Under Contract with the Government of Canada and Newfoundland for the conveyance of the CANADIAN and UNITED STATES Mails.

1884 - Summer Arrangements - 1884

This Company's Lines are composed of the following Double Engined, Clyde built IRON STEAMSHIPS. They are built in water-tight compartments, and are unsurpassed for strength speed and comfort, are fitted up with all the modern improvements that practical experiments can suggest, and have made the fastes time on record.

Vessels. Tonnage. Commanders.

Numidian 6,100 Building. Siberian4,600 "
arthagenian ...4,600 " Parisian.....5,400 Capt James Wylie. Sardinian.....4,650 Lt W H Smith, R N R Polynesian4,100 Cap. R Brown. Sarmatian3,600 Capt J Graham. Circassian4,000 Capt W Richard Circassian4,000 Capt W Richardson. Norwegian3,531 Capt J G Stephen. Peruvian 3,400 Capt J Ritchie. Nova Scotian .. 3,300 Capt W Dalziell. Nova Scotian. 3,300 Capt W Daizien.

Hibernian ... 3,434 Capt A Macnicol.
Caspian ... 3,200 Capt Hugh Wylie.

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Hanoverian ... 4,000 Lt B Thompson, R N R Nestorian ... 2,700 Capt D J James.
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Scandinavian . 3,000 Capt John Parks. Buenos Ayrean 3,800 Capt James Scott. Corean4,000 Capt R P Moore. Grecian3,600 Capt C E LeGallais. Manitoban . . . 3,150 Capt R Carruthers. Canadian2,600 Capt C J Menzies. Phonician2,800 Capt John Brown. Waldensian...2,600 Capt R N Hughes. Lucerne....2,200 Capt Kerr. Newfoundland.1,500 Capt John Mylins. Acadian 1,350 Capt F McGrath.

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The Steamers of the Liverpool, Londonderry and Quebec Mail Service, sailing from Liverpool every ThURSDAY, and from Quebec every SATURDAY, calling at Longh Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Iroland and Scotland, are intended to be dispatched

FROM QUEBEC:

CH Consider	Summary, July 1:
Polynesian	Saturday, " 20
Parisian	Saturday, Aug. 2
Peruvian	Saturday. " . !
Sarmatian	Saturday, " b, 9
Sardinian	Saturday, " 23
Circassian	
Rates of Passage	e from Quebec:
Cabin	860, 870 and 880
(According to ac	commodation.
(According to ac Intermediate	\$36.75
Steerage	At lowest rates.
The Steamers of the GI	asgow and Quebec Ser

vice are intended to sail from Quebec for Glasgov as follows:-Nestorian. " 2 Buenos Ayrean. " Aug. Corean.....

The Steamers of the Liverpool, Queenstown, St. John's, Halifax and Baltimore Mail Service are intended to be despatched as follows :-

FROM HA	
Nova Scotian	Monday, July 28
Hanoverian	Monday, Aug. 11
Caspian	Monday, " 25
Rates of Passage between I	Halifax and St. John's:
Cabin\$20 00 I	ntermediate \$15 00
Steerage	

The Steamers of the Glasgow, Liverpool, Londonderry, Galway, Queenstown and Boston Service are intended to be despatched as follows from Boston for Glasgow direct:—

T)			
Prussian	about	July	19
ZX1180114011			- 21
Manitoban	"	Aug.	:
Scandinavian	• •	"	•
Hibernian	"	66	10
Prussian		66	2
Austrian	16	46	30

The Steamers of the Glasgow, Londonderry and Philadelphia service are intended to be despatched from Philadelphia for Glasgow-FROM PHILADELPHIA:

Phoenicianabout Aug. 6 Pessons desirous of bringing their friends from

Britain can obtain Passage Certificates at Lowest Rates. An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for.
Through Bills of Lading grauted at Liverpool and Glasgow, and at Continental Ports to all points in Canada and the Western States, via Halifax, Boston, Baltimore, Quebec and Montreal, and from all Railway Stations in Canada and the United States to Liverpoland Classes.

