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HOLMBY HOUSE.

Men inhabit a room as an Arab pitches his tent in the desert, careful only for immediate shelter and convenience, as a place that, when they have left it and done with it, shall know them no more. Women, on the contrary—at least some women, and these, we think, are not seldom the gentlest and most loveable of their sex—seem to pervade it, as it were, with their influence, though for the time they may be absent indeed in the body; shedding, so to speak, an atmosphere of beauty and refinement about them which clings around the place when they are gone. 'Tis an old hackneyed quotation, though none the worse for that, about "The vase in which roses have once been distilled;" but it describes as poetically and as adequately as language can, the charm we all know so well, the spell that a loved and loving woman casts upon the threshold of her home.

Mary Cave possessed this faculty in a high degree. Any one who knew Mary intimately could tell at a glance on entering a room whether she was in the habit of stationing herself there; and the something that George recognized here in the London lodging, which he had learned to appreciate in his Oxford experiences, was but one of the many attractions belonging to that lady of which he had never made any account. Lover-like, he attributed it all to Grace, and looked round the apartment with a softening eye, believing that it was here she sat and worked and pondered, thinking perhaps sometimes, and not unkindly, of him.

Poor Grace! she was generally too restless now to sit still anywhere. When not occupied with the invalid, to whom both the women devoted themselves as only women can, she spent most of her time in wandering to and fro about the house, looking out of all the windows that commanded the street, and turning away from them as if she expected somebody who never came, varying this dreary amusement by long political discussions with her friend, in which she sought to prove the Parliament not so far in the wrong, shocking that Cavalier lady much by the disloyalty of her opinions, which seemed to incline daily more and more towards Puritanism, and as Mary told her, almost with indignation, "flat rebellion."

Had George Effingham known all this, perhaps he would hardly have trembled so ridiculously as he stood bending his sheathed rapier about unconsciously in that sacred apartment. No; he was a bold man, George, and he loved her very honestly. It would have made him more nervous still.

In his stirring and eventful career he had faced as much danger as most men, not only the open dangers of the battle-field, which to one of his calibre were indeed no great trial of courage, but the more thrilling hazards of advanced outposts, night attacks, and such uncertain duties, when a moment's relaxation of vigilance, a moment's loss of coolness, might not only have destroyed himself, but imperilled the very existence of the army for whose safety he was answerable. Never in his whole life however—as George once confessed many a long day afterwards to a certain individual, who received the confession with happy smiles, melting into happier tears—never before, on picket, with Rupert hovering about his flanks at midnight, or detached with a handful of men to make his way in broad daylight between Goring's keen-sighted vigilance and Astley's unerring tactics, no, not even when he stood face to face with old Sir Giles at Naseby, and bore the brunt of that impetuous charge in which the stout knight fell wounded, had he felt his lips blanch and his heart leap up to his mouth as they did on this eventful day simply to hear a light footfall coming along the passage, and a gentle hand lifting the latch of the door.

To him entered no more important a personage than his friend Faith, whose sense of the ludicrous, damped, yet not altogether smothered, by the grave realities of matrimony, was sorely tried by George's open-mouthed expression of countenance, denoting anything but coolness or self-command.

"My Lord prays the General will excuse his waiting on him in this apartment," quoth Faith, demurely, "and begs the favor of his company in the sick chamber to which his Lordship is still confined;" with that she bade him follow her guidance, and make as little noise as possible, in consideration of the invalid—an unnecessary injunction to a man who, though conscious of no evil intention, felt already like a convicted thief. George, however, was too experienced a soldier not to recognize the inspiriting influence of locomotion; his courage came gradually back as he advanced to the attack.

Someone was in the room. He knew it somehow seeing her. He was conscious of a presence, and a grave, formal courtesy and the old stupifying sensation, that was yet so fascinating. He was conscious also of another lady, pale and faded, who greeted him with stately coolness, and of the suffering nobleman himself reclining languidly on his couch.

Poor George Effingham! they were drawn up in battle order to receive him, horse, foot, and dragoons. For an instant he was coward enough to wish he hadn't come!

There is nothing like a plunge at once in *medias res* to brace the nerves for an encounter. To his Lordship's distant salutation and somewhat haughty inquiry as to the cause which had obtained him the honor of the General's visit, though he could not forbear adding, courteously enough, "that he trusted it was to give them some opportunity of returning the many favors they had received from the Parliamentary officer,"—George replied with manly frankness at once, "that he had come to see his old friends, in order to do himself justice. He had but few now," he said, "and could not afford to lose one of them. He was no longer in a position either to ask or to confer a favor. He was neither a general now, nor an officer in the service of the Parliament."

The party looked from one to the other in some perturbation. Grace turned very red and very white again in less than a second. Lord Vaux feebly signed to the ladies to withdraw. One of them could not, and the other would not, see the signal. An embarrassing silence succeeded; the three were at what is termed a "dead lock."

Mary was the first to break it. He quite started at her voice, it was so changed from the full, steady tones he remembered; he looked attentively in her face, and was sorry to see how time and grief had altered her. It was a beautiful face still, but it had lost for ever the rounded outlines and the bright comeliness of youth.

"We are glad to know that it is so," said Mary, assuming for the nonce the old queenly air that sat so well upon her. "You can understand our feelings. You see that our loyalty in no writ shaken even now. Mourning for him as we do, ay, even in our outward garb"—she glanced as she spoke at her own dress, for all there were in the deepest black—"how is it possible for us to forgive his murderers? Had you come here with the King's blood on your hands, George Effingham, not one of us could have spoken a kind word to you again."

Grace looked up at him with one rapid, glance; the next instant her eyes were fixed intently on the floor. She at least would listen to his justification with no unfavorable ear.

In a few manly, simple words George told his tale. Addressing himself to the old Cavalier nobleman, he detailed his early experiences of the royal army and the royal party, his scruples of conscience, his change of faith, the moral obligation he felt to join the champions of liberty, and the contagious enthusiasm kindled in his mind by their religious zeal. Without dwelling on his own deeds or his own feelings, he confined himself to a simple narrative of facts, relating how he had served his country and his party at once; how he had mitigated the rigorous measures of the Parliament towards the Royalists, as indeed they themselves knew, to the utmost of his power; and how even at the very last he had gone to Cromwell with his commission in his hand, and protesting against the sacrilege which he was powerless to prevent, had thrown it at the Dictator's feet, and stripped off the uniform which he had resolved from henceforth he would never wear again "And now," said George, kindling as he spoke, and fixing his eyes unconsciously on Grace, who sat blushing and trembling, drinking in every word, "I see, too late, the error into which we have fallen. I see that we have trusted too little to the people, too much to the sword. I see that we have ourselves built up a power we are unable to control; and that, setting aside every question of right, we must return within those limits we ought never to have overstepped, resume the allegiance that we have never intentionally shaken off, and re-establish a monarchy to save our country. I may have gone too far; but in these times there has been no middle course. I have borne arms not against my sovereign, but against those who would have persuaded him to be a tyrant. No! There is not a drop of Charles Stuart's blood on my hands, and I have never been a rebel, my Lord, never a rebel, as I am a living man!"

yet been obtained, but several Indians have declared the story to be true, and even that Gedde has not only in a drunken quarrel killed one Indian, but laid another at death's door.

