## THE HEARTHSTONE.

and empty benches; but his heart gave an unmistakable leap when he distinguished one amongst them, and saw that Miss Winter was in her usual place at the extreme end of the long room, and close to the fire.

Miss Winter, in a coquottishly simple gray dress, trimmed with delicate far, was warning her hands at the blaze, and, as usual, neglecting her easel, on which stood a very imperfect remeasuration in chalk of a classic head crownand empty benches; but his heart gave an un

representation in chalk of a classic head crowned with acanthus leaves.
She looked up demurely when the master ap-

proached, returning his quiet, "Good morning, ladies," with a greeting even more carefully guarded from any particular expression, but she did not move from the fire.

"And how have you got on to-day, Miss Winter?" Mr. Moore asked, gravely, as he paused

before the neglected casel.

"It is so cold to-day," was the young lady's reply, with a little shiver, and a swift upward glame from under her bright hair.

glauce from under her bright hair.

"That is not an answer to my question," Mr. Moore observed, endeavouring to concentrate his attention on the head in chalk.

"I am sure it is, or would be, Mr. Moore, if you were not so enthently practical. It means that, being so cold, my fingers were naturally stiff; so that when I began to touch up lacehus, or whenever he may be I only gays him too. or whoever he may be, I only gave him too much eyebrow. That's all I've done to-day,

"I thought as much. Now let me see how industrious you can be, and what progress you can make before I return. Your fingers must be warm now, so come from the fire."

Eve obeyed in silence, and the master lieft

and went cheerfully through his duties, a word of encouragement and kindly criticism for each pupil.

As I have said, they were few in number to-day; principally red-checked school-girls, who fluttered a little, and nudged each other vaguely, when Mr. Moore approached; but whose sensi bilities were not too much excited by the unde-niable admiration they feel for this quiet and rather languid young man, to allow them, after he had passed on, and was once more at Miss Winter's side, to continue the crunching of bonbons, with which they were sweetening their

labours.

Eve was incorrigibly idle this morning, and instead of trying to improve the personal ap-pearance of the injured god, she had been drawing little sketches from a rare scarlet flower, which she had brought from the conservatory at Lea.

Mr. Moore, seeing this, took the flower from her hand, and desired her to attend to her

work.
Miss Winter obeyed again, and for five minutes she appeared to be extremely busy. Then she threw down her crayon-holder, and exclaimed, softly, "Do be kind this morning, Mr. Moore; never mind faccious and his eyebrow; but tell me something about pictures, or painters or show me something about pictures, or painters or show me something about pictures, or painters or show me something about pictures, or painters. ers, or show me something pretty, as you used to do, on rainy days, when there were so few to attend to. I confess I am idle to-day."

"And that is so unusual in Miss Winter, that I am to indulge her in consequence?" The master's tone was severe; but his eyes were smiling down on the changing face, uplifted eagerly to them. "Well, what shall I show you?" he asked, relentingly. And as he thought of the sketch in the portfolio, he thought, with strange satisfaction, "She has brought it on

"Whatever you think I shall like to see," Eve answered, still softly, as though she feared to attract the attention of the other rupils, who were uncounclously crunching their innocent bon-bons with their backs turned on this ro-

mance of real life.
So Mr. Moore proceeded to amuse Miss Winter, and to that end, opened a portfolio full of his own drawings, handing them, one by one, into Eve's white hand, and listening to her little chattering comment upon each, as she knelt down by the fire to look at them, glancing up asionally at the tall figure that stood beside

her.

"Ashy-Dene! Oh, how pretty! Do you remember what a pleasant pic-nic we had there? Yes; there is the waterfall, and the great ches-What a lovely little sketch! Oh, Miss Beresford, with her hair dressed to death, as usual. Poor Laural she ought to be flattered, I'm sure, Mr. Moore, that you remember her face so well; or did she sit to you? No? Well, it is a capital likeness. Of course, you think her pretty? I thought so; most men do admire rosy cheeks and black eyes. Is that our garden-walk at Lea, with the fountain? What charming little bits you make out of the most common-place materials! What is that in your hand? It is the last, I see."
"Perhaps you had better not look at this one,

Miss Winter," the artist said, a dark flush rising to his broad forehend

young lady's answer, as she took it from his hand, smiling, and looked at it. But the smile died from her lips as she look-

A litti

ed, and she grew yery pale.