and the United States to Liverpool and Glasgow via Baltimore, Boston, Quebec and Montreal For Freight, passage or other information apply to John M. Currie, 21 Quai d'Orleans, Havre; Alexander Hunter, 4 Rue Gluck, Paris; Aug. Schmitz & Co., or Richard Berns, Antwerp; Ruys & Co., Rotterdam; C. Hugo, Hamburg; James Moss & Co., Bordeaux; Fischer & Behmer, Schusselkorb, No. 8 Bremen; Charley

Behmer, Schusselkorb, No. 8 Bremen; Charley & Malcolm, Belfast; James Scott & Co., Queenstown; Montgomerie & Workman, 17 Gracechurch street, London; James & Alex. Allan, 70 Great Clyde street, Glasgow; Allan Brothers, James street, Liverpool; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; Allan & Co., 72 Lasalle street, Chicago; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Leve & Alden, 207 Broadway, New York, and 296 Washington street, Boston, or to G. W. Robinson, 1362 St. James street, opposite St. Lawrence Hall.

H. & A. ALLAN, 80 State street, Boston, and 25 Common street, Montreal. July 18th, 1884.



WANTED-Ladies and Gentlemen in town or country, distance no objection; can have steady work at their homes all the year round, and can make from \$10 to \$15 per week; no canvassing; work sent by mail. Address OAKLAND M'F'G CO., Box 5222, Boston,

> PROVINGE OF QUEBEC, Municipality of St. Anicet, No. 2. WANTED

For the 1st of September next three Female Teachers for Districts No. 2. 3 and 4 in this municipality. Must be Catholic and hold first class elementary diploma; salary fifteen dollars per month. Apply to Per month. Apply to Press.



Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Constitution of the control of the c THE OHABLES A. VOGELER CO.

CARTER'S IVER PILLS.

CURE

Bick Researche and relieve all the troubles incl-

SICK

Headache, yet Carter' duttle Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constigntion, caring and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

Ache th y would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing

In the banc of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and

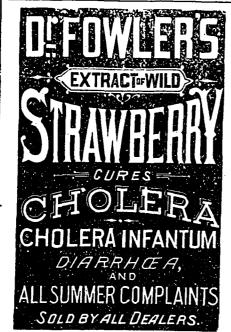
Catter's Little Liver 1911s are very small and very cast to take. One or two pills maken dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who isse them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1 Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. In a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.



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100 Pages, is a complete guide to all kinds of EMBRODERY. Gives diagrams and full instruction in KENSINGTON, ARASKIE a. d all the new embrodery stitches, also gives directions for Crecheting and Knitting with cotton twine, several handsome patterns of window and mantie Lambrequins, also to crechet and knit fitty other useful and ornamental neticles. Touches how to make Modern Point, Honiton and Macrame Lace; also Rug Making, Tattin, &c., &c. Promeey illustrated. Price 35 cents post-paid; Four for One Dollar. Stamping Outfit of 10 juli size perforated Embroidery Patterns, with powder, pad, &c., 60 cents. Book of 100 Embroidery Designs 25 cts. All the above \$1.00.

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WOMAN'S WEAKNESS.

Much of the weary weakness peculiar to females is caused by irregularities that could be promptly remedied with that Excellent Regulating Tonic, Burdock Blood Bitters.

WOODEN HOUSES.

The business of making wooden houses in the United States for custom sale is stimulated by a brisk demand for these products in Brazil. Several large shipments have been made to Rio Janeiro, and they were all sold soon after their arrival. Fifteen hundred of them have already been erected in the new city of La Plata, the new capital of the province of Buenos Avres.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are free from all crude and irritating matter. Concentrated medicine only; very small; very easy to take; no pain; no griping; no purging.

John Bright has written a letter in which he says America, France, Germany and Russia are countries suffering greater dulness of trade than England. The English working classes were never so prosperous under the protective system as now.