Poor Lord Vaux, sadly weakened and broken down, had listened courteously and with a well-pleased air to a man for whom in his heart he had always entertained a high respect, and to whose kind offices he had often of late owed his own welfare and security. He bowed his head feebly, and said "he was glad to hear it;" then looked wearily around as though to ask when his noonday draught would be ready, and when his visitor was going away. Mary alone remained obdurate and uncompromising.

"You have justified yourself," she said "of the Blessed Martyr's blood but you can never deny that you, and such as you, have been the unconscious instruments of this odious sacrilege. You are not of us, George Effingham, and you must not be with us. We are glad to have heard you in your defence; to have seen you once more; to thank you for your favors we have received at your hands; and to bid you farewell. We wish you no evil, we bear you no malice; but between us and you stands the scaffold at Whitehall. It is a barrier that can never be removed. I speak for Sir Giles Allonby's daughter as well as myself. Come, Grace, you and I have no business here!"

How could she say such hard, cruel words? What was this impulse that bade her to do violence to her own bitter feelings, and trample so ruthlessly on those of her friend? Her tone too, was unnaturally calm and constrained; and she pressed her hand upon her bosom, as if in physical pain.

He had bent his head down, down to his very sword-hilt while she was speaking, but he raised it more loftily than his wont when she had done, and Grace observed that he looked sterner than usual, and had turned very pale. Her woman's heart was rising rapidly; her woman-nature rebelled fiercely against this assumption of authority by her friend. She sat swelling with love, pride, anger, pity, a host of turbulent feelings. It wanted but little to create an outbreak.

He rose slowly, and bade Lord Vaux a courteous farewell. He bowed to the ground before Mary, who acknowledged his salutation with one of those miraculous courtesies which the dames of that period performed to such perfection. Then he turned to the door, and in doing so he must pass close by Grace's chair. How her heart beat. Once she thought he would pass without speaking. For more than a minute she had never taken her eyes off his face, and a sad, hopeless expression crossed it now that made her thrill with pain. He stopped before her chair, and took her by the hand. "Farewell," he said, "a long farewell, Grace!" There was a world of quiet sorrow in the tone with which he spoke that last word; a world of hopeless love in the deep eyes that looked down so reproachfully, yet so fondly, into hers. The girl's heart was full to suffocation. She could bear it no longer; the room seemed to swim before her eyes. The next moment she was sobbing on his breast like a child.

Effingham walked out of that London lodging perhaps the happiest man that day in England. He was no accepted suitor, no affianced lover, it is true; but for the first time he knew now beyond a doubt that the blessing for which he had pined so long was his own; that even if she might never be his, Grace Allonby loved him dearly in her heart; and the light which the poet affirms "never was on sea or shore," but without which both sea and shore are but dull and dreary wastes, began to shed its golden gleams on a life that only too joyfully accepted this one boon in lieu of everything else which it had lost.

Trembling, weeping, agitated, horribly ashamed, yet by no means repentant of what she had done, Grace retired to her chamber, whither, from the sheer force of habit, she was followed by her friend; and where, in broken sentences and frequent sobs, not unmingled with smiles, she told her how she had loved their enemy so long, ever so long, even before she had entreated him to save Bosville's life, only she was not quite sure he cared for her; and how she had nevertheless always believed it was for her sake Effingham had been so kind to the Royalists; and how proud she always was, though she knew it was very wrong, of his prowess and his successes; lastly, how she had feared she must never see him nor speak to him again; and how to-day was the happiest day in her life; "for, you see, Mary, he is not a rebel, after all—he says so himself—not a rebel at all; and even, if I never see him again, I shall always love him better than any one else in the world."

And Mary listened, and soothed her, and remonstrated, like a confirmed hypocrite as she was. (All good women are, far, far more so than the bad ones.) And even urged the claim of another, with a pale smiling face too, and dissuaded her in every way she could think of from what she termed "this wicked folly;" and Grace, cheering up rapidly, laughed at the latter argument, and said with a mocking voice, "If ever he turns up, you will have to marry him yourself, Mary. You have taken charge of him ever since we have known him. It is very careless of you to have lost him now!"

They reached home, those unconscious friendly stabs, dealt so innocently by a loving hand—home to the very quick, every one of them. Grace could not guess why her friend bent down to kiss her so assiduously at this moment, and talked on so volubly immediately afterwards; but the conversation was resumed again and again; the argument agains marriage, so resolutely urged by the elder ady, becoming weaker and weaker at every fresh attack.

The contest ended as such contests usually do when the one side is thoroughly in earnest, the other fighting against its own convictions. Lord Vaux, an easy, good tempered man, devotedly fond of Grace, and in the intervals of his malady only too glad to make every one happy about him, was soon brought to think that George Effingham would be an extremely fit person to take charge of his dear Grace, provided always they would both come and live him in the old hall at Boughton. With much reluctance—so much indeed as to seem more feigned than sincere—Mary withdrew her opposition; and the spring, gloomy and disastrous as it proved to the Royalist party, smiled on at least one happy heart amongst the despondent and ruined Cavaliers.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"COMING HOME."

Master Dymocke sat basking in the beams of an early summer's sun on the terrace at Boughton. He had been left in trustworthy charge of that establishment for several months, as was indeed well known to the inferior domestics of the household, on whom his military strictness and somewhat peevish disposition, by no means improved after matrimony, had produced an impression the reverse of agreeable. The males held him in considerable awe; the females, excepting one or two of the prettiest, to whom he relaxed considerably, opined, and, womanlike, freely expressed their opinion that he was "a thankless old curmudgeon." Perhaps as he was now altogether out of the game, the single ladies may have regarded him with a peculiarly unfavorable eye.

He seemed, however, thoroughly satisfied with the current of his own reflections. The family were expected to return that very day, and although he was sufficiently habituated to his pretty wife's absence to bear it with conjugal composure, he had no objection on earth to see her smiling face again. Though firmly convinced in his own mind that he had paid too high a price for that treasure, Dymocke, we need scarcely repeat, was a philosopher, and the last man to be guilty of such an absurdity as that of undervaluing a purchase because it had cost him pretty dear. No, Faith belonged to him, and that was of itself a very considerable merit. It is only right to add that the little woman ruled him most thoroughly, and tyrannized over him as only such a little woman can.

