

I knew a bright glow awaited me. There was no one in the room, and no light except the firelight. I dearly love the firelight; so, after standing by the hearth-rug till I felt quite warm, I went over to a large bay window at the other end of the room and seated myself on its broad sill, behind those heavy silken curtains with the deep fringe on them, hugging my happiness to myself and building bright castles in the air for the happy future! I know not how long I sat there; I was so absorbed in my own thoughts I did not hear the door open, nor observe that Mrs. Burke had entered the room with Graham. The first sound I heard was Graham's voice talking to his mother in a low tone. I did not catch what they were saying. I did not listen to catch it. I sat and thought on—thought on, hidden away behind the curtains; but I was roused from my reverie by Graham's voice saying, "For God's sake, mother, don't look like that; it is hard enough to bear as it is without your looking at me in that way!" "You cannot have expected me to look pleased, surely Graham? that is asking too much of me; it is a bitter pill for me to swallow, to think my eldest son! my Graham, that—Oh! I did not expect this of you!" "Don't, I implore you, talk like that, mother. I can bear the rest, but I cannot bear that; you know I could not help it; that villain of an old father of hers would not let me off unless I married the girl, so what was a fellow to do? And what is worse," he continued, while a wicked look came into his eyes, "I hear that the old rascal has followed me home and has been dodging about the house for the last two or three days. I'll make short work of him if he does not quit this little game! Damn them all!" "Hush, Graham; no harsh words; remember, however you may feel about it, she is your own wife!"—her face changing visibly as she pronounced the last word—"and I trust my son will always do his duty by her, although she is beneath him in station. Let me see, she cannot come here—at least not until after Jack's wedding." "Come here! I should think not," Graham says, with genuine passion in his voice; "she shall never come here; she shall never breathe the same air as my precious mother." "You were thinking a great deal of your precious mother, I fancy, at the time you married her," Mrs. Burke answers in a hard tone—the hardest tone I have ever heard her use. "Mother!" This one word uttered in Graham's softest and most penitent tone has brought her back again; she is her old sweet self once more. "Forgive me, Graham, I did not mean it." "It wants but one week to the wedding now, does it not?" Graham asks in a quiet tone. "Yes, one week, all but a day," his mother replies. "Then I don't wish one word of this told until after it is all over—the wedding. I mean, for Heaven knows I have brought trouble enough upon you all without marring this happy week for Jack." "It shall be as you wish, my son," she says, looking up at him almost in the old loving way again, so pleased was she at this little bit of unselfishness coming from Graham. "And then we can tell them afterwards, mother, just before I leave, for you know I shall have to live with and support her, I suppose. We are told, you know," with a hoarse laugh that went to your very heart to hear, "that a man must leave his father and mother and cleave to his wife? Isn't that so?" but the laugh proved a most miserable failure, and ere this sentence was completed the strong man was in his mother's arms, sobbing like a child, at the thought of leaving her—and she sat there, pale as death itself, with a dark circle round her mouth, and I knew what fierce agony there raged within, though to all outward appearance she was so calm. And in my heart I could have sobbed aloud in sorrow for her. I could not leave the room while this was going on. Once or twice I essayed to do so, and drew back, knowing how they would feel to find that I had heard it all—and this thought alone kept me where I was—and when the gong sounded through the house for dinner, and Mrs. Burke rose up and left the room, followed by Graham, I crept out of my hiding place, feeling like a thief, and went up to my own room. What was I to do? Tell Jack that I had heard it all? No, for if they would not spoil this happy week for him by the knowledge of it, why should I? Tell Mrs. Burke? No, oh! no. I could not bring myself to tell her that I had been there all the time, so I thought I had better say nothing about it till after the wedding was over; but I could not dismiss it from my mind. The idea of that splendid handsome Graham, whom the highest born lady in the county would have been but too proud to own, throwing himself away upon a low born Irish girl—some fisherman's daughter, perhaps—and I know now that the horrid old man who had dodged us the day before was no other than her father, and had at the time mistaken Jack for Graham.

Time passed on so full of preparations for the wedding that I know not how it went. White lace, tulle and satin, seemed to be the order of the day, and I was kept busily employed in choosing what I would have and how made. Every chair and table was littered with all sorts of finery that was up stairs and down stairs.