THE DOMINION REVENUE. The returns of customs for the month of July at the following ports were as follows:

1884: 1883: Montreal \$857,546 \$767,789 Toronto 346,565 321,118 LOVE AND MONEY

BY CHARLES READE. Author of "It's Never Too Late to Mend," "Griffith Gaunt," "Hard Cash," "Put Yourself in His Place, &c., &c.

ley, who could now spare twenty thousand pounds, and no revenge at all on Hope, for Hope was now well to do, and would most likely be glad to get his daughter back. Then, on the other hand, he could easily frighten Bartley into giving him five thousand pounds to keep dark. but in that case he must forego his vengeance

This difficulty had tormented Monckton all along; but now Mrs. Dawson had revealed another obstacle. Young Clifford and Mary in love with each other. What Mrs. Easton saw as a friend, with her good mother wit, this man saw in a moment as an enemy, viz., that this new combination dwarfed the twenty thousand pounds altogether. Monckton had no idea that his unknown antagonist Nurse Easton had married the pair, but the very attachment, as the chatterbox of the Dun Cow freely described it,

was a bitter pill to him.
"Who could have foreseen this?" said he. "It's devilish.'

We did not ourselves intend our readers to feel it so, or we would not spend so much time over it. But as regards that one adjective, Mr. Monekton is a better authority than we are. He had a document with him, that skillfuly used, might make mischief for a time between these overs. But he foresaw there could be no nermanent result without the personal assistance of Mrs. Braham. That he could have commanded fourteen years ago, but now he felt how difficult it would be. He would have to threaten and torment her almost to madness before she would come down to Derbyshire and declare that this Walter Clifford was the Walter Clifford of the certificate, and that she was his discarded wife, But Monckton was none the less resolved she should come if necessary. Leaving him varius distractum vilis, and weighing every scheme, with its pros and cons, and, like a panther crouching and watching for his first spring, we will now bring our characters up to the same point and that will not take us long, for during the months we have skipped there were not many events, and Mrs. Dawson told the reader some of them, and the rest were only detached ncidents.

The most important in our opinion were: 1. That Colonel Clifford resumed his determina-tion to marry Julia Clifford to Walter, and poohnoohed Fitzroy entirely, declaring him five feet nothing and therefore far below the military

2. That Hope rented a cottage from Walter about three hundred yards from the mine, and not upon the lands leased to Bartley; and there was a long detached building hard by, which Walter divided for him, and turned into an of-fice with a large window close to the ground, and a workshop with a doorway and an aper ture for a window, but no window nor door.

3. That Hope got more and more uneasy about the twenty thousand pounds, and observed to Bartley that they must be robbing somebody of it without the excuse they once had. He, for his part, would work to disgorge his share. Bartley remarked that the money would have gone to a convent if he had not saved it from so vile a fate. This said the astate Bart
"I fear it does," said Hope. "I have long ley because one day Hope, who had his opinions on everything, inveighed ag insta convent, and said no private prisons ought to exist in a free country. So Bartley's ingenious statement stunned Mr. Hope for a minute, but did not sat-

sfy his conscience.
4. Hope went to London for a week, and Mary spent four days with her husband at a ho Mary spent four days with her husband at a ho-tel near the lake; but not the one held by Mrs. Easton's sister. This change was by advice of Mrs. Easton. On this occasion Mary played the woman. She requested Walter to get her some orange blossoms, and she borrowed a dia-moud bracelet of Julia. and sat down to dinner with her husband in evening dress, and dazzled him with her lovely arms and bust, and her diamond bracelet and eyes that outshone it. She seemed ever so much larger as well as lovelier, and Walter gazed at her with a sort of loving awe, and she smiled archly at him, and it was the first time she had really enjoyed her own beautr, or even troubled her head much about it. They condensed a honeymoon into these four days, and came home compensated for their patience, and more devoted than ever. But while they were away Colonel Chifford fired his attorney at Mr. Bartley, and when Mary came home, Bartley, who had lately connived at the love affair, told Mary this, and forbade her strictly to hold anymor intercourse with Walter Clifford.

This was the state of things when "the hare with many friends," and only one enemy re-turned to his cottage late in the afternoon. But pefore night everybody knew he had come nome and next morning they were all at him in due order. No sooner was he seated in his workshop studying the lines of a new machine he was try ing to invent, than he was startled from intense thought into the attitude of Hoggarth's curaged musician by cries of "Mr. Hope! Mr. Hope! Mr. Hope!" and there was a little lot of cager applicants. First a gipsy boy with long, black curls and continuous genuflections, and a fiddle, and doleful complaints that he could not play

it, and that it was the fiddle's fault.
"Well, it is for once," said Hope. "Why, you little duffer, don't you see the bridge is too He slackened the string, removed the bridge fitted on a higher one, tuned it, and handed it

over.

