colonel Wolcott announced that he thought he had made a discovery. He functed that the third officer was paying attentions to Miss Wylie.

"Ha! ha!" said his mother in-law. "Did you suppose he would let Harrie out up in "Ha! ha!" said his mother-in-law. "Ind you suppose he would let Harrie cut up in that way and torment him if it were not for that—you know?"
"My good mother," said Colonel Wolcott, "I thought you had forsworn match-making."

"Match-making, yes. Bringing two people together who would suit each other, no. Mr. Wood and Miss Wylie can, of course, do as they like; and I don't know as she will have him when he asks her. But, at any rate, she never had an effer in her life before, and she will have one new. That will be good for her, if nothing are summer of it; it will be something to look had a state if ahe alcost to be an old main an array weemen has a right to fair share of experience with men, is always restless and unhappy."
"And the third officer?"

"He is a man and a sailor. Mr. Engels rill look after him, and get him some good berth which will make it up to him if he fails but he won't fail, I'm pretty sure." CHAPTER XXL

FOR MICHER.

As days went on, and Adela grew stronger, questions of the future had to be decided. When her husband first saw her dressed he exclaimed against her black clothes. "Who are you wearing this ill-timed black

for, Adela ?"
"For my good aunt, Mrs. Carr, who left
me, when she died, \$200,000."

me, when she died, \$200,000."

The next day he said to her, "Adela, you have \$200,000. Let us live upon your income till I get something to do."

"What's that you say "said Peter Engels, "My dear sir, that I am a poor man with a rich wife. I think Adela, Lancey, and I may well live for the present on the income of \$200,000." \$200,000.

Listen to me, son Lancelot, and, if you can, divest yourself of Southern sensitiveness and come down to Northern sense. It has pleased the Lord to make you rich by marriad. In a pecuniary sense, you have married Adela for better, not for worse. Have you any right to shirk the obligations of your marriage.

marriage?"
"Of course not. I acknowledge that by this time. But—"
"I have been wanting to have a little talk with you upon this subject. My Maggie and I are going home in the next steamer."
"No, no!" cried Adela; and her protest was echoed by an energetic "No!" from her

was choed by an energetic "No!" from her husband.

"Yes," said the old gentleman, smiling, "and you are to go off alone and have your honeymoon. Make it last a year, if you like. It may be your life's best holday. Meantime I shall be looking out in New York for a house for you. You must have your own establishment, and be master in your own house, Colonel. We made a mistake about that leat time."

hat last time." "Don't say that," said Lancelot, "when I have just learned to value you and Mrs.

Engels."
"For all that, we will have two "For all that we will have two house-holds," said Mr. Engels. "Now as to money. It is much easier to make it than to keep it, to accumulate it than to spend it. One reason that so few fortunes in America grow very great, while so many make money, is that twenty men lose what they make to one who accumulates it. Men slave and toil, and rake and scrape, and then they make ignorant investments, and off it goes. It has been my pleasure to make money and my pride to pleasure to make money and my pride to keep it. Now I want you and Adela and keep it. Note I want you and Adela and Lance to do me credit by your way of spending it. The luck of having their means well spent happens to few men like me. When I first came under religious convictions—that time my little boys died—it was a matter of conscientious consideration with me whether I ought not to educate myself and go into the ministry. I came to the conductions. I ought not to educate myself and go into the ministry. I came to the conclusion that I had better not. 'Peter Engels,' I said, 'you are too old to make much of a preacher, but you can make money. Stay where the Lord has found you, and always keep a promising young man educating at your expense as a clergyman or a missionary.' I always have. And one of them rushed at me and roared about my consenting to this divorce like a bull of Bashan."

