

any further for the present. We shall get home without a wetting, thank goodness, which is a felicity quite unexpected by me."

The equipage was now rolling along the public road. Comfort was sitting as in a dream, and Mrs. Polderbrant was laughing heartily.

"Nicely tricked, nicely tricked," Mr. Mackmillerman said, triumphantly; "tricked by Patience Polderbrant!"

As the carriage rolled away, Mr. Mackmillerman, fuming with disappointment and rage, turned aside and trudged homeward on foot; while Desmoro, inwardly pleased with Mrs. Polderbrant's late conduct, went back into the theatre; where the performance being over, the lights all extinguished, he sought his homely little couch.

Pidgers looked out into the night—which was pitch dark—then he closed the outer door, and drawing near the table, on which a small lantern was burning, he produced several articles, and placed them before him.

"The man had on a suit of new garments, and his hair had been recently cut and oiled. Altogether, he presented a different appearance from his former ragged, dirty self."

But, notwithstanding that fact, he remembered that he had failed to draw Comfort's attention to himself—she had never once looked at him; and, consequently, his improved looks had not been noticed by her for whose sake they had been so much improved.

"It aren't of any use thinkin' of her while I hev' empty pockets," mumbled he, under his breath. "I must hev' a sight of munny, an' then, I'll maybe be able to get her to listen to me, fur I shall be as bold as brass to her an' everybody else, when I've got the cash to finger. I wonder how many of those five-pun notes the ould witch hev' got, an' wheer she do keep 'em? Under her pillow, I'll lay a wager!" he added, examining a black mask, which he had abstracted from the property-room of the theatre, and a lump of red paint.

Pidgers glanced around the room, at the closed door communicating with the stage, and listened to the splashing rain without.

"That Desmoro chap 'ill not come down here agin; I'm safe enough so fur as that goes. Now fur it! If I don't git her pun-notes, I'll work out my spite on him, the varmint!"

Then the man took the lump of red paint, and mixing it with a little water, commenced smearing the inside of his hand with it, until his palm was very nearly the colour of that of Desmoro.

"My! that'll do!" he exclaimed, regarding his infamous work with wicked satisfaction.

Thrusting his mask under his jacket, he put on his hat, took up the lantern, covered its eye, and stole out into the night, fastening the stage-door behind him.

The wind was still blustering loudly, and the rain was falling in a drizzling flood. But Pidgers cared nothing for the storm—he rather liked it at this moment.

He entered from the alley, and reached the street, which was quite deserted now. From a neighbouring church clock, the hour of one was tolled. Buttoning up his jacket, and pulling up its collar, which served to half conceal his ugly face, Pidgers limped along as quickly as he could. Presently he turned down a dark and miry, where there were only a few scattered, humble cottages. It was a lonely spot; Pidgers was well acquainted with it, and could have found his way along it blindfold. Mrs. Polderbrant lodged in one of these lonely cots, and her landlady was an old widow, who was almost stone-deaf.

On one occasion, recently, this crafty knave, having been sent on a message to the actress, he had slyly learned where she slept, and all he wished to know. Thus the dishonest task he had in hand presented but few difficulties to him. Mrs. Polderbrant occupied the ground floor of the dwelling; she had always a great fear of fire breaking out in the night, and she preferred to sleep in an apartment from which—in case of danger—she might be able to effect an easy escape.

The man now paused before a lone little house; and, after putting on his mask, produced a bunch of keys, one of which fitting the common lock of the house-door, he quietly made his entrance. All was still within; he could hear only the blustering wind shaking the casements of the cottage, and the heavily-falling rain.

He now let the light of his lantern shine on everything around. A door was in front of him—the door of Mrs. Polderbrant's bedroom. Laying his fingers on the entrance-latch, he noiselessly lifted it, and passed into the apartment, about which he cast an inquiring glance. On a narrow couch lay the actress fast asleep. Her face was turned to the wall, but her regular and heavy breathing proclaimed her state of deep repose.

Pidgers put down his lantern, and drew near the bed; nearer and nearer he drew towards it; still she slumbered on, wholly undisturbed, not dreaming that the midnight robber was by her side. Stealthily he introduced his hand under her pillow. Ha! He had guessed aright; his fingers were grasping a purse, a leather purse with crisp bank-notes within it.

At this instant, the sleeper turned suddenly, uttered a scream, and started up in bed in a bewildered manner.