"There," said he, "play us one of the tunes of Egypt. "The Rogue's March,' eh? and mizzle."

The supple Oriental grinned and made obeisances, pretended not to know "The Rogue's March" (to the henhouse), and went off playing "Johnny Comes Morching." (Bridewell to wit.)

Then did Miss Clifford's French maid trip forward smirking with a parasol to mend:

Decolee de vous deranger, Monsieur Hoppe, mais notre demoiselle est au desespoir: oh, ces parasols

notre demoiselle est au desespoir : oh, ces parasols

notre demonstric est un autorismo.

Anglais!

"Connu," said Hope, "voyons ca;" and in a minute repaired the article, and the girl spread it, and went off wriggling and mincing with it, so that there was a pronounced horse-laugh at

Then advanced a rough young English nurse out of a farm-house with a child that could just toddle. She had left an enermous doll with Hope for repairs, and the child had given her no peace for the last week. Luckily the doll was repaired, and handed over. The mite in whose little bosom maternal feelings had been excited, insisted on carrying her child. The consequence was that about the third step they rolled over one another, and to spectators at a little distance it was hard to say which was the parent and which the offspring. Them the strapping lass in charge seized roughly, and at the risk of dis-locating their little limbs, tossed into the air and caught, one on each of her robust arms, and carried them off stupidly irritated—for want of a grain of humor—at the good-natured laugh this caused, and looking as if she would like to knock their little heads together.

Under cover of this an old man in a broad hat. and seemingly infirm, crept slowly by and looked kindly at Hope, but made no application. Only while taking stock of Hope his eyes flashed wickedly, and much too brightly for so old a man as he appeared. He did not go far; he got behind a tree, and watched the premises,
Then a genuine old man and feeble came and
brought Hope his clock to mend. Hope wound
it up, and it went to perfection. The old man
had been a stout fellow when Hope was a boy,

but now he was weak, especially in the upper story. Hope saw at once that the young folk had sent him there for a joke, and he did not approve it. "Gaffer," said he, "this will want repairing every eight days; but don't you come here any more; I'll call on you every week, and repair it for auld lang syne."

Whilst he toddled away, and Hope retired behind his lather to study his model in peace,

Monckton, raged at, the sight of him and his. "Ay," said he, "you are a genius. You can model a steam engine or mend a doll, and you outwitted me, and gave me fourteen years. But

And now a higher class of visitors began to find their way to the general favorite. The first was a fair young lady of surpassing beauty. She strolled pensively down the green turf, cast a hasty glance in at the workshop, and not seeing Hope, concluded he was a little tired after his journay, and had not yet surved. She strolled journey, and had not yet arrived. She strolled slowly down then, and seated herself in a large garden chair, stuffed, that Hope had made, and placed there for Colonel Clifford. That worthy frequented the spot because he had done so for years, and because it was a sweet turn along. years, and because it was a sweet turfy slope; and there was a wonderful beech tree his fathe had made him plant when he was five years old. It had a gigantic silvery stem, and those giant-branches which die crippled in a beech wood but really belong to the isolated tree, as one Virgil discovered before we were born. Mary Bartley then lowered her parasol, and settled into the Colonel's chair under the shade patulæ

fugi-of the wide spreading beech-tree.

She sat down and sighed. Monckton eyed her from his lurking place, and made a shrewd guess who she was, but resolved to know. Presently Hope caught a glimpse of her, and came forward and leaned out of the window to enjoy the sight of her. He could do that un-

observed, for he was a long way behind her at a sharp angle. He was still a widower and this his only child, and lovely as an angel; and he had seen her grow into ripe loveliness from a sick girl. He had sinned for her and saved her; he had saved her again from a more terrible death. He doted on her, and it was always a special joy to him when he could gloat on her unseen. Then he had no need to make up an artificial face and hide his adoration from her.

But soon a cloud came over his face and his paternal heart. He knew she had a lover; and she looked like a girl who was waiting pensively for him. She had not come there for him whom she knew only as her devoted friend. At this

thought the poor father sighed.

Mary's quick senses caught that, and she turned her head, and her sweet face beamed.

"You are there, after all, Mr. Hope.