"Don't talk shout that please years" said.

bull of Bashan."
"Don't talk about that, please, papa," said
Adela. "It is all over."
"Well, he allowed I was 'ignorant," said
her father, "and he said the church ought to
have educated me better. Pretty good, that,
wasn't it, Colonel, when I'd paid for all he wasn't it, Colonel? when I'd paid for all he knew. However, as I was saying, our country has great need of wealth, and she wants a great deal that wealth can buy for her improvement, or so they say. She wants rich men and women who know how to spend. I don't. But you may learn. One of the misfortunes of rich men in America is that they are so busy in getting wealth that it leaves

them no time to get acquainted with their sons and daughters. As a rule, our rich men have turned out a poor lot of sons. Now, my Adela would do credit to a kingdom—and I think you are a right good fellow. I want you both to do what a man brought up as I have been cannot do for himself; that is, judiciously and advantageously to spend my money. The country wants art. Study art, and patronize it for me. The country, they say, has not enough refined society. Open your doors, and show society how the thing ought to be done. As to direct charity, it requires an education made up of blunders and disappointments to teach us all who to help and who to refuse. One has to spend a fortune making mischief only to find out that money is capable of doing harm. Charity with you and Adela won't consist, I hope, merely in giving away money—I can supply you with that;—you must give the subject your attention and your time. You have no easy task before you. It is a profession to be rich. Go off and enjoy yourselves, and then come back and take up your work in your own country as the husband of a very rich wife—the heir, most probably, in a few years of a very rich man."

Mr. Engels' voice quivered a little as he uttered the last words. Colonel Wolcott beard him in silence, but he acquiesced. He had lived to discover for himself that to be rich is a profession—a profession without primers or professorships, without landmarks or traditions; in which the blind lead the blind, and in which a man is educated only by his ewn mistakes.

in which a man is educated only by his own mistakes.

As his esteem for his father-in-law in ed, he became sensible that other men did him a justice which he himself had withheld. A reflected light often shows points which

had escaped our observation.

Mr. Engels was something of an agricul Mr. Engels was something of an agriculturist and a good judge of horses. He made a favourable impression on the gentlemen of Ballinasloe and its neighbourhood. These were not disposed to be hypercritical on small points of refinement, as had once been the case with his son-in-law.

Colonel Wolcott excused himself from the hospitalities offered him. He was too truely

a gentleman to feel resentment at his first re-ception in the neighbourhood, but his whole heart was with his wife, his sole interest in

Two or three days later came a latter from Mr. Deane, dated June 6, which had been lying a fortnight in the hands of the London publisher, "New York, June 6, 1870,

"MY DEAR COLONEL—I have employed Mr. Ovid O'Peccan as your counsel in Indiana; but am sorry to say suit will not be brought until court meets in September. I also regret to tell you that we shall not have the cooperation of Mrs. Wokott and her family. Mr. Engels positively declines to assist us or takes the position that you went South to attend to your affairs, and does not consider herself deserted by you. It remains, therefore, to get up a case against her. We should he glad to receive fuller information as to your marriage difficulties, and further in-structions. Anything which may tell against the defendant will be valuable.

"Your obedient servant, "RICHARD DEANE." Colonel Wolcott, who was now a resident at the rectory, went into the library to answer this letter

"BALLINASLOB RECTORY, June 26, 1870. "MY DEAR SIR-Your letter of June 6 did not reach me until this morning. On the very day it was dated things were settling themselves another way. All is well that ends well. I am with Mrs. Wolcott at Balends well. I am with Mrs. Wolcott at Ballinasloe, a small village on the western coast of Ireland, where the poor Crimea's skeleton lies on a reef opposite the windows of the house where we are staying. Mrs. Wolcott is slowly recovering from the exposure and excitement of the shipwreck. Mr. and Mrs. Engels are here, and our little boy. All this being so, there is no need to send you the information you requested. Please pay Mr. O'Peccan, and let me never again hear the word divorce—or see the bills. You may draw for the full amount on my publishes. A. B. & Co., who will have orders to honour your check as soon as it comes to hand.

Adela entered while still he sat, his pen suspended over the last word.
"What is it?" she asked, noticing his ombre expression.