The afternoon was rapidly verging towards evening, and the sun was already beginning to shed that golden haze athwart the distant valleys which makes our English scenery, dotted with timber, and clothed with copse and hedgerow, like a dream of fairyland, and yet they had not arrived. Well! It was three good days' journey from London to Northampton for a horse litter, and thankful they might be that my Lord was sufficiently recovered to come home at all, and a merry home-coming it would turn out, with Miss Grace's happy face, as pleased with her dark grim lover as if he had been a bran-new gallant from the French Court; and Mistress Mary, whom the poor old folk for many a mile round had missed sadly during her absence, and his own little vixen's saucy smiles, and my Lord's calm weary approval of all that had been done whilst he was away. Dymocke had imperceptibly usurped the authority of every other functionary in the establishment, and had constituted himself butler, gardener, groom and steward, with a grave tenacity peculiarly his own. It was now most gratifying to reflect that the house was clean, the garden trim, the stable in order, and the very pigsties arranged with military method and precision; also to be convinced that he, Hugh Dymocke, was the only man in England who could so completely have set everything to rights.

Thus absorbed in his self-satisfied meditations, honest Hugh rose from the bench over which Mary's roses were already putting forth a thousand tiny buds, and strolled into the park to catch the first glimpse of the expected cavalade.

Dazzled with the slanting sunbeams, he shaded his eyes with his hand as he perceived the figure of a man in the park apparently threading the old trees so as to avoid observation.

"Something wrong," thought Dymocke. "Some one here for mischief, I'll be sworn. 'Tis too tall for old Robin the mole-catcher, and "Forester Will" is away psalm-singing at Harborow, with a murrain to him! He'd better not come home drunk as he did the last time, a prick-eared knave! It must be some poaching scoundrel looking after the young fawns. I'll raddle his bones for him if I catch him, I'll warrant; and I can run a bit still for as old as I am, and wrestle too with here and there a one."

Thus soliloquizing, our veteran, in whom the pugnacious propensity was still strongly developed, hastened towards the intruder with long swift strides, craftily careful, however, to keep every advantage of ground in case his new acquaintance should take fright and make a run for it.

This, however seemed to be the last thing in the stranger's mind. He leaned his back against a tree, with his eyes fixed on the ground, as though the young fern springing up beneath his feet were a study of absorbing interest and importance. If he were really a botanist, he seemed a most attentive one, and took not the slightest notice, as indeed he was probably quite unconscious, of the sturdy sergeant's approach.

That worthy's conduct was, to say the least of it, remarkable. On perceiving that the stranger's dress and exterior denoted a gentleman, he had halted at a distance of about a hundred yards and reconnoitred. Then, without further preliminary, he sent an excellent new beaver spinning high into the air, bounded three feet from the ground, as if he were shot, and with a howl of mingled triumph, affection and astonishment, ran the intervening distance at the very top of his speed, and seizing the stranger's hand with famished eagerness, mouthed and kissed it much as a dog would do a bone, while down his brown cheek and on to that hand, stole the first and only tear the stout sergeant is ever recorded to have shed.

"He's alive and well! he's alive and well!" gasped the old soldier as if a giant's fingers were griping his throat. "God bless thee, Master Humphrey—my dear young master!" and he burst out with a snatch of one of their their jolly Cavalier songs in a hoarse hysterical voice that would have tempted a bystander to laugh had he not indeed been more inclined to weep.

It was sad to see how little Humphrey responded to the sergeant's affectionate welcome. He pressed his hand indeed kindly, for it was not in Bosville's nature to hurt the feelings of a single soul, but his countenance never for an instant lost the expression of deep melancholy that had become habitual to it, and he looked so sadly in his servant's face that the latter's triumph soon turned to apprehension and dismay.

"What is it, Master Humphrey?" he asked eagerly, and using unconsciously the old familiar appellation of long ago; "you are safe here—quite safe; surely the bloodhounds are not after you now? Oh, Master Humphrey, d'ye mind how we gave them the slip, and what an example the sorrel made of them that blessed day? We've got his half-brother now; goes in my Lord's coach; and I've kept one of his hoofs. I went and cut it off myself when he lay dead down yonder by the waterside, and it's stood ever since over the corn-bin against you should come home!"

Humphrey smiled a forced, sad smile. "Thanks, Honest Hugh," he answered; "I have not many treasures left. I should like the sorrel's hoof, for your sake and that of the good old horse. Go and fetch it me now. I will wait here till you come back. I must be in the saddle again to-night, and in a few more hours I shall leave England for ever. Hugh, you're an old soldier; I can trust you. Do not let any of the family know you have seen me here to-day."

"Why, bless you, there isn't a soul of them at home," answered Dymocke, and his master's face fell visibly the while. "They're all expected back to-night. I was out looking for them just now, when I saw you. My Lord's getting quite hearty again, Heaven be praised! and you've heard the news? Our young lady's going to be married, and to our old Captain, too. Ah, Major, there wasn't as smart a troop in the King's army as ours. D'ye mind what the Prince said at Newbury when he bid the whole brigade take up a fresh alignement upon us? 'Dress,' says he, 'upon Captain Effingham's troop, and be d—d to ye!' He was a hearty free-spoken gentleman, was Prince Rupert; 'for they stand,' says he, 'like a brick wall,' says he; and so we did, and a pelting shower we got from Essex's culverins before they'd done with us; but we never broke our line! Well, well, it's a world of change; and I'm married, too, Major—married and settled and all. Oh, my dear Master Humphrey, don't ye be in too great a hurry! But that's neither here nor there; and you've heard doubtless of Mistress Mary's good luck, and the fortune that's fallen to her?"

He had, indeed. We must be more than estranged from those we love when we cease to hear of them if not from them, to make inquiries, needlessly disguised and indirect, about their welfare—to take an interest all the keener that we are ashamed to own it in the remotest trifles that can affect them. He had heard what was indeed true, that by the death of a relative Mary Cave had become possessed of broad lands away by the winding Avon, waving woods, and smiling farms and acres of goodly pasturage; nor, though he rejoiced in aught that was likely to benefit her, could he stifle a bitter and unworthy pang to feel that this succession was but another barrier raised between himself and the woman from whom he felt he was hopelessly separated. If he had been voluntarily discarded from her before, could he condescend to sue her now that she was a wealthy heiress? Not he. That at least was a folly he had done with for evermore, and when his softer nature got the better of him and he felt to keenly how sweet that folly was, he would fall to reading the letter once more that he still carried in his bosom, thin and almost illegible now from frequent perusals, yet perhaps scarcely so frayed and worn as the heart against which it lay. Had he known—had he only known! But such is life. Can we wonder at the bumps and knocks we receive when we think what a game at Blind-man's-buff the whole thing is!