Hope was delighted. Why, it was him she had come to see, after all. He came down to her directly, radiant, and then put on a stiff man-ner he often had to wear, out of fidelity to Bartley, who did not deserve it.

"This is early for you to be out, Miss Bart-

of course it is," said she. "But I know it is the time of day when you are kind to anybody that comes, and mend all their rubbish for them, and I could kill them for their impudence in wasting your time so. And I am as bad as the rest. For here I am wasting your time in my turn. Yes, dear Mr. Hope, you are so kind to everybody and mend their things. I want you to be kind to me and mend-my prospects for me."

Hope's impulse was to gather into his arms and devour with kisses this sweet specimen of womanly tenderness, frank inconsistency, naiv ete, and archness.

As he could not do that, he made himself ex

ra stiff.

"Your prospects, Miss Bartley! Why, they are brilliant. Heiress to all the growing wealth and power around you."

"Wealth and power!" said the girl. "What is the use of them, if our hearts are to be hearted."

suspected some-thing."
"Suspected," said Mary, turning pale.
"What?"

"That you and Walter Clifford-"Yes," said Mary, trembling inwardly, but commanding her face.
"Are—engaged."

Mary draw a long breath.
"What makes you think so?" said she, look ing down.
"Well there is a certain familiarity—no, that is too strong a word; but there is more ease be-tween you than there was. Ever since I came back from Belgium I have seen that the preliminaries of courtship were over, and you two looked upon yourselves as one."

"Nr. Hope," said this good, arch girl, and left off panting, "you are a terrible man. Papa is eyes and no eyes. You frighten me; but not very much, for you would not watch me so closely if you did not love me—a little."

"Not a little, Miss Bartley.'
"Many, plane"

"Mary, please." "Mary. I have seen you a sickly child; I have seen anxious—who would not? I have seen very proud of. you grow i health and strength, and every vir-

"And seen me tumble into the water and frighten you out of your senses, and there's nothing one loves like a downright pest, especially if she loves us; and I do love you, Mr. Hope, dearly, dearly, and I promise to be a pest to you all your days. Ah, here he comes at last." She all your days. An here he comes at ass. Suce made two eager steps to meet him, then she said. "Oh! I forgot," and came back again and looked prodigiously demure and innocent. Walter came on with his usual rush, crying.

"Mary, how good of you!" Mary put her finger in her ears. "No, no, no; we are forbidden to communicate." Then, imitating a stiff man of business-for she was a capital mimic when she chose-"any communication you may wish to honor me with must be addressed to this gentleman, Mr. Hope; he will convey it to me, and it shall meet with all the attention it deserves.

Walter laughed, and said: "That's ingenious."

"Of course it is ingenious," said Mary, subtly. 'That's my character to a fault."--

"Well, young people," said Hope, "I am not sure that I have time to repeat verbal communications to keen ears that heard them. And I think I can make myself more useful to you. Walter, your father has set his lawyer on to Mr. Bartley, and what is the consequence? Mr. Bartley forbids Mary to speak to you, and the next thing will be a summons, lawsuit, and a great defeat, and loss to your father and you. Mr. Bartley sent me the lawyer's letter. He hopes to get out of a clear contract by pleading a surprise. Now you must go to the lawyer—it is no use arguing with your father in his present heat -and you must assure him there has been no surprise. Why, I called on Colonel Clifford years ago, and told him there was coal on that farm; and I almost went on my knees to him to profit by it."

"You don't say that, Mr. Hope?"
"I do say it, and I shall have to swear it.
You may be sure Mr. Bartley will subpona
me, if this wretched squabble gets into court.'