It was a picture of young Laurence and Lady Clara Vere de Vere ; and on the heartless beauty's breast, as she stood looking down carelessly on her rustic lover's despair, there gleamed a bunch of holly-berries, and dark shin-

Carelessly as it was done, Eve knew the face in the picture for her own, and read, with a beating heart, the few words scrawled under the

"I know you, Clara Vere de Vere!"
With a trembling hand, she gave it back, and tried to speak, but she broke down; and with a

piteous look luto Graham's cold face, she waited to hear what he would say. Without appearing to notice her emotion, Mr. Moore began to gather up the drawings, and put them back into the portfolio, observing quietly, as he did so, "You don't like the last one,

Something in his unconcerned mannerah! how much it cost him to assume that manner—stung Eve into replying as coolly. The hot flush faded from her cheek. She rose, and stood

"Ah, yes; it is very good !" she said. "But I am afraid all my sympathics are with Lady Clara, that queen of coquettes. Very improper, I know; but, I dare say, young Laurence be-came so insufferably stupid, after a time, that she was obliged to give him his congé."

slie was obliged to give him his congé."

"Or, perhaps, she took fright at his thek boots and hard hands—poverty! That is too much to endure for the truest love—is it not?"

"Men are so fond of insisting on it, in that amiably sarcastic tone, that I begin to think it is true—at least, in their case. It is they who fear it most, after all. They dare ask a woman to share her life with them — to give her best self into their keeping: but to endure a little privation, they are not noble enough—they do not credit her with nobility enough—they do not credit her with nobility enough for that! Though, in-leed, few men would be worth the sacrifice!"

Pale and agitated, Miss Winter turned away, and began to put on her gloves; all pleasure was over for that morning.

Graham's face had lost all its affectation of

indifference; eager and glowing, he followed her impetuous movements with passionate eyes.
What hopes, and fours had not that scornful little arrange younged within him. seh roused within him ! One kind word | lessly.

would have decided his fate; but he was not wise to ask for it just then.

"But you would have turned young Laurence

away, Miss Winter ?" he asked breathlessly. She turned, and looked into his face for a short moment. Decidedly the young lady's temper had been ruffled; for though a sharp pang thrilled through her heart at his wistful, imploring expression, she replied carelessly, "Ah tho doubt I should! I dislike thick boots! Good morn-

ing, Mr. Moore!"
And so she went away ; and the master going to the window, watched her down the street, until her golden head and violet petticont were lost in the distance; then he returned to his

The searlet flower that Eve Winter had worn lay on her easel still. Mr. Moore took it up, and carried it home, and put it in a glass of water, whence it shone, in his lonely parlour, a spot of warm, living colour throughout the dark December day, looking as strange and its shably surroundings, Graham thought, bitterly, as the young lady might have done who had carried it on hor breast for a little time.

## CHAPTER IV.

So the red hot-house flower became the text of a long sermon to Graham Moore. For the first time since he had begun tolove Evo Winter, he dared to look soberly into his own heart, and think of what he saw there.

" I will waste no more time indangling after a practised coquette," he said to himself, in the course of that dreary afternoon. "I cannot af-ford to give her so much of my time, though she

values it and me at so little.

"And I have been debdling myself, like a miserable fool, with the idea that I could rival handsome Hal Chorlake, with als London-made clothes, and unlimited supply of pule-coloured gloves, and his great house and fortune. I, a disappointed man, whose pictures don't sell, and who will never be anything better than a badly-paid teacher of drawing as long as I live! What t lively fancy remains to me after my two-andthirty years !

"I have invested considerably myself in pale coloured gloves during the last six months, bocause, forsooth, I must appear better off than 1 am. I had better have spent the money on those objectionable thick-boots: they would carry me comfortably through the rain and the snow, to my pupils That is the life to which I must accustom myself, and I will begin from this hour. I will shut the eyes of my heart on that little drawing room, rosy, and glancing with firelight, where she is nestling now, no doubt—that pretty, graceful indolence envelopingher like a mist very desirable attribute in the wife of a struga very desirable attribute in the wife of a strug-gling man! What have I to do with a little exotic like her? And Chorlake—of course he will be there to-night, hanging over her as she sings, breathing in that vague scent that always clings about her shining hair—looking into her eyes! Oh, my darling!" And here the unhappy cycs; (ii), my daring: And nere the unhappy young man broke down with something like a sob. "You will give yourself to him, though you belong to me. Oh, Eve!—my Eve!— my wilful love! If I did not know that you loved me, I could resign you to that kindly heart without a single selfish regret. But, now, he will give you shining gowns, and diamonds for your pretty throat, and pleasant scents and sounds; but he will not make you happy with them, my poor child! He cannot; for, within the last few months, you have become conscious of a deeper want thun those can satisfy. Oh, if I dared—" The master's eye fell on the scarlet flower at