And Mary's pleasure in her succession to this heritage was of a strangely sober nature. "Too late—too late!" was all that lady said when she heard of it. Too late, indeed! The cause was irretrievably lost that had been with one exception the thing nearest and dearest to her heart, and he for whom alone she feared she would have been capable of abandoning that cause itself, was parted from her for ever! She could not even gain tidings that he was alive now. No wonder Mary had grown so pale and haggard! No wonder she was so altered from the proud, careless, free-spoken Mary Cave who had asserted her independence so haughtily while she flew her hawk at Holmby with stout Sir Giles not so many years ago. The wheels of Old Time run smoothly enough, but they leave their marks as surely dinted on the barn sand as on the fresh green turf, alike impartial whether they grind weed and thistle into their beaten track, or bruise the wildflower to the earth never to lift its gentle head again.

It was with no small difficulty that Humphrey could impress upon his old servant the necessity of his remaining *incog.*; could persuade him it was really his wish that none of the family should be informed of his presence; or could make him believe that he was in sober earnest in the intention he had expressed of leaving England forthwith. Dymocke was even sorely tempted to throw up his own comfortable and lucrative situation in order to follow once more the fortunes of a master to whom he had been always attached, but the thought of his lately-married wife and his fresh ties stifled this new-born impulse even as it rose. Dymocke put it in this way—"If I should once get back to my bachelor habits, I should never be able to settle down again. Perhaps I'd best stay as I am. What's done can't be undone; and maybe it's easier to keep the barrow trundling, than to stop, once and again, for a fresh start!"

"Not a word more at present Hugh," said the Major, after a few further inquiries and observations about old times had been made; "I have good reason for wishing my visit here to remain a secret. See! they are arriving even now. Meet me to-night under the cedars when they are all gone to bed. Bring the old horse's hoof with you for a keepsake, and we will wish each other a last farewell."

As he spoke he disappeared amongst the old trees; and Dymocke, vainly endeavoring to settle his countenance into its habitual calmness, hurried back to receive his master at the hall.

It was indeed a happy party. The old lord, benefitted by the advice of his London physician, and no longer harassed by the share he had so long sustained in that unequal conflict, which for the present was terminated by unequivocal defeat, had regained somewhat of his former strength and spirits, was able to alight from his litter without assistance, and gladdened Master Dymocke's heart with an appropriate jest and a kindly smile as he trod once more the threshold of his home. Happy Grace, still young enough to possess that elasticity of temperament which makes light of past suffering as though it had never been, blushed and sparkled as she did at sixteen, pressing her lover's hand with shy affection as he assisted her from her horse, but already beginning to treat him with that playful tyranny which a young wife is apt to assume over a grave and superior husband in whom she has perfect confidence, and of whom in her heart of hearts she is immensely proud. George's dark face beamed with a light which had been a stranger to it for years. Happiness is a wonderful restorative, and already the lines were beginning to fade from his rugged brow, the harsh defiant expression was changing for one of deep grateful contentment; the dark eyes, no longer glittering with repressed feelings and feverish excitement, shone with the lustre of health and strength; while the swarthy glow upon his cheek accorded well with his bold, frank bearing, and square well-built frame. It was a manly, vigorous beauty still, thought Grace, and none the worse for the grizzled hair and beard. He looked joyous and light-hearted, although in the false position of a man "about to marry." The practice of humiliating the lords of creation, when thus disarmed and at the mercy of the natural enemies, is by no means peculiar to the present era. From time immemorial, ay, since Father Laban imposed so cruelly upon Jacob, the bridegroom expectant has ever been discomfitted as much as possible by the bride and her auxiliaries. It may be that this disheartening process is considered a solitary purgatory, such as shall enhance the paradise of the subsequent honeymoon, or it may be simply intended as a judicious foretaste of conjugal discipline hereafter; but that it has existed among all civilized nations as a great social institution, we take every Benedict to witness who has found, like George Effingham, that bodice and pinners are a match, and more than a match, for doublet and hose.

Dymocke's face as he lifted his pretty wife from her horse was worth a mine of gold. There were tenderness, self-restraint, a comical consciousness of shame, and a sly glance of humor, all depicted at once on his rugged features.

"Welcome home, lass!" he whispered, winding his arm round her trim waist, "welcome home! I can do well enough without thee; but it warms my heart like a tass of brandy to see thy bonny face again!"

This was a great deal from Hugh, and Faith stooped her pretty head and kissed him accordingly.

But "some must work while others sleep;" and although the majority of the party were basking merrily in the sunshine, one was drooping visibly in the shade. Kindly, gentle and forbearing—trying to forget her own grief in the joy of others—purified and softened by sorrow—there was yet on Mary Cave's brow a weight of care which it was sad to see in one still in the prime of life and the meridian of beauty. Her temperament, like that of many who possess abilities above the average, was impressionable enough on the surface, but hard as adamant beneath. In her younger days she was quite capable of enjoying and even reciprocating the empty and harmless gallantries which were the fashion of the Court; but though it was always easy enough to attract Mary Cave's attention, none save Falkland could boast that he had won her interest; and his attachment to an ideal, strong as it undoubtedly was, had in his very nature a false and morbid fascination which would too surely pass away. When it was gone it left her colder, haughtier, more inwardly reserved than ever. Then came the daily association with one possessed of many winning qualities; above all, of that which in the long run cannot fail to be appreciated—a faithful, loving heart; whom she had accustomed herself to consider her own peculiar property; whose affection she regarded as neither obtaining nor expecting to return; whom she had taught herself to look upon as a devotee, a slave—always unchanging, never to assume any other character. Little by little the unyielding disposition became saturated with the insidious and delighted sentiment. The wilful heart, so difficult to tame, found itself enclosed in meshes it had been weaving insensibly for its own subjection. In time it began to hint to her that she could ill afford to part with her secret treasure; at last it told her that it must break at once if she was to lose him altogether.

Then arose the feafrul struggle out of which she came a victor indeed, but too surely conscious that such a victory was more crushing than any defeat. For Grace's sake, for the sake of every one—nay, for his own sake—she voluntarily gave him up; and while she did so she knew and felt she gave up all her hopes this side of eternity. Subsequent events added but little to her despondency. The one great fact was ever before her—that of her own free will she had discarded the man she loved; and Mary's love, once won, was no light matter. She would look at her hand—the shapely hand he used to admire and praise with a lover's childish folly, and wish it had withered to the bone ere it had penned that fatal letter. For, of course, he could never forgive her now. Even his kindly nature would be estranged by heartlessness such as hers. He would avoid her and forget her—nay, he had avoided and forgotten her. It was all over at last—he was lost to her for ever, and she had done it herself!

It was a mockery to see George and Grace so happy; to feel how utterly she had sacrificed her own future in vain. It was a mockery to hear the joyous girl prattling of her future household and her wedding dress, and to be asked for grave matronly advice, as though she herself were indeed without the pale of the loving and the hopeful. Above all, it was a bitter mockery to have inherited broad lands and wealth that was valueless to her now, since she might not share it with the ruined Cavalier.