"Thieves, thieves!" she shrieked out, with all her might, her hands at the same time grasping the man's shoulder.

But Pidgers, who had the purse in his safe possession, was now prepared to struggle with her—to struggle with her to the death, for might he cared. His frame, although ungainly in the extreme, was of great muscular strength. Her twining arms and clutching fingers he but little regarded; and, as for her cries, he knew that there was no one near to hear them.

Presently she fastened her fingers in, and grappled with his hair, which act giving the man much pain, he dealt her a violent blow in the chest, whereat she loosed her hold of him, and fell back upon her pillow in an almost insensible condition.

Pidgers uttered not a sound, but taking up his lantern he lifted up his reddened palm before the open eyes of the helpless woman in the next moment he had extinguished the light, and the place was in total darkness.

"Good heaven!" she gasped confusedly; "that red hand! Desmoro Desmoro!" and then she swooned, and all was still.

Pidgers chuckled inwardly; his base purpose had been effected, and he was triumphant. Heedless whether his victim were alive or dead, he quitted the house, and, regaining the street, made his way back to the theatre, where, having washed the paint from his hand, and burned the mask, he proceeded to examine

his booty, the contents of the purse he had just stolen from Mrs. Polderbrant.

Three-five pound notes and some gold! Pidgers was a rich man! How his bleared eyes glistened over his ill-got gains, and how his evil spirit rejoiced at what he had done!

"Won't the ould witch mak' a rare fuss over this job?" he said, within himself. "Weel, let her! She'll double up that proud clap, Maister Desmoro, an' that'll be capital fun for me. Oh, I ha' gotten a 'ced on my shoulders, not a turnip as they may be think it! Wait until to-morrow! I see fairly hungry a wishin' fur that morrow to come!"

And the ruffian rubbed his knotted hands together, and laughed aloud quite gleefully.

Then he approached the fire-place, and putting his arm up the chimney, removed a loose brick. This done, Pidgers secreted, in the vacant space, the stolen purse with the money inside it, and replaced the brick as before.

"Now, I deliee them!" he exclaimed, in an undertone, "an' I shall look the ould witch in the face as bold as brass. Yes, yes, I be all safe, all safe, an' I've gotten my spite on him besides!"

So saying, the detestable creature quickly undressed himself, and letting down a narrow press bedstead tumbled into it, and soon fell fast asleep, out of which sleep he did not wake until broad daylight.

He rose as usual, without fear of any kind. He felt no remorse for what he had done—not he! his base heart was still throbbing with vengeful anticipations. He was thinking of how soon he should see Desmoro accused, and dragged off to prison, and of how he should enjoy the sight of his undesired degradation.

Mrs. Polderbrant long lay motionless and cold, as one from whom the life had fled. When she recovered her recollection she found that she was stiff and sore, and unable to rise. She could remember everything that had occurred: the masked robber and his red hand.

She shuddered, uttered a mournful cry, and covered her face with the bedclothes. Merciful powers! how she had been deceived! She had deemed him one of heaven's purest sons, and loved him almost like her own! But she had done with him for ever, now: the midnight thief that he was!

By-and-by, she rose, and dressed herself. She was enduring great bodily pain, and her thoughts were full of aching trouble.

Desmoro was an ungrateful, wicked young man, and deserved to suffer for what he had just done—for the crime he had lately committed. She would have no mercy whatever on him; she would deliver him into the hands of the law, and let him pay the penalty of his sinful deed. She felt strangely ill, and she thought it possible that she had received her death-blow.

She said nothing to her landlady of the past night's event, but sat over her breakfast in tearful silence. She was a woman full of integrity and high principle, one who would not hesitate to sacrifice even her own child, if that child had done anything unworthy or wrong. The money that had been stolen from her was not her own! It had been entrusted to her care by Ralph Thetford, to be used for the benefit of Desmoro, should he ever require its use.

Well, he had not waited until the proper time when he might have received his friend's generous help, but like a villain he had seized upon, and possessed himself of, it by unlawful force—possessed himself of it just when she was planning to surprise him with a new suit of clothes.

What would Mr. Thetford say when he came to hear of Desmoro's ingratitude and wickedness? Oh! surely he would be as amazed and hurt at it as she was!

She could not cut a morsel of breakfast, she felt too ill to swallow a single mouthful of anything. She loved this young thief, this heartless Desmoro, and her bosom was filled with contending and agonizing feelings.