that moment, and the sentence remained unfi-Naturally enough, Miss Winter, too, had been thinking matters over that dreary afternoon. When she left the school in the morning she was decidedly angry, whether with herself or with Graham Moore the young haly could not decide: so, instead of going straight home, she wandered along a crooked old lane which would

bring her to the sea, she knew, though after many windings, in order to have a little time to herself for reflection. The snow lay deep along the road, and on the bare hedges and trees by the way, and the sharp frosty wind blew keenly in her face, making two great blush-roses of her checks; yet, she lingered over her cheerless walk, absorbed by her

gered over her cheerless walk, absorbed by her own thoughts, and heedless of the cold. "I wonder how he dared show me that sketch!" she was saying to herself. "And yet I liked him better this morning than I have ever done, and Aunt Erroll would be shocked if she knew how much that meant! But I deny, I utterly deny that I have ever trifled with him, as my charming sisterhood in Monksholm would say. I have been careful to avoid coquetry with him, whatever I may have done with poo Hal Chorlake. I have shown Mr. Moore, more respect. I know-been more deferential, and so forth; but he is so poor, and so sad, how could I help it? And the respect I have been silently good girl—avail yourself of that poculiar influence of the poor in the property was the exercise over the property was the exercise. paying to his poverty and his disappointed life, he has interpreted as the wiful manceuvre of

an lille coquette.

"How clear-sighted these men are! Is it worth our while, I wonder, to try to be better than they think us! And how long am I to go on retusing my poor Hal, who does love me, for a man of whom I have been weak enough to think a great deal too often; just because he has a melancholy face, and magnificent languidlooking eyes, I suppose—for what do I know of him besides, except that he evidently thinks very lightly of me? Well, it must soon come to an end, this doubt and suspense. I don't think I am romantic, but I notice that of late I have heard the hours strike during the night a great many times—my sleep is restless—I wake tired and fretful. Mr. Moore's triumph over me would be complete, indeed, if he could guess the reason of all this; but he does not know of it, and he never shall.

"I duresny he thinks my life a pandles from morning till night: he does not know that I am dependent on Aunt Lucy's bounty for the pretty dresses, and bonnets, and gloves I wear; and that she, kind as she is, fully expects me to make a 'good match' in return for her patron-

age and shelter. "Ah! how Graham Moore would despise me if he knew that I only came down here to tantalize Hal Chorlake, and make him follow me, and lead him on to a proposal! I did; but then

I did not love any one. Now—"
A heavy sigh ended the reverie, and Miss
Winter, looking at her tiny toy of a watch, all
blue enamel and brilliants, quickoned her pace; for Mrs. Erroll did not like to be kept waiting for

The rosy glow of the fire looked very friendly when Eve reached home after her long walk, and the comfortably spread table was not a thing to be despised; so she submitted with a smile to being gently scolded by Aunt Lucy's well-bred voice, and to having her wraps removed by Aunt Lucy's plump white hands.

"Naughty child!" that hady said; "you must be starved. I shall certainly forbid your going to that dreadful school again. As for me, I am famished. Luncheon directly, Sto.hens. Where have you been, dear? But there! you must when Eve reached home after her long walk

have you been, dear? But there! you must have a little wine before you tell me. What pretty pink cheeks your walks has given you, too; and Mr. Chorlake has only just missed see

ing them, poor fellow !"
"He has been here, then ?" Eve asked, care-

"My darling, he has been here all the morning. He declares—a little fowl, dear ?—that you promised to see him."

