

THE HEARTHSTONE.

"You will excuse me?" said his listener, but it seems to me you tell a most extraordinary story, and a most unlikely one. I have known your son well since your disappearance eighteen years ago, I have lived at his house for days, and I know, I do not know in all my experience that I have ever met a kinder, more genial man, a better master, or a fonder father; these are not the materials out of which to make a villain, who would keep his own father under the same roof with himself, wearing out a dreary existence in a prison cell; I have been all through Haddon Castle more than once, it is one of those old places we are glad to bring a stranger to visit, that he may see with what strength our forefathers built their strongholds in the troublous times in which they lived, and I am very sure I speak the truth when I say there is no such a cage in any part of the Castle either above or below."

"The old man's heart beat quick and hard, yet it was as he feared the story he had to tell would stamp him with the mark of insanity."

"You have been in the eastern tower John Waddell?"

"I have, through every room in it."

"Did you not observe that the old armory is twice as lofty as any other room in that or any of the other towers, and that from the floor of the armory upwards, the walls are double the thickness of any other wall in the Castle?"

"I did, it was necessary that the armory should be a place of great strength to protect the dangerous weapons it was made to hold, its height was also a well conceived idea so that it might in one place, contain the immense number of weapons and armour needed in those days; a goodly store of which still grace its walls."

"Did you not observe that just as the height of the armory it does not reach the roof of the tower, and yet there seems to be no place of entrance to the chamber which must occupy the space between the armory and the roof?"

"I did, not when inside, but one day while walking alone round the Castle, I observed on the inner side of the tower abutting the Castle wall, an opening which might be a narrow window just under the roof, this suggested to me that the armory did not reach to the top, and consequently there must be some apartment or other there, I mentioned this to Sir Robert and he at once said there was a sort of room under the roof which must have been used as a hiding place in troublous times, but that the staircase which led to it was difficult of access, and had not been used since the time of his grandfather at least."

"Mr. Waddell did not say what struck him at the time, and what he now remembered with an uneasy feeling, that Sir Robert evidently did not wish to speak on the subject, cutting short the conversation then, and ever afterwards warding off any allusion to it."

"Sir Richard was not slow to mark the inner current of thought, that stirred within the lawyer's breast, as he spoke of the hidden chamber in the tower, this he hoped would help him, he was like a drowning man, catching at straws."

"In that space under the roof of the cage in which I have lived these eighteen years, its iron bars as thick as my wrist was the day I entered it."

"How were you put into such a place? it must have been a difficult thing to put a sane man, surrounded by his own servants, in such a place."

"What no man could have accomplished by force, Robert Cuninghame achieved by guile, in a few minutes with the same ease as he would have drawn up his glove; accident discovered to him the secret entrance, and curiosity made him explore the winding stone staircase until he came to the chamber of the cage; the door was open, and the spring would not then work, with probably the rust of centuries; but Robert Cuninghame scraped and oiled it, until it was obedient to his touch as to the touch of the man who made it, and then when all was in readiness he told me of his discovery. I went to see for myself if the tale was true. I entered the cage, and the moment I did so, a sudden click of the iron door made me turn round to find myself a prisoner. In his description of the place he said nothing of the spring that shut it in, and I pushed the gate, at first with one hand, and then with all my strength I endeavoured to burst open those great iron bars, which a giant or an elephant would have been helpless to shake."

"I commanded him to open the cage door; he smiled with insolence in my face, replying in a calm, cutting tone, 'You will never leave that cage until you leave it for the grave, or I myself am dead.' His voice fell on my ear like the voice of the receding angel. In that moment I lost all hope, and yet how often in those weary years that intervened I knelt before him, and in the most abject manner begged and prayed for release, promising my unnatural father to go to America, Australia, or anywhere he liked to send me; to sign over all my land and gold to him, and never to set foot on Scottish ground again, so that I might be free to wander in the pure air, and herd with my fellow men."

"Sir Richard Cuninghame had never been a favorite client of John Waddell, yet there was an air of truthfulness in the way in which he told his sad tale, which left a due effect on the mind of the listener."

