

TOUT SORTE DE CHOSES.

The Mobile Register gives as one of the reasons for the increase of crime...

A man walking in St. James street met a friend, looking strong and hearty...

Sarah Stockton has been appointed physician of the female department of the Indianapolis Insane Hospital...

FOR THE COMPLEXION—For Pimples, Freckles, Tan and all itching Tumors of the Skin...

A benevolent-looking old man obtained the signatures of Illinois farmers to petitions asking the Legislature to tax church property...

HIGHLY APPRECIABLE.

One very valuable feature of Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup is, that it is highly agreeable to take...

Many of the Prussian officers have for a long time been learning Russian, and what was called the Railroad Regiment...

THE BEST PROOF.—THE GLOBE.

"I sell more Burdock Blood Bitters than I do of any other preparation in stock," says J. J. Jucker, druggist, Toronto...

A man of the name of Coles, who had the monopoly of rat killing in Paris, has just died. He used to feed exclusively on the produce of his sport...

A PARALYtic STROKE.

W. H. Howard, of Geneva, N. Y., suffered with palsy and general debility, and spent a small fortune in advertised remedies...

An interesting torpedo experiment was made a few days ago in the roadstead of Toulon, in France. The object was to ascertain whether a torpedo containing seven hundred kilograms of powder...

RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

Frank Hink, Wilton, Quebec, Toronto, some time ago received an injury by an accident on the G. T. E. The severe contusions were quickly healed by the use of Hayward's Yellow Oil...

Parisians are eating mushrooms baked in bread crumbs.

HOW TO TREAT WEAK LUNGS.

Always breathe through the nose, keeping the mouth closed as much as possible. Walk and sit erect, exercise in the open air...

An expert (in a London will case) lately stated that pencil marks rubbed out revive when the texture of the paper returns to its normal condition...

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU EAT.

The best medical authorities declare that worms in the human system are often induced by eating too freely of uncooked fruit...

THE SIGN OF WORMS are well known but the remedy is not always so well determined. Worm Powders will destroy them.

Prince Hatfield, although a great distiller, points out that the German revenue might easily be increased by raising the duty on spirits...

WORMS often cause serious illness. The cure is Dr. Low's Worm Syrup, it destroys and expels Worms effectually.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Dr. J. N. Robinson, Medina, O., says: "In cases of indigestion, constipation and nervous prostration, its results are happy."

The largest farm in the world is probably that of Samuel Meekay of New South Wales. He has 700 miles in one direction, and comprises 5,000,000 acres...

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Ointment for the delicate.—Those to whom the changeable temperature is a protracted period of trial should seek the earliest opportunity of removing all obstacles to good health...

Indianapolis is taking an independent course. Desiring to secure the National Conventions she has employed stationers to show that her forty-nine hotels can shelter and feed 13,975 persons...

If you are nervous or dyspeptic try Carter's Little Liver Pills. Dyspepsia makes you nervous, and nervousness makes you dyspeptic...

John Bright makes notes and headings of his speeches, and with great care writes down and commits to memory all the important passages. Gladstone merely jots down facts and figures...

Hop Bitters Co., Toronto: I have been sick for the past six years, suffering from dyspepsia and general weakness. I have used three bottles of Hop Bitters, and they have done wonders for me...

The Stamese Embassy in the United States, numbering thirty persons, including three ladies and twenty-one attendants and servants, is expected to arrive in this country this month...

A clear head is indicative of good health and regular habits. When the body feels heavy and languid, and the mind works sluggishly, Ayer's Cathartic Pills will wonderfully assist to a recovery of physical buoyancy and mental vigor...

A Professor Wood tells us that the much-dreaded and would-be ejected cochroach has 300 teeth.

Mr. Thomas Hughes is the leader in a movement to establish at Boggy, Tenn., a school on the lines of the English public schools, to be called the "Arnold School," in memory of Dr. Thomas Arnold...

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SHORT MEDITATIONS to aid pious souls in the recitation of the HOLY GOSPEL, 24 mo., 338 pp. Price, bound free mail, 50 cents.

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THE QUEEN'S SECRET.

CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued.)

His various remarks on this score at first rather amused than surprised Biddy; for he was aware how seldom they had been seen or spoken to by G-ffrey, shut up as she continually was in his library...

"Mad," said one; "y, marry, is he, mad as a martlet; have I did not see how he laughed and shook his fist at the fool feller?"

"Learning hath creased his brain," said a third; "and so they'll doubtless bring him to the madhouse, which folks say the queen is building near Richmond."