It was cruel work. What could she do? There was but one resource—there never has been but one resource for human sorrow since the world began. When the burden became too heavy to bear, she knelt beneath it, and she rose again, if not hopeful, yet resigned; humbled but consoled as those alone rise who ask for comfort meekly on their knees. She was often in that position now; had she never known sorrow, she had never sought Heaven. Providence leads us like children through the wilderness, by many a devious track towards our Home. Joy brightens the path for one, and he walks on thankfully and happily in his rosy light. Grief takes another by the hand, and clutching him in his stern grip, points with wasted arm along the narrow way. What matter for so short a distance, how we reach the goal? Brother! help me from my knapsack the while I guide thy feebler steps, and share with thee the crumbs in my homely wallet. Let us assist rather than hinder one another. Yonder, where the lights are twinkling, is a welcome for us all. Dark is the night, and sore the weary feet, and rough the way. Cheer up!—toil on!—we shall get there at last.

CHAPTER XLV.

"LOST AND FOUND."

Dymocke was uneasy and full of care "There's something wrong," muttered the old trooper in his beard, as he went fidgeting about the house and offices, putting everybody out under the pretence of seeing things done correctly with his own eyes. A sumptuous supper was soon served in the great hall for the travellers, and Lord Vaux looked round him with an air of thorough comfort and enjoyment to be at home once more. The flush of sunset softening in the south to a pale transparent green, but edging the light clouds that roofed the meridian with flakes of fire, flooded the quaint old hall in crimson light richer than the very hues of the stained glass above the casements, opened wide to the fragrant evening air. A solitary star [illegible] already in the pure clear depths of the infinity above, while the highest twigs and branches of the old trees, not yet clothed in their summer garments to their very tops, cut clear and marked against the pale, calm sky. The rooks were drowsily cawing out their evening song, and a young moon peeping shyly above the horizon afforded no more light to the outer world than did the needless lamps burning on the supper table to the domestic circle within. Lord Vaux was a quiet studious man of earnest temperament but of few words. He saw his fine old home preserved to him, his oaks uninjured, his fortune, though impaired, still amply sufficient for his wants; above all, his old retainers around him, and the two last of his kinsfolk left alive sitting at his board. He stretched his hand across the table to Effingham.

"God help the Cavaliers!" said he in a broken voice; "George, I owe all this to you!"

It was the first time he had called him by his Christian name, and Grace thanked him with such a happy, grateful glance. Then she stole a look at her lover, proud, radiant, full of tenderness and trust. George blushed, stammered, looked down—and finally said nothing. It was all he had to say—would he not have given his heart's blood long ago for anyone connected, however remotely, with the name of Allonby, and never asked for thanks? There was nothing to be grateful for. he did but follow his nature. The three talked quietly, but cheerily, not laughing much, nor jesting, but in the soft, low tones of those who have a deep store of happiness within. For two indeed the cup was brim full, and running over.

Mary, too, joined in the conversation, but Dymocke, bringing in a tapering flask of Hippocras, could not but observe her absent manner and pale dejected looks.

"There's something wrong," muttered the old soldier once more, and he fell to reflecting on all the circumstances he could think of which bore in any way on that lady's case, for whom, like the rest of the household, he felt and professed a chivalrous devotion. He had obtained a few vague hints from Faith that Mistress Mary was "sadly changed—not herself, by any means—took the King's death much to heart," and "was over-anxious also about absent friends;" but Faith, besides holding the person of whom she spoke in considerable awe, was one of those women who are far more discreet in entrusting secrets to their husbands than to their own sex, and Dymocke's conjectures, whatever they might be, were but little assisted by the penetration of his wife. True to his profession, however, his ideas naturally reverted to the sorrel, as indeed they were apt to do whenever the old trooper fell into a despondent mood. He bethought him how, although the two ladies had both been in the habit of petting and fondling so good and handsome an animal, Mistress Mary's attentions to that chestnut favorite were paid much more secretly than her friend's—how, on going in and out of the stable at odd times he had come unexpectedly on the latter lady making her accustomed visit when the servants were at meals or otherwise engaged, and how upon one occasion, noiselessly descending a ladder from the hay-loft during the important hour of dinner, he had seen her with his own eyes lay her soft cheek against the horse's neck, and he could have sworn he heard her sob, though she walked away with a statelier step than ever when she found herself disturbed, and as the stout soldier confessed to himself, he dared not have looked in her face for a king's ransom. Then he remembered sundry little weaknesses of the Major's, which, being his personal attendant and valet, he had not failed to remark. How he had often been surprised at the value that careless young officer seemed to attach to the most insignificant trifles. What a fuss he made about a worn-out riding-glove, which had been unaccountably lost by one of the ladies on a journey to Oxford, and as unaccountably found with the thrust of a rapier right through the palm, a few hours after the duel with Goring; also how his master's usually sweet temper had been ruffled, and he had sworn great oaths totally unwarranted by the occasion, when Dymocke, in his regard for cleanliness and order, had emptied a vase of a few roses, which had been kept there in water till indeed by any other name they could scarcely have smelt less sweet. All these matters he revolved and pondered in his mind, till at last, having as he termed it, "put stock and barrel together," he came to his own conclusions, and resolved to act, soldier-like, on his own decision. It required, however, a good deal of courage to carry out his undertaking. The affection with which Mary inspired her subordinates, and indeed her equals, was tempered with awe. There are some natures with which no one presumes to take a liberty, some persons, often the most amiable and best-tempered of their kind, who, without the least effort or self-assertion, inspire general respect. It required no little courage and effrontery even for an old soldier to go up and tell Mary Cave, if not in so many words, at least in substance, that she was over head in love with a ruined Cavalier, and that if she didn't go out to-night and meet him under the cedars, she would probably never set eyes on him again!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHOULD COUSINS KISS?

Number three of a series of prize questions promulgated by the London *Whitehall Review*, is "Should adult cousins, male and female, be allowed to kiss each other?" Some of the answers received are as follows:

YES, BECAUSE

Jacob, after having personated Esau, kissed his cousin Rachel as soon as he saw her, and their parents approved.

Then they will care for it as little as grocers' boys do for sugar.

Shakespeare says, "Kiss me, sweet coz," and Tennyson says of himself and his Cousin Amy:—"And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips."

As a lady is concerned it must be considered a fair proceeding. If she is married it cannot be amiss.

Brothers and sisters kiss, and their children should follow their example.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world akin," a kiss being a touch of nature, they should kiss to make them still more akin.

Family affection is a tender and beautiful plant which cannot be too carefully nurtured

Capt. Burton, the great traveler, is writing a "History of the Sword." Such a work will be interesting, the author having inspected nearly every collection of swords in Europe.

Kossuth is again in extremity. He is obliged to make a living by writing for the press, and though in his seventy-eighth year is about to publish his "Memoirs."

It is said that Francis J. Dickens, a son of the late Charles Dickens, is an Inspector in the Northwest Mounted Police Force, and has been stationed for the past four years at Fort Walsh.

A new English monthly magazine, the *Minerva*, is to be started in Rome. It is announced to appear on the 20th of January.