"But what did my father say to you?"
"He was kind and courteous to me. I was as poor as a rat, and dusty with travel-on foot; and he was a fine gentleman, as he always is, when he is not in too great a passion. He told me more than one land-owner had wasted money in this county groping for coal He would not waste his money nor dirty his fingers. But he thanked me for my friendly zeal, and rewarded me with ten shillings."
"Oh!" cried Walter, and hid his face in

his hands. As for Mary, she put her hand gently but quietly on Hope's shoulder, as if to protect him from such insults.
"Why, children," said Hope, pleased

their sympathy, but too manly to hunt for it, "it was more than he thought the information worth, and I assure you it was a blessed boon to me. I had spent my last shilling, and there I was trapesing across the island on a wild-goose chase with my reaping-hook and my fiddle; and my poor little Grace, that I-Mary's hand went a moment to his other

shoulder, and she murmured through her tears, "You have got me,"
Then Hope was happy again, and indeed the simplest woman can find in a moment the very word that is balin of Gilead to a sorrowful man are a structure

321,118 outwitted me, and gave me fourteen years. But 58,741 68,684 you will find me as ingenious as you at one thing, 98,154 99,021 and that's revenge."

his theme. The jury, he said, would pounce they got to some little distance, from the workshop, then she half turned her head to ward. Walter, who was behind her; and said. However, Hope turned it off and continued P.W. LEEHY, Sec. Treas. St. John, N.B. 58,741 68,684 you will find me as ingenious as you at one thing, on that ten shillings as the Colonel's true esti. workshop, was behind her; and said, on that ten shillings as the Colonel's true esti. workshop, was behind her; and said, on that ten shillings as the Colonel's true esti. workshop, was behind her; and said, on that ten shillings as the Colonel's true esti. who was behind her; and said, on that ten shillings as the Colonel's true esti. who was behind her; and said, on that ten shillings as the Colonel's true esti. workshop, was behind her; and said, on that ten shillings as the Colonel's true esti. who was behind her; and said, on that ten shillings as the Colonel's true esti. who was behind her; and said, on that ten shillings as the Colonel's true esti. workshop, was behind her; and said, on that ten shillings as the Colonel's true esti. workshop, was behind her; and said, to said the said sai

case as a dog, in the manger who grudged. Bartley the profits of a risky investment he had merely sneered at and not opposed; until it turned out well; and also disregarded the interests of the little community to whom the

seam of coal under Colonel Clifford's park. We have no business there. So if the belligerents will hear reason I will make Bartley have got secrets. Now, ten me please, what pay a royalty on every ton that comes to the does it all mean?" said Walter, "to tell the will be £1,200 a year to the Cliffords. Take truth it is all Greek to me, except about the this to the lawyer and tell him to unfix that money. I think I could give a guess where havenet or he will charge at the 'dou: that came from." ble and be the death of his own money-and yours."

Walter threw up his hands with amazement and admiration.
"What a head!" said he.

"Fiddledee!" said Mary; "what a heart!"

"In a word, a phœnix," said Hope, dryly.
"Praise is sweet, especially behind one's back. So pray go on, unless you have something better to say to each other;" and Hope retired briskly into his office. But when the lovers took him at his word, and began to strut up and down hand in hand, and murmur love's music into each other's ears, he could not take his eyes off them, and his thoughts were sad. She had only known that young fellow a few months, yet she loved him passionately, and he would take her away from her father before she even knew all that father had done and suffered for her. When the revelation did come she would perhaps be a wife and a mother, and then even that revelation would fall comparatively flat.

Besides his exceptional grief, he felt the natural pang of a father at the prospect of resigning her to a husband. Hard is the lot of parents; and, above all, of a parent with one child whom he adores. Many other creatures love their young tenderly, and their young leave them. But then the infancy and youth of those creatures are so short. In a few months the young shift for themselves, forgetting and for gotten. But with our young the helpless periods of infancy and youth are so long. Parental anxiety goes through so many trials and so various, and they all strike roots into the parent's heart. Yet after twenty years of love and hope and fear when she concentrated her whole mind on any one thing in this remarkable manner. months the young shift for themselves, comes a handsome young fellow, a charming any one thing in this remarkable manner. highwayman to a parent's eye, and whisks At last the oracle spoke:

her away after two months' courtship. Then,

"Mr. Hope has been deceiving me with oh, ye young, curb for a moment your blind egotism, and feel a little for the parents who servient to papa, but he is the master. How have felt so much for you! You rather like he comes to be master I don't know; but so William Hope, so let him help you to pity your own parents. See his sad face as he Mr. Hope would side, not with papa, but looks at the love he is yet too unselfish to dis- with mc. courage. To save that tender root, a sickly child, he transpianted it from his own garden, and still tended it with loving care for many a year. Another gathers the flowers. He ant." Then she turned suddenly round on watched and tended and trembled over the him. "How did you feel when you ran into tender nestling. The young bird is trying | that workshop, and we both crouched, and her wings before his eyes; soon she will spread them, and fly away to a newer nest