But no matter what she felt, his sin merited punishment; and what he merited, she would give.

Such were Mrs. Polderbrant's reflections as she sat over her untasted meal.

Mrs. Polderbrant now prepared herself to go out. The morning was calm and sunny, and the birds were twittering gaily after the late storm. She was looking dreadfully haggard, and years older than she looked the day before, and every onward step she took was causing her excruciating pain. But duty was duty, and she thought that she was performing hers.

She did not direct her steps to the theatre, as she had at first thought of doing, but towards the lodging of Samuel Jellico who was much astonished at her early and unexpected call.

"Are you ill?" he asked, as she entered the room where he was sitting breakfasting.

"Ill!—yes! Almost dead!" she answered, gaspingly.

He pointed to a chair, upon which she sank, in breathless agitation.

"Bless me! What on earth is the matter with you, Mrs. Polderbrant?"

"I've been robbed, Jellico!" returned she, as soon as she could speak again. "Robbed, and nearly murdered as well!"

"Good heavens!"

"I do not think I have many hours to live; I am feeling sick unto death."

"Can I get you anything—my assistance—you really alarm me!" said the manager, in confused syllables. "When were you robbed, and how?"

She did not answer him on the moment. She was unable to do so.

"Come with me!" she uttered, at length, her hand pressed upon her bosom; "come with me, I charge you. I have a piece of justice to perform, or I die!"

"I cannot understand, my dear Mrs. Polderbrant, I am in the dark, quite! Will you not explain yourself to me?"

She shook her head, while her face assumed quite a leaden hue.

Jellico rose and put on his hat. He looked much perplexed, and as if he would have liked matters to be explained to him.

"Thank you," she said; "I want you to accompany me to the theatre."

"To the theatre?" he echoed.

"Yes."

"But wherefore there?"

"Ask no questions, I entreat!"

"You do not appear to be able to walk so far," he observed, seeing her stagger to her feet.

have hesitated at allowing her to go thither in her present state.

Mrs. Polderbrant did not speak a single word more until she had reached the stage-entrance, where, thoroughly exhausted, she sank upon a seat and panted for breath.

Pidgers was present at this moment, looking perfectly unconcerned. He knew well the object of her visit there, and his fiend-like spirit was all exultation.

Recovering herself a little, she addressed the doorkeeper.

"Where's Mr. Desmoro?"

"In the house, marm," he answered, nodding his head towards the passage leading to the stage.

"At what hour did he come home this morning?" she further inquired.

"Let's see, did he go out last night?" returned the man, pretending to reflect upon the question. "I truly dunno whether he did or not. I can't recollect nothin' about it, if he did."

"Think a moment or two," said Jellico, his senses all in a state of wonderment, and longing to have things explained to him.

"I fancy he went out—but I aren't surin' of it at all, m'd ye, sur—'an' that when I let him in I was so sleepy as not to remember nout about it."

Your explanation is wondrously clear, Pidgers," rejoined Jellico, somewhat severely. "If you do not sharpen your wits a little, I shall have to provide myself with a fresh doorkeeper!"

"I beg your pardon, sur," said the man, humbly; "but you see I war tired last neet, and had in my 'ed besides; and if you war to kill me I couldn't tell yo whether I let Maister Desmoro in or out. I couldn't believe me, fur the rheumatiz in the 'ed puts everything else out of it."

Mrs. Polderbrant had risen from her seat. "Ask him no more questions—he's a dolt!" she uttered, with characteristic brusqueness, her accents hoarse, her eyes glassy, and her whole frame quivering. "Send some one for a constable!" she added, looking about in a vacant manner.

"A constable?" repeated the manager.

"A constable?" was her emphatic rejoinder.

"Shall I go for one?" asked the man, eagerly.

"Send him—send him!" breathed she, her hand laid on Jellico's arm.

"I'd fitter send for a doctor, I think," he answered, noting her altered manners, and the deadly pallor of her countenance.

"Let him fetch the constable!" she repeated.

"I charge you to do this much for me, Samuel Jellico!"

Pidgers had his hat on, and was ready for his errand.

"Go!" said the manager, looking greatly amazed.

The man needed no further bidding—he was gone.

"Now, for Desmoro!" panted Mrs. Polderbrant, staggering along into the passage, and pursuing her way to the room occupied by our hero, who was sitting over his morning meal, little anticipating such an interruption.