"A Trip to Manitoba," by a lady, is announced soon to appear in England.

Mr. Jenkins, our "ambassador" of old, has decided to give readings of his own works, after the fashion of Charles Dickens. We have no doubt it would be a treat to hear him read "Ginx's Baby," yet we doubt if he would take like the great novelist, either in England or America.

We knew George M. Bull, the veteran journalist, but not intimately, having met him casually, and been in his company for a few days some years since. He was known as the Albany—that is the legislative—correspondent of the Buffalo *Commercial*, and perhaps no man living, if we except Mr. Thurlow Weed, knew so much of the public men and public affairs in the State of New York. The occasion of our meeting him was a joyous one. A number of journalists, American and Canadian, had accepted our invitation to spend a short time in New York, and there they assembled, spending their time in visiting the sights and enjoying the hospitality of the New York Central Railway Company. It was at the time of the war between the North and the South, and we shall not soon forget how bitterly Mr. Bull railed against the "Copperheads," as the party of opposition were called. Passing down to the ocean, Fort Lafayette was pointed out to the party as the spot where contumacious were incarcerated and among them a writer for the *World*. Mr. Bull felt so keenly on the subject that he denounced the newsboy who offered him a copy of that paper and no man could have been a more thorough giving Unionist. He spent forty-five winters in attendance in the Assembly at Albany, and a short time since met with an accident by falling from a train, which though considered trifling at first caused his death, which event occurred in Albany on the 26th of last month. Thus closed the career of an able and faithful journalist in the seventieth year of his age.

Another bright and shining literary light has gone out, in the death of Mr. Hepworth Dixon, an English author of great celebrity, who visited America, and had seen other lands in order that he might be better prepared to write the works he has produced. He was first known as the editor of the *Atheneum*, the leading critical journal in England, and afterwards wrote several books, the best of which is "Her Majesty's Tower." He was unexcelled as a public speaker, and did his share of lecturing. We believe his last work was on Cyprus, which he visited only a short time since. He was a successful writer, and his pleasing style found many admirers.

The famous Pepeys, whose remarkable diary has recently been reprinted, makes reference to some strange occurrences. Among them one in which Sir Charles Sedley, the wit, courtier and poet of George the First's time, figured somewhat disgracefully. Pepeys says:

"Pierce do tell me, among other news, the late frolick and debauchery of Sir Charles Sedley and Buckhurst running up and down all the night, almost naked, through the streets; and at last fighting, and being beat by the watch and clapped up all night; and how the King takes their parts; and my Lord Chief-Justice Keeling hath laid the constable by the heels to answer it next Sessions, which is a horrid shame."

Speaking of the performance of Sedley's play he says:

"It being almost 12 o'clock, or little more, to the King's play-house, where the doors were not then open, but presently they did open, and we in, and find many people already come in by private ways into the pit, it being the first day of Sir Charles Sedley's new play, so long expected, 'The Mulberry Garden;' of whom, being so reputed a wit, all the world do expect great matters. I having sat here awhile and having eat nothing to-day, did slip out, getting a boy to keep my place; and to the Rose Tavern, and there got half a breast off the spit, and dined all alone. And so to the play again, where the King and Queen by and by come, and all Court; and the house infinitely full. But the play, when it come, though there was here and there a pretty saying, and that not very many either, yet the whole of the play had nothing very extraordinary in it at all, neither of language nor design; insomuch that the King I did not see laugh nor pleased from the beginning to the end, nor the company; insomuch that I have not been less pleased at a new play in my life, I think."

To show the importance the late Mr. Delane, of the London *Times*, attached to politics, the *Atheneum* relates the following:

A critic in the *Times*, noticing a performance at Covert Garden, complained bitterly of an obee player whose shortcomings had, he said, been conspicuous. The oboe player wrote to complain, and Mr. Delane sent for Mr. Oxenford—in those days music was subordinated to the drama in the *Times's* arrangements — and addressed him in a style which may remind our readers of a well-known scene in "Rabelais:" "I have no doubt your assistant has been perfectly correct in what he says, but such and such events are happening"—mentioning political occurances in various quarters of the globe—"and all these the *Times* has to settle. We cannot have our attention called off at such a crisis to the complaints of an oboe player. I beg, therefore, that nothing of this kind may occur again."

Here is the latest concert of Austin Dobson, the English poet. It is a sonnot in dialogue:

FRANK, (*on the Law .*)
Come to the Terrace, May,—the sun is low.
MAY, (*in the House.*)
Thanks! I prefer my Browning here instead.
FRANK.
There are two peaches by the strawberry-bed.
MAY.
They will be riper if we let them grow.
FRANK.
Then, the Park-aloe is in bloom, you know.
MAY.
Also, Her Majesty Queen Anne is dead.
FRANK.
But surely, May, your pony must be fed.
MAY.
And was, and is. I fed him hours ago.
'Tis useless, Frank,—you see I shall not stir
FRANK.
Still, I had something you would like to hear.
MAY.
No doubt some new frivolity of men.
FRANK.
Nay, 'tis a thing the gentler sex deplores.
Chiefly, I think—
MAY, (*coming to the Window.*)
—What is the secret, then?
FRANK, (*mysteriously.*
There are no eyes more beautiful than yours

SWEETHEARTING.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."

Truly! and what a shock it is to a man, when he is growing old, to think that he will never more be the object of a pretty girl's admiration; that sweet-scented billets, and stolen interviews, and the warm pressure of dainty little fingers are no more for him!

I see a great deal of love making going on every day; and I have this remark to make with regard to it generally—that it must be a great happiness to be young and eligible at a time when the girls are so remarkably pretty. In this generation we seem to have cultivated varieties of pretty girls as industriously as we have cultivated flowers.

I don't want to be sentimental over this subject, but as one who has only slightly declined into the vale of tears, it is very provoking to think that I am considered too old for sweethearting. Why is the line to be drawn and the warning-off board to be hoisted just at that time of life when a man begins to know how to make love? Why are awkward, unappreciative boys to have the monopoly of the most exquisite pleasures of existence? Look at yonder down-lipped boy making love to the girl in the corner. You or I could not tolerate his conversation for a moment If a poem, or a picture, or a work of art were in question, we should never think of asking his opinion upon it. And yet, by virtue of his very greenness and incapability of approaching true beauty, we must yield to him a nobler, richer, more beautiful thing than any work of art—that young, pretty girl. O! those years, those years, leading us to bliss and yet dragging us away from it!—*Club Papers.*

—A young man in St. Louis winked at a woman in a street car. The girl worth half a million to whom he was engaged saw the wink and severed the silver cord right away. Don't wink when there is anything to lose.

EDUCATION.

Mr. M. Fenwick, B. A., is engaged as assistant master of the Welland High School; salary, $600 per annum.

