

A PATIENT CREDITOR.

You owe me, Nell, a little sum. But you needn't pay, you needn't pay; For it may chance your powerful home I'll pass some day, I'll pass some day.

And then, as one who begs for alms (Not asking pay, not asking pay), I'll plead, "I'm hungry for a smile," Then go my way, then go my way.

Another day I'll open your door, All pale and wan, all pale and wan: "I'd like a little interest, dear," To help me on, to help me on.

And yet again I'll halt to beg: "I'm cold, my dear, I'm cold, my dear: A kiss would warm me through and through." Perhaps you'll hear, perhaps you'll hear.

Then, Nell, if owing still your debt, You grant me these, you grant me these, I'll give you a receipt in full. Down on my knees, dear, on my knees!

(REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1884.)

IN AFTER-YEARS; OR, FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

CHAPTER X.

Agnes pressed one finger on her lip, as she looked with supplicating eyes in the man's face; he understood her; the few servants now left in the Castle, spoke unreservedly to each other of the cruel way in which Sir Richard treated his grandchildren.

"They have run away," thought he, "and I shall not be the one to stop them." "Goodbye," said he aloud, as he turned on his heel, and running down the bank, touched his hat to his master, as he said: "It is a woman and her little girl, who are waiting for the carrier's cart to Aberdeen, they come from Rottlie's farm, and had just sat down when the carriage turned the corner."

"I thought as much," was Sir Richard's dry reply, as he instantly drove on, scarce giving the groom time to vault into his seat. Agnes heard the man's words, and Sir Richard's reply, and bowed her head in praise to God for this second deliverance.

The carriage was out of sight, the noise of rolling wheels, and horses' feet had died away, and Agnes, once more alone with the silent night, tried to raise her sister's head from its recumbent position, so that the sweet breath of heaven might blow upon, and recover her, the girl opened her blue eyes, and heaving a deep sigh asked her sister.

"What was it; was I asleep, did I dream something about Sir Richard coming to take us back?"

"You have not told me your dream," replied her sister, avoiding a direct reply. "I cannot say what you dreamed, but here is Adam with a cart, so we will soon be beyond Sir Richard's power."

The twins were soon seated in the cart, Adam driving as fast as the Shetland policy would trot.

The day was dawning as they took their way towards the farm of John Longman, the late occupant of the Haddon Arms; the sun rose amid a flood of golden crimson, edged with light fleecy clouds; it seemed to the long pent up girls, as if the crimson sky reflected in the sea below, while above the fringe of snow white, woolly clouds, protected it from the dull gray beyond, was the very gate of heaven; the rapid motion of the light cart through the fresh morning air, seemed to impart new life to their fainting spirits; the sweet forest leaves, the opening wild rose, the bluebell ringing out, the lark rising from her grassy bed, singing her morning psalm, and soaring as she sang; all spoke of opening life and joy, telling to the souls of the children, as no spoken words ever could, that to those who walk in His ways, the life that God hath given is happiness.

The twins were received by Mrs. Longman with a pleasant face of welcome, and after reposing for some hours, in a softer bed, and more pleasant room, than they had known for many a day, they were regaled with cream, fresh eggs, wheaten bread, honey, every delicacy the farm could afford; while old Adam stood serving them, with all the ceremony he would have used in their father's Castle.

From Mrs. Longman they learned that Lady Hamilton was in London, where she had gone on a visit to Lady Morton some months past; she did not know her address, all she knew was that Lady Morton's town residence was in Belgrave, that the Duke of Richmond, Lord Salome, Countess Clara, and several other nobles, friends of Lady Hamilton, lived in the same vicinity; she had been there herself for a few weeks, while she was lady's maid to Lady Hamilton (a position she had held from early youth until her marriage) but it was long ago, and she had now forgotten the little she had learned of the place during her brief sojourn.

This information decided the girls in the course they would take, they would go to London, and seek out the only friend on whose advice they could rely, as being the wisest and best for them to follow; in Agnes's heart lay an untold hope, that from Lady Hamilton she would learn why they had never heard from, or seen Arthur Lindsay in all the weary weeks and months of the past year.