"What do you wish me to do for you?" he asked, being fully impressed with the conviction which at first forced itself on his mind that Sir Richard was insane."

"I want you to help me to oust that villain from my house first, and then to have him punished with the utmost rigour of the law."

"Punish the dead. How is that to be done?"

"The dead? Whom do you speak of as being dead?"

"Of your son, the late Sir Robert Cuninghame, whose funeral I attended a few weeks since, and whose twin daughters have been served heirs portions to the estate of Haddon."

"Sir Richard heard these tidings with alternate feelings of satisfaction and disappointment; satisfaction because regaining his property from two children would be an easier matter than from a man in the prime of life whose character was lauded by every one; disappointment because his hopes of revenge were now crushed."

"If my son is dead you will have less trouble in helping me to regain my property. Do this and also give me money on my note of hand for my present exigency."

"The latter I will do willingly; the former must depend entirely on the opinion of others better calculated than I am to judge of your status to manage your own affairs."

receive. He knew that the lawyer believed him to be insane, and the story of his confinement to be nothing more than the vapourings of a monomaniac, and the sooner his powers of mind could be tested the better. He was sure of his own sanity. In all his long confinement he had never lost his powers of recollection or reasoning for an instant, only during the time he lay prostrated by fever in the hospital was his memory at fault."

"It is reasonable you should seek such testimony to my sanity, coming to you as I do, after a mysterious disappearance during a period of eighteen years clothed in rags only fit for a madman. 'Take me to whom you please, put me to what tests are the most trying; I am anxious to prove to all that my judgment is unimpaired!'"

"In a month from that day Sir Richard Cuninghame took his way home to Haddon Castle reinstalled in his lands, in possession of his fortune, and appointed guardian to his granddaughters Agnes and Margaret."

"Tutor, curator and guardian to Agnes and Margaret Cuninghame," said Sir Richard, on entering the mail coach which was to bring him to his own Castle, which he had left in stealth, silence and fear, with the appearance and clothes of a marine beggar, and which he now sought in the guise of a gentleman, able to command and determined to be obeyed."

"Tutor, curator and guardian to Agnes and Margaret Cuninghame," repeated he, "so I will be, a tutor to teach them what they have never been taught before, and I shall be curator and guardian also in administration. If I failed in being revenged on William Hamilton in his son, I will be revenged sevenfold in his grandchildren. They shall serve me and mine without fee or reward, and as to inheriting my property, neither they nor the hated Lindseys shall do that if there is a healthy woman in Scotland who will be wife to Richard Cuninghame. Fool that I was not to have married long ago, a thousand times a fool, to imagine that one who had loved William Hamilton would in her widowhood give herself to me."

"A feeling of oppression quickened his breathing for a few minutes, seeming to tighten some cord which carried the life blood to his heart, he quickly recovered himself."

"Will I never get over that folly, forget that false fair face? Perhaps it is wrinkled and withered enough now. A living dog is better than a dead lion, and if Waddell is correct as to his having been drowned in the Asprey, William Hamilton with all his well run and vaunted virtues is but a handful of dust: while the man whose love and light of life he stole has the power to torment even unto death the only human beings in whose veins his blood flows."

(To be continued.)

CASTAWAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "WRECKED IN PORT," &c., &c.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XI.

QUO FATA DUCUNT.

The first bell had rung, and the huge locomotive, just filled, was leisurely backing from the water-tank towards the train to which it was to be coupled as Philip Vane entered the Spring-side station. He found his knees trembling under him as he alighted from the fly which he had picked up on the Wheatcroft road, and felt that he should require all the nerve at his command to face the blaze of light and the bustle of the platform. He had his return-ticket in his pocket, so that there was no occasion for him to enter the booking-office; but on his arrival he had left his travelling-coat and rug in the cloak-room, and he deliberated for an instant whether it would not be better to leave them there rather than undergo the scrutiny of the porter. Suddenly, however, it flashed upon him that he could not recall the contents of his coat-pockets, and that there might be therein some card or memorandum, some envelope of a letter, which might lead to its recognition as his property, and be brought in as testimony of the fact that he had been in Spring-side on that fearful night. He must fetch them at all risks; and his brandy-bottle, which he had emptied in the fly, that must be refilled at the refreshment-stand."