The following problem was given at the last examination for admission to High Schools and Collegiate Institutes:

"The forewheel of a waggon is $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet in circumference, and turns 440 times more than the hind wheel, which is $11\frac{3}{8}$ feet in circumference; find the distance travelled over in feet."

When it is considered that the average age of candidates for this examination is about 12 years, and that it is for pupils attending the public schools only, it seems almost the height of absurdity to expect such pupils to understand thoroughly the principles involved in the solution of a problem like the one given above. Taking the examination as a whole it has been an easy one, but this fact will afford no justification for giving problems that are beyond the comprehension of young pupils, and that moreover afford no test of the work done in a class. The defence always set up for the absurd questions which characterize some of the examination papers prepared by the Central Board is that there is on every paper a sufficient number of easy questions to "pass" the candidate. Plausible as this defence appears, it is, nevertheless, a poor one; for a candidate at one of these examinations may puzzle over a question for nearly the whole time allotted to the subject, and leave but a few minutes for answering the question that afford the real test of the work they have gone over, and of the training to which they have been subjected. Moreover, the import of the questions set is frequently so much disguised by misty verbiage, that time is lost in the vain attempt to comprehend the meaning of the examiners. A glance at the questions for teachers' examinations reveals a strange collection of questions some easy and difficult, others pretentious and absurd.

The attempt to centralize all power in educational affairs in the hands of the Central Committee is, we are glad to see, meeting with opposition. The opinion is held by the majority of educationists in Ontario that a change is demanded in the *personnel* of the Central Board of Examiners. For several years past this Committee has prepared all the questions for teachers' examinations, and for High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, and, as these examiners not only test the work already done in the schools, but actually give direction and character to subsequent educational effort, a change seems necessary. It is very undesirable that the minds of all the youth attending our schools should be cast in the one mold, even though the model be an ample one. In 1877, after five years of experience of the working of this Central Board, it transpired, that many teachers professed to understand so well the idiosyncracies of the different examiners that they could at any time forecast enough of the examination papers to pass their pupils. If it was possible then for such a state of things to exist, surely in the interest of education the relations subsisting between the teachers and the examiners it should have been dissolved. It seems almost incredible that, in the face of the admission then made, that no change has yet been affected, and that the same men are retained as examiners year after year in the subjects in which certain teachers declared themselves able to foretell from 60 to 70 per cent. of the very questions likely to be set at examinations. It is not to be expected that a teacher, whose main object is the passing of his pupils, will do honest work when the compilation of 20 or 30 questions on the subject of examination is sure to cover the ground, and when all his work may be compassed by drilling his students on these questions instead of teaching the subject.

The practice of Inspectors to recommend masters and teachers for positions in schools seems to prevail to far too great an extent. At this time of the year, when vacancies are most numerous, it not unfrequently happens that school boards virtually leave the appointment to vacancies in their schools to Inspectors. Were it not for the fact that the recommender is, in a degree, responsible for the success of his man, no fault could be found with this exercise of patronage. But when we consider that the office of an Inspector is a judicial one, that he is expected to bring the work of masters and teachers to a uniform and, above all, to an impartial scrutiny, we are justified, we submit, in condemning the practice. An Inspector is not likely to bring the work of his nominee to the critical test indispensible in thorough inspection; and, when we consider this subject in its relation to High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, it becomes utterly indefensible; so long as "Payment by Results" is the principle guiding the distribution of the Legislative grant, we cannot afford to allow this abuse of power and influence to go unchallenged. It is clearly the duty of the Minister of Education to bring to an end a practice incompatible with the proper discharge of inspectoral duties.

It is of the highest importance in teaching to exercise and develop the faculty of observation in pupils. Most great discoveries have been the result of diligent and long-continued observation; yet if all the faculties of the mind this is the most persistently neglected in ordinary schemes of education. Pupils are told what *other* people have observed, but they are not taught to observe for *themselves*. In the teaching of science this ought not to be; and students ought to be shown what to look for and required to make their own observations. Objects are better than books to study. The points to be noted should be few at a time, and very clearly indicated. The pupils must know for what they are to look. Questions should be simply, always such as a pupil can answer, yet in no way indicating the answer. The questions should be frequently repeated in different words, at different times and approaching the subject from different sides. No one can be taught to think correctly without extensive and judicious questioning. Much of the vagueness of modern adult thought is directly traceable to either the inefficiency or laziness of the teacher, who must be master of every point he intends to bring before the pupil. An unintellectual home atmosphere, too much memorizing in the school, the absence of mental tension while the mind is ostensibly occupied, and inattention to the surrounding world are the causes of the lack both of possession of facts and the power of reasoning on the part of older pupils.

THE CIVILIZED CETYWAYO.

(London Truth.)

Nothing has yet transpired as to the final arrangements to be made with regard to the ex-Zulu King Cetywayo. He is still an involuntary occupant of Cape Town Castle. The other day he thought himself too old to learn, and declined an offer to be taught; but he has since altered his mind, and taken some writing lessons, and now manages with pencil and slate to make tolerable copy lines of the words "Queen Victoria." Recent portraits of him show a marked change in his external appearance. When his likeness was first taken, after the arrival by the transport Natal, he was presented in all the nakedness of primitive Zulu costume; but in the latest photographs he appears metamorphosed into a very pleasant-looking colored gentleman, dressed after European fashion in a tweed suit, with white handkerchief protruding from his breast pocket, and gloves and cane in hand. The transition from barbarism to civilization is so sudden and decided as almost to suggest a doubt whether this can be the person who perpetrated the acts of savagery ascribed to the late Monarch of Zululand. The ex-King himself, however, soon satisfied the curious upon this point. He makes little or no reservation as to the sacrifice of human life, which was part of the system of his Government, and which he justifies on the plea that there was no other way of enforcing his authority among his people.

Most of the reported facts as to the massacre of the Zulu girls who would not conform to the national marriage laws are confirmed by him. At the feast of the first fruits, it appears, he had given his sanction to one or two of his regiments to put on head-rings, indicating that they had attained to independent manhood, and at the same time issued a command that the young women at the various kraals were to marry these soldiers. The women showed no inclination to comply with this command, and, when called to account, gave as a reason that the regiments permitted to marry were not good enough for them. Cetawayo then promoted another regiment to the dignity of "head-rings," and again declared that the girls of marriageable age were to marry at once. Still they refused to comply, and various devices were again resorted to to evade the order, some young women even washing off the red dust on their hair which marked them as marriageable. The King's anger was then aroused, and in a fury he directed the Umcityu Regiment, 8,000 strong, to march to the several kraals throughout the country and kill every person who had disobeyed him. Numbers of girls and others connected with them were slaughtered. The bodies of some were placed at the cross-roads as an example of the King's displeasure, and when the parents of the individuals so killed went to bury the bodies, they brought Cetywayo's wrath upon themselves, and they and the whole of their families in some instances were destroyed. Several women, however, saved themselves by seeking shelter and hiding with friends; and those who survived lost no time in complying with the King's orders and marrying into the regiments appointed to them. Mr. Longcast, the interpreter now with Cetywayo, was in Zululand at the time, and was himself instrumental in saving the lives of five young persons, whom he hid away.