"I believe I did, auntie; but I forgot all about

him, and my promise too."

offit temper has been something diabolical in consequence. He has divided his spleon be-tween poor Fie and me; but I think I have had the worst of it."

the worst of it."
"Poor Auntle!" Eve laughed; "and poor Flo! There's a kiss for the principal victim, and a merry-thought for the other. But what has Mr. Chorlake been doing that is so very

Mrs. Erroll sighed. Flo, being only a fat, white positic, with very pink eyes, contented herself with a pensive attack on the merry-thought. Eve finished her sherry, and went back to the

fire, "Relieve your mind, Aunt Lauy," she said, gaily; "you may be sure of my deepest sympathy."

"My dear Eve, I don't know where to begin: he has tauried every skein of silk and every reel of cotton in my work-basket; he has pulled at least a handful of wool off poor Flo's morlanding back; he has played the most frightful dis-cords on the plane; and when two o'clock came, and there was still no sign of you, he looked so dangerously inclined to cat me, that I thought it prodent to offer him some luncheon; but that he evidently looked upon as a serious personal affront, for he rushed off like a whirlwind, to my

unspeakable relief."

(Poor Hal!" Eve exclaimed, with a silvery, little laugh. "We shall see him to-night at Mrs. Beresford's, and then I will make my

peace."
"I shall not be surprised if you have some news to tell me, when we return," Mrs. Erroll said significantly, with a gentle pat on Eve's curly head. "And Eve, doar, of course you are not going to be foolish; there is no time to be lost, remember. I am so weary of this place, that directly you are settled, I shall join your Aunt Emily in Paris—I need some change; so be a good girl, and put Mr. Chorlake out of his pain at once."

" Will It be putting him out of pain to marry him when I am just a little fonder of him than you are of Flo, Aunt Lucy ?" Eve spoke seri-

ously, looking up with anxious, beautiful eyes into Mrs. Erroll's caim face.

"My darling Eve," that lady replied, with a becoming studder; "don't be gushing, I implore of you! Leave that to the girls who have no other resource. You are a very charming woman, my love, and you have just enough. woman, my love, and you have just enough heart to give tone and colour to your charms. Pray don't let it interfere needlessly with your advancement in life. Sentiment is like rouge: it heightens beauty only when judiciously employed, and in small quantities."

Eve laughed, and her aunt went on, encouraged.

"You have played your cards very well, Eve, like a thorough little woman of the world, and you don't want to resign Mr. Chorlake and The Beeches now that they are at your feet, to the tender mercles of these dowdy Monksholm girls. No! you will take your place above them all—the place to which your beauty and tast entitle you. You would be very much out of your element in a sphere that would suit them exactly—in the curate's shabby parlour, for in-stance or presiding over a one o'clock dinner as little Dr. Golstone's wife. But, indeed, your own childish experience must have taught you the folly of an improvident mar-

"It has, is deed signification, for, surely, all our misery, "il sales to keep, was the result of pov-erty. I cannot think of my mother's sufferings now, without crying over them."

Mrs. Erroll nestled comfortably in the cush-lons of her easy chair. "Your mother married for love, Eve," she

said, drily. "And, yot," Eve wont on, "I don't think being poor is so very dreadful to itself, auntle : I entid marry a poor man, if I thought he would not get to love me less when I wore the same dress very often, and looked anxious, and was sometimes cross because, in spite of mysolf, I sometimes cross occase, in spite of mysoli, it could not help missing my old comforts — my baths, and my silk dresses, and my little ponycarriage. Oh, Aunt Lucy, it is not we, but the men, who chafe under the change; and then they cease to care for us, because, for their sake, we have lost the smile, and the colour. and the roundness, and gatety that had at first charmed them into all they could feel of love !

" Little cynic !" Mrs. Erroll auswered, fondly. "My Eve is not going to lose any of her pretti-ness utall. That gray slik dress is very becoming, dear. I, for my part, have no desire to see it changed for a russet gown, such as we used to read of in sentimental novels, when I was a girl, or those very dimpled elbows reddened by attention to domestic details. No; be a ence you seem to exercise over every man fate throws in your way; say 'Yes,' to-night, and ask Aunt Lucy to come and pay you a pleasant visit, when you are Mrs. Chorlake, of The

"Dear Aunt Lucy !" Eve answered, absently. She was looking wistfully into the fire; her heart was beating with a strange trouble.