"Only this letter," he replied, pushing it ward her. "What a fool I have been, dear love, what a fool ?"

Never say so again," she replied, looking deep into his eyes with that ineffable gaze of steadfast affection which makes a wife's face seem half divine to her husband. "Never think so again, dear Lancelot. Both of us did wrong, both are forgiven, and for the future we are going to be such happy people, and so wise, that the world will be all the better because we live in it and because we ove one another."

Quaint Sayings of Children. The clever paper Truth advertised recently to give a prize of £2 2s. for the quaintest saying of a child. Several hundred contribu-tions were sent in, of which the following are few of the most pointed :-

"As we were one day talking about churches and various ceremonies, a little boy remarked that he had seen a christening, a funeral, and a wedding, but he had never seen "Jack (aged four, talking a walk) : What

ecomes of people when they die?' Mamma: They turn into dust, dear.' Jack : 'What lot of people there must be on this road, Tottie : "I wonder why dolls are always girls, Tom?" Tom: "Because boys hate to

e made babies of."

A child seeing a bill on a telegraph post: Oh, mamma, look? A message has down."

A precious boy of six years, listening wearily to a long-winded tale, related by a prosy relative, took advantage of a short pause to say, slyly, "I wish that story had

been brought out in numbers."
"Little baby is very ill, Charlie; I am afraid he will die." "Well, if he does die, mamma, he won't go to the bad place."
"Why, Charlie, how can you know that."
"Oh, I know he can't. "Oh, I know he can't, mamma; he's get no teeth to gnash."

Little boy learning his catechism from his mother. Q.—"What is a man's chief end?"

A.—"His head."

Girl (yawning over lessons)—"I'm so tired;
I should like to go to sleep." Boy—"I'll tell
you what to do, then. Get up early tomorrow and have a good sleep before breakfast." Mainma-" And David was able to kill the

great big man Goliah because God helped him." Harry (aged six)—"Well, I don't think that's fair, mamma; that's two to A little girl had a penny given to her to that's the way the money goes, pop goes.

Small boy, watching his sister iron a piece of work with bird's nest of eggs done in crewels on it: "I say, sister, if you keep the iron too long on those eggs, you'll hatch em !"

A little girl seeing two love birds billing and cooing was told they were making love. "Why don't they marry ?" she asked, "then

and cooing was told they were making love.
"Why don't they marry?" she asked, "then
they would not make love any more."
A fond mother said to her little son:
"Tommy, my dear, I am going to give you a
little companion soon; which would you prefer, a little boy or a little girl?" "Well,
mother," replied Tommy, "if it is all the
same to you, I would rather have a little

donkey."

A little girl, aged five, going to bed one night, and kneeling down to say her prayers, said: "Oh, mamma, may I only say amen to night? I'm so tired."—From the American Register, London Gossip. er, London Gossip.

CURRENT HUMOUR

The balloonist's home is one flight up. Ice dealers are happy over a solid North. Orangemen are true to their name when

Quadrupeds know one game at cards—Allfours.—Philadelphia Sunday Item.

The man completely wrapped up in himself has no use for an ulster.—Picayune. Natur luvs phun; if she doesn't, she never would have made a munky.—Josh Billings. For a street cleaner that will do its work thoroughly we suggest a mad dog.—Lowell

"Tiers, tiers, idle tiers," as the actor said when he saw the rows of empty benches before him.—Marathon Independent. Of a miserly man somebody wrote: "head gave way, but his hand never did. brain softened, but his heart couldn't." A New York piano manufacturing compa

has failed. They were unable to me outstanding notes. - Boston Transcript The author of the "Little Brown Jug was probably in a jugular vein when he wrote that sometime popular ditty.—Lowell Courier. Some enthusiastic fashion writer predicts a evolution in underwear. Well, a change in such things is necessary once in a while

Mr. Geo. P. Lathrop, of Boston, recently delivered a lecture on "Colour in Literature." An author's motto for his book is, "Any Bernhardt dies so realistically that it is said

a coroner who saw her ran around to the stage door and wanted to hold an inquest.—Boston What is the difference between a summe esidence in the suburbs and a farmer who guilty of counterfeiting? Answer:—One is a country villa and the other is a country villain.