This was not the only occasion, however, when the King sanctioned such slaughter of his people. Shortly before, some of the soldiers who were summoned to assemble at Nodwengo made the excuse that sickness prevented them from attending. He remarked that he would save the doctors the trouble of looking after the sick, and "impis" of his favorite regiment, the umecityu, were promptly sent in every direction to kill the offenders against his Royal command. In some instances the delinquents escaped from the fury of these impis; and, by the law and custom of the country, such as thus escaped were exempted from being again punished in any way. But for that law, says Cetywayo, there would have been much more killing in Zululand.

WHAT IS A "BLIZZARD?"

"The papers want to know what a 'blizzard' is, and they turn up their noses at the world, but them as has been thar' can't see where the joke comes in. I've shook hands with one or two blizzards, and here's the affidavies to prove it!"

He drew off his boots. Three toes were missing from the right foot, and the big toe alone remained on the left. The fingers were gone from the left hand, one ear shriveled out of shape, and his nose seemed to have no life in it. He was a rough-looking old chap, and he was warming his heels on the steam-pipe in the cabin of a ferry boat along with several other passengers.

"Well, what is a blizzard?" asked one of the crowd as the old man pulled on his boots.

"What's the weather here to-day?"

"Two below."

"Well, you add five or six degrees of cold to it, take off your clothes and walk around for three hours and you'll have a slight comparison. A blizzard hain't 'zactly a two edged sword nor a bullet, but it lives next door to 'em. You'd better twice over be cotched in a tornado. I'd take the chances of outrunning a prairie fire quicker'n living through a Jinuary blizzard."

"Tell us about 'em"

"The fust one I ever seed," said the old man as he held up the stumps of his missing fingers, "war down in Nebraska, close to the west line. I had a ranche and was well fixed. The livin' room fur me and three herders was about twenty feet squar', with a big stove in the middle. On the 4th day of January, 1859, there wasn't a flake of snow on the ground, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon it was warm enough to go in my shirt sleeves. Half an hour before the sun went down the sky was clear and blue. I stood looking off at a herd of horses, feein' as if I wanted to go bar'fut, when all to once a shiver climbed over me. It was as if ice-water had been poured down my back. Thar was a moanin', roarin' sound away to the westward, another shiver, and next minit it was dark and the blizzard had come. Quicker than I can tell you the sky turned black, night set in, and mountains of snow come boomin' along before a gale blowing eighty miles an hour?"

"Well?" said some one as the old man paused.

"Wall, there she was. That blizzard was born in the Rockies. She'd whirled 'round and round, gettin' stronger every minit, lifted herself out of some awful canyon, tore along the crags and peaks, and finally tumbled down on the level and started eastward, mad as a grizzly and powerful as a million runaway horses! Them three herders weren't half a mile away, and all mounted, but yet only one reached the cabin. The other two were struck as dumb and numb as if hit with cannon balls, and they weren't out of their saddles a minit before they were covered with six inches of snow."

"Must have been cold?"

"Cold! Mebbe it wasn't! I didn't have no thermometer to look at, but I didn't want one. Our jug of whiskey froze solid and split the jug in ten minits. Frost settled on the tallow candle within an inch of the light. Every board in the ranch cracked and popped with cold. We had a big stove, but the fuel was mostly under a shed fifty feet away. I thought to go after a load, but as I opened the door I fell back as if ten thousand needles had been fired into my face. That one breath of the blizzard froze my nose and ear."

"And you were out of fuel?"

"Yes, in half an hour I burned up stools, benches, table and all else that would burn, but after midnight the fire went out. Then I lost my toes—frost-bitten even when I was dancing over the floor. Ours was a tight cabin and yet there was a foot of snow on the floor before daylight. The awful wind drove it through every crevice. Did you ever hear the gale which goes with a blizzard? Well, you'll face a cannon sooner than bear it a second time. The wind screamed louder than a locomotive whistle. It raged and raved like a giant in chains, and it struck down every livin' thing it came to. All at once it would stop blowin' for half a minit, and the stillness would be awful. Then I'd hear a sighin' and groanin' afar off, as if poor lost children were cryin' for home. Then the groanin' would change to a screech—the screech to a wild shriek, and the gale would whirl 'round and 'round the cabin as if bound to lift it from the earth in its teeth. That gale knocked over trees a hundred years old, and rolled rocks weighing a thousand tons down upon the level!"

"And about your stock?"

"When that blizzard struck my ranch I had 500 cattle, 2,000 sheep, and about 200 hosses, all alive and kickin'. It died away about daylight, and after an hour's work we got out out of the cabin and through the snow. Far as the eye could reach all was a dead level. Gulches, ravines and dips had been filled up with from five to thirty feet of snow. Every horse, sheep and steer had gone down in his tracks to die and be coffined in white, and we too, frostbitten and frozen, were fifty miles from any white man. Don't sneer at a blizzard! You'd better meet a thousand she tigers!"

U. S. WHEAT AND FLOUR EXPORTS.

The following are the quantities of both wheat and flour exported from the United States from 1869 to 1879, for fiscal years ending June 30:

	Wheat, Bushels.	Wheat Flour, Barrels.
1869	17,557,836	2,431,873
1870	36,584,115	3,463,333
1871	34,310,906	3,653,841
1872	26,423,080	2,514,535
1873	39,204,285	2,562,086
1874	71 039,928	4,094,094
1875	53,047,177	3,973,128
1876	55,073,122	3,935,512
1877	40,325,611	3,343,665
1878	72,404,961	3,947,333
1879	122,353,936	5,629,714
1879 (9 m'ts to Sept. 30)	107,802,254	4,276,527

The values have increased more rapidly than the quantities, the total for both wheat and flour having been $43,197,124 in 1869, $130,679,554 in 1874, the highest in both quantities and values up to that time; $121,967,737 in 1878, and $150,268,783 in 1879. In the first nine months of 1879 the values were $140,406,861, to which the remaining three months will probably add $40,000,000 more. The value of wheat flour exported has never exceeded $30,000,000. It was $29,258,094 in 1874, and $29,567,713 in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1879. The value of wheat reached the maximum in the same year, $130,701,079; the highest previous year being $101,421,459 in 1874. Twenty per centum would be added to these values of grain by converting the wheat into flour before exportation, if that were possible.

—A woman at Ulysses, Neb., wrapped her baby into a sheet and left it in the warm ashes by the fireplace while she went to visit a neighbor, and when she returned the infant was burned to a crisp.

—At the Cattle Show: Young Farmer—"Are you fond of beasts, Miss Gusherton?" Miss Gusherton—"Oh, really, Mr. Fawer, if you mean that as a declaration, you must speak to mamma!"