A vague sonse of triumph at Mr. Chorlake's

evident subjection-of regret, almost remorac for Graham Moore's disappointment that morn-ing—seemed blent with a feverish conclousness that her aunt's careless words as to her influence

over the feelings of most men, were true.
Two strong hearts lay in her weak little hand;
others might yield as these had done—life might have some strange remance in store for her, some joys and sorrows deeper than those of the women she met, every day, contented with the monotony of their unventual lives. She guessed wonderingly at the capabilities of her own nature for suffering or for delight, looking into her heart's future with calm eyes, as though at something apart from herself—something to be written about in passionate snatches of verse—something to give colour to her refined and symmathatic playing, and ferrour to the beliefer she have some strange remance in store for her.

patietic playing, and fervour to the ballads she sang with so much artistic feeling.

"Better to suffer, than to stagnate," she thought. And here, her meditations were interrupted by a feeble remonstrance from the poolic, which began to consider itself neglected; as kilowes lifted into Aunt Laurely sortioned by so Flowas lifted into Aunt Luoy's perfumed lap, and caressed by two pairs of pretty white hands, until her usual amiability was restored.

> (To be continued.) WOMEN'S FRIENDSHIPS.

There is searcely anything in itself so absolutely trivial as the friendship which in a cortain class of society one woman forms for an tain class of society one woman forms for another, at the shortest possible notice, and as quickly repudiates. Guaged by fervency of outward demonstration, these states or phases of mutual liking are well worthy of the name of friendship, but they fall when tested by a more abiding standard. Satire despises so in-significant a target. The habit (for it is nothing more) is by most women soon outgrown, and is so entirely barren of results for good or for ovil,

mote watch these ebbs and flows of affection do not interfore, recognizing at once their felly and their harmlessness. It is possible, however, that in tracing back these effects to their cause, we may find some more definite plece of useless ness, which can at least be marked for de-struction. If only this earth were trencher-shaped, as some long-headed man has tried in our time to show, staking money on his opinion, it would then be easy to cart away many nui-sances and sheer absurdities of long standing, and tip them over the edge, leaving those who mourned their loss to follow them; but gravity nots alike on the useful and the useless. The wiser plan is to lay our finger with what precision we can on the unsound tree, and trust to some strong woodman of a future generation to pass that way with his axe. To retur.: to our subject, the ephomoral nature of what are known as "women's friendships." They are seldom unworthly formed; the two women who, for an infinitely small space of their life's path are twinned in thought and tustes, are in general equally matched, and it is rare for the union to be severed by the discovery of base ness on one side. On the other hand, we re-member the case of a man who received the wintsh" of a University aducation failing in with an American on the Continent, and, after an acquaintance of exactly four days, bringing him home to stop at his mother's house. They arrived late at night, after the lady of the house had retired to bed; but when in the morning she expected to make the acquaintance of her son's friend, it was found that he and the spoons had vanished in the night. Such hastily-coment-ed fri indships are, however, rare between men. The characteristic features of these brief flashes of friendships, cases in a desert of com-monplace, as some young ladies would call them, are the gush and fervour with which they are sustained, and the quiet way in which they die a natural death. "How is Surah Jones?" de a nitural death. "How is Strill Joins?" "Oh," says Miss Smith, "I haven't heard anything of her for months," "But you used to write to her every week"—(very stilly). "Miss Jones and I used to correspond." It would seem that there is one common root from which career. This shallowness, like every other tion of female education which, until lately, has prevailed.

