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R. WORTHINGTON,

30 Great Saint James Street, MONTREAL.

ENTRAPPING AN HEIRESS.

"ISN'T he fascinating?" suddenly exclaimed Lucy Grammerton to her cousin Emily, the morning after Miss Sinclair's grand ball.

Emily looked up at the bright young face enquiringly.

"Who?"

"Why, how stupid you are! Who should I mean but the handsome, gentlemanly Augustus Mortington. I'm going to elope with him to-night."

"For shame, Lucy! to mention such a thing when you know that Mr. Sinclair received reliable information last evening that he was nothing but an adventurer, who wishes to make his fortune by entrapping an heiress."

"All slander, my dear Coz. Fanny Sinclair cautioned me last night against receiving his attentions, but it was all through jealousy; she wanted the handsome Adonis all to herself. She told me her father would have ordered him out, but the proof of his being other than what he seemed was rather vague, and to avoid a scene he was allowed to remain. Won't they be surprised when they hear that, in spite of their reliable information, I have consented to be his wife. To-morrow morning, my dear cousin, you will have the pleasure of being called upon by Mrs. Augustus Mortington."

"Nonsense! Did he propose though?"

"Certainly. You remember the few minutes we left the ball-room together. Well, he led me to a lounge, sank upon his knees, and in the most approved style avowed his passion. Circumstances, he said, prevented him from making my father acquainted with his intentions just at present. He was aware that certain rumours were circulating detrimental to his character, but in a couple of days at the most he would bring forward such proof as would confound his accusers. In the meantime, I could rely upon his honour. He could not, however, live that length of time without calling me his own, and he prayed, therefore, that I would not prolong his agony by refusing an immediate marriage. A carriage would be provided at ten o'clock this evening, and a minister would be in waiting at Harden's hotel to unite us at once. He did not care for my fortune, as his own was immense; it was only my sweet self he wanted. I am not made of adamant, and I graciously nodded my consent. He kissed my hand gallantly, swore I had made him the happiest of men, and we returned to the ball-room a betrothed couple."

"Well, Lucy, if such is the case," said Emily gravely, "I must consider it my duty to inform your father of your conduct."

"No you won't. Listen!" and she whispered in her cousin's ear for a few minutes.

When she had concluded, Emily looked up smiling, and, putting her arm around Lucy's waist, they descended to the dining-room whither Molly, the coloured kitchen-maid, was summoned to meet her young mistress immediately.

The conference, which was strictly confidential, lasted for half an hour, when Molly emerged with a broad smile on her countenance, and holding tightly between her fat palms something very much like quarters.

The night set in dark and cold, and at precisely ten o'clock a close carriage drew up a few paces from the avenue which led up to the snug residence of Mr. Grammerton. Mr. Augustus Mortington jumped out, and advancing to the gate, listened eagerly for the sound of footsteps.

"By heavens! if she were to disappoint me," he muttered, after half-an-hour had elapsed without his hearing aught of the expected one, "I should be nicely fixed. She may have revealed her intention to fly with me, and been persuaded to give it up. But pshaw! she couldn't have been so foolish, and she seems too truthful to deceive me. I shall be a made man yet. The governor will, no doubt, come down handsomely when he finds that the irrevocable knot is tied. She's handsome as a picture, too, but that's only a secondary consideration. Money is the lever that moves the world, somebody said, and he spoke the truth. But hark! here she comes. Now for a little boldness, and all will be well."

And he gallantly advanced to meet the approaching fair one, who, deeply veiled, advanced cautiously.

"Dear Lucy, you have made me the happiest of men," he whispered, helping her into the carriage.

She was a little bulkier in person, he thought, than on the previous evening, but he easily accounted for the difference by remembering that then she was in the lightest of ball-room dresses. The evening was chilly, too, and she, without doubt, preferred not to take cold on her wedding night. She trembled perceptibly when he seated himself by her side, and gave utterance to a sound very like a smothered laugh; but, begging her to be calm, and have no fears, he gave the signal, and the horses dashed off.

In about ten minutes the carriage halted opposite the private door of Harden's hotel. Mr. Augustus helped out his future bride; the door was opened by some one inside, and they ascended the staircase, the elated bridegroom whispering words of comfort to his silent, trembling companion. An officious waiter met them on the landing, and ushered them into a small dimly-lighted parlour. The expectant bride sank into a seat, and Augustus, fancying she was faint, ran to a side table, and poured out a glass of water.

"Be quick, darling, the minister is waiting in the next room," he whispered, handing her the liquid.

The darling, however, seemed in no particular hurry, for, readjusting herself on her seat, she drew her veil closer, and allowed him to wonder at her apathy at such a moment with the utmost indifference.

"Come, dearest, do take off your things," he impatiently said, as the minister, who, for a liberal bribe, had consented to perform the ceremony, entered the room, followed by the witnesses.

"Golly! but yer in a dreful hurry to marry me," came in full rich tones from the lips of the laughing Molly.

Mr. Augustus Mortington started as though a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet. The next moment he sprang forward, and tore the covering from her face. The black, plump face met his gaze. With an execration I had better not repeat, he shoved her from him, dashed through the door, upsetting the worthy minister, and gained the street. The carriage was where he had left it, and, jumping in, he disappeared.

It is perhaps needless to add that he has not since attempted his laudable intention to entrap an heiress, nor that Molly was liberally rewarded for the part she had taken in the affair.

Montreal, October, 1865. G. H. H.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES.—A great many essays have been written on the easiest mode of bringing to an end that animal life of ours. One is in favour of hanging, another of drowning, and a third thinks a bullet through the heart will produce the least suffering. But we have an easier road to death than either. Although the object may not be so soon accomplished, still it is as effectual, for thousands have tried it. We will give you the recipe. Take several strong cords—fasten them round the waist as tight as you can bear it, and let them remain a day or two. Gradually tighten the cords, and persevere, until your body has the appearance of an hour-glass. Your health will gradually decline; you will feel faint and languid; you cannot endure work, and will probably have the dyspepsia, liver complaint, and be exceedingly troubled with nervousness. No matter; the work of death will be gradually going on, and, before many months, consumption will be seated, and you will die so easy a death, that your parting breath will be hardly perceptible. If, however, you wish to commit suicide in a shorter time, wear thin shoes and muslin dresses in cold and damp weather. We have never known this recipe to fail.

THERE is no greater obstacle in the way of success in life than trusting for something to turn up, instead of going to work and turning up something.

It is not always the golden roof which keeps out care and sorrow, nor the humble cot which refuses to shelter peace and happiness.