

before the explosion a lady visitor who was alone and was about to enter the buildings beckoned to a policeman and when he went to her she called his attention to a package lying upon the steps outside the Crypt. The policeman picked up the package carelessly, not suspecting anything, and went with it out into Westminster Hall. He had no sooner reached the hall than the package exploded. The explosion so injured the policeman that he cannot recover. So far as is known, ten persons are very seriously injured and about thirty are slightly injured.

Latest despatches from Egypt state that Gen. Stewart has captured Metemnah and succeeded in communicating with Gordon Pasha. An official despatch has been received at the War Office from Gordon, which shows that his position at Khartoum is not so desperate as was at first supposed.

Gen. Stewart was very severely wounded in an engagement with the enemy near Shebacas Wells. The command then devolved upon Col. Sir Charles Wilson. There was a constant succession of encounters from the battle of the 17th, till the Nile was reached, the British troops steadily gaining fresh victories over the impetuous but easily demoralized foe.

Some of the special correspondents of leading English papers, who were with Gen. Stewart, were killed.

During the action of the 19th, a bold movement was made by Col. Wilson, who took command after Gen. Stewart was wounded. The Nile was only three miles distant, but some thousands of Arabs were between them and the river. He knew his small force was doomed unless water could be obtained. A desperate remedy suggested itself, which he carried into effect. Detailing a number of picked guardsmen, he ordered them to cut their way through the enemy's lines to the river, and return with rubber sacks filled with water. This devoted little band of Guardsmen succeeded in sabreing their way through the rebel ranks, but only one-fourth of those who started out returned with the water which helped them to repulse their dusky foes.

The severity of Gen. Stewart's wound has incapacitated him from further service during the campaign.

Tales and Sketches.

THE BURNISH FAMILY.

A PRIZE STORY PUBLISHED BY THE SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

None of the gentlemen of the household were visible that day, or at the breakfast-table the following morning. The presence of the maniac seemed to have scattered and wounded them like a shell bursting in the dwelling. Mr. Burnish took refuge in the library and his dressing-room, and saw no one but Mr. Veering; and Delamere had been to arrange the accommodation of the unwelcome visitor, and had since staid at his cousin, Shafton Keen's.

With affectionate pleasure Mabel welcomed her father, though she saw that care sat brooding on his brow, and she grieved as she looked at him, that ever mammon—getting gold by sinful means—had cast her from him, and made him almost as a stranger to her from her infancy.

Her pupils had gone on their visit before his arrival, and she prepared for a stroll with him in the park, and a chat about home affairs. She found that Frank Horncastle had made overtures to her father to sanction his proposal, and that her refusal of him which had transpired, had pleased Mr. Alterton. 'I didn't bring you up,' said he, 'and give you the education you have had, to see you thrown away on that vagabond; but the fellow's spite is annoying.'

'He cannot injure you, dear father.'

'Injure! why he starts a claim on his father's account to a share in the business, and there's plenty of lawyers to help him; and the winner is a loser in the game of law.'

'Oh, father! let him have the business. It will suit him and he it. You are too good for it.'

'Pshaw, little one! You talk like a baby, Mab. He'd run through it, and kill himself into the bargain, in two years. If I wanted to murder him and the trade, why, I should act the fool, as you propose. And, as to being too good for it, why, where's there a better man than Mr. Burnish, or a better family? You're a fine scholar, my girl! but, clever as you are, you can't make out that if he is right, good honest gentleman! in making the article, I'm a rogue for selling it? Its made to sell, I suppose.'

'Yes! I suppose so,' said Mabel, 'and to drink, and hence all the dreadful misery. The scenes I have seen in a few weeks—and yet, that is only the very surface!'

'Ah, ha! well, well! no doubt. But you see, my dear, it's a highly respectable trade—kept up and set a-going, by good men, and members of

the House, and religious people, and I'm not to be wiser than my betters. They make, I sell. As long as it's right for them to do the one, it's right for me to do the other.'