Boston Transcript :- "What does 'encore mean?" asks an exchange. It is only one phase of a universal desire among the sons of nen to get something for nothing, and get it right away. Now, by Jove, we've got it! We're going to reform this theatre nuisance. Announcement:—A big hat makes a woman look twenty years older than she is. There.—

Boston Post.

You can excuse a man for taking a gloomy view of life when he names his child for a rich uncle and the uncle allows it, and then the day after baptism goes into bankruptcy.

-Boston Post. Ladies will be pleased to learn that the most fashionable "human" hair is taken from the yak. This is the yak-tual truth. To yak is human, to steal hair divine.—Bo m Transcript. Olive Logan in her-lecture relates that an

Omaha young lady was asked in Europe whether they had any culture in her settlement. "You bet," was the answer;" we're cultured to kill!" A Dutchman says that his neighbours are

"te vorst neighbours people dot never vas. Mine little pigs und mine hens come home mit dere ears split und todder day two of dem ome home missing." An Irishman being asked on a late trial for a certificate of his marriage, exhibited a huge scar on his head, which looked as though it

might have been made by a fire shovel. The evidence was satisfactory. "Please, sir," said a beggar boy, "pleas sir, give me a cent to buy my father a pair of trousers." In the words of Tom Hood, "G Heaven! that flesh and blood should be s heap, and father's trousers, too!" "Accidents will happen." Brigson (at last winging a pheasant, after missing right and left all day)—"'Ah, ha! Knocked him over that time, Jenkins!" Keeper—"Yes, sir; they will fly into it sometimes."—London Punch.

The worst cut-up man of the hour is that western reporter who, in describing the ap-pearance of the belle of the town at the local

"Pa, did you read in the paper how a parent was fined because his little boy hung on a street car?" Pa: "What of it?" Lit-tle Johnny: "Nothing, except I thought if you give me change to ride it might be money n vour nocket The lightning used on theatrical stages costs \$20 an ounce; but then so little is required that you can kill a \$60 brigand and en \$12 brigands so beautifully for about two

ents. A little lightning is a dangerous thing. Instruction of a Parisian concierne son; -- "When you meet the first floor, bow and take off your hat; for the second, unoover; for the third, carry your hand to your head; for the fourth, nod; for the attic floor let the lodger nod first."

A witness under cross-examination, who had been tortured by a lawyer for several hours, at last asked for a glass of water. "There," said the judge, "I think you'd better let the witness go now, as you have pumped him dry."—Troy Times. "Are you a good rider?" asked a livery

man. "I am," replied the customer, and just then the horse snorted, stood on its rands, came down and bucked. And the customer went on, from his high seat in the naymow, "See how easily I get off." Said a Galveston school teacher :-- " If I left," responded the younger brother, "for he will get away with all of them. That's the kind of a presidential candidate he is."—Gal-

Book critics are all linguists. One easily discovers this fact by reading their criticisms on books translated from foreign languages. They usually wind up by congratuating the translator on having preserved the charm of the original in all its freshness and beauty.— Boston Times.

A lecturer once prefaced his discourse upon

the rhinoceros with "I must beg you to give me your undivided attention. Indeed, it is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of the hideous animal of which we are about to speak unless you keep your eyes

fixed on me."

"What luck did you have fishing yester-day, Breckenridge?" asked a Galveston gentleman of a well-known impecunious character who owes everybody. "Splendid. While I was out on the wharf twenty men with bills called at my house to collect money."-Gal-He was a fine-looking man, and he proudly

He was a fine-looking man, and the production of trutted down the sidewalk with the air of trutted down the sidewalk with the sidewalk wit proprietorship in every movement. "Beg pardon," said a stranger as he stepped up to him; hat in hand, in utmost humility, "Do I have your permission to remain in town over night?"—New Haven Register.

