

(Continued from first page.)

school. And with that he dropped Frank Falkirk's head that he lifted up, while I held the lighted paper over him; and at that minute it went out, and then we were in the dark, with that motionless thing before us.

"We didn't mean to kill him," said Ned. "Jack, can't you say a prayer?"

"I'll go for the doctor," said I, "and pray afterwards in jail, where they put folks before they hang 'em. Oh, poor mammy, she'll see her boy hung, and deserving of it too. What did he ever do to me, after all, only be smarter, and richer, and handsomer? Lord forgive me?"

And away I went down to the village for the doctor. I never knew how a murderer felt before, though I'd often wondered. I didn't dare look over my shoulder, for fear of seeing Frank Falkirk behind me. Everything good and bright and handsome about the boy came up before me, and all my own wickedness and meanness. I hardly knew how I went, or which way, until, all of a sudden, I stood in the green lane I knew so well, for I'd been born there. But the house wasn't there any longer; only a smoking pile of embers, and the quiet place was full of people. And I saw my mother in the middle in a night-gown and quilted skirt—she that was so particular about decency. She turned around and ran into my arms.

"We're ruined," she said. "Everything is gone. But we've got each other yet. And you wouldn't have had your mother, Jack, only for that good, brave young gentleman, Mr. Frank Falkirk. He came into the room where I was smothering with smoke, and the very bed afire, and wrapped me in a blanket and dragged me out. And he's hurt too, I know, though he wouldn't own it, or even stay to be thanked after I came to myself. Go down on your knees, Jack, and pray God to bless him."

"Frank Falkirk saved you?" said I, and I know that I was as white as death.

"Frank saved you. And I, oh, I wish I was dead, mammy. I don't mind being hung, only for you, for I deserve it. I've killed him a ducking him for taking airs—a ducking him in the green pond—and he all burnt with saving you. He's lying there dead, dead, dead, and I've killed him!" And mammy gave a scream and fainted away.

"I've killed her too," says I, meaning it more than any word I ever said.—"Please to lynch me."

But they were all off to the pond. And they carried Frank Falkirk home, and found life in him, and the doctors were with him all night, and for ever so many days; and at last one of 'em, bless him, put his hand on my head, as I stood waiting outside the gate, and said:

"He'll live, Jack."

And then I dared to go down on my knees in the grass, and pray God to forgive me. And one day they told him how I'd waited there so long, and he sent for me. And when I went in and saw him, pale and thin, with all curls cut close, I thought I would die; but he held out his hand to me, and said, "I'm a great deal better, Jack, and am very glad to see you." And not a word more than if I had been his dearest friend.

So I went there every day, and took him flowers—the bright autumn flowers that grew in our poor garden—it was all I could do. And when he was able to ride out, I drove the carriage. I begged so to do it, that they let me.

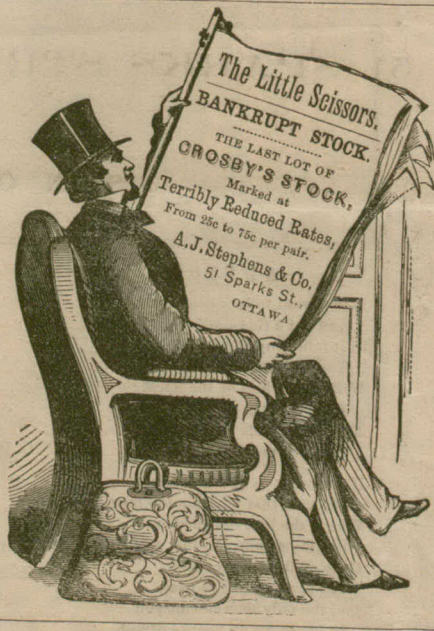
And at last, one bright, bright day—never any so bright before—we saw the door open, and Frank Falkirk walk in just as straight, just as fair, just as

handsome as ever; and we knew, as we looked at the books under his arm, that he was up with his lessons again, and ready to beat us all in everything. And there wasn't one but felt glad of it, and it was Bill that gave the signal. Up on his feet in a minute, no matter for the master:

"Three cheers for Frank Falkirk!" says he, and we gave 'em—three and tiger; and Frank just stopped and looked at us and burst into tears, yes, cried like a baby, and so did I, I couldn't help it.