He started up on the entrance of Jellico and his companion.

There was neither guilt nor fear expressed in the youth's features; he looked surprised to receive such early visitors, nothing more.

"Robber!" cried Mrs. Polderbrant, abruptly, and in withering syllables, her arms stretched out towards Desmoro who was standing with eyes and mouth agape. "Robber and assassin both!" she added, sinking into a chair.

"Mrs. Polderbrant!—Mr. Jellico!" exclaimed Desmoro, looking from one to the other in utter amazement. "What does this mean, m'ann—sir? Why—?"

The manager raised his hands and his shoulders together.

"What does it mean?" echoed she, through her white, quivering lips. "It means that you are a villain—a mean, dastardly thief! Where is my purse—the purse you stole from me last night? Bear witness to my words, Samuel Jellico!" she broke off to say to him: "they are true words—the words of a dying woman! This young villain, his face concealed by a mask, broke in upon me last night, and robbed me; but despite his concealed features, I knew him by his red hand!"

"Mrs. Polderbrant!" shrieked Desmoro, aguish with terror, big drops starting out, and standing on his brow.

"Bear witness still further—he struck me violently; and I am dying from a blow inflicted by his hand!"

And so saying, she leaned back, and closed her eyes.

Desmoro was speechless, and standing perfectly motionless. Manager Jellico was looking at him, perplexed and horrified. At one moment he thought that Mrs. Polderbrant had taken leave of her senses; at another time that he was under the influence of some dreadful nightmare.

"What have you to say to this terrible accusation, young man?" he asked, addressing Desmoro, and speaking in severe accents.

"I am wholly bewildered, sir, and scarcely know whether I am asleep or awake," was the reply. "I do not comprehend one syllable Mrs. Polderbrant has said; and how should I, sir, seeing that I am innocent of ever having done her wrong in any way?"

"Innocent?" repeated she. "Oh, wicked young man! How have you deceived me? I loved you dearly, and you have repaid my love with treachery and violence. But you shall suffer for the evil you have done. I will struggle against the dark messenger until I have given my testimony against you, then Patience Polderbrant will close her eyes and take her eternal rest."

She had spoken this bitterly. She felt firmly convinced of Desmoro's guilt, and she believed that she would be only fulfilling her duty in giving him into the hands of justice, when he would be punished according to his well-merited deservings. She knew that she was dying, yet, even in her last moments, her sternness of character did not soften a single jot.

But it was with pain that she now obeyed the harsh dictates of her honourable nature. She had no revengeful feelings to gratify in this affair; she was simply following the course which she imagined to be the straight and honest course.

While she was lying back in her seat, waiting the coming of the constable, her bosom was assuaged by a score of contending feelings. She did not trust herself to look at Desmoro; for she could not help remembering his par-

entless state, and likewise the solemn promises she had made to Ralph Thetford.

Once, twice, and thrice had Desmoro attempted to speak; but each time that he had done so he had been silenced by a wave of Mrs. Polderbrant's hand, and a sharp request that he would hold his false tongue, and burden his soul with no more sin.

Poor Desmoro wrung his hands in utter despair, confused and terror-stricken. His heart was palpitating wildly, and his breast was filled with many vague apprehensions.

He uttered, "Oh, heaven! when, were, and how? How dazed his brain felt, as he thus questioned himself! He looked at Samuel Jellico, then at Mrs. Polderbrant, his accuser; and again he spoke, begging the latter to explain herself to him.

But she was ill—too ill to reply to him; and she took no notice of his appeal, but remained quite silent, with her eyes closed, and her white lips tightly compressed together.

Jellico looked very unhappy. He had conceived a sincere liking for the friendless young man whom fate had thrown across his path, and he was grieved beyond measure to see him standing in his present fearful position. Of course he could not doubt Mrs. Polderbrant's statement. Some who knew her thoroughly could ever question her integrity in either word or deed.

He was sitting biting his lips, dreading the arrival of the constable, and wondering within himself how the affair would end—whether Desmoro would be able to clear himself of the foul charge preferred against him, or whether he would be found guilty?

Jellico could not readily bring himself to credit aught of it against one who had always conducted himself so praiseworthily as Desmoro; who, in all respects, had ever acted in an upright manner, his every act being open as the day itself. The worthy manager was both perplexed and distressed. He was thinking of the disgrace which the affair would be likely to pull upon all the members of his company, and that thought gave him inexpressible pain.