It was advisable they should travel with all secrecy, until the vicinity of Haddon Castle had been left in the distance, and even while in Scotland, they could not consider themselves safe; they therefore with the advice of John Longman, resolved that they would travel by night to Aberdeen in the Carrier's wagon, which belonged to Longman, and which he drove regularly twice a week to the city himself.

The wagon was a covered one, and he would so manage as to exclude all passengers except the two young ladies, thus preserving perfect privacy, while were they to go by the mail coach, they would at every stage be liable to be seen and recognized; arrived at Aberdeen, they would at once go on board a schooner, now lying in the harbour, of which Mrs. Longman's brother was the skipper.

At eight o'clock on the evening of the day which brought the twins to the farm, they were jogging comfortably along inside the Alford and Aberdeen carrier's cart, special arrangements having been made for the ease and convenience of the young ladies, with as

much care as would have been used had they been possessed of all the influence which was theirs in the past year; Adam sitting with his nephew in front.

The rocking motion of the cart, formed a soporific for the weary children, and sleeping soundly during their journey, they awoke next morning to hear the shouting of sailors, and voices of the sea-faring folks on the wharf at Aberdeen.

They were fortunate in the time of their arrival, the Skeelby Skipper was just about to weigh anchor as John Longman went on board to tell the Captain, of the passengers he had brought with him.

"Oh man!" said the honest seaman, "I have no place on board for women o' any kind, let alone ladies of their rank; there's a big passenger-ship in the harbour the noo, and the morn the new Steamboat 'll be in, they'll get every accommodation on the one or the other, it's better for them to wait and go with one o' them."

Longman told a part of their history, and the need there was for secrecy in the movements of the young ladies and their attendant.

The sailor stood with feet wide apart, both hands stuck in his trouser pockets, and with

they were born; some folks think he's mad yet."

"It's like enough," replied the chandler, "I heard of his being in our Hospital, and giving them a thousand pounds for their trouble; I would like to help the poor things to get out of his grip, I wish ye had just said it was poor folk that could not pay in a passenger ship, the Captain would have taken them himself if ye had said that at the first; ye say th' ye're going to Lady Hamilton's, and old Adam's taking care of them?"

"Oh yes, they're going straight to Lady Hamilton's and Adam is to stay with them there," the carrier added this to make his care stronger in the eyes of the owner.

At this moment a pretty young girl of sixteen, put her head in at the door, so as just to show her head and shoulders, saying,

"Father, you're wanted in the shop."

Longman seized the occasion, as a favorable time to urge his suit.

"How would you like MacClashan, that your father were mad, and had a chance to be taken up that bonnie lassie in a room with plastered iron shutters?"

"Deed I would na like it at all, especially if

"Oh yes," replied the sailor, I can give you the direction of a nice place, a real genteel house, where Miss Sticheum the mantua maker bides when she comes up to town for her patterns, she was here two months ago, and I was up there seeing her, and I saw the mistress of the house, a real nice like woman with a brown silk dress, and ribbons in her cap; she lives in the heart of the city, and yet her house is in a nice quiet place off the street."

The mate sought his berth, and in due time returned with a slip of paper torn from a memorandum book on which was written, Mrs. Cox, Thieves' Inn, Holborn, which he delivered to Adam, telling him that Holborn was the name of the street, and Thieves' Inn the name of the court in which were ten or a dozen large houses, the third one of which was occupied by Mrs. Cox, adding, "There will be plenty of cabs on the wharf, to take you up there at once on our arrival."

The next morning they touched Horn's Wharf and bidding a kind goodbye to all on board, in half an hour afterwards they found themselves carried along amid the whirl and din of London streets; the shopwindows piled with all sorts of goods for luxury, use,

"In that case, Mr. Sticheum," replied Mrs. Cox, drawing herself up to her full height, which was very diminutive and unprepossessing at that, and stiffening her compressed lips until they resembled two faded salmon-coloured cords—

"In that case we always require the money to be paid down before possession is taken of the apartments."

"And you do wisely," replied Adam, taking a prudent view of the matter, and not in the least offended. "I'll just pay the cabman for his trouble, and then I'll settle with Mr. Cox."

"My George is not at home forenoon or afternoon; he is studying the law with Mr. Catchem, of Cecil Street, Strand, and besides him I'm a lone woman. My late lamented husband died when George was only a year old, seventeen years ago; she stopped to leave a deep sigh, and then resumed in a brisk tone, "so I take all the money myself."