I'm a wheelwright's boy now, and just as good as anybody; and Frank Falkirk has gone to college. But in vacation sometimes he comes in to talk to me, and he has told me how, long ago, his father was poorer than I, and earned his bread harder; and how he has told him that here, in these United States, every man who chooses to be a gentleman may be one.

I may never be as rich as Frank, though I shall try to be when I am a man; and I shall never be either as smart or as handsome; but his good looks make me happy now, and I'd die to keep him from harm. And I know as I was a fool for not knowing before, that a real gentleman at heart, a brave, splendid fellow like Frank Falkirk, never "took airs" in all his life, and that we hated him because we did not understand him, and because he was so much better than we were.



Don't Wink at an Auctioneer.

Smith, the auctioneer, is a popular man, a wit and a gentleman. No person is offended at what he says and many a hearty laugh has been provoked by his sayings. He was recently engaged in the sale of venerable household furniture and fixings. He had just got to "going, going, and half, going," when he saw a smiling countenance on agricultural shoulders wink at him. A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse or a sharp sighted auctioneer, so Smith winked and the man winked, and Smith kept "going, going," with a lot of old stove pipe, glassware, carpets, pots and perfumery, and finally this lot was knocked down. "To whom?" said Smith, gazing at the smiling stranger. "I don't know who." "Why, you, sir." "Who, me?" "Yes; you bid on the lot," said Smith. "Me; hang me if I did!" insisted the stranger. "Why, did you not wink and keep winking?" asked the auctioneer. "Winking! well I did and so did you at me. I thought you was winking as much as to say, 'keep dark; I'll stick somebody on this lot of stuff,' and I winked as much as to say 'I'll be hanged if you don't, mister!'"

Singular Mode of Telling the Hour.

An exchange gives us the following singular method of telling the time of day or night, which we copy for the benefit of those who wish to try the experiment:

Seat yourself at a table. Attach a piece of metal (say a shilling) to a thread. Having placed your elbow on the table, hold the thread between the thumb and forefinger, and allow the shilling to hang down in the centre of a glass tumbler. The pulse will immediately cause the shilling to vibrate like a pendulum, and the vibrations will increase until the shilling strikes the side of the glass; and supposing the time of experiment to be at seven, the pendulum will strike the glass seven times, and then lose its momentum and return to the centre; if you hold the thread until a sufficient length of time has elapsed to convince you that the experiment is complete. We need not add that the thread must be held with a steady hand otherwise the vibrating movement would be counteracted. At whatever hour of the day or night the experiment is made, the coincidence will be the same.

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AN UNFORTUNATE YAWN.

That was an unfortunate yawn which spoiled the pleasure of a party of young men on Lake Michigan the other day. They sailed into a beautiful little cove, and having laid out a sumptuous repast, were sitting down to enjoy it, when Mr. S—, the wit of the party, leaning back with wide-stretched jaws to enjoy a tremendous gape, when snap went his jaw, having sprung out of joint with his mouth open to its widest extent. He tried in vain to close his jaw, looking wildly around upon his friends, who mistook his open mouth and agonised appearance for a joke. It was some time before his indistinct articulation could be understood, the party meanwhile roaring with laughter at the appearance of S—. When finally, they became aware of the truth, their visions of a pleasant day vanished; they hastily bundled their traps and afflicted brother into a boat, took to their oars and pulled twelve long miles to Munising. S—, in the meantime sat in the stern sheets steering the boat, with distorted jaws, and the strong south wind blowing so freshly into his mouth as to make it necessary to stuff in a handkerchief to keep from being suffocated. Arriving at Munising a doctor was procured, and with the help of several men the unlucky jaw was put in place.

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