Mrs. Burke was here, there, and everywhere. I gazed at her in astonishment, when I thought of what she had upon her mind; but she would not give in. She seemed determined that it one son had disappointed her, the other should not be made to suffer by it, and so the preparations for the wedding went on; it wants but one day more now, and then—and then as Jack has told me 40 times during the last fortnight—"I shall be his own, his lovely wee wife!" It is the evening before the wedding—the very last evening, and finishing touches are being put to everything—the house is in one blaze of light, from the attic to the cellar—lighted up to try the effect of the decorations for the ball to-morrow evening! The effect is perfect, and Mrs. Burke gazing round in admiration remarks that she thinks the decorations reflect great credit on the boys, and well may she say it, for they are simply "superb!" Graham is calling loudly for some one to bring him the two cupids that are to hang from the hall lamp. "Mr. Jack has ridden over to fetch them, sir. Maurice says the man forgot to send them." "Confound the man!" is Graham's gracious reply, as he turns to cut some twine. I am called upstairs to try on my dress. Mrs. Burke wants to see how the train hangs, and whether the orange blossoms for my veil are enough to the front—it is unlucky to try it on, I know; but it cannot be helped, so I go up and stand in front of the large mirror in Mrs. Burke's dressing room and have it tried on, and turn round and round, and walk to the door and back again before an admiring crowd of pantry-maids, house-maids, kitchen-maids, and a big fat cook, whose exclamations of delight are a source of the most intense amusement to Winny, who lies on the sofa watching us all out of her lovely dark eyes, now and then saying the most absurd things in an under tone for her mother's and my amusement,

so that I have hard work to command my countenance; and her mother tells her laughingly she wants a bit cut off the end of her tongue, and that she will do it some day for her when she's asleep! At which speech Miss Winny draws her little rosy tongue further into her small mouth, and shuts her white teeth firmly over it to the great amusement of all in the room. Suddenly in the midst of all this mirth and fun there snote upon our ears the sound of many feet rushing through the hall below, then a shriek—a shriek—the sound of which is tingling through my ears now as I write, and sends the blood from my very heart. I just see Mrs. Burke's look of startled terror, and then one of the under-house-maids bursts into the room, "Oh! Mrs. Burke, marm! they have shot him! shot him down there, over by the gate." "Shot who? Shot who?" while abject terror spread itself over all our faces. "Mr. Graham, marm!" "My God!" is all she says, as she turns and flies down stairs. I only wait to throw on a something over my glistening satin robes, and fly after her, followed by the whole train of servants, when lo! at the foot of the first flight of stairs we meet Graham himself, tearing along with two pillows under his arm—his face as white as a sheet, but otherwise apparently quite well—then my courage all forsakes me, and I stop, for I know it must be Jack! And as I stand leaning against the baluster for support, I hear voices below me in the hall. "It's Mr. Graham; don't I tell you I seed his face when they raised his head for to pour in the brandy." "It aint Mr. Graham, it's Mr. Jack; don't I know," said another voice, and then there comes tramping through the hall a train of men, bearing between them a something. I recollect catching sight of a white face through the banisters—a white face all covered with blood, and its eyes were shut, and I fall senseless, fainting dead away for the first time in my life. When I recovered consciousness I found myself in Mrs. Burke's dressing-room; they have removed my white satin robe and everything appertaining to the wedding that had been scattered about in the evening. Mrs. Burke's own maid, Collins, is with me alone. My first question is to know how Jack is? She answers that she does not know; she has not been down stairs, but thinks that he is better, and then I ask what time it is, and she says it is past eleven, and tries to coax me to undress and go to bed. I say I will if she will fetch my night clothes, but the moment the door is closed upon her, I throw on a shawl that has covered me, and make my way down stairs, holding on to the banisters, for I am still weak. The house is still, still as death; it sends a shudder through me, it is so quiet. I hear not a sound, and I meet no one. The first door I try is the library; I turn the handle and find it locked! Locked—why was it locked? They never lock this door at night! and then a great terror takes possession of me. I remember being supported back to my room, and then, as I grew calmer, being told that Jack was dead; that a man had mistaken him for Graham, and fired at him as he was riding through the gate. The shot proved fatal, and he had died one minute after his mother reached him! I knew who the man was. I knew he was the father of the girl whom Graham had married, and had mistaken the brothers, and imagined it was Graham who was to be married to-morrow instead of Jack. I was told that he had been caught, and that he should suffer for it, but what was that to me! It could not bring Jack back, and I cared for nothing else. I lay for many weeks twixt life and death, and in my anguish prayed that I might die, but I did not die; I lived, and time wore on.