and a younger bosom. In this case, however, the young people had their troubles too, and their pretty courtship was soon interrupted by an unwelcome and unexpected visitor, who, as a rule, avoided that part, for the very reason that Colonel of my own love, and indignant Clifford frequented it. However, he came I have condescended to hide it." there to-day to speak to Hope. Mr. Bartley, for he it was, would have caught the lovers i he had come silently; for he was talking to a pitman as he came, and Mary's quick ears heard his voice round the corner.

"Papa!" cried she. "Oh, don't let him see us! Hide!"

"Where?" "Anywhere-in here-quick!" and she flew into Hope's workshop, which offered great facilities for hiding. However, to make sure, they crouched behind the lathe and a

As soon as they were hidden, Mary began to complain in a whisper. "This comes of our clandestine m--.

very life is a falsehood; concealment is torture--and degradation.

"I don't feel it. I call this good fun."
"Oh, Walter! Good fun! For shame!

Bartley bustled on to the green, called Hope out and sat down in Colonel Clifford's chair. had in his hand some drawings of the strata in the coal mine, handed the book to Hope, : bias bna

"I quite agree with you. That is the seam to follow; there's a fortune in it."

"Then you are satisfied with me?" "More than satisfied."

"I hav something to ask in return."
"I am not likely to say no, my good friend," was the cordial reply. "Thank you. Well, then, there is an at

tachment between Mary and young Clifford.' Bartley was on his guard directly.
"Her happiness is at stake. That gives me a right to interfere, and say, 'be kind to

"Am I not kind to her? Was any parent ever kinder? But I must be wise as well as kind. Colonel Clifford can disinherit his

At this point the young people ventured to peep and listen, taking advantage of the circumstance that both Hope and Bartley were at some distance, with their backs turned to the workshop.

So they heard Hope say: "Withdraw your personal opposition to the match, and the other difficulty can be got over. If you want to be kind to a young woman, it is no use feeding her ambition and her avarice, for these are a man's idols. A woman's is love.''

Mary wafted the speaker a furtive kiss. "To enrich that dear child after your death thirty years hence, and break her heart in the flower of her youth, is to be unkind to

her, our compact is broken."
"Unkind to her" said Bartley. "What male parent has ever been more kind, more vigilant? Sentimental weakness is another mat-

ter. My affection is more solid. Can I oblige you in anything that is business?

"Mr. Bartley," said Hope, "you cannot divert me from the more important question: business is secondary to that dear girl's happi ness. However, I have more than once asked you to tell me who is the loser of that large sum, which, as you and I have dealt with it, has enriched you and given me a competence.

"That's my business," said Bartley, sharp ly, "for you never fingered a shilling of it. So if the pittance I pay you for conducting my business burns your pocket, why, send it to Rothschild."

And having made this little point, Bartley walked away to escape further comment, and Hope turned on his heel and walked into his office, and out at the back door directly, and proceeded to his duties in the mine; but he was much displeased with Bartley, and his looks showed it.
The coast lay, clear, The lovers came

cautiously out, and silently too, for what they had heard puzzled them not a little. "Mary came out first, and wore a very meditative look. She did not say a word till they got to some little distance from the workshop then she half turned her head to temptible thing—listening???!

Well,, said Walter, it wasn't good form; but, added he we could hardly help it.

help it."

"Of course not," said Mary. "We have mine was a boon.

No," said Hope: "tell your lawyer that I been guilty of a concealment that drives us am Bartley's servant, but love equity. I have into holes and corners, and all manner of proposed to Bartley to follow a wonderful meanness must be expected to follow. Well meanness must be expected to follow. we have listened, and I am very glad of it We have no business there. So if the belli- for it is plain we are not the only people who gerents will hear reason I will make Bartley have got secrets. Now, tell me please, what

"There, now!" cried Mary; "that is so like you gentlemen. Money—money—money Never mind the money part; leave that to take care of itself. Can you explain what Mr. Hope said to papa about me? Mr. Hope is a very superior man, and papa's adviser in business. But, after all, he is in papa's employment. Papa pays him. Then how comes he to care more about my happines than papa does—and say so?"