"Why, thou'lt be driven hence without as much as a noble to pay scot at the next hostelry—ha, ha!"

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or miss thy prayers of a morning, why, it was nothing but penance and prayers, and fasting and alms, and pilgrimages, and contributions and restitutions, till one was nigh afraid to slip a dram from a claret glass, or borrow a bodkin from the housewife's store."

"Ay, servants had small liberties in't," said the tall fellow, again shaking his head. "Hugh! when I was fool enough to be led by the old priest, here," continued Stiles, gathering confidence as he proceeded...

"Humph!" said Hippinwall; "but thy change of fortune's not hard to account for, methinks."

"Ay, ay," laughed three or four voices, "it comes of his changing his ghostly father—the black gentleman for the gentleman in black—ha, ha!"

"Peace, peace, my masters, and a truce with this foolish speech," said a servant, who had just entered the circle waving a knife in his apron; "see, see, Biddy Connor overhears ye."

"Ay, verily, Wattle, he hath seen ever a good friend to thee," replied Sewall. "May God reward him for't. Indeed, it was but Monday last he stole a new doublet from his wardrobe, when Biddy Connor had gone to Upton, and gave it me to wear on the Sundays and holidays."

"Ab, poor, silly old man! it's true he squandered his means, day after day, till he hath not left himself where'er to pay his servants' wages, at last."

"Marry, that's passing strange," said the mendicant, "for he hath a very goodly estate, and spends little for his bodily comfort; and, moreover, many of thy city friends speak much of thy great savings since thou camest hither."

"Ay, verily, that thou'lt laid by well nigh an half score bags of bright angels; for sweet little lady Alice, when she was married, two or three years hence."

"Ab, ha! and how came this foolish report to thy ears, Wattle?"

"Why, I'll tell thee, Master Sewall; young Sam Wattle, my nephew, that used to delve in the flower garden here for Mistress Alice, hath gone up to London, to serve an apprenticeship with his mother's brother, Peter Fowler, the cordwainer; and so Sammy was sent of a day to Mrs. Sewall's, thy wife, in Bliden Lane, with a message; an, marry, whilst he sat there waiting his errand, Master Luke Davidson, here of Brookdale, came in with a grand courtesy gentleman, talking together of Mistress Alice's beauty and Sir Geoffrey's Pastry, with various other such things; so that I'll warrant it was Sam spread the report; and coming from thy brother-in-law, Master Sewall, thou'lt confess it savored somewhat of truth."

"Ay, doubtless, it should seem to be of authority. But Sam might be mistaken in the man. Davidson seldom visits my wife in Bliden Lane."

"Ab, gadzooks, that that reminds me of the tall of the story. What with his black dress and shaven crown, and priestly appearance, Sam swears right roundly he never could have found him out for his voice."

"Volces often deceive, nevertheless," observed Sewall. "Ay, answered Wattle, "and what puzzled him still more, the gentleman called him Master Miller, instead of Davidson."

"Nonsense," replied Sewall, somewhat disconcerted at this unexpected discovery. "Sam was drunk, or dreaming, mayhap."

"Well, well, old man, I tell thee, so away, away, and take that crowd of cripples at the door along with thee."

"Hark ye, Master Sewall," said Wattle, raising up his head, which age and infirmity had sunk on his breast, and looking keenly into the steward's face. "Thou wert ever a hard-hearted man, albeit of most pious and saintly bearing; and when thy perfiery cometh to light, thou'lt bear of one Wattle Wabble, mayhap, who might have saved thee many a troubled hour, only thy hard-heartedness would suffer thee not to part with a sixpence to buy his good will."

"Away, away, old croaker, and rid me of thy presence."

"One who could have forewarned thee of danger," persisted Wattle, hobbling slowly off; "but, finding himself driven like a dog from Brookton, where he begged before thou wert born, feels no longer a scruple in telling the world of the net thou hast been weaving for thy simple old master, these five years past."

CHAPTER XXXIII. When Biddy, having threaded the various winding passages that led to the western tower, had come within view of the other door, she saw the knight leaning against it, speaking in a low and earnest whisper, though the keyhole, to his daughter, who, he still supposed to be concealed within. He halted for an instant ere he approached the old man, to reflect how he should best break the news to him of Alice's escape, and across himself for not acquitting him if sooner. As he stopped for this purpose, the knight's impatience began to manifest itself in louder accents, and finally in repeated knocks on the door. Biddy could even hear the sighs

of the old man, as after each knock and call, he turned his bald head to listen for the reply. At length, weary and disheartened, he might sat down upon a bench near the door, and spreading his hands upon his knees, looked fixedly on the floor for a time, in sad and melancholy mood. Biddy now stepped up quickly to his side, and touching him gently on the shoulder, asked him why he sat there.