The cloak-room, he was glad to find, was at the far end of the platform, away from the bustle and the glare. He went there, and found it occupied by two men; one a clerk, seated at a high desk at the far end, entering in a huge ledger the names of the articles which the other man, a porter, called out as he sorted them away. The clerk was working under a shaded lamp, and in comparative darkness; but two hanging gas-jets lighted the other portion of the room, one of them immediately above the large square, open window at which Philip Vane stood, and handed him his ticket."

"Coat and rug, sir?" said the man, in his broad Somersetshire accent. "There you are, sir." And he placed the articles on the broad ledge before him. "Beg your pardon, sir," he added, pointing down to Philip's hand, outstretched to take them, "cut your knuckles, I think, sir."

Philip glanced down at his hand, and saw that the back was stained and rough with blood; he was fully alive to the danger of showing the smallest sign of trepidation at that moment, so, holding his hand towards the gaslight, he examined it coolly, and said, in an careless tone as he could assume, "So I have; I could not get down the fly window just now, so broke it with my fist; but I had no idea my hand was cut."

"Bad thing them splinters of glass under the flesh, sir," said the porter, "better let me wipe it for you with this damp cloth."

"No, thanks," said Philip; "there is the second bell ringing, and I am off by this train—much obliged." And with a friendly nod to the porter, he took up his coat and rug and hurried away. The wheels were just beginning to move as he jumped into an empty first-class carriage, and, wrapping himself in his rug and pulling his travelling-cap over his eyes, tried to compose himself to sleep."

Throughout that journey, however, there was no sleep for Philip Vane. The whirling of the wheels beat into his brain, the scream of the engine sent his heart leaping in his breast, the lights from the small stations flashing through the windows as the train dashed by them, started him so, that he clutched the elbows of the seat convulsively, and leaped eagerly forward in his endeavour to trace any sign of the diminution of their speed. No, onward and still on they went. He remembered having ascertained that they only halted once—at Swindon—on the entire journey; but what if the discovery had been made? What if Judge had denounced him as the assassin? Would not the news be flashed along the line, and the train be stopped at some intermediate station in order that he

might be arrested? Arrested? Let him fancy himself in that position, and think calmly through the case in all its bearings, in order to decide what course he should pursue."

When the old man recovered from his fit he would be able to describe the details of the assault made upon him, and to declare by whom and for what reason he had been attacked. Then would come out the story of the forgery, and then—Philip trembled from head to foot, as he thought of the punishment which the discovery of his commission of that crime would inevitably bring upon him. Before his mental vision at that moment rose the figure of his wife, and he ground his heel upon the carriage floor and cursed aloud. It was to her he owed all his ill-luck in life. If he had not married her he would have been free to marry Mrs. Bendixen, and Delahole would have had no power to compel him to commit the forgery; if he had not married her there would have been his reason for him to undertake that journey to Spring-side, and he would not have been brought into collision with that old man, whom he had been compelled in self-defence to strike. He had struck the old man, and the blood was still upon his hand. He moistened his handkerchief, and as he endeavoured to rub off the dull red mark, there rose, even in his hardened heart, a feeling of shame at having struck one so old and evidently so ill. "I could not help it," he muttered between his teeth, "he held me like a vice. A man with all that strength left in him won't take long in recovering. It was a mercy that he fainted, and so set me free."

In the act of the police; a forger and a scoundrel, oh? That meant Irving's business, plainly. But how did he learn that? Asprey's orders as to the old man's letters and telegrams being kept back, must have been disobeyed. Who could have done that? My charming wife again, I firmly believe. What could she be doing in that house? I noticed she had no bonnet on, and seemed quite at home. If she had anything to do with it, this infernal ill-luck would be fully accounted for. One week more would have done it: would have seen me married and rich, and well out of the reach of the police with whom the old man threatened me, and whom he will certainly set on my track so soon as he recovers. What's this? slacking speed now, without a doubt? And he rose to his feet and peered anxiously out of the window, as the train ran from the outer darkness in amongst blocks of stationary carriages, solitary engines with the outlines of the stokers standing black and weird against the glowing fires, and finally came to a standstill alongside the platform at Swindon."