"Why, you begged him to intercede."
"Yes," said Mary, "but not to threaten papa; not to say, "If you are unkind to papa; not to say, 'If you a Mary, our compact is broken.'" Then she pondered awhile; then sh

turned to Walter, and said: "What sort of compact is that? A com. pact between a father and another gentleman that a father shall not be unkind to his own daughter? Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"I can't say I ever did."

"Did you ever hear tell of such a thing?"

"Well, now you put it to me, I lon't think I ever did." "And yet you could run off about money,

What's money! This compact is a great mystery. It's my business from this hour to athom that mystery. Please let me think." Mary's face now began to show great power and intensity; her eyes seemed to veil them-

selves, and to turn their glances inward.

Walter was struck with the intensity of

"That's important, if true," returned

Walter, dryly.
"It's true," said Mary, "and it's importhid like criminals or slaves?"

"Well," said Walter, hanging his head, 'to tell the truth, I took a comic view of the business."

"I can't do that," said Mary. "I respect my husband, and can't bear him to hide from the face of any mortal man; and I am proud of my own love, and indignant to think that

"It is a shame," said Walter, "and I hope we sha'n't have to hide it much longer. Oh,

bother, how unfortunate! here's my father.
What are we to do?"
"I'll tell you," said Mary, resoultely.
"You must speak to him at once, and win him over to our side. Tell him Julia is going to marry Percy Fitzroy on the first of next month; then tell him all that Mr. Hope said you were to tell the lawyer; and then tell him what you have made me believe, that you love me better than your life, and that I love you better still; and that no power can part us. If you can soften him, Mr. Hope shall soften papa."

"But if he is too headstrong to he softened?" faltered Walter.
"Then," said Mary, "you must defy my

papa, and I shall defy yours."

After a moment's thought, she said: "Walter, I shall stay here till he sees me and you together; then he won't be able to ley bustled on to the green, called run off about his mines, and his lawsuits, and out and sat down in Colonel Clifford's such rubbishy things. His attention will be Hope came to him, and Bartley, who out with him, whilst I retire a little waynot far-and meditate upon Mr. Hope's strange words, and ponder over many things that have happened with my recollection."

True to this policy, the spirited girl waited till Colonel Clifford came on the green, and then made Walter as perfect a courtesy as ever graced a minuet at the court of Louis le

Grand. Walter took off his hat to her with chivalric grace and respect. Colonel Clifford drew up in a stiff military attitude, which flavored rather of the parade or the field of battle than the court either of the great monarch or of little Cupid.

CHAPTER XV.—THE SECRET IN DANGER. "Hum!" said the Colonel, dryly; "a

"Et cetera," suggested Walter, meekly; and we think he was right, for a petticoat has never in our day been the only garment worn by females, nor even the most characteristic; fishermen wear petticoats, and don't wear

"Who is she, sir ?" asked the grim Colonel. Your niece, father," said Walter, melli-"And the most beautiful girl in oyshire."

The Colonel snorted, but didn't condescend go into the question of beauty. "Why did my niece retire at sight of me?" was his insidious inquiry.

"Well," said Walter, meekly, "the truth is, some mischief-making fool has been telling her that you have lost all natural affection for your dead sister's child." The stout Colonel staggered for a moment,

snorted and turned it off "You and she are very often together, it seems.' "All the better for me," said Walter

stoutly. "And all the worse for me," retorted the Colonel. And as men gravitate toward their leading grievance, he went off at a tangent What do you think my feelings must be to see my son, my only son, spooning the daughter of my only enemy; of a knave who got on my land on pretense of farming it, but instead of that he burrowed under the soil like a mole, sir, and now the place is defiled with coal dust, the roads are black, the sheep are black, the daisies and buttercups are turning black. There's a smut on your nose, Walter. I forbid you to spoon his daughter, upon pain of a father's curse. My real niece, Julia, is a lady and an hereal and the beauty of the county. She is the girl And how about the seventh; command

ment?" inquired Walter, putting his hands in his pookets at a trans as it is a solution of the Colone, indifferently, "you indifferently, "you indifferently, "you indifferently, "you in our walk of life it's the man's fault if the