"Sir Geoffrey turned his mild and sorrowful face for an instant, and then nodded towards the door. "She's not in," said he. "Who, Mistress Alice?" "Ay—for she cannot surely have fallen asleep—ah?" "No danger iv that, in the laste," replied Biddy. "I was but last night I left her," pursued the knight, musingly. "Ay, coores it was."

"The place is damp. I know that; yet there could be little danger of a fever's—"

"Begorra, that's not bad," said the latter, "and her gone since midnight. Sure, sir, she never was there at all."

"Listen to me, Biddy," he ejaculated, at length, in a low, husky voice; "for fear had already paled his tongue and puckered his lips—"

"Ay, speak the truth, or I'll curse thee; speak or I'll strangle thee," he muttered, and caught Biddy by the throat. "Who?" "Alice. Has he taken her away?" "Himself?" "The knight nodded. "Well, upon my conscience, now," replied Biddy, looking at his master in feigned astonishment; "it's worse yer gettin'! why, yer bestin' yer mimsy intirely, intirely, Sir Geoffrey—begorra, if ye forget so soon as that, I've afeared my trouble's only beginnin' with ye."

"Forget what, sir?" "Why, didn't I tell ye, this mornin' that Mistress Alice and Nell Gower had gone to a place near London, till this Elmpiton leaves for the country?"

"Never, sir; it's a prodigious falsehood," cried the knight; "thou hast never told me a word out."

"Ought' ye not serious, Sir Geoffrey?" "Not a syllable of it, sir."

"Well, begorra, have it yer own way. I can't help ye," replied Biddy, submitting like a conquered man to the imputation. "But she's gone, any way, and expects ye'll follow her as soon as convenient."

"Biddy," said the old man, losing his hold, "take care thou deceivest me not in this, or thou'lt never deceive me again; and the low, impassioned voice in which he spoke, so different from his usual tone, showed how deeply he was affected."

"God knows I wadn't deesave ye in a matter so near the heart as that for the world," responded Biddy, with a feeling of reality, for his child-stark and sorrowing master; and as to Mistress Alice herself, faith, it went hard enough on her to lave ye without as much as a word or a blissin'; but Neil an' myself thought it best to go unknown to ye. And so he went on faithfully to relate that which had occurred, not omitting the directions Nell Gower had left for him on her departure.

"I never thought she would have thus forsaken me," muttered Sir Geoffrey, when Biddy had done speaking. "I left her but a few hours, so secure some pictures and books I prized, intending to return and put the horse in a state of defence against the coming danger; and, alas! she hath left me alone. O dear! O dear!" he added, sitting down again slowly on the bench, and spreading his hands upon his knees, "what shall I do now?"

"Follow her," replied Biddy, "av coorse—what else wud ye do?" "There's no one left here to defend the place for," pursued the knight, not noticing Biddy's suggestion; "my only child hath abandoned me—the last lord—"

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"What, quit the place, eh?" "The very thing, sir; ye'll come with me and see yer daughter; that's if ye don't want to break her heart out and out."

"I have no daughter to see. I had one once, out she ran away; so I'll even stay here, where I have lived so long, and see the old folk there, unknown and neglected, on the soil that bore it. And waving his hand to signify the inability of further attempts at discussion, he picked up his cane, and shuffled off to the library, followed by Biddy Connor."

"As Sir Geoffrey passed the little oratory, in which lay entombed the remains of Lady Wentworth and the Abbot of Allinbury, he could not resist the old habit of offering his daily prayer over the relics of the dead, and opening the door noiselessly, he took off his hat and passed in. Hardly had he entered, however, when he suddenly drew back in astonishment at seeing a human form kneeling in prayer at his wife's grave."

"Look!" who can that be?" said he, pointing out the object to Biddy. "It might be Father Peter," replied the latter at a venture. "Nay, Father Peter hath a short, brown beard, and his hair is long and gray; that man seemeth much older. But see, he rises, and approaches the secret entrance to the chapel! Ha! he hath found the mysterious opening, too, there, stranger?" at length cried the knight in a loud voice; "who art thou, and how comest thou to visit this chapel?"