"Very right," was Adam's reply, scarcely knowing what part of her speech he was answering.

The cabman having been dismissed, it was at length settled that the young ladies were to have the best front parlour with the two bed-rooms off, at a rate of two guineas per week, while Adam was to pay one guinea a week for his room, because he insisted on sleeping on the same flat with the young ladies, instead of going up to an attic, which when Mrs. Cox found he was the servant, she supposed he should do.

Mrs. Cox's family consisted of herself and son, a youth verging on eighteen years of age, rather short and chunky, with pale blue eyes, whom his mother on all favourable occasions, declared with a sigh to be remarkably good-looking, just the image of his dear departed papa.

The youth was talked of by several young ladies of his acquaintance as being a very clever, very, he having, on several occasions, been inclined to favour the damsels in question by sending to them, what he chose to denominate lyrics written by himself, thereby making their ears tingle, and their eyes twinkle with delight, at the idea of numbering a poem among their intimate friends.

The young man was supposed to be studying law, under the superintendence of Mr. Catchem, that worthy regularly calling on Mrs. Cox every three months to be paid the quarterly instalment of the premium, which she was too poor to pay in one sum, and on these occasions ravishing the good lady's ears by commendations of her son's talent for law, and assuring her that he, Mr. Catchem, would not be at all surprised to see him one day on the wool sack.

The maid of all work, Susan, completed the establishment. The latter personage had been in Mr. Cox's employment for the past six years and ten months, and intended, if possible, to be married when she completed her seven years' service, not that she had decided who was to be the happy man, nor had she yet seen any one who seemed disposed to tempt her to forsake her state of single blessedness, but as she sagely observed to the lodgers who were in her confidence.

"It's an old saying, there's a change every seven years. I was seven years with Mrs. Buckle in the Strand, after that I was seven years with Mrs. Thompson on the other side of the Inn, and now I'm nearly seven years here, and I'm sure I won't leave misses to serve another, for I'm just as comfortable as I can be, so what change can it be but marriage?" To which her listeners generally assented, and poor Susan, with her forty years, spare figure, and bleached out, plain face, worked up with renewed vigor and cheerfulness, fully believing that the consummation so devoutly to be wished, was near.

(To be continued.)

Here is what they sing at public schools in Vermont to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," visitors all joining in the chorus:

If anything on earth can make A great and glorious nation, It is to give the little ones A thorough education. Chorus—Five times five are thirty-five, Five times six are thirty, Five times seven are thirty-five, And five times eight are forty.

HERMIT CRABS.—One of the many curious things living in the sea is the hermit crab. Its head and claws are covered with shell the same as other crabs, but its body and tail have no better protection than their covering of skin, except that at the tip of the tail there is a hard little instrument like pincers.

The poor little creature is in constant danger of being attacked in the rear, and in such a case is taken at a disadvantage. So he scurries about until he finds an empty shell, and if it is the right size he thrusts himself into it all but his head and legs, and makes himself at home, travelling about with the shell on his back, the pincers at the end of his tail holding him firmly in the shell. If the first shell he finds does not fit, he travels about the beach looking for another until he comes across one which suits him. This he lives in until he outgrows it, when it is necessary that he should leave his house and find a larger.

These crabs are called hermit because they live by themselves. If you chance to meet there is sure to be a fight, until the weaker one gives up. Notwithstanding their quarrelsome disposition, and solitary ways, these crabs sometimes make friends with the Clank Anemones, a curious kind of fish, which are frequently fastened to the shells of hermit crabs. The anemone has a certain affection for them. When about changing his shell, the hermit crab has been seen anxiously moving his friend to his new shell, and even pressing him down with a claw to fasten him on. Another, having failed to move his friend after many efforts, rather than give him up, went back and remained in the old out-grown shell.