This was what broke the engagement; at a time, too, when they had both sworn to love each other "until death do us part." He—"!

hever saw you look lovelier." She—"You here a flat—." He grabbed his hat, rushed from the house, and has not been seen since. She added mechanically, ——"erer," and wept hysterically.
"Why Jennie, you foolish girl, come into why Jennie, you foolish girl, come into the house. What are you out in the snow for without wraps?" "Oh, nothing much, ma. You see Augustus has just called, and here are his footprints in the snow. I'm measuring to get the right size for those slippers, and, do you know, I don't believe I've got half to get the right size for those slippers, and, do you know, I don't believe I've got half cloth enough in them."—New Haven Register.

Many were the scares that happened during the siege of Cabul. The arrival of the relieving forces was anxiously looked for. "I see Phayre's advanced guard coming over the brow of that hill," said General ———, looking through a field-glass. "No, General," said an A.D.C., "they are only six donkeys!"

When the cook placed the turkey on the When the cook placed the turkey on the table upside down on the dish—that is, with its back up—the head of the house got his back up too, gave her a withering look, and almost profanely saked if she "s posed he was going to of awl under the table and cut a hole up through the plate, to get at the breast of the fewl?"—Nervisioum Herald.

SWINDLED OUT OF DYING Pennsylvania Visionary's Sad Complain
-How He Was Fooled by a Smart Lawy

ERIE, Pa., Dec. 26.—William Carney, of this city, was under a hallucination that he would die at 2 a.m. on Friday. He says he had a vision on Sunday last in which he was told of his approaching decease. He took to his bed, although apparently healthy, and continued sinking and growing feebler as the time drew nigh. On Friday morning he made his will, and was prepared for death by Bishop Mullen, the Catholic prelate of this diocese. His house was filled with people watching the result. But, alas, the death prophecy turned out to be a fizzle, and much disappointment was manifested at the failure of the miracle, which his friends attributed to the officiousness of Judge Galbraith and Dr. Brand. They believe that the will of God would have been carried out but for the cunning of the lawyer and physicians. The judge persuaded lawyer and physicians. The judge persuaded Carney's brother to turn back the hands of the clock two hours, and the doctor adminis-tered an opiate at midnight, which obscured mundane matters from the would-be corpse for six hours. Carney denounces the fraud practised upon him as infamous.

> What is Done in a "Live" School. THE CRAMMING SYSTEM.

Much has been said and written, with apparently but little profit, on the subject of cramming in the school-room. We know boys and girls in the higher schools who have to attend from fifteen to twenty different classes in as many different subjects during a single week. And after a year or two they are declared to be proficient in all of these branches. What a sham is this, when it is considered that any three branches are sufficient for a year's study ! It is not surprising that young men, as well as young ladies, find when they come to meet "the hard buffetings of this work-a-day world "they are only half educated, that they have but the merest smattering of the subjects which they ought to know thoroughly, and that they have been grievously misled by both teachers and parents, who ought to have known better. The consequence of this is, that they are unable to apply in a practical way any knowledge they may have acquired. The great question is :-

HOW TO REMEDY THIS EVIL ?

Our suggestion is first, to give a thorough drill in those subjects that are termed common and not high sounding. For instance, we find students who have been trained in what are considered our best schools deficient in arithmetic, and without any real knowledge of bookkeeping. Indeed, Commercial Arithmetic, as taught in our schools, is found in practice to be different from that used in business houses. The reason of this is, that but few teachers know anything outside of their text-books, and are unacquainted with the short methods suggested by long business experience.

IN THE BRITISH AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLEGE Practical Bookkeeping is almost a hobby. It s the great desideratum. Students are expected to think of it by day and dream of it at night.