By nature impulsive, the girl is taught that the main object of her life is to make herself a showy and agreeable companion. She learns her stock of little arts and accomplishments with no idea of benefiting or improving herself, but merely to compel the admiration of others. Thus, the honest metal of her heart is overlaid with a coat of gliding, the more dazzling the better. As she grows up she discovers, or she is soon told, that these arts and blandishments must not be brought to bear directly on the op-posite sex. Society will not allow any open use of the weapons with which she has armed her maiden warriors. They must not, however, he suffered to rust; so, by the way of practice, as well as to awe the male foe by the sight of their skill, these young ladies set them selves to fight a way into each other's affections. In this battle she wins who is most demonstrative, and so the two become fast friends, amid kisses and means of victory. Before long the quick female wit sees exactly how much of this amiability has been put on. Both sides had been carried away with the belief, half felgmed and half real, that two such sympathizing natures had never met before, that here was the genesis of a life-long friendship; in cooler moments, the artificiality of the whole thing dawns upon them, and by mutual agreement it is suffered to drop. Such, we think, is the history of many of those friendships; certainly no harm is done by them, but with equal certainty no good. Why should a girl be taught that her happiness is measured by her power of amusing others, and the amount of shallow affection which upor occasion she can make display? A truer teach ing would tell her to be sincere in word and deed, to make herself attractive indeed to all; but to reserve her deeper regard for those who have some of the steadfastness of purpose and honesty of heart which mark a roal friend. She need not be deficient in those amenities which make the wheel of life run smoothly but, having received from Nature the double gift of a fine instinct, and an impulsive longing for sympathy, she should let the impulse be guided by the instinct, and choose only those for her friends in whom she has discorned under all outward gloss the true metal. We have in all outward gloss the true metal. We have in-dicated the error which underlies those mis-called friendships. In themselves harmless enough they serve to show the source from which spring others loss harmless. It should be no unimportant part of a young girl's education to give her a distinct notion of her calling and position in life. If she is taught to troud firmly the path of independence, she will no longer, by her confidences lightly placed and lightly re moved, cast a slur on that most beautiful and enduring of passions—the love of woman.— Social Review.

## THE SELFISHNESS OF HUSBANDS.

No wife thinks herself aggreeved because her husband, instead of a pony-carria to for her and the children, keeps a hunter for himself, or because he has his own private dinner while she shares the family meal. On the contrary, to a certain extent, the English wife likes her lord and master to be selfish, and encourage him in it; she has always been taught that her first duty is to her husband, and she follows out the lesson implicitly, and takes a pleasure in saving shillings that he may waste pounds. The fact is a part of our national character, and is hardly likely ever to be much altered. bourer's wife is rather proud of the first that her husband beats her at times when he is more than usually disposed to realize that patriarchal ideal which is the keynote of the English family. And so the wife of the middle class is also so cretly a little proud of her husband's self-indulgences. She grumbles, perhaps, but she would not for the world have him give up his club, or his annual visit to the Derby and Oaks, or his fine regalias, or his exponsive claret. And for a kind word or two, or a touch of that old tender-ness of which so little now remains, she would, ness of which so little now remains, she would, indeed, endure almost anything without a murmur. Her one pleasure is the usual sea-side trip. And as long as that is secure, she cares very little how dull and naked and cheerless is her life for the other eleven months, or how many petty annoyances have to be endured, and

petty economies practised.

The husband's selfishness, again, is greatly due to the fact that he speads so little of his time in his wife's company. Selfishness such as that of which we speak is not innate; it is rather a bad habit. What a man allows himself once or twice as a trant, be soon come to reonce or twice as a treat, he soon comes to re gard as a matter of course. But he yet may be, gard as a matter of course. But he yet may be, and possibly is, a very generous fellow. The solfish man in esse is, indeed, as often as not the generous man in posse — the link between the two being that very good nature, which when a man is alone, takes self for its object. Men see far too little of their wives. The "club" that in the pauses of the more serious events of is far too important a fact in their life. They life it merely excites a passing smile. Those leave home early and come home late, and the who from a polut of interest nearer or more re— gloom of the English sabbath casts itself over

all their home life. And who can doubt that the indirect cause of all this is that pest of large families with which England labours. It is Mrs. Shindy and "the children" who are waited upon by the girl in pattens. But let a man have one child, or, at the outside two, or, if he be fairly well off, perhaps three, he is almost sure to be a different man. He will go about with his wife, an i spend money upon a hundred little cheap and pleasant amusements. It is assumishing how much originary tle cheap and pleasant amusements. It is astonishing how much enjoyment can be get out of a few shillings judiciously spent. But then, where it is easy enough to take about a wife, or a wife and child, it is difficult, troublesome, and annoying to take about a family of a dozen. A man is in his heart always a little ashamed of playing Darby and Joan. And—in justice to husbands—it must be admitted that there is a wide difference between six boys in bluchers and a wife with an alpace umbrella, and one nicely-dressed little girl and a wife in a sont-skin jacket. It is a little brutal to say so, but the plain truth is that most poor men are more or less ashamed of the appearance of their wives and children—and that not altogether without reason. But and that not altogether without reason. But let a man have a presentable wife and child, and the whole current of his life is ipso facto, changed. He gives up his club, and haunts places like the Crystal Palace and the Botanical Gardens. He takes a pride in his home and its surroundings. And that he should situad drink factour and Leville at the Argener multiple. Latour and Leville at the Arcopagus, while his wife drinks beer at home, would seem to him simply monstrous. Let him have a dozen children instead of one, and the Shindy element in him developes at once. A poor man with a large family is unhappy. And an unhappy man Is always selish. Solishness, indeed, is a man's relief from amoyance. It is a moral callus produced by the light shoe of poverty.