BLINDEN HORN.—Nashly, Petroloum V., says:—I commenced being good at a very early age, and built myself upon models. I was yet an infant when I read the affecting story of the harking down of the cherry-tree by George Washington and his manly statement to his father that he could not tell a lie. I read this story, and it filled me with a desire to surpass him. I was not going to allow any such boy as Geo. Washington, if he did get to be President, to excel me in moralities. Immediately I seized an axe, and cut down the most valuable cherry-tree my father had; and more, I dug up the roots and cut the branches, so that by no means could the variety be re-produced; and I went skating on Sunday, so that I might confess the two faults and be wopt over and forgiven on account of my extreme trustfulness. The experiments were, I regret to say, partial failures. I was very much like George Washington; but the trouble was, my father, didn't resemble George Washington's father, who was essential to the success of my scheme. "Did you cut down that cherry-tree?" said he. "Father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet." I answered, striking the proper attitude for the old gentleman to sled tears on me. "But he didn't shed."

He remarked that he had rather I told a thousand lies than to have cut down that particular tree, and he went on "till I was in a state of exasperating ravenousness. My skating was no less a failure. I broke through the ice that Sunday, and was pulled out with difficulty—with a boat-hook. As I lay back for a month with a fever, I didn't have a chance to get the Washington remark, but I thought that George Washington was one boy of a million and I was another.



OUT AT SEA.

eyes and ears start to take in the story, he seemed rather disappointed when the carrier stopped his narration, inquiring abruptly.

"An what then?"

"Well I just want you to take them to London out of the power of their grandfather; who I have told you has been very bad to them."

"And what's the lads?"

"Their sweethearts that made all the stramash, there's never much anger comes between a man and his bairns, but for the like of that."

"There's no lads in the question, the old man was so bad to them after their father's death, that they've run away, and they're going to a lady in London that kens them well, and will be glad to see them; the old man is married again, and has a young son, and he's tired of the young ladies."

"If that's so, why doesn't he let them go?"

"Well, it's the laird of Haddon Castle, that's their grandfather, and you know well enough they're a proud lot, he would rather have them locked up in the Castle, than the common folk would know his affairs."

"Whew!" said the sailor, a low whistling when, "ye wad hae me to take Sir Richard Cunningham's grand daughters and rin off to London with them, what think ye wad my owners say to that?"

His last words showed Longman the plan he had best take to ensure a private passage to London for the girls; and he at once asked,

"Where will I find your principal owner?"

"Do you see that shop with the figure of a jolly tar at the door?" pointing as he spoke to a little shop close to the wharf.

"I do, only a few hundred yards off."

"Well if that man says the word, I'll take ye'r ladies an give them my own cabin into the bargain."

"Come with me Captain, and tell your owner who I am."

The sailor accompanied him to the shop, and presenting his friends to Mr. Mac Clashan introduced him as.

"A real decent man, the Strathlock carrier, and my cousin."

The shopkeeper was a respectable elderly man, with a face denoting both sense and benevolence, and Longman requiring to speak with him in private, was shown into a little parlour at the back of the shop.

He saw that getting a passenger in a trading vessel was going to be a more difficult thing than he at first supposed it to be, and he told his story in the best possible way to secure the good graces of the ship-chandler, for the objects of his care.

"It's a risky job, I fear," said his hearer as he ended his narration. "Who is the grandfather of the young ladies?"

"Sir Richard Cunningham, that was, so long mad, and came back when nobody was looking for, or wanting him; they say he made his escape from the mad house; he was in my house at the Haddon Arms, as mad as a march hare, and frightened all the women and children. Only a few weeks before he came home quite the gentleman to heir his land for the second time; and he's done little good since, turned off all the old servants, and every lease that's out, he turns off the old farmers that's been on the land since

my own head was below the ground, and no one else to take her part; we canna make a worse of it, if we dinna make a better; so ye'll as well take them up to London wi ye Captain, and there's no use telling anybody on board that ye have Sir Richard Cunningham's grand daughters for passengers." In another hour the Skeelby Skipper with the twin girls and Adam on board, was out at sea; and the ship, with a spanking wind in her favour, was "walking the waters like a thing of life."

The girls were delighted with their sea life, a brisk wind drove the ship onward; they had neither ache nor all, only very hungry, a feeling which had not troubled them in their late pent up life; no sickness came near them, they were on deck from morning to night, and delighted Adam's heart by the sight of the roses which every hour seemed to grow brighter on their cheeks; the sailors glorying at the hearty way they ate the sea biscuit and salt beef.

On, and on went the ship, the girls walking the deck, watching the waves and sky, and enjoying themselves as they fancied, they never had done before, saying to each other a dozen times a day.