"The stranger turned slowly round, presenting to the spectators a noble and commanding figure, clothed in pilgrim's garb. His height was beyond six feet; a long, white beard swept the breast of his gray gabardine, and he held a tall oak sapling in his hand."

"How comest thou to know the secrets of this chapel?" repeated Sir Geoffrey, walking close up to the stranger; "and why dost thou kneel at that grave?" "To pray for the soul of Anne Howard, who once housed her buried there."

"Ab, didst know her?" "Ay, long ere thou first saw her face." "And how knowest thou she lies interred here?" "I saw her laid in that grave, and heard the first shovel full of earth fall on her coffin."

"Ab!" "And ere the echo which followed it died away, I shook hands with thee, and passed through that secret door, and have not entered since till within the hour."

"God bless me!" exclaimed Sir Geoffrey, letting his cane fall, and clasping his hands in astonishment—"God bless me, man—ah!—thou must be Lord Henry—"

"Euan!" said the stranger, interrupting the knight, and pointing to Biddy Connor, who stood wondering at a distance. "O, I'll go, by all manner of means," said Biddy, promptly; and, turning, he passed out and closed the door behind him.

Here we must leave the old friends together to talk over the various reverses of fortune that they had experienced since they met there last, and remind the reader that it was subsequent to this secret and melancholy meeting, after a separation of twenty years, the pilgrim again suddenly appeared as the G-berinists, in the cell of Whitstone Hollow.

CHAPTER XXXIV. Biddy, having left Sir Geoffrey and the pilgrim in the oratory, hastened to ascertain what had become of Sergeant Houghton, and whether the servants had fulfilled their promise of strict watch over him till his return. On quitting the hall that morning in the troops of his habiliments, he had some fears of his safe custody, particularly since Houghton had himself betrayed an acquaintance with Sewall during the conversation at the abbey. The steward was a man whom Biddy always disliked, and disliked more because he tried every possible means to win his confidence, in view of retaining that of Sir Geoffrey through him. He was a sordid, unprincipled fellow whose sole object was gain, without the slightest scruple as to the where or the how he obtained it. Without honor or conscience, he hesitated not to take advantage of the simplicity of his master, to improve on his credulity, and to enrich himself at his expense. He was always a regular attendant at the confessional, and the altar when the priest visited the house, and took good care to sustain the reputation he had acquired for piety, by a meek and humble exterior, when in Sir Geoffrey's presence, or in the company of those whose good opinion was likely to benefit him. His bearing and gait, too, were more like those of an ecclesiastic than a man who had business with the world; his countenance modest and demure, and his words few and respectful, even to a fault. Biddy had often remonstrated with Sir Geoffrey on the danger of leaving the management of his property and his income entirely to this man. He pointed out to him various instances where his conduct of certain affairs had laid him open to grave suspicion. His large and valuable farm, for instance, which had become of late years twice as productive as his master's; his stock of horned cattle, the talk of the whole district; then the extraordinary expense he must have incurred in maintaining his wife and family in the metropolis during a considerable portion of the year. In the management of his master's more domestic affairs there was much to find fault with also. His horses were suffered to grow old and useless, Peppin being the only one that seemed to be cared for, because he was Mistress Alice's favorite; the fencibles were suffered to tumble down, and the stones to lie scattered here and there through the fields; the grass to rot uncut in the park; the weeds to overpread the avenue, with the single exception of that before the house, because it lay immediately under his master's eye; the gates, too, had rotted from their hinges and lay moss-grown on the roadside; the windows of several rooms in the upper story of the house were broken, and the rain had found its way in and rotted the floors. Then the paintings and the tapestries were neglected, and falling in pieces from the damp walls; all, forsooth, because no distaff came to the hall, and fies were missing of late; in a most unaccountable manner; and occasional hints thrown out by the steward's city acquaintances that Mrs. Sewall's table was grander than could be honestly accounted for. Often and often did Biddy bring these matters under Sir Geoffrey's consideration, and implore of him to interrupt his studies for a while, in order to examine into the state of his affairs. But it was to no purpose. Sir Geoffrey never could find leisure; and, besides, Sewall was in his opinion a pious, God-fearing man; for he was pious at his religious exercises, carried a large prayer-book covered with calf-skin, and was never known to swear or drink wine; walked at a measured pace, and wore his clothes well brushed and neatly put on. He was therefore strictly honest—a man like him could not possibly be otherwise; and so poor Sir Geoffrey felt quite at his ease.

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