Years have passed away since then—years that have brought with them many changes, so that my story ends, as most stories do, with the sound of wedding bells, for Winny left us yesterday with her husband for a new bright home of her own. Graham is out in the Colonies, and Mrs. Burke is Mrs. Burke still—only with a difference—her hair is snowy white, and she wears it brushed away plainly now under her pretty lace cap, and seems to me to grow lovelier each day she lives. She has been coaxing me for some time to go out into the gay world again, but not even by the sweet persuasive voice of her I love so dearly, both for his sake and her own, can I be brought to robe myself in any other robes than those I wear of deepest woe.

THE GRAPHIC BALLOON.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

(From the Daily Graphic.)

The life-boat which is to be suspended from the *Daily Graphic* balloon on its voyage across the Atlantic, and upon which Professor Wise and his party will depend for safety should any mishap overtake their more commodious air ship, is now in rapid course of construction at the extensive workshops of Mr. A. M. Ingersoll, on South Street, in this city.

The boat is twenty-two feet and six inches long. Her breadth of beam is five feet ten inches, and she is two feet six inches deep. Her keel is of the best Ohio white oak, and the timbers and staves of the same material. The "skin," or body, is constructed of American white cedar, chosen on account of its extreme lightness, combined with great strength. All the wood employed is of the very best quality, and has been selected with such care that not the slightest flaw can be discovered in any of the strips. The boat is "clinker built," each streak of planking overlaps the other, and all are fastened with copper nails, riveted on each side. No less than eight thousand rivets have been used, and two men have been constantly employed for days past in "heading" them. A most difficult task, and one in which great care is indispensable. In the bottom of the boat a patent centre board is to be placed. It is constructed of Georgia yellow pine bound with galvanized sheet iron, and working automatically. Air cylinders of thin galvanized iron are fitted up in the bow, stern, and sides, and, in connection with the Ingersoll valves, are so arranged that the boat will not only "right," but will free herself of water in thirty seconds, even were she full to the gunwale. This desirable result is arrived at by a process patented by Mr. Ingersoll, and may well be termed the perfection of life-boat building.

THE MODEL.

The balloon boat is built after the model of the famous "Red, White and Blue," which crossed the Atlantic in 1866. She has a greater "shear," however, her lines are more graceful, and her general appearance more in accordance with the amphibious rôle which she may be called upon to perform. Fore and aft, she is to be decked over with light planking—the entrance to the diminutive cabin being through a small

companion-way aft. Forward, in the bows, a look-out house is to be placed. This will be provided with sliding "peep-holes" and with two dead lights. It is expected that it can be so arranged as to make it possible for a full-sized man to stand erect in it. At each end of the little vessel ring-bolts will be placed, as in ordinary life-boats. In addition to these, she is to be furnished with two eye-bolts, constructed of 3-inch iron. These run through to the keel, at equal distances from the bow and stern. They are to be secured with great care and riveted on the under side. By these eye-bolts the boat is to be suspended from the balloon. Extending around the entire boat and above the decking, a slight, but strong bulwark is to be placed. It will be three inches high, of black walnut, and so arranged as to prevent those on deck from sliding off when the boat mounts a sea. At the stern posts and in the bows—indeed, at every part which is particularly exposed—great care is being taken to exclude the possibility of a leak; many of the seams are to be filled in with fine cotton, and no pains are being spared to make everything as "tight and snug" as the most exacting seaman could desire. To the water-line the boat will be painted a fine light green. The body will be a bright gloss white, and under the gunwale, extending all round the boat, a broad gold band will be drawn. The bulwarks are to retain their natural walnut colour, but will be highly polished and varnished. Inside, the prevailing colour will be a dull white; the deck will be painted a soft delicate yellow.