In teaching, the text-book is used at first. and from this the student begins by copying the simplest transactions into his day book. He then journalizes, posts, makes a trialbalance, statement of loss and gain, etc., and balance, statement of loss and gain, etc., and closes the accounts in his ledger. In the Theory Department this process is repeated a score of times, each set of books embracing states and including the business of grocer, dry goods commission merchant, shipping merchant, broker, etc., etc. When the course of instruction in this department is completed the student is required. student is required

TO PASS A RIGID EXAMINATION.

department. The text-book is then abandoned. Each student is furnished with capital (College Currency), and his first duty is to enter the Board Room, where the transactions reorded in his books originate. As in other public rooms, when from ten to thirty per public rooms, when from ten to thirty per-sons are making bargains, it might appear to a stranger disorderly, for a school-room; but the half hour spent in this way appears of but short duration. And when the purchases and sales are completed the student takes his seat at his desk in another room, where he carefully transcribes from his memorandum book into his Day Book, Cash Book, Bill Book, etc., all his transactions, and is required to fill out all the notes, drafts, receipts, etc., in connection with his business. In a word, this is the finishing department, and it is conducted in a manner as exacting as is the real work which it imitates in our best mercantile houses and banks. Indeed, in one end of the room there

IS A REAL BANK OF ISSUE,

in complete operation. All its departments are conducted by students who are under the supervision of trained teachers. We are aware that in some quarters a strong prejudice against business schools exists. This is not surprising, because numbers of Colleges so-called are mere shams, bers of Colleges so-called are mere sharis, unworthy the name they assume. As a consequence some merchants cling to the idea that the only place to learn business is in the counting room. That is certainly the place to get practical experience, to learn the their motives. But to a large extent it is erroneous to suppose that it is

THE PLACE TO LEARN BUSINESS, because the circumstances are rarely favourable. An employer has hardly ever time to teach. Besides, he would not permit mistakes to be made in his accounts, or his books to be muddled through the ignorance and stupidity of a mere tyro. that sort has often proved too expensive to be In addition to all this, the weekly cours

of Law Lectures is a feature of the College.

These are of a character to save a business man the expense of consulting a lawyer over a trifling business difficulty. At the same time, it must not be presumed that we pretend to make merchants independent of law yers under all circumstances. Another feature of the School is the Department of Penmanship and Business Cor-respondence. Students in the business de-partment are required to write letters daily. As a stimulus to excellence in the Departments of Bookkeeping and Penmanship, a gold medal is offered to the student who shall display the best kept set of books after the winter session, and a silver medal for the

greatest improvement in Penmanship. Early in January next Mr. Warring Kennedy, swell-known merchant, will deliver a lecture to the students of this College. He will be followed by a number of other prominent gentlemen during the winter. This Institution opens on Monday next, and those who are interested in knowing more about it should visit the School or address THE SECRETARY, 112 AND 114 KING TREET WEST, TORONTO.

Though the soil of Virginia grows the bea tobacco leaf in the world, it does not all grow equal qualities. The production even of ad-joining counties is often quite different, the equal qualities. The production even of acjoining counties is often quite different, the
one producing leaf which at once deteriorates
if grown in the other. The leaf of the
"Myrtle Navy" is the product of the choice
sections of the State, which, through some
combination of local influences, preduce a better quality than any others. This is shown by
its always commanding a higher price than
any other smoking leaf. THE FA

EDITORIAL NO Mr. Casey, M.P., will add ing at West Lorne on the fact is of no political imp

The Stratford Town Cour to submit the market fee qui of the electors. This will what might otherwise have otonous contest. The farmer one strong argument in favor there are no toll gates in that

The Muskoka Herald give how the Free Grant laws disc the actual settler. The town is being depleted of its pine it men. Complaint is made that pine in the township is being logs or square-timber, absolute settlers without enough pine of shingles or a rail fence.