'Father! neither is right. On a death-bed, and at the great day, when we answer each one for ourselves, you will think it wrong to have lived and prospered on the sin and misery of others. Do give it up, I will leave here, I'm not happy; I can teach music and singing—I've friends in Bath, and we can have a little home together. I would not for the wealth of India have to do in any way, with promoting such a vice as intemperance.' Poor Mabel's heart throbbled as she said this, for she felt what the rejection of Delamere had cost her.

'If you're not happy, child!' said her father, 'leave by all means; leave at once, if you can do so honourably, I never thought you would be happy, and I never understood your objection to my trade, and your approval of this.'

'Approval! Father I never knew anything about the sources of their wealth; and it's surely one thing to live in luxury and idleness out of the profits of a wicked trade, and another to receive the just payment of one's labours.'

'Enough said, Mabel; we shall never agree on this subject, and I don't want to argue about it. You see it in one light, and I in another. You say, Guilty; I say, Not Guilty. I've other things to vex me. There's that Tom Horncastle in a pretty scrape at Birmingham. He's a muddle-headed chap at best, and he must follow the way of his father, and tittle, forsooth; and he's been and made up a prescription wrong—sold the essence instead of the infusion of some doctor's stuff, and two children died, and the whole family had a narrow escape. He wrote for money to me, and a pretty penny I've had to send him, for lawyers, and I don't know what.'

'And is he in prison?'

'No, they somehow got him off, as being a mistake, and the prescription not very well written. But Tom was drunk, and hard swearing there has been to hide that. But he is ruined as to his prospects in that trade for a time. Deary me! the Government should do a something about these poisons. Why, I know women among our customers who get syrup of poppies as regularly for their children as they get bread—aye, and more. I wouldn't have the Burial Club in my house any longer, for so sure as a child was in a burial club, so sure that child died.'

'Oh, father, say no more—it's too dreadful. Where is Tom?' she added, after a pause.

'Why, with me. He came last night, and ate humble pie, as we say, and promises to help me in the trade, and says he's no hand in Frank's law doings. Oh! and there's another thing I wanted to tell you. Susan declares she's seen that wretch that decoyed away poor Annie. I don't put much faith in Sue, but I'm used to her, and though she robs me herself, she looks sharp after the rest. But she was so sure. If I saw that villain, Mab, I should not be master of myself,' added Mr. Alterton, shaking his fist.

'Where did she see him?' said Mabel.

'When she came here. He was at the corner of the Mews, looking at the back of the house, she said. But a dashing fellow like him would hardly be hanging about so. And her mind once or twice misgave her. I've been in the Bench, looking for some there that might know of his being in England.'

'I wish you could ascertain something certain about that poor thing, father; for a death-bed request is a solemn thing. Why don't you advertise in the *Times*?'

'We did; and I heard that he had left her at Boulogne, and promised to send for her, and that she went to Paris, and died there of a fever.'

In this and similar conversation on personal affair, the time passed swiftly away. Mr. Alterton again urged his daughter, if she was not happy, to leave, and said, 'There's Miss Germaine's house open to you.' 'Ah,' thought Mabel, 'what a business must that be which compels an affectionate father to shut out his own child.'

On Mabel's return to Portland Place, after parting from her father, she found all was bustle. Lady Burnish had arrived a day sooner than she was expected, and was now with her daughter-in-law. The little girls had not returned from their visit, and Mabel spent the rest of the evening in her lonely sitting room, revolving the tidings her father had brought, and reading in a Midland Counties paper the account of Tom Horncastle's fatal blunder.

Lady Burnish, after spending half-an-hour in Mrs. Burnish's sick chamber, had established herself in the drawing-room, and was giving audience to her son and grandson. Shafton Keen had come in late, and Mr. Veering was summoned to the family council. Though Mabel was, of course, excluded, we may use our privilege, and take a peep at passing events.

Exact, rigid, grey, cold, and sensible, Lady Burnish sat at a little writing table. Her son, Mr. Theophilus, looking pale and fatigued, reclined on the sofa before her. Delamere and Shafton were seated at her side; and Mr. Veering, when he came, took a standing position between