There is some reason to hope that the true secret of life is beginning to be better understood, and that it will not detail to be considered.

secret of the is beginning to be better inaccisions, and that it will one day be seen that the man who had six sons, when he ought to have only one, does all the six an irreparable injury. Monstrous families of twelve and fourteen children are now usually the glory of pure carates, whose views on the matter are, of course, as might have been expected, apt to be tinged by the colour of their profession. It is, indeed, impossible to doubt that sounder ideas on the subject are more prevalent than is generally supposed. It is not of course, a matter property which reselve It is not, of course, a matter about which people are apt to talk, and the change of public sonti-ment can only be gathered from its effects. But the sheer cost of living becomes day by day so much dearer, while the love of enjoyment and refinement so increases, that to hundreds of people the problem must have long ago assamed a practical aspect. Ten years ago it was a common complaint that young men did not marry. We do not hear this of them now. Marriages are plentiful enough, and a pleasant companionable girl has seldom to wait long for a husband. In the course of another demi-genération we shall fear no more about " the deserted wife," and the English home will shake off its present genteel squator. Social reforms always commence from above.—Econiner.

FANNY'S MUD PIES.

BY BLIZABETH SHILL.

Under the apple tree, spreading and thick. Happy with only a pan and a stick, On the soft grass in the shadow that lies, Our little Fanny is making mud pies.

On her brown apron and bright drooping head Showers of pink and white blossoms are shed: Tied to a branch that seems meant just for that, Dances and flatters her little straw hat.

Gravely she stirs with a serious look,
"Making believe" she's a true pastry cook:
Smalry brown solashes on forchead and eyes
Show that our Fanny is making mud pies.

But all the soil of her innocent play Clean sonp and water will soon wash away: Many a pleasure in daintier guise Leaves darker traces than Panny's mud pies.

Dash, full of joy in the bright summer day, Z ndously chases the robins away, Barks at the equirrels, or sums at the flies, All the while Fanny is making mud pies.

Sanshine and soft summer breezes astir, While she is busy, are busy with her; Chocks rosy glowing, and bright sparkling eyes, Bring they to Fauny while making mud pies.

Dollies and playthings are all faid away, Not to come out till the next rainy day, Under the blue of those swoot summer skies, Nothing's so pleasant as making mud pies.

of 1868.1

TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss M. E. Braddon.

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

CHAPTER XLVII.

WILT BANISH TRUTH? IT INJURES NOT THE DEAD.

RICHARD REDMAYNE WAS a prisoner in Maidstone jail. Very wearisome were the examinations and cross-examinations which were necessary before the indictment against the actual sinner was fairly made out, and the in-nocence of Joseph Flood so demonstrated as to admit of his release from custody. Then, with the season of hop-gathering, and the long October nights lit here and there by campfires, came the assizes. Rick Redmayne, of Brierwood Farm, the kindly master, the cheerful open-hearted yeoman and trusty friend of years gone by, stood in the dock to plead guilty

to a midnight assassination. Never was there a profounder silence than that which held the court spell-bound when, after a verdict of guilty and a recommendation to mercy, the prisoner was asked if he had any-

thing to say.
"Yes," answered Richard Redmayne quietly. "There is something I should be thankful to say, with your lordship's leave. I should like the world to know why I shot that man."

And then in very plain and simple words, with a singular cleaness and conciseness, be

told Grace's story and his own. His return from Australia, his search, his discovery—only of a grave—his rooted conviction that the revealment of her lover's villany had slain his daughter. He told the judge, in a few rugged powerful sentences, what he felt as he sat in the moonlight watching his enemy's approach, and why he fired straight at that enemy's