THE BOAT'S RIG

has been the subject of much earnest thought on the part of her builders. At length, however, it has been decided to adopt the schooner model, and she is to be rigged after that pattern. The jib will be six feet long on the "heel" or lower part. Each mast will have a hoist of eleven feet six inches, and will be eight feet six inches on the heel. They are to be sixteen feet eight inches long, well and gracefully proportioned. The two sprits will be fifteen and a half feet long. One boom will be placed on the mainmast, and will have a length of nine and a half feet. The foresail is to be lug rigged, and will trim eighteen inches aft of the mainmast. The sails are being made of fine cotton duck, they are double lighted or seamed, and every effort is made to render them at once light and durable. All the masts, spars, and sails of the "Lilliputian" bark are detached, and will be stored away in the hold to await an emergency.

THE STEERING APPARATUS

will be most complete. The rudder is of oak, iron-bound, and in addition to this, a steering oar is to be added for use in heavy weather. The boat will also carry a full supply of canned provisions, and from six to eight ten-gallon kegs of fresh water. She will be furnished with charts, compasses, and other instruments of navigation, and also with one of the patent umbrella drags which has been found so efficient in keeping a ship's head to the wind, and which is now in use on many of the steamship lines. The boat will be fitted out with every appliance for rowing as well as sailing. Three rowlocks of plated silver are to be placed on each side, and six oars of well-seasoned ash, each fourteen feet long, will be stowed in the hold. All the minor details are attended to with as much care as those of greater importance. Brass belaying cleats are to be furnished, a copper stem and sag band will be added, and a number of patent life-preservers placed in the cabin. The apparatus for detaching the boat from the balloon is of the most perfect character. The great aim of the Graphic Company and the builders has been to secure a boat which would live in any sea, and which would at the same time be so light as to present no hindrance to the balloon. In this they have been entirely successful; the boat when finished, with all her spars and sails, will only weigh seven hundred pounds.

CAN SHE CROSS THE OCEAN?

Should it by any unforeseen chance be necessary for the voyagers to take the life-boat in mid-ocean, is it possible for so small a vessel to reach land? This question can be easily answered by a reference to the exploit of the "Red, White and Blue." This daring little craft, which is just three and a half feet longer than the balloon boat, sailed from New York for Paris on the 9th July, 1866, and arrived in London, England, on the 16th of August, making the passage in the short space of thirty-eight days. The crew consisted of two men, Captain John M. Hudson and Frank Fitch, both of whom were old and experienced navigators. During the voyage a succession of heavy winds and strong gales were encountered at all times. However, the little ship behaved admirably, and though from stress of weather she was no less than four times thrown on her beam ends with masts in the waves, each time she righted, and, throwing the water from her decks, again sped in safety on her way.

Art and Literature.

Bishop Colenso's lectures on the Pentateuch and the Moabite stone are announced.

A combination of eight English Provincial newspapers has arranged for the publication simultaneously of a novel by the author of "Lady Audley's Secret."

Castelar's new book upon "Old Rome and New Italy," just translated into English, is pronounced by the *Athenæum* a great literary success.

Dent, the Paris publisher, has just issued a romance entitled, *Le Roi du Jour*. It is a study of English life and manners, based on actuality, and is at once a work of high literary merit and conscientious treatment.

Mr. Darwin has been blackballed by the French Academy. His nomination as corresponding member was rejected by twenty-six votes to six, the latter being given, says the *Carried Liberator*, by the "friends of the apes."

A curious book is in the possession of a rich collector of curiosities at Bordeaux. It is a folio of about 300 pages, entitled *Les Commentaires de Matholi*, and is printed in seven different languages, and dates from the middle of the fifteenth century. This work, of which two copies only were taken, was printed by Gutenberg with wooden types cut by himself. The owner values it at 100,000 francs for it.

Bjornson, the Norwegian poet, being poor, proposes to settle in the United States, and see if he can not do a little better than he is doing at home. He is vicar of a small church, and finds it impossible to live on a salary of \$250 a year. He makes nothing by his books. He is married. For two years he has been studying English, and can now write it very well. The government refuses to increase his pitiful salary, and in sheer inability to live on it, the greatest genius of Norway is about to emigrate.