Philip Vane started as the door was unlocked and thrown open, but the porter only made the customary announcement of the ten minutes' wait, and passed on. Vane looked round, observing but few passengers, who, for the most part, were hurrying to the refreshment-room. He followed them, drank two small glasses of brandy at the counter and had his flask filled with the same spirit, then he returned to the carriage. As he sat watching the train touch on the shoulder, and carrying round, found at his elbow a guard, who demanded his ticket. They would not stop until they reached Paddington, the guard said, and the gentleman would not be disturbed again."

Another passenger was seated in the compartment, a hoary, middle-aged man, with a senile skin cap and a fur rug. He had already hooked a reading-lamp into the lining of the carriage behind him, and was deep in the folds of an evening paper. So intent was he in his occupation, that he merely looked up for an instant as Philip entered, but shortly after the train had started he dropped the paper on to his knees and emitted a low whistle."

"Do you take any interest in the City sir?" he asked, looking across at his companion.

"No—why?" was the curt reply.

"Because they are going it there, that's all," said the man. "Egg-shells and cards seem about the materials which commercial houses are made of now-a-days, let alone companies limited, which are a pleasant combination of cobwebs and feathers. Two more suspicious announced this morning in the papers, sir. Consols fell three-quarters, and a general feeling of uneasiness prevalent. That'll touch us at Manchester, that will. Know anything of Manchester, sir?"

Philip Vane replied shortly that he knew nothing of Manchester, and the commercial gentleman, thus snubbed, betook himself once more to his newspaper, and when he had sucked it completely dry of all commercial information, he drew forth a fat black-leather pocket-book, by making entries in which, and reading over the entries already made, he beguiled the time until the end of the journey. Meanwhile, Philip Vane had again settled himself into his corner, and was deep in contemplation. The recurrence of the panic in the City, of which he had just heard, was another blow against him. He had a vague idea of borrowing money from Delahole on the strength of his approaching marriage, and coming with it to Spain or some other place little frequented by Britons, where he hoped to find a chance of making his way to South America. There might be some difficulty in this now, for in this panic Delahole might be hard hit, even though he saw from the newspaper, which he picked up and glanced through, the Terra del Fuegos remained at the price at which he had left them."

As they sped on, innumerable projects arose in Philip Vane's mind, were thought over, but none for further cogitation or summarily dismissed: prominent among all the others came the idea that even when he was denounced as a forger, and when the fact of his former marriage was made abroad—two things certain to impinge with terrible force upon him, perhaps within the next few hours—even the Mrs. Bendixen might not desert him. She could not be his wife, it is true, but she loved him passionately, with a warmth and devotion unknown to puler, colder natures, with a hungry fervour which might prompt her to forgive the deception he had promised on her, and to fly with him to some place where they could live together beyond the reach of any of their former acquaintances. Or—the brandy which Philip Vane had swallowed had had the effect of clearing his brain and steadying his nerves, and he calculated his chances with such coolness and judgment as though another fate and not his own were trembling in the balance—supposing that Mrs. Bendixen in the contest between her position and her nature were to give way to the former, she would still have her money, money over which certain letters addressed by her to him and carefully retained would give him considerable control."

Yes, that was how it must be managed; the game of respectability was played out, the news of the forgery and of his intended bigamy would be promulgated at once, and there was nothing left for him but flight. He would have time enough after his arrival in town to get together his most valuable articles of property, and to start by an early train or boat to such destination as he might fix upon without his flying visit to London being heard of, and while his servants and people at the office would imagine that he was still absent on a business tour, on which he was known to have started. He would not see Delahole, he would not see any one; the issue of his flight would soon be perfectly apparent, and his enemies might then do their worst. He had sufficient money to take him

to a place of safety, and then he would work on Mrs. Bendixen's feelings. Properly managed, his fate would not be such a hard one after all. But what a difference one week, even a few days, might have made! Had Asprey's calculations been fulfilled; had Sir Geoffrey died at the time the doctor predicted; the forgery would not have been discovered; Judge could have been brought to terms; and as Mrs. Bendixen's husband, he Philip Vane, would have had wealth and position, which were to him the only two things worth living for! As that bitter thought of all "what might have been" crossed Philip Vane's mind; he stamped his foot with rage, thereby awaking the commercial gentleman, who, struggling into a sitting posture, and wiping the steam from the carriage window, muttered, "London at last!" and proceeded to pick up his newspaper and get his travelling rug together."