Desmoro who was leaning against the fire-place, his face blanched, his white lips twitching convulsively. A heavy, dull torpor seemed to have fallen upon him. This false and terrible accusation had almost paralysed his faculties, and his eyes were filled with a wild yet vacant expression, which struck Jellico's kindly breast with compassion for the youth's friendless and helpless state.

Steadily, unused the manager there was some mistake in all this! Mrs. Polderbrant had always been a woman of eccentric manners—so much so, indeed, that people had sometimes doubted her entire sanity. She might, then, be suffering from some sort of delusion at this moment, and under the influence of a disturbed brain, be doing a great and cruel injustice. Of course, she was wholly unconscious of her condition; she was acting according to her own impressions, and with an idea that she was acting rightly.

Of what sum of money sufficient to tempt a thief could Mrs. Polderbrant possibly have been possessed?

Knowing her salary, and the way in which she lived, Jellico concluded that she could not have saved anything.

Then what did she mean by thus ravaging about her purse?

Assuredly, there was some mystery in all this, he thought.

But that red hand!

Could Mrs. Polderbrant have fancied that she saw that?

Jellico was becoming more confused, as these mental queries, one after another, presented themselves to him.

At length, Pidgers returned with a constable, to whom Mrs. Polderbrant gave Desmoro in charge.

She told the constable that she was a dying woman, and she made him take down her declaration, which she made in a clear and connected manner, which left no doubt on his mind of the truth of her story.

All this while Desmoro offered no single syllable in his own defence. He stood rigid as a pillar of stone. He did not appear to be listening to what was being said by Mrs. Polderbrant; he was apparently quite uninterested in the scene passing around him.

But when the officer of the law produced a pair of handcuffs, and approached to put them on the accused, a sudden change came over him. The sight of those hideous fetters had aroused Desmoro to a sense of his dangerous position, and a thrill of horror pervaded his entire frame.

And now he could speak—now his speech came in a torrent of frenzied words, while his clasped hands were lifted high above his head, in order to avoid the imprisonment of those frightful iron rings.

"I am innocent. I am innocent of all knowledge of the act of which I am accused!" he cried, gazing first at one and then at another. Mrs. Polderbrant! Mr. Jellico! I was not out of the theatre after the performance was over, last night; the stage doorkeeper can prove that fact, prove it fully! Pidgers," he added, turning to that individual, who had not yet withdrawn,—"Pidgers, you can say whether I am speaking the truth or otherwise! Speak!"

The man shook his head, and limped a pace or two nearer the door, as if disinclined to reply.

"Do you hear, Pidgers?" proceeded Desmoro, with frantic earnestness. "Speak—speak, in the name of heaven, and disprove this crushing impeachment which they prefer against me!"

"No, they'll mak' me sweeter to my words; and as I see not sartin whether you war in or out of the theatre last neet, I see hold my tongue between my teeth an' say nothin'."

Desmoro uttered a cry of despair, and Pidgers, with a virtuous look upon his repulsive countenance, halted out of the room, and disappeared entirely.

It was of no use; the only person who could establish Desmoro's innocence, refused to do so.

"Here," he said, addressing the constable, and presenting his wrists with a reckless air; "here; do with me as you please, I cannot avert my fate!"

The agent of the law answered not a word, but placed his manacles upon the young man's wrists.

As he did so, the iron seemed to enter into Desmoro's very soul.

"For the second time," he inwardly uttered, glancing at his imprisoned limbs, and shuddering violently; "and on both occasions unjustly," he continued with bitter emphasis. "Well, maybe it will not be always thus," he went on,

laughing aloud. "One's heart may be warped and wrung until it becomes harder than stone itself. Misfortune pursues me. Well, let it crush me at once, and make an end of the persecuted Desmoro Desmoro!"

Then a gush of unbidden tears started into his eyes, for the form of a fair girl had risen before his mental vision, and the tones of Comfort's soft voice seemed to be thrilling his ears.

"Lost—lost to me for ever!" he exclaimed wildly, the nails of his clenched fingers cutting his flesh. "Oh, my dead mother! from your home in heaven, look down upon your poor, persecuted son! Look down upon, and help him in this his hour of dark need!"