These are the kind of ite the heart of the patriot, ar heart of the Blakeite sad. 8 field Republican: "Canada ir worth of cheese twelve year she exports \$10,000,000 wor her exports of butter and chee 000 larger than those of whea of the cheese has also greatl dian cheese carried off the Centennial Exhibition against also at the international dai York in 1879."

It will be news to most pec of the Atlantic to learn to America dress more meagre tea, and live more frugally t ren in England. Mr. Clare one of the British Agricultura who visited this continent last is of that opinion, for in a re fore a Farmers' Club on " Farming," he said that if hard in England, dressed as as frugally, and were contented the three times a day, and to less, the majority of farmers die in the Old Country.

in London, England, said :--"It is with difficulty that I a dollar go as far here as a si If I want shoes, a coat, or a kr double the price I pay at hom for the best goods are simple thrifty folk. It was very hot three mouths since, and I for myself with a straw hat, and rather than make such as the straw hat, and rather than make such as the straw hat. rather than make such an outlay as it would require here The New York Indicator say Mr. Hughes is the leader of a free-traders who are settling i ist country because they can than at home.

Mr. John George McCarthy authority upon the subject, ur ment to reclaim the waste la The Registrar-General reports cultural area of Ireland at 20 Of this total he reports 4.661, absolutely waste. Professor I that, exclusive of absolute wasters are rendered nearly want of arterial drainage. want of arterial drainage, that in a country almost ention its agriculture two-fifths obeen allowed to remain eit waste or of most imperfect protit is said that Mr. Butt prethis subject shorter before his twee approved by Lord Besch

There are not wanting agitation now convulsing spread into England. At a re the newly-formed Farmers' pressed the opinion that the fi land, Scotland, and Wales of for something like fixity of t setion for unexhausted free sale of good-will. sation for unexhausted imprire sale of good-will. He als tenant farmers should be as Government to become the offarms. The meeting was great with Mr. Balton's sentiment ment having these objects in gain headway, it would be int how the Radical property-hold would meet it.

The Stratford Times describ cently purchased in that town in its department of interior cations of mineral wealth. sected it was found to conf fron ore nearly an inch square screw with cork attached, a cou a gold shirt-stud, and a piece oring. The mystery is easily a The turkey came from the Thu trict. Mr. D. D. Hay has all and identified the corkscrew. I stud belongs to ex-Governor N the lady's easing belongs to won't give the name." Prob wen't give the name." Probable longed to Minnehaha, the da great chief Apollinaris Water, contemporary quite sure the

If there is any mortal thing them which the United State possible way produce in the domain they are going to do so countries of the world underst te be independent, not only in political sense, but also in a con practical living sense. Of late, have been made in the produc and tea, and the Commissioner reports that the efforts made couragingly rewarded. In a re-laid before Congress he says portance of the result attained marked attention at home, and the special consideration of for the manufacture of our own
make a difference of many m
annually in the wealth of the t annually in the wealth of the r may not be able to grow our own our own sugar—although to a tent there is no reason by the the beet why we should not de but there is a lesson in this re-this persistent perseverance, by and should profit.

facilities for obtaining wool that colonists in Australia and els with their huge sheep farms, I authorities think that more mig that direction than is done. In largely increasing consumption throughout the world, this is a serving of the greatest attention silly when our agriculturists a fact that since 1830 the wool fact that since f830 the wool world has increased five times, the matter in very much the as we do. Fifty years ago the \$20,000,000 lbs. In 1878—the lawhich we have complete figure 1,586,000,000 lbs., Europe pro 000,000 lbs., River Platte 240, the United States 208,000,000 lb \$50,000,000 lbs., and South Afric lbs. Of this tremendous quant Great Britain and France of about the same quantity—380,00 year. Germany consumes about lbs.; the United States 250,000,000 lbs.; and other control of the same quantity—380,00 year.

Canadian farmers have not, pe