"London!" Now Philip Vane, must have his wife about him, and be ready to carry out his intention all that he has determined on. The porter who bustles about to get him a cab, eyes him as he fancies, suspiciously, and he bids the cabman set him down somewhat short of his own house, in order that the address may not be remembered. It is comparatively early, not yet eleven o'clock, and being a bright night the streets are filled with people returning from the more sober entertainments, or the votaries of Saint Monday, who have been keeping their accustomed holiday, when these latter gather together in little chattering knots, as they do at almost every street-corner where there is a public house. Philip Vane looks out of the cab-window at them, wondering what they are talking about; whether perchance the news of the assault had already reached the town, and whether he might be the subject of their conversation. Some of the small shops, at once news-vendors and tobacconists, which are still open, have the placard bill of the contents of the evening papers exhibited at their doors, and Philip scans these eagerly, but finds in them no cause for fear. As he nears his home in the more aristocratic part of the town, he leaves all the noise and bustle behind him, and when the cab stopped adirected at the corner of the street, there was no one within sight. Philip alighted, and taking his rug in his hand hurried to the Albany. He thought it would be useless to attempt to shift the inspection of the gate-porter, but to his delight that functionary had temporarily yielded up his post to a deputy, who, unexcited by the novelty of his position, had dropped off to sleep, so that Philip passed by him and gained his chambers unobserved. As he opened the door with his latch-key, he recollected that he had given his servant a holiday, and he knew that he was not likely to come across any one else, for the men holding chambers in the same block were all out of town, and their housekeepers were only visible in the early morning."

Now then to work. In the outer hall were two or three trunks piled on each other. He selected the largest of these, and dragged it into the middle of the room; then he paused, undecided as to how he should commence his work of selection. The rooms had been furnished by a leading upholsterer, who had been told to spare no expense, and as is usual with such people, had rendered them very handsome and eminently uninhabitable: wood of the finest grain, velvet of the softest texture, gliding of the brightest sheen were there in abundance, but could not be taken away. They had cost much money and must be left behind. At one time, he had a notion of dismantling the shelves of the clocks, and the china ornaments, and the valuable neckties which were strewn about them; but on second thought he determined to leave them, fearing they would be missed by his servant on his return, and thus suspicion would be excited. Finally, he dragged the large trunk back into the hall, and fetching the portmanteau which he ordinarily used, commenced filling it with wearing apparel, carefully packing, too, his splendid dressing-case with silver-gilt fittings, and a quantity of plate which he took from an iron safe in his bedroom."

He had opened the door of this safe, and was looking through a number of documents, bills, and other securities with the intention of seeing which could be made available in his flight, when he heard a sudden knock at the door. Not an ordinary knocking—quiet, hurried, but still sufficiently low, as though the person knocking were fearful of attracting other observation than that person whose attention he was endeavouring to catch."

Philip Vane passed in his task and listened; his heart beat so loudly that at first he could not hear anything else, and after the knocking had ceased, but a minute afterwards he heard distinctly. He filled a wine-glass from a decanter of brandy on the sideboard and swallowed its contents, then he crossed the hall and paused at the outside door.

"Who's there?" he asked, in a low tone.

"I," replied the well-known voice of Mr. Delahole, pitched in the same key. "I, let me in at once—most important!"

Vane opened the door, and Mr. Delahole entered. He knew the way, he had been there often before, and with his host following him, he rapidly crossed the little hall and passed into the sitting-room, where he saw the half-dressed portmanteau and the room littered with clothes and papers; he started back and turned quickly round."

"Hillo!" he said, "so soon? I came to warn you, but you seem to have heard it already."

"Heard of what?" said Vane, looking bluntly at him.

Mr. Delahole's face was pale; there was a strained, worn look round his eyes, his usual gorgeous shirt-front was crumpled, and his ring-covered little hands were very dirty; but it was with something of his old jaunty manner that he said, "You do, my dear Philip—things are so serious just now for us. To indulge in such guff. You must have heard the news, or you would not be packing up to out, and run in this way."

"I have this moment returned to town, and I tell you I have heard no news whatever."

"Well, then, not to keep you in suspense any further, the short and long of the matter is this: Late this evening after business hours, I received a private telegram in cipher from Garcia, and—"

Mr. Delahole stopped and waited.

"And," interrupted Philip Vane, who secretly had not noticed the announcement his companion had made to him, so great was his relief. "And," continued Mr. Delahole, looking hard at him, "the water has come into the mine, and it is all up!"

"That's a bad business," said Vane, striving to look interested. "What do you intend to do?"

"Well, you are a plucky one, Philip, I will say that for you," said Mr. Delahole, in admiration. "You take this as coolly as though it were a trifle, instead of meaning to-ta to every sixpence you have got in the world. To be sure there is Mrs. Bendixen's money in prospect, but one ought never to reckon upon that until one has touched it. And you ask me what I am going to do. I will tell you, my dear Philip, in a word of four letters—but!"

"Leave England?"

"Leave England very much indeed, for a short time. I had always arranged with Garcia,

that when this crisis happened—I knew it was always on the cards, having been told so by old Prothero, when he came back from his second visit and sold all his shares—I had arranged with Garcia to let me have forty-eight hours' notice before the news could reach the City in the regular way. If he keeps his word, and I have no doubt he will, the interesting occurrence will not get wind until Thursday morning, by which time we—if you decide upon accompanying me—can be on the other side of the Pyrenees, and well into Spain."

"Is there absolute necessity for your going?"

"Well, my dear Philip, when the T. D. bursts up, there will be rather a howl, and it will probably, too, be better for me to be out of the reach of certain speculative persons who may think they have been defrauded out of their money. What an extraordinary fellow you are! You must necessarily make yourself scarce, and yet you seem to be displeased with the notion of my company, which I thought would have afforded you the greatest delight."

"It is not that, of course; I should be glad of your society, but it's hard lines to have to run away into hiding just now."

"You can take Mrs. Bendixen with you, my dear Philip," said Mr. Delahole, sardonically. "She will not know that it is anything more than a mere commercial smash; and she will be doubly anxious to have the opportunity of concealing her own stricken deer. Besides, you might have had to bolt in a more hurried manner. Oh, by the way, I have news for you."

"What news?" said Vane, starting. "More trouble?"

"On the contrary," said Delahole, "good! Just before I came out, Asprey enclosed me this telegram, which he received to-night. Hoard it for yourself."

Mr. Delahole took an envelope from his pocket and handed it to his companion, who opened it eagerly, and spread out its contents before him. But he had scarcely glanced at the first word, when, with a heavy groan, he fell senseless on the floor."

Mr. Delahole was a practical man; he rushed into the bedroom, and emerging with the water-jug, dashed a stream over his friend's face; then dropping on his knees beside him, unled his neckerchief, unbuttoned his waistcoat and shirt, and flung up his hand that he might feel how the pulse was beating."

"What makes him drop the hand suddenly as though it had been red-hot, letting it fall heavily on the floor? What makes him bend over it again as it lies there, doubled up and shapeless, and peer curiously at the cuff and shirt-wristband? What makes him shrink back, regarding his feet with one bound, and looking down with horror on the prostrate form? 'He did it,' he muttered. 'By the Lord! What's this the doctor says?' picking up the telegram which had fluttered to the ground."

"Chenoweth, Springside, to Asprey, Cavendish Square. Sir G. H. is dead. Killed to-night in a struggle. Particulars by post. Shall want you and the King's. Kill him in a struggle; and unless I am very much mistaken this is the man that killed him. What's the meaning of his falling into a fit when he read that? What's the meaning of those stains on his hands and cuffs and wristband? That was where he was all this day, when he would tell me where he was going! And here are his boots and trousers still cased with the heavy country mud! What was the meaning of this packing up, which I interrupted him in? His plate and papers, too, I see, to take with him. What did that mean but to bolt? This is an informal bad business," he continued, dropping into a chair and wiping his forehead. "I wish to heavens I had not seen him!"

At this moment Philip Vane opened his eyes, and after gazing wearily round him, gradually struggled into a sitting posture.

"Help me to get up, Delahole," he said, in a faint voice. "Give me your hand."

"Not I," said Mr. Delahole, drawing back and plunging his hands into his pockets.

"What's the matter?" said Philip, still faintly. "What has happened?"

"This has happened, Philip Vane; that I know where you were during this day, and what you did. Hencforth we work separate, and I advise you to keep clear of me. I don't pretend to be strait-laced, I am not particularly as to how I get my money, so long as it comes, but I have never gone in for murder yet, and I don't intend to begin now. And look here; you know I am sound enough, but if you don't want others, who might not be quite so reliable, to find out what I have done to-night, look to your coat-cuff, and shirt-wristband, and trousers, and boots, and be off out of this place, before the hue-and-cry is upon you."

So saying, without another look at his companion, Mr. Delahole put on his hat and stroiled from the room, leaving Philip Vane grovelling on the ground.

(To be continued.)

The French Government has no intention of selling the crown jewels, rumours to the contrary notwithstanding. Many inventories have been made of these jewels. In 1774 the diamonds were 7482 in number, but in 1778 Louis XVI. sold 147 for the crown's use at that epoch. In 1791 he ceded to the National Assembly again counted them, and found that they numbered 6547. The principal diamond in the French crown jewels is the famous Regent. It was found in the mines of Golconda at the commencement of the last century, and was sold to the Governor of Madras by the agents of the Mogul for 500,000 francs. It then passed into the hands of Law, the notorious speculator, who sold it to the Regent of France for 2,500,000 francs, and in 1817 it received its name. In 1856, at the opening of the Exposition, the Empress Eugénie had it mounted, and wore it, but the weight of the diamond was so great that it caused her a violent headache, and the Regent was consequently taken out and placed in its old position. Its weight is 367 carats, or 58.5 grains. In addition to the diamond the crown jewels include 572 rubies, 220 emeralds, and a great quantity of sapphires, topazes, amethysts, and other precious stones.

YOU NOW CAN KNOW THE REASON.—Podophyllin (Mey Apple or Mandrake) has long been known an active purgative and has been much used in some sections of our country, (and is now very generally administered by physicians in the place of Calomel or Blue Pill for Liver Complaint, &c.) One preparation of Podophyllin is considered by Dr. Nelligan, of Edinburgh, as one of the most generally employed and most efficacious in the whole Materia Medica. *Podophyllin* given in combination with active cathartics (such as above) corrects their gripping qualities without diminishing their activity. *Vide Nelligan's Materia Medica*. All the above highly valuable remedial elements are in each of our valuable Restorative Pills.—No wonder they are ahead of all other Pills, as a family medicine! 3-9d

MR. JAMES I. KELLOW, ST. JOHN, N.B.: Sir.—Having, while at your establishment, carefully examined your prescription, and the method of preparing your Compound Syrup, I felt anxious to give a fair trial in my practice. For the last twelve months I have done so, and I find that in Incipient Consumption, and other diseases of the Throat and Lungs, it has done wonders. In restoring persons labouring from the effects of Disinfection, and in cough following Typhoid Fever, prevalent in this region, it is the best remedial agent I have ever used. But for persons suffering from exhaustion of the powers of the brain and nervous system, from long continued study or teaching, or in these cases of exhaustion from which so many young men suffer, I know of no better medicine for restoration to health than your Compound Syrup.

If you think this letter of any service, you are at liberty to use it as you see fit.

I remain, yours, &c., EDWIN CLAY, M.D. *Piquette, N.S., January 14, 1868.*