"A beautiful thing is a ship."

On their fourth day at sea, the Captain told Adam that in another day and night they would be in London.

"Can you give me the direction of a genteel lodging, where I can take the young ladies, till I find Lady Hamilton's house?" was the old man's answer.

"No, I know nothing about lodgings common or genteel," was the brusque reply of the sailor, "and another thing that I wish you would keep in mind, don't tell me anything where ye'er going, or what ye'er to do, when ye'er out of my ship; it would have been my better for yourself, if ye had kept ye'er own counsel, and not told me who you was, or your ladies either."

The Captain meant kindly, and he was not slow to perceive that Adam was hurt by what he conceived to be an incivility on his own part to his passengers, and he quickly added.

"My first mate kens more about London city by many a far, than I do, and can recommend you to a good house, hostelry, or lodging, either that ye like; but it's my advice to ye, to settle the young ladies with Lady Hamilton, with all convenient speed, it's a kittle thing to deal between the man and his bairns, and your old master has na the best name in the country; if he catches them afore they're in Lady Hamilton's hands, I would not wonder if he would clap you up between four bare walls, for the part you had in bringing them here."

Adam well knew there was much truth in what the seaman said, and he determined to get about finding Lady Hamilton's address as soon as possible; but the first thing was to get a proper place for his charge, until Lady Hamilton could be made aware of their arrival; and even after she was found, Adam had his misgivings as to the course Lady Hamilton might pursue towards girls who had left their grandfather's house, without his knowledge or approval, accompanied by only an old man servant; there was a possibility of her looking upon the story of their ill usage as half a myth.

Adam put the same question to the mate, and was quickly answered in the affirmative.

and toll, more now passing before their eyes, than they in their simplicity, had fancied was contained in the whole world. The various dresses of the passers by, soldiers of the Guards in their uniform, turbaned Turks, selling charms and beads, Chimmens, Negroes, handsome carriages, in which sat beautiful ladies, each of whom seemed grand enough to be the Queen, or at the very least a Duchess or Countess, were passing every moment, the scene around them changing continually.

"One hour of which," as Margaret expressed her feelings in answer to an observation of her sister's, "would afford sufficient material for thought during a whole lifetime."

The cabman at last drove out of the street into Thieves' Inn, landing them at number three, where the name, Mrs. R. Cox, stared them in the face engraved on a great brass plate.

The travellers looked around for the crash of carriages, the hurrying men and women, the din of the busy street, it was gone, they had left it behind them; only a few yards distant were the hurrying multitudes; here besides themselves there was only one little girl, in a battered black bonnet, a scanty, torn shawl, carrying a jug of milk, and making her way towards the further end of the Inn.

The door was opened by Mrs. Cox in person. They knew this by the description of the lady's dress, a brown silk gown, with ribbons in her cap. Adam descended from his seat beside the driver, presenting the address given him by the mate, at the same time informing her that he had received it from a friend of her late lodger, Miss Sticheum.

The wizened face of the little old maidish looking woman brightened up as she spoke.

"Oh, yes, Miss Sticheum, of Scotland; very glad to see any of her friends, always paid well and gave little trouble."

Mrs. Cox, in her enthusiasm at seeing Miss Sticheum's friends, which proceeded mainly from feeling that there were at least three lodgers arrived at a time her house was almost empty, seized Adam's great horny hand and shook it heartily in her little skinny one, inquiring if Miss Sticheum was in her usual health and spirits.

Which question Adam, in his confusion at shaking hands with a lady in a silk dress whom he had never seen before, answered in the affirmative.

The two girls were now handed by Adam, with the utmost ceremony, from the cab into Mrs. Cox's parlour, the lady herself lingering in the passage to see that the trunks would not be placed too near the wall. Her surprise and disappointment were visibly depicted on her countenance when she found that the new lodgers, as she already mentally called them, had no such accompaniments.

Adam came to pay and dismiss the cabman; the lady stopped him.

"Sir, before you send away the cabman, it is best we should understand each other. Where is your luggage?"

"I have none, madam."

"The young ladies' trunks?"

"They have none, madam, only this," and he displayed to her horrified gaze the bundle, which now contained the soiled linen belonging to the girls.