Well, Desmoro was hurried off to prison, and Mrs. Polderbrant, to whom a doctor had been summoned, was placed on a litter, and conveyed home.

She was aware that she was in an expiring condition, and had insisted on being carried back to her own residence to die. She said that she was quite resigned to depart from the world, since the only tie that had attached her to it was now entirely broken. She believed that she was upon the point of death, and that Desmoro was the cause of it. But she reflected that he was in the hands of justice, and that he would be made to suffer for the deed he had done. Yes—yes, her death would be amply avenged.

Meanwhile, Pidgers was rubbing his wicked hands in fiend-like gladness. Desmoro he reflected, was removed out of the way, and covered with everlasting degradation. Nay, his very life was in jeopardy; for should Mrs. Polderbrant not survive, her death would assuredly be laid at Desmoro's door, and he would then be condemned to suffer for that crime, for a crime he had not committed.

"Ay, maybe, they'll hang him," cogitated Pidgers; "an' a good job if they do, I says! A proud streak-up, as he is! I said I'd hev my revenge on him, an' I see I've got my word— I see I've got my word! I'll go an' see him tried, see if I don't, an' I see grin in his face, an' wink my eye at him, an' show him how I hates the very sight on his face, smooth mug. I dar' say that they'll be fur bringin' of me up as a sort of witness in the case; but I knows how to hold my tongue, and when to let it loose agin! I wasn't born yesterday! No, I aren't no fool, what's yer I looks like! I aren't a bit frightened neither! I've got the ould witch's bonny, an' this Desmoro Desmoro into a hubbub, an' avers, fur no more, only Miss Comfort Shavins, who'll hev to speak gentle to me afore afore I see begin my case, but I see not yet finished it! Wait awhile, says I; things is a' out on us pratty as pratty can be, an' by-and-by, they'll p'rhaps go on better still. Eh, my! if I hadn't got legs I'd done for joy to think how I've worked my end on Maister Desmoro Desmoro!"

When Mrs. Polderbrant reached her home, and they had laid her on her bed, she sent for the local magistrate, desiring him to come to her, in order to take down her dying deposition, saying that she was not quite satisfied to leave this matter in a common constable's hands.

And the magistrate's clerk waited upon the stern, inflexible woman, and wrote down her statement concerning the robbery, and the fatal blow she had received at the hands of the robber whom she declared to be no other than Desmoro Desmoro, the red-handed, who was now in close custody, confined in the Braymount gaol.

"Yes," repeated she; "Desmoro Desmoro, and none other, robbed me last night, and dealt me my death-blow. I, Patience Polderbrant, whose spark of life is well-nigh quenched, who will soon stand before the Bar of Judgment, do swear to these facts."

Jellico, who was present at the moment, looked at her most imploringly.

The stooped over her pillow, and, in a low voice, addressed her.

"Do you know that you are putting a matter about this poor lad's neck? I do not think him guilty; there is some mistake; your sight has been deceived in some way or other. For the love of mercy, recall, then, your words before it is too late to do so. Say that you are not certain that Desmoro was the villain who perpetrated this cruel outrage on you—in the name of heaven, leave this matter shrouded in doubt, and do not go out of this world leaving a young life in such awful jeopardy!"

Mrs. Polderbrant raised herself on her elbow, and fastened her glassy eyes on the speaker.

"Samuel Jellico," she said, in solemn yet hollow tones, "shall I depart hence with a falsehood on my soul? There was no mistake at all. I saw his hand—the hand of the thief, and it was a red one—it was the hand of Desmoro Desmoro."

Jellico groaned aloud.

"Believe you in the words of the holy Gospel?" she went on. "Are we not told in it that blood should be paid for with blood? Let it be so now—let it be so now!" she added, sinking back upon her pillow, the heavy death-dew on her brow. "I have only performed my duty in this wicked business. Justice must be done!"

"Without an atom of mercy?" asked he. "Let me sue to you for this poor young man?" he continued, entreatingly. "How would you be if he who is at the top of judgment should but judge you as you are? Oh, think on that, and mercy will then breathe within your lips like one new-made!"

Alas, Jellico's beautiful quotation was lost! Patience Polderbrant's ears were deaf, and her breath was quenched for evermore.

(To be continued.)

The University of Melbourne has resolved, by an unanimous vote, that women shall enjoy in future all the facilities for gaining knowledge and taking degrees which are already possessed by men and